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or whether they were precious truths to be taught by the minister as he would answer it to God. And the rubrics so plentifully interspersed throughout the Book of Common Prayer—were they words without meaning, or laws which priest and people were alike bound, to observe and obey? The answers to these questions were obvious; but, obvious as they were, it required no common courage to proclaim these doctrines, and no ordinary amount of determination to obey the Church's laws. Men's minds, however, were stirred, and the avidity with which the principles insisted on in "The Tracts for the Times" were accepted manifested that the writers were only putting into shape and language truth which had been floating in many minds, and for the recognition of which thousands of earnest souls were yearning.

NOTE.—We earnestly hope that nothing which has been said in this article will be taken to ignore the fact of a continuous tradition of better things handed down to the Church of England all through the dreary period whose darker side we have had painfully to depict. Utterly shattered as the great school of churchmanship was by the events of the middle portion of the century, its fragments still lived on,—we need only mention the name of Jones of Nayland, as an example.—but it was as fragments, without cohesion or co-operation, and without a definite and overt influence on the general course of the Church's history. The story of the survival of Church principles has yet to be written.

The ground they took was the simple and honest ground that the members of the Anglican Church were in conscience bound to believe the doctrines set forth in her service books and to obey her laws, and further to take the Bible as interpreted by the Primitive Church and their own, as their guide,—in other words, to abide by Vincent of Lerins' rule, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*.

NOTE.—Vincent of Lerins, *Against Heresy*, Oxford ed. *Tracts for the Times*, No. 78. But it may be asked, did not Vincent of Lerins' rule lead to Rome? We reply, no; it was the rejection of this rule and the adoption of a new theory of development which opened the door to endless change, and led to secession.

Of course there was occasional error and hastiness of conclusions, but nevertheless the great purpose was achieved. Men no longer fought for the shibboleth of a party or the opinion of a sect; they rallied round that which they believed to be a Divine institution, the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth. They were invigorated by a new spirit, and worked for another end; one thought animated every breast; and one cry was raised by every voice, "*Pro ecclesia Dei*." The Evangelical party and their allies were bitterly opposed to this movement, which scattered to the four winds of heaven all the principles on which they had acted. The *Record* prayed that our spiritual fathers could be brought to feel it is their bounden duty "to expel these tainted sheep, and that instantly from our pale," and Arnold "longed to fight with them in a saw-pit." This was natural, seeing that to act in the spirit of the Prayer Book was to condemn utterly all their teaching and practice. No further evidence of this is needed than the pamphlets they published at this juncture in their own defence. But their efforts availed not; a generation has scarcely passed away, and yet the efforts of these principles are manifest alike in the metropolitan cathedrals and the lowest parish church, manifest in the fabric, the ritual, the ministration of the priest—nay, manifest even at the antipodes. They have penetrated every branch and offshoot of the Anglican communion, Ireland alone excepted, and whether she should be regarded as an encouragement or a warning we leave to others to say. Yes, a vast change has passed on this Church and nation. God, of his gracious mercy, has breathed upon the dry bones, and they live; and while it is well to remember gratefully how great the change is, it is well also to remember that we are not safe yet, that we need all the past to guide us for the future, and that the causes of what so nearly wrecked us may furnish the very beacon lights we need.

The foregoing pages will have been utterly wasted if they have not shown us that the former of these causes was the way in which an astute minister was able to demoralise the Church from within by an unscrupulous misuse of government patronage in the nomination of bishops, combined with the rough-handed suppression of the Church's living voice. The latter cause lay in the reckless

and self-devised modes of working adopted by men of zeal and piety, who deplored the decay of religion, but who drew their inspiration from their own imaginations, instead of from the divine discipline of the Church of God. To the former we owe the spread of the cancer of Rationalism which eat out the life of the Church from within. To the latter we owe it that the piety of the Evangelical fathers not only failed to counteract the Rationalism inside, but raised up a host of enemies from outside in the multitude of Dissenting sects with which the concluding years of the century present us. It is impossible at the close of a long article to draw out in detail the lessons for the future with which these considerations are laden. But we may note the warning which they bear for all those who in our day are in danger of thinking that zeal and zeal alone is a safeguard against error, and who forget that the more earnest their devotion, the more need there is, first, of a profound study of what really is the mind of the Church which they desire to serve, and next, of an unreserved submission of their own views to her dicta and to her principles. He was a wise man who said, "it is not the crimes of the bad that I so much dread; it is the errors of the good which work the harm!"

## Family Reading.

### GOLD IN THE SKY.

#### CHAPTER IX.—FOUND OUT.

By-and-by, when the children had gone to bed, and Roderick Jamieson had come home, and they were at dinner, Basil Crawford took furtive glances at Sophy's face, and certainly its expression puzzled him. Her manner had formerly been so particularly bright and obliging, that it had attracted the notice of every visitor at the house. But now, as she assisted in waiting at the table, there was a stolid glum look about her which could scarcely be entirely attributed to contrition; and, watching, and pondering this over, he said to himself, there was more in this affair than met the eye.

"Now, is not this enough to puzzle any one?" said Mrs. Jamieson, when the servants finally left the room. "If Sophy would only cry, and behave as she did yesterday, and if she would beg me to keep her and try again, I would do so in a minute—I would," she added, again, boldly, and looked at the two gentlemen in turn, as if expecting a rebuke for her sentiments; but neither of them answered, and she concluded by observing, "but she does not open her lips or look at any one. I should like to know what I am to do with her?"

Again she received no answer; so, rising from the table, she left the room saying, "Now, mind, you are to come up stairs very soon," and disappeared.

The two gentlemen, however sat talking for some time. Basil Crawford's piece of good fortune which had home to him that morning was fully discussed, and its profits anticipated; Roderick Jamieson was inclined to think it the most hopeful of his friend's future prospects. After this conversation returned to the unfortunate household matter which had so occupied their attention lately.

The following day Basil was hurrying through the streets, and in his great haste taking various short cuts through unaristocratic thoroughfares, when, at the corner of a noisy miserable street, ill-lighted by gas, a scene forced itself on his notice. A wretched-looking woman, clothed in a heap of rags, was clinging desperately to the arm of a man who made ineffectual efforts to shake him off; she was talking wildly and excitedly, with a sort of shriek in her voice, and, try as he would he could not free himself, for she was desperate. There was a sound of actual misery in her tones and a resolute desperation in her gestures that attracted Basil Crawford, and he waited a few moments to see what would be the result.

He walked a few steps nearer them, and on the same side of the way; he was somewhat surprised that the affair attracted so little attention, but likely enough scenes of this kind were not uncommon in the neighborhood.

The struggle was but a short one. The man

wrenched his arm free, and, turning his back on her, he fled. She staggered, and, with a despairing cry that went to Basil Crawford's heart, she leant back against the wall, gasping.

The man, in his headlong career, almost stumbled over Basil Crawford, who was standing close to a lamp-post, and in his surprise he looked him full in the face, and in a moment Basil Crawford, to his excessive astonishment, recognised his friend's coachman, John Symonds. The man was evidently equally taken aback, and he paused a moment as recognition flashed across him; then, with a look that was decidedly unpleasant, he passed on quickly.

After a moment's pause Basil Crawford went on to where the woman was wailing; and as he came up to her he turned and followed the direction of her eyes, and noted that Symonds ere he went round the next corner, had looked back, and had seen Basil Crawford go up to the woman.

"Oh, stop him! stop him!" she gasped; "I shall never find him again, and he has escaped me!"

"Do not be alarmed; I know where he lives, and where you can find him," said Basil Crawford, "are you a relation of his?"

"I am his wife!" she said, showing her finger, which bore her marriage ring. "Oh, are you sure, sir you are not deceiving me, and letting my only chance of seeing him pass away? I am too weak to run after him. To think that I should see him and be unable to stop him! He has deserted me and my miserable children for nearly two years now, and we are in beggary and starvation. For the sake of the children tell me where I can find him!"

"I will tell you; I will write it down. He is a coachman to some friends of mine."

"Coachman! ay, he was always fond of horses; then he must be comfortable—and his children starving!"

"Are you sure you are not mistaken in him? Are you quite sure he is your husband?"

"Sure he is my husband! what a thing to ask a wife!" she cried, in loud tones. "He is my husband, and the father of my five children!"

"Why did he desert you?"

"He got tired of me! he grudged the money we cost him! he liked to spend it all on himself! Come and see my children, and judge whether our misery is a mistake!"

"I have so little time, began Basil Crawford.

"You are cheating me! You said you would give me his address, and I do not believe you know it!" she cried with a kind of shriek, clutching at his arm.

By way of reply he took out his pocket-book, and, with a pencil, wrote down Roderick Jamieson's address, which he gave to her saying, "There, he is coachman to that gentleman, and that address will find him; but he is going to leave the situation in a month's time."

"Heaven bless you, sir! Believe me, you are the kindest friend I have. Pray come and see for yourself that I have told you truly about my misfortunes."

Reluctantly, and against his will, he allowed himself to be persuaded to follow her down a still narrower street, and then down a narrow court which was loathsome in its closeness and squalor, and, wondering at himself for entering, he followed her into a doorway in perfect darkness. She procured a light, and they descended some steps into the most miserable room he had ever entered in his life, and in this room were three gaunt-looking children gathered on a rug. Their faces were pallid, and their expressions un-childlike, and Basil Crawford trembled as he contemplated them. Scarce knowing the reason of it, the remembrance of Mrs. Jamieson's children flashed across his mind in comparison, and in his mind's eye he saw the plump, healthy, happy, well-cared-for little beings whose lot in life were so different from these.

"The two elder girls are seven and eight, and they go out for the day to look after children, they are not home yet," explained the mother.

Words were unnecessary. Basil Crawford promised to aid her to the best of his ability, and, giving her some money, he returned to the street, only too glad to find himself in the open air.

This affair, however, had assumed an importance in his mind. It was barely six o'clock, although on that winter's night perfectly dark. He would put off what he had intended to do, and run round