

The Church of England, our enemies being judges, contains all the life-giving doctrines of the Gospel, and let the Church be destroyed, and the doctrines will immediately follow. If we want any proof of this, an abundance is at hand. Look at the 'reformed churches,' so called, of Germany, which once held the doctrines of the Reformation, are they not swamped with the Neological infidelity? Look at the Geneva church, formed by the great Calvin, and what else do you find but the Socinian blasphemy? Look at the old non-conformist meeting-houses of England, and you find almost all of them now used for the propagation of the same Socinian infidelity. And look again at the connexion of the late Countess of Huntingdon, raised by the almost Herculean labours of the zealous Whitefield, and you find it breaking up, and its congregations one by one settling down into stiff cold Independency: so much so, that were that devoted lady now to rise and witness the result of her unparalleled disinterestedness, she would be distracted. All these instances prove to demonstration the absolute necessity of the Church—the fabric—to preserve the treasures,—the doctrines, the sacraments, the preaching of Christ; and the impolicy, not to say the wickedness of man's putting asunder what God hath joined together. Some time ago the Socinians and other infidels attacked the evidences of Christianity and the doctrines of the Church, but they were triumphantly vanquished by the divines of the Church of England; now Satan has changed his policy, and his emissaries are attacking the fabric of the Church, well aware that if they can but manage to destroy the walls, the treasure within will be an easy prey. We therefore stand firm in defence of the Church, because while the building is preserved entire, the treasure within will remain in perfect safety.

Against these evidences of the sad degeneracy of Christianity consequent upon the non-existence of an Established Church, no instance can be advanced in which the religious condition of a whole nation has prospered without it. We shall find those portions of the world which have not the benefit of an Established Church, either overrun with the noxious tares of a multiform heterodoxy, or presenting a vast extent of spiritual waste, wild and untilled.

We contend,—and ever shall contend, unless principles and opinions which, upon this point, have grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength, are likely to undergo a change,—that for the moral and spiritual, yes and the political advancement of any Christian country, an Established Church is an essential and ought to be an integral appendage. Religious truth and influence cannot be diffused without it,—so diffused as to penetrate through every vein and artery of the body politic;—nor will the subjects of any government, without the universal diffusion of the principles of true religion, be likely to possess the temper and spirit best calculated to ensure obedience to "the powers that be." Fleets and armies may defend from foreign aggression; but for internal quiet, for social peace, and national unity, the best, and it will be found the only guarantee, is that universal prevalence of the Christian system and of Christian influences which an Established Church can alone ensure.

If this then be a system which the British Constitution requires for its perfection, in the mother country, why is it to be curtailed of the same fair attribute in any of her dependencies? If to the influence of her Church is to be ascribed the high moral standing of this Queen of Empires,—the unsullied honour of her merchants, and the odour of holiness which is wafted over her naval and military armaments, which breathes through all her institutions of benevolence, and which is not denied even to the receptacles of misery and crime;—if for her moral greatness and glory she is so obviously indebted to her Established religion, why, in those dependencies which possess the transcript of her civil polity, should the impress be wanting of her religious organization? And where, in ages to come, without the safeguard of a Christian Church,—where will be our best pledge of national virtue and prosperity? where our security for all that can make a people great and happy?

So thought and argued one of the best kings which ever sat upon England's throne, the pious and patriotic George the Third! By the memorable act of the 31st of his reign, he clearly meant to convey to this portion of his dominions the Constitution of Great Britain in all its integrity,—certainly not despoiled of that which gives it all its moral efficacy. It will rest perhaps with the present generation of the legislators of our country either to leave us in possession of this highest boon which to any country can be given, or, by division and subdivision of the rightful property of the Established Church, present to the world the anomaly, with all its disastrous consequences to future generations, of a monarchy in our civil form of government, and a republic in its religious constitution.

We regret to observe by the journals of the metropolis that some exception was lately presented in that city to the general religious observance of the Day of Thanksgiving so properly appointed in commemoration of our recent deliverance. From some accident we presume, we have not for several weeks received the Toronto "Palladium," and consequently have not seen the letter which has been put forth by Mr. Roaf, the Independent Minister of that city, in justification of his denial to participate in the spiritual exercises of the day; and all the knowledge we have of it is gathered from the remarks in other papers which it seems to have called forth. From the specimens of the style and tenor of that letter which those remarks afford, we hardly know to what sensation most readily to yield,—to indignation at the deliberate contempt of authority which that letter evinces,—to compassion for the excessive folly, the almost ravings of insanity, which that attempted justification contains,—or to grief that either ignorance or wilful neglect of Scripture precedent and precept should attach so palpably to any person who attempts to teach Christian truth!

In the Old Testament precedents are numerous enough for any body's conviction; and if the writers of the New are silent as to precedents upon this subject, they are not as to principles. Our Saviour's command to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and St. Paul's injunction "let every soul be subject to the higher powers," when taken into connection with examples afforded in the old dispensation, leave us no other inference than that to reject the counsels and commands of rulers in such cases is to "resist the ordinance of God."

It may possibly be the case that there are still some in our metropolis who cannot, from their hearts, join in the celebration of

this deliverance; and it may be that in a tender regard for the consciences of such persons, the present justification of disobedience to constituted authority has been promulgated. If it be so, we can only console ourselves by saying that to the sin of disaffection there has not, in this instance, been added the crime of hypocrisy.

We ought before this to have acknowledged the receipt of "The Rector's Christmas Offering," a sermon from the graceful pen of the Right Rev. Bishop Doane, addressed to his parishioners of St. Mary's, Burlington. From a discourse abounding with touching and beautiful passages,—which is altogether, indeed, a flow of rich and fervid eloquence,—it is difficult to select; but perhaps the following extracts will convey an idea tolerably correct of the style and spirit of the whole:—

My christian brethren, we celebrate to-day the coming in the flesh of him who was so despised and rejected of men. We hail him as the new-born heavenly babe. We see the glory that shines round about their favoured heads to whom his birth was first made known. We hear the anthem of the heavenly host, "glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men." It is a joyous and exulting festival. It is the year's high jubilee. At its approach, a smile is lighted upon nature's sternest aspect, and the snows and storms of winter put on the verdant livery of spring. We catch the inspiration of the season. Our hearts dilate with an unwonted rapture. We feel that it is good for us to be here.

While then the music of the festival still swells upon our ears while yet the festal boughs lie green upon our altars, and the full tide of joy and gladness is careering through our hearts, let us, admonished by this solemn scripture, take good heed that not in us the mournful record be fulfilled, "he came unto his own and his own received him not."

And when, regardless of that solemn institution of the rite of baptism as the way of entrance into his Church, which was the last act of the Saviour upon earth, we neglect its reception ourselves, or neglect to bring our children to its reception,—when, unpersuaded by those speaking emblems of his broken body and his blood poured out, which in the holy Supper shew forth his death continually until he come, we turn away from the celestial feast, and separate ourselves from our brethren, who come to feed upon the banquet of that most heavenly food, surely then we write against ourselves that sentence which the Evangelist records against the unkind, the ungenerous, the ungrateful Jews, "he came unto his own and his own received him not."

It appears that this admirable sermon was originally preached to the congregation of Trinity Church, Boston, when on the eve of translation to the higher office in the Church which the author now holds. We extract the following beautiful allusion to his approaching separation from this beloved flock:—

Since the time is not far distant, when I may be no more seen amongst you, it seemed to me that fitter occasion than this rejoicing festival I could not find to say to you, Farewell! For trust me, my beloved brethren, though I hope not all untaught, in that meek wisdom of the Gospel, which bids us lay down our all at the foot of the bleeding cross, and take it again only as the Lord, who suffered there, in his omniscience, may see fit to us—trust me, I need the inspiration of this season, the precious joys and the exulting hopes of this delightful hour, to sustain me while I speak that sad and parting word. High as the notes of joy have swelled to heaven, upon the tide of melody, some dirge-like tones have, to my ear, seemed mingled with them. Precious and glorious as the promises are, and the encouragement and the rewards which breathe and burn in the appropriate service of the day, my heart, I must confess it has sometimes lingered, to hold sad communion with the absent and the dead. Fresh, fair, and verdant as the garlands are, which breathe their wood-land fragrance round us, there seems some blending, to my eye, of the funereal cypress. I am about to terminate five years, not of my life only, but of official duties, the most sacred and responsible. Ties are to be severed, which have held me to as much of confidence, respect, and happiness, as this poor world permits us to expect. A field of labour is to be left, which, if it has not prospered as it should beneath my hands, has had my heart devoted to it, and, with the blessing of the Holiest on my unskillful tillage, has borne some fruit, I fondly hope, for immortality. I am no more to take our children, and with the sacred Cross, sign them the soldiers of the Lord. I am no more to speak to you, in weakness, and fear, and much trembling, the words of the Gospel of salvation. I am no more to break for you that blessed bread which nourisheth to everlasting life. I look around me, and among the old familiar faces, there are friends as dear and true as ever were given to man. Here health and peace have been my almost uninterrupted lot. Here was that fountain opened at my heart, and in my heart, which has refreshed my soul with comforts, pure and precious as this lower world can ever yield. Here were my children born, and, in this sacred temple, made inheritors of heaven. Most surely, he were more or less than man, who, in the midst of scenes like these, such recollections, such associations, could any without a bleeding heart, Farewell!

The following eloquent appeal to cling to the cross and adhere to the Church, must conclude our extracts:—

Cling then, beloved, unseparated, by outward influences, undimmed by outward opposition, cling to the Cross of Christ. "I, when I am lifted up from the earth," said the divine and spotless sufferer, "will draw all men unto me." Drawn by his bleeding love, go with him to the death. So living to him, so dying with him, you shall rise and reign with him in glory.

And, with an only secondary love, cling to the Church of Christ. It is not man's appointment, but the Lord's. It is the ark of our salvation. Whoever separates from it, goes to sea upon a raft.—He may, by the divine protection, reach the haven, but he departs from the appointment of the Captain of his salvation. He incurs the fearful risk of them who, when the wind rises, and the storm descends, and the waves rage, are not in the ship with Christ.

And cling, my brethren, to the Cross, cling to the Church, with an unflinching, with an uncompromising hold. Reject not the one, because you cannot comprehend its whole mysteries. Cast not yourselves from the other, because you do not regard as strictly essential all its requisitions. Take both on God's authority. Take them as they have come down by his protection, age after age, unsullied and unimpaired. Take them as together, without authority in man to separate them, God's way of saving sinners. Keep them ever in your eye, and in your heart. Hold to them, undeviating and undoubting, through life. And seeking in all holiness and patience your salvation by grace through faith from the one, and in the other, commend them to your children and your children's children, their hope and joy as they have been yours—their present solace, and through Christ their heritage for ever.

THE SABBATH.—BY C. NEALE, M. S.

It is the day of rest, the Sabbath of our God. There is silence, and a pleasant calm in the fields and lanes. The plough lies idle in the furrow: the waggon creaks not along the road: the barn is shut; for the ploughmen, the waggoner, and the thresher

lay by, for a time, their work: the cattle, too, cease from their labours, and graze quietly in the green fields. Let us praise God for his day of rest, for his holy Sabbath. Labour is the curse of sin: (Gen. iii. 19) to-day the curse ceases awhile, and we enter into rest. "Let us praise our God, for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever."

There is one house open to-day; it is the house of God. There is one sound over all the fields and lanes; on the hills, and in the valley; the bells from the village Church. Thither the labourers are hastening with their wives and children, in their Sunday clothes, and with cheerful faces. Still, as they go, the bell invites them; and the white spire glitters in the sunshine.—Happy labourers, and happy children! this day the Lord allows you whole, that you may hear his word, and sing his praises; and your bodies may rest from the labours of this world, and your souls be refreshed with good tidings, from another. "Let us praise our God, for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever."

This day, ere the sun was risen, our Saviour left the Sepulchre, where he had lain for us. Let us think of his love: let us sing his praises. The disciples, and the women wept that their Lord was taken from them, that the grave had shut him in, that they should see him no more. But the grave could not hold him. An angel hath rolled away the stone, and the Lord is risen indeed. This day he comforted Mary as she wept; sent a message of love to repeating Peter; made the hearts of the two disciples at Emmaus burn within them; and said unto the eleven that were gathered together, "Peace be unto you." This day then, let us, like them, be glad; let us talk of his love; "let us praise him, for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever."

But a few hours, and this day must end: the house of God will be shut, and the voice of praise there will be hushed. Tomorrow the labourer must return to his labours, and the cattle to their work. But, ere long, an everlasting Sabbath shall rise—ere long, the redeemed from the earth shall meet in God's own house above; and from angels and archangels, from the living creatures before the throne, from the seraphim with their six wings, from the harpers harping with their harps, from the great company which no man can number, shall one eternal song arise

"To him that loved us!"

Then shall we know, indeed, that he is good; that his mercy endureth for ever."

For the Church.

A Subscriber, and sincere friend to "The Church," in soliciting in it a place for Miss Fenwick's card, would express a hope and earnest desire, that it may not escape the serious attention of those parents who hold religious example and instruction, as necessary to the happiness of their children. At Miss Fenwick's school, it is but justice to add, that the most maternal care, and affectionate attention is paid by Mrs. Fenwick to the health and comfort of the pupils, and we feel confident that if the character of these Ladies were fully known, they would shortly be solicited to exceed the limited number to which they wish to confine themselves.

MISS FENWICK'S ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES, ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

TERMS.

	Per Annum.
Board,	£25 0 0
Education—including Instruction in the English Language, History, Chronology, Geography, Astronomy and the Use of the Globes,	6 0 0
Writing and Arithmetic,	2 0 0
BY APPROVED MASTERS, WHO ATTEND THREE TIMES A WEEK.	
French,	4 0 0
Drawing,	6 0 0
Music,	12 0 0

The Boarders to furnish bed and bedding, towels, knife and fork, table and tea spoon.

A Quarter's notice is required previous to a Young Lady's leaving the Academy.

REFERENCES.

- The Lord Bishop of Montreal,
- The Rev. Mr. BURRAGE, - - Quebec.
- The Hon. JOHN STEWART, - - Quebec.
- T. A. STAYNER, Esq., - - Quebec.
- The Rev. Mr. BETHUNE, - - Montreal.
- Mrs. SUTHERLAND, - - Montreal.
- The Hon. P. VANCOUVER, - - Cornwall, U. C.
- The Rev. G. ARCHBOLD, - - Cornwall, U. C.

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MARRIED.

At Trinity Church, Williamsburg, on the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. B. Lindsay, Mr. Charles M. Weagant, fifth son of the late Rev. J. S. Weagant, to Charlotte Louisa Kipp, of the township of Osnabruck.

DIED.

On the 9th inst. at the house of her mother on Richmond Hill, Yonge Street, Maria, the only daughter of the late Adolphus Kent Esquire, aged 22.
On the 24th ult. aged 18 years, Henry William, son of Mr. Samuel Cooley, of Murray.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ENGLISH LAYMAN" in our next. The obliging communications of "TARBOX" shall not be overlooked.

We thank "A FRIEND" for his pleasing extracts. Letters received to Friday, 16th Feb:—W. Simpson Esq. add. sub. and rem. (the papers have been forwarded):—J. S. Castwright Esq.—the Lord Bishop of Montreal, with enclosure. Archdeacon of Toronto; G. S. Boulton Esq; Rev. B. Lindsay, with enclosure. J. Kent Esq., with enclosure. R. H. Bourne, rem.