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the chief contributor to the Quarterly Review, and the political, literary, or personal associate of nearly all the leading characters in the life of his time. Edited by Louis J. Jennings. With portrait, 2 vols., 8vo, cloth, \$5. HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for December is a noteworthy number both as to the character of the articles and the beauty of the illustrations. Among other things it contains:—"Christmas Past," by Charles Roe, concluding part; "A Few Days' More Driving," by William Black; "William Grobbins, an Out-door Sketch," by George H. Boughton; "Farmer Worrall's Case," by Saxe Holm; "Toinette," by John Esten Cooke; "Witchcraft, A.D. 1692, Witchcraft, A.D. 1884," by E. C. Stedman; "The Dear Long Ago," by Margaret Sangster; "Emelie," by Helen Gray Cone; "Clouds Linger Yet," a sonnet by William Wordsworth; "The Judgment of Solomon," by R. H. Stoddard; "Editor's Drawer" contains "The Universal Christmas Feast," "Chacun a son Gout," &c. HOW THE FARM PAYS: The Experiences of Forty Years of Successful Farming and Gardening by the authors, William Crozier and Peter Henderson." New York, Peter Henderson & Co., 1884. This is a suggestive and interesting book. The authors start with the proposition that no one can make a farm pay unless he is willing and able to take hold with his own hands and employ his own brains in the work. The book treats of the farm—its soil, its tools, its crops, its pests, its culture, and its renewal. The plates give good illustrations of the text. Fertilizers of all kinds are discussed and their value estimated. It is written carefully and intelligently, but there is one serious blemish. With the pride of self-made men the authors disparage scientific agriculture and agricultural colleges. This narrow prejudice evidently results from some unhappy experience.

Correspondence.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to decline with thanks Mr. Wm. Monson's letter. We do not think any good would arise from its publication in our columns.—EDS. E. C. We regret that the letters of Dr. McKelcan and Mr. Buskin have been unavoidably crowded out.—EDS. E. C.

ST. ALBAN'S CATHEDRAL.

To the Editors of the Evangelical Churchman. DEAR SIRS,—And so we are to have a cathedral in Toronto, an "iceberg," as your correspondent says Dean Close called them, and moreover it is to be called after the fabulous saint, Alban, styled the protomartyr! These are not my words only, but in that standard work, *Smith's Dictionary of Christian Biography*, occurs the following: "St. Alban, if he existed." It is time the people should be awake to this, for it may be considered a fact that no such man ever existed. He is said to have suffered in 303 (one account says 286), but except only that Constantius, in his life of Germain, written shortly before 492, says the bishop visited his remains, showing that the story was probably manufactured at or before that time, there is no mention of him whatever until the time of Gildas, who wrote in 560. He tells us the story of the martyrdom, and that on the way to his execution, like the Israelites of old, who trod dry-foot over Jordan, so also Alban opened a path across the noble river Thames, whose waters stood abrupt like precipices on every side. Bede, who died in 735, nearly two centuries later, appears to be the next who mentions him. He repeats the tale of the river Thames, and adds also that he ascended a hill with his persecutors, and when on the top prayed for water, and a spring burst forth at his feet, and that when he was beheaded, the eyes of the executioner dropped out of their sockets and fell to the ground with the head of the martyr! If now we believe that this Alban ever existed, we must also believe the above stories, for we have the same authority for the whole. There are, besides, great chronological difficulties to overcome, for the martyrdom is said to have taken place in 303, during the Diocletian period, while it is certain that Carausius usurped the throne in 286, and was succeeded by another usurper, from whom the throne was recovered in 296 by Constantius, who died as Emperor of Rome in 306, and was succeeded by his son, Constantine the Great, and it is difficult to believe that either of these would have sanctioned so bloody a persecution in their dominions. Both Eusebius and Sozomen deny that there was any persecution in Britain in the time of Constantius. Before the time of Pope John XV., who in 993 claimed the right as his sole prerogative, the manufacture of saints was free to

all bishops and councils, and they were multiplied in proportion to the demand. The town of St. Albans was formerly called Verulam, and Alban is said to have been martyred there. More than a century after, in 429, a council was held at Verulam, and it is said that Germain, Bishop of Auxerre, in France, caused his tomb to be opened, and deposited in them some relics of saints. Verulam was afterwards destroyed by the Saxons, and in 791, five hundred years after the time he is said to have died, Offa, King of Mercia, in expiation of the murder of the King of the East Angles, founded a monastery there in honor of Alban. It is said an angel appeared unto King Offa, and admonished him to raise out of the earth the body of the so-called protomartyr, the memory of whom had been lost for five centuries, and the king assembling his clergy and people at Verulam, they commenced the search for his body with prayer, fasting and alms; when a ray of fire was seen to stand over the place of burial, like the Star of Bethlehem, and the body was found excellently preserved by the relics placed there by Germanus more than three centuries before! To this Chauncey adds: "But others hold that Matthew Paris (ob. 1259) and the other monks of St. Albano, invented these fabulous stories to blind the world, and induce the people to believe the innocency of the wicked king because he was their founder, and by such artifices they were wont to increase their benefactions and the revenue of their Church." Matthew of Westminster (14th cent.) repeats the tales of Gildas and Bede, and says also that when Alban was for six months in prison, no rain nor dew moistened the earth, but every day the whole country was burnt up under a most scorching sun. No fields nor trees produced any crops. Another fable is that there was a discussion concerning his shrine, some of the monks doubting whether he was buried there, and one evening as one of them was praying, the shrine burst open and a form appeared, saying, "Ecce ego Albanus. Behold it is I, Alban; did you not see me arise from my tomb?" "Yes, my Lord and master," replied the monk, whereupon Alban went back to his coffin. That a body was really found by King Offa need not be doubted, but it was probably "planted" by the monks the night previous. Of all absurdities, however, perhaps the greatest is that this first-class (!) saint should have required the relics of other saints to preserve his body from decay! The monks of Glastonbury, then perhaps the most prominent monastery in England, said that Joseph of Arimathea introduced the Christian religion in England—their authority of course tradition, tradition only, for there is not a particle of proof; but there are no less than eight other theories on this point, all built on the same loose foundation, so that it would require a very wise man indeed to prove who was really the founder of Christianity in England. They boasted, moreover, that Joseph was their founder, and it is not in the least improbable that when the monks of Verulam started their church they thought it a "grand idea" to claim as a patron a first martyr, as a set off against the first Christian! Gildas was a bishop. He tells us himself that he wrote in 560, at the age of 44. Tigernach chronicles his death in 570. The Annals of Ulster in 569, and so likewise the Annals of Inisfallen, "A.D. 569. *Quies Gildais episcopi*." Bede was a monk of Jarrow. Both men were truly good men, and undoubtedly believed what they narrated, but it is almost unnecessary to add that they must have been exceedingly credulous, and that the former should have been so easily deceived is marvellous, as when condemning the vices of the Britons he names "in particular that hatred of truth, together with her supporters, which still at present destroys everything good." After reproving several of the petty kings of Britain, he goes on to say:—"And how willingly would I in this place make amend (shame forbidding me further to proceed) did I not behold such great masses of evil deed done against God by bishops or other priests, or clerks; yea, some of our own order, whom as witnesses myself must of necessity first of all stone (according unto the law) with the hard blows of words, lest I should otherwise be reproved for partiality." "Britain hath priests, but they are unwise, very many that minister, but many of them impudent; clerks she hath, but certain of them are deceitful raveners: pastors (as they are called), but rather wolves prepared for the slaughter of souls, . . . instructing the laity, but showing in the most depraved examples vices and evil manners; . . . despising the commandments of Christ . . . detracting often and seldom speaking truly; hating verity as an open enemy, and favouring falsehoods as their most beloved brethren; looking on the just, the poor and the impotent with stern countenance, as if they were detested serpents, and reverencing the sinful

rich even without any respect of shame, as if they were heavenly angels; preaching with their outward lips that alms are to be disbursed upon the needy, but of themselves not bestowing one halfpenny: . . . seeking rather ambitiously for ecclesiastical dignities than for the kingdom of heaven . . . buying the same at a high rate . . . after they have attained unto the seat of the priesthood or episcopal dignity, for usurping only the name of priesthood, they have not received the orders of apostolic succession . . . they buy their deceitful and unprofitable ecclesiastical degrees." "O, ye enemies of God, and not priests! O, ye traders of wickedness, and not bishops!" and, after exhorting them to repentance, he closed his book with a blessing on the faithful few. "And may the same Almighty God, of all consolation and mercy, preserve his few faithful pastors from all evil."

This is evidently a true picture of the times, and it must have been in such times and by such men that the fable of the protomartyr was concocted. In later times the monastery of St. Albans became so notorious for its luxury, idleness and lasciviousness that Pope Innocent VIII. (who died in 1492), enjoined Cardinal Morton to visit and report upon it. That report—the original—is still in Lambeth Palace, and Froude says of the monastery and adjoining sisterhoods that they even stained with every crime, even unto the sin of Sodom, and of the Cardinal's report that the details cannot be quoted, even in Latin! It was said of old "Cursed be the man before the Lord that riseth and buildeth this city Jericho," and yet such is the ignorance or superstition even of this nineteenth century, that this church has been restored, and only seven years ago our rulers in state and church selected it as the seat of a Protestant bishop—the Bishop of St. Albans,—and now we in Protestant Upper Canada are about repeating this folly; but "Christianity" based chiefly on tradition (whether true or false it matters little) is the order of the day. Mass-houses, as our Puritan fathers called cathedrals, were intended for the pompous ceremonies of the Romish Church, so well calculated to impose upon the careless crowd with whom ceremony too often usurps the place of religion. We are to have Mr. Moody here next week. Does he require gorgeous robes, surpliced choirs, intoning and monotoning, processions, and the like? VERAX.

Nov. 29, 1884.

Children's Corner.

CHAPTER XXI.

(Continued.)

"Yes, Dorothy, I mean what I say. I do not know why it is that I talk to you and feel towards you as I do. But you are not like other children, and I can trust you. I think it is right you should know certain things. You may read the letter." Dolly took up the paper reverently, as though it was something very precious. The writing was shaky and uncertain, very different from the firm, bold hand of a few months back. When the child saw that, a great love and pity welled up in her heart, she stooped and kissed the poor right hand which had lost so much of its old power, and then she carried the letter away to the window to read quietly to herself, for the handwriting was not very easy to make out. "MY DEAR DOROTHY,—I do not know whether or not this letter and the proposition it contains will be a great surprise to you. Perhaps some of the past letters written or dedicated to your husband by me will have prepared you for what I am now going to say. "I think I need not speak to you in high terms of your daughter Dorothy. You know her, and her gentle, winning ways, her unselfish nature, and her loving, loveable disposition. You have trained her to be what she is. Your influence upon her is evident in all her confidences, in all her ways. It will not therefore surprise you overmuch to hear that she has won her way into my heart: I have learned to love your child well, Dorothy, and now I have a great wish to know her mother also."