

The Church.

"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

STAND YE IN THE WAYS, AND SEE, AND ASK FOR THE OLD PATHS WHERE IS THE GOOD WAY, AND WALK THEREIN, AND YE SHALL FIND REST FOR YOUR SOULS.—JEREMIAH VI. 16.

VOLUME III.]

COBOURG, UPPER CANADA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1839.

[NUMBER XI.]

Poetry.

A BALLAD "FOR THE TIMES."

THE STORY OF SOME RUIES.

The abbess and the arches, the old cathedral piles,
Oh, weep to see the ivy and the grass in all their aisles;
The vaulted roof is fallen, and the bat and owl repose,
Where once the people knelt them, and the high *Te Deum* rose.

Oh, were they not *Jehovah's*? Was not his honor there!
Or hath the *Lord* deserted his holy house of prayer?
Time was when they were holy as the place of Jacob's rest,
And their altars all unspotted as the virgin mother's breast.

Oh, wo the hour that brought him the Roman and his reign,
To shed o'er all our temples the scarlet let and stain!
Till the mitre and the crozier were dizen'd o'er with gems,
And sullied as the tinsel of the *Cæsars'* diadems.

But still our Father loved us, and the holy place had still
His beauty, and its glory, on its old eternal hill!
His heritage they trampled—those men of iron rod!
But still it tower'd in honor, the temple of our God.

MARTYRS REFORM THE CHURCH.

Ye abbess and ye arches, ye old cathedral piles,
The martyrs' noble army are in your hallowed aisles.
And the bishop and the baron have knelt together there,
And breathed a vow to heaven in agony of prayer.

And to chase away the tyrant from England's happy home,
Like their fathers have they risen 'gainst the cruel hosts of Rome;
And martyr-fires are lighted to purify the sod,
Where the man of sin was seated, and showed himself as God!

Ye abbess and ye arches, ye old cathedral piles,
Again a holy incense is in your vaulted aisles!
Again in noble English the Christian anthems swell,
And out the organ pleads o'er stream and stilly dell.

And the bishop, and the deacon, and the presbyter are there,
In pure and stainless raiment, at eucharist and prayer;
And the bells swing free and merry, and a nation shouteth round,
For the *Lord* himself hath triumphed, and his voice is in the sound.

BUT RECIDIVES FOUND DISSENT.

Ye abbess and ye arches, ye old cathedral piles,
For strong against the earthquake, and the days of your unrest;
For not the haughty Roman could make old England bow,
But the children of her bosom are the foes that trouble now.

A gleam is in the abbey, and a sound ariseth there!
'Tis not the light of worship, 'tis not the voice of prayer—
Their hands are red with murder, and a prince's fall they sing!
They would kill the *Lord* of glory, should he come again as King.

And a lawless soldier tramples where the holy loved to kneel,
And he spurns a bishop's ashes with his ruffian foot of steel!
Aye, horses have they stabled where the blessed martyrs knelt,
That neigh where rose the anthem, and the psalm that made us melt.

There, once a glorious window shed down a flood of rays,
With rainbow hues and holy, and colors all ablaze!
Its pictured panes are broken, our fathers' tombs profaned,
And the font where we were christen'd with the blood of brothers stain'd.

AND FULFIL THE SEVENTY-FOURTH PSALM.

Ye abbess and ye arches, ye old cathedral piles,
The hearts that love you tremble, and your enemies have cheer;
But the prayers ye heard are breathing, and your litanies they sing,
There are holy men in England that are praying for their King.

The noble in the cottage, while the hind is in his hall,
Still kneels, as if he heard them, when your chimes were wont to call.
And at morning, and at evening, there are high-born hearts and true,
In the lowliest huts of England, that will bless the King, and you.

And bishops in their prison will still the lessons read,
How the good are often troubled, while the vilest men succeed;
How God's own heart may honor whom the people oft disown,
And how the royal David was driven from his throne.

And their psalter mourneth with them, o'er the carvings and the grace,
Which the axe and hammer ruin, in the fair and holy place;
O'er the havoc they are making in all the land abroad,
And the banners of the cruel in the dwelling-house of God.

BUT GOD IS WITH US TO THE END.

Ye abbess and ye arches, how few and far between!
The remnants of your glory in all their pride are seen;
A thousand fanes are fallen, and the bat and owl repose,
Where once the people knelt them, and the high *Te Deum* rose.

But their dust and stones are precious in the eyes of pious men,
And the baron hath his manor, and the king his own again!
And again the bells are ringing with a free and happy sound,
And again *Te Deum* riseth in all the churches round.

Now pray ye for our mother, that England long may be,
The holy, and the happy, and the gloriously free!
Who bleaseth her, is bleas'd! so peace be in her walls;
And joy in all her palaces, her cottages and halls!

All ye, who pray in English, pray God for England, pray!
And chiefly, thou, my country, in thy young glory's day!
Pray God, these times return not, 'tis England's hour of need!
Pray for thy mother—daughter,—Plead God, for England—plead.

New York Churchman.

THE STUDY OF CHURCH HISTORY.*

If at any time, or in any particular instance, the authority of the ancient church is to be urged upon the modern church, then surely there is a pertinence in turning to the apostolic prophecies of perversions, corruptions, apostasies, quickly to spring up within the sacred enclosure itself, which meet us at the threshold, and seem to bring us under a most solemn obligation to look to it, lest, amid the fervours of an indiscriminate reverence, we seize for imitation the very things which the apostles foresaw and forewarned the church of, as fatal errors!

No practical caution, as it seems to me, can be much more clear, as to its propriety, or important in itself, than the one I now insist upon. Say, we are about to open the original and authentic records of ancient christianity, and in doing so, have a specific intention to compare our modern christianity therewith, and to redress it, if necessary, in accordance with the pristine model. But at this moment, the apostolic predictions, like a handwriting on the wall, brighten before our eyes, in characters of terror. We are entering a wide field, upon the skirts of which a friendly hand has posted the "Beware of pits and swamps, even on the beaten paths of this sacred ground." To addict oneself to the study of ancient christianity, with a credulous, antiquarian veneration, regardless of the apostolic predictions, is to lay oneself down to sleep upon the campagna, after having been told that the whole region exhales a malignant miasma: the fate of one so infatuated, would not be more sure, than merited.

Nevertheless these cautions, which common discretion need not less than piety suggest, and confirm, are misunderstood if they are used to discourage any researches which our extant materials afford the means of prosecuting. The scoffer and sceptic, casting a hasty glance upon

church history, and looking, by instinct of his personal tastes, to the scum and the froth, turns away in arrogant disgust: but the christian may not do the same. On the other side, the unlearned believer, finding, in church history, if he looks into it at all, what revolts his feelings, clasps his bible to his bosom, with a renewed affection, and resolves to know nothing else: and it may be an ill advised zeal that would disturb such a resolution.

Meantime, christians of cultivated minds, and peculiarly all who stand forward as the teachers of christianity, owe it to themselves, and to others, to free themselves from the many perils of ignorance, on this particular ground;—and on no ground is it more dangerous to be ignorant or to be imperfectly informed. It is a happy omen of the present times, that this ignorance, or slender information lately attaching to all but here and there a solitary and secluded anti-quary, is now being rapidly dispersed; so that on all sides, those who addict themselves to theological studies, whether exegetical, dogmatic, or ecclesiastical, are turning, with an animated and sedulous zeal, to the remains of ancient christian literature.—Some, perhaps with an overweening reverence, and others with a predetermined contempt; but more than a few, are, with a well directed and intelligent curiosity, turning over the long neglected tomes that embody the history of our religion: and it is a remarkable fact that, at this moment, these laborious inquiries, set on foot by peculiar circumstances, in each instance, are pursued in Germany, in France, and in England. The combined result (for the several results must meet at length in one issue) cannot but effect some momentous changes in each of these countries; nor is it easy to exclude the expectation of consequences which must affect the religious condition of Europe, and of the world.

Among ourselves, however, there are too many who, whether from motives of indolence, which one must be reluctant to impute, or from a dim forethought of some probable and undesired consequences, hold back from the studies which others are so honourably prosecuting. Looking at the christian world at large, it is my full conviction, that there is just now a far more urgent need of persuasives to the study of christian history and literature, than of cautions against the abuse of such studies. Too many feel and speak as if they thought there were no continuity in their religion; or as if there were no universal church; or as if the individual christian, with his pocket bible in his hand, need fix his eyes upon nothing, but the little eddy of his personal emotions; or as if christianity were not what it is its glory and its characteristic to be—a religion of history.

Christianity, the pledge to man of eternity, is the occupant of all time; and not merely was it, itself, the ripening of the dispensations that had gone before it, but it was to be the home companion of the successive generations of man, until the consummation of all things.—Not to know christianity as the religion of all ages—as that which grasps and interprets the cycles of time, is to be in a condition like that of the man whose gloomy chamber admits only a single pencil of the universal radiance of noon.

The eager, forward-looking temper of these stirring times, has withdrawn christians, far too much, from the quieting recollection that they themselves are members of a series, and portions of a mass; nor do we, so much or so often as might be well, entertain the solemn meditation, that we, individually, are hastening to join the general assembly of those who, from age to age, have stood where we now stand, as the holders and professors of God's truth in the world. Is there no irreligion, no want of faith and fervour, indicated by a voluntary and utter ignorance of those into whose company, within a few months, or years, we are to be thrown?

Our christianity is not a system of philosophy, or abstract principles, broached, no one cares when, and having no visible attachments to place, time, or persons, and which, as it is pregnant with no hopes, is rich with no records. Again, it stands vividly contrasted with false religions of all names, which, contradicted as they are by genuine history, in what concerns their origin, are, throughout every year and century of their continuance, more and more belied by the course of events; and are, as time runs on, loosening their precarious hold of the convictions of their adherents, by illuding, more and more, their expectations. Christianity is the reverse of all this, in its form, and in the mode of its conveyance, and in the sentiments which it generates. Its own constant tendency is to gather, not to scatter; and not merely does it, or would it, bind its true adherents, of each age, in a visible communion; but it knits together, in one, by a retrospective and anticipative feeling, the children of God, who are dispersed through all periods of time.

Because it is of the very essence of TRUTH IN RELIGION, to blend itself with a certain series of events, and to mix itself with history, example, more than precept, biography more than abstract doctrine, are made to convey to us, in the scriptures, the various elements of piety.—Truth in religion, is something that has been acted and transacted; it is something that has been embodied in persons and societies; and so intimately does this condition of CONTINUITY attach to the gospel scheme, that the inspired narrative of the past, runs on, without a break, into the announcement of the future; so that the entire destinies of the human family—a part narrated, and a part foretold, a part brought under the direct beams of history, and a part dimly adumbrated in prophecy, are grasped by it, and claimed as its possession.

One must be really perplexed when one sees the christian, with an historic bible in his hand, and who, by its aid, commands a prospect over all the fields of time, and far into the regions of eternity, yet thinking that certain intermediate periods of the great cycle of God's dispensations are nothing to him; or that he may as well be utterly ignorant of large tracts of this extensive course, as know them. The forming an acquaintance, so far as we possess the means of opening it, with our brethren, and fellow citizens, and precursors, in the christian commonwealth, we owe to their virtues and sufferings; and we owe it also to their errors and illusions; and if they themselves, we may be sure, could now send us a message of love, it would relate much rather to the errors against which we should be cautioned, than to the virtues of which we may find brighter examples in scripture itself.

But there is even a more serious, and pointed motive, urging upon the ministers of religion, especially, a devout and careful study of church history; and it is a motive which has a very particular bearing upon the difficult inquiries we have now in view. What then is church history (and especially what would it be, if our materials were more ample) but a running commentary upon our Lord's most solemn promise, to be with his servants always, even to the end of the world? These words, sacred

as they are, and peculiar, as having been uttered at the most remarkable moment of all time (if only that of the second advent be excepted) can have no meaning, or none that can render them important to ourselves, if we are not to look into church history for their verification.

This promise, so emphatically uttered, with whatever benefits it may seem, was not given without a clear presence of the very things that most offend and perplex us in the records of christianity. Not a heresy that has troubled the church, not any outburst of pride and passion among divines, that has disgraced it, no illusion that has seduced the few, and none that has infatuated the many, or even the church at large, throughout the lapse of ages, was unforeseen by him who thus formally engaged to be with and near his ministers, in the long succession of their office, until he comes again. How is it possible to think less than this? Or how, if we think it, can we be incurious concerning the actual indications of that divine presence from age to age?

JOHN KNOX.*

The character of Knox has already appeared in his actions, not less than in the spirit of those laws and institutions which were established under his auspices.—On every occasion, he presented himself as a bold uncompromising person, who had formed his resolutions with the utmost determination; who esteemed lightly the views and interests of others; who had the most entire confidence in his own judgment; and who was disposed to trample on every obstacle which intervened between him and the full accomplishment of his purposes. That he was vain and ambitious is proved by many incidents in his life, especially by his personal message to the Queen Regent, at a time when her Majesty was scarcely aware of his existence. His words to the same Princess, too, breathe the bitterest spirit of offended dignity.—Conscious of great vigour and no ordinary talent, he rejoiced in bearing alone the burden of the reformed cause, and in contemplating his vocation as the chosen champion of the true faith.

Though the Scottish Reformer may be justly charged with vanity and ambition, they yet remain much in his character, viewed as a man struggling for the interests of truth, which merits the highest approbation. As the most exquisite music results from a happy combination of discords, so the minds which exert the greatest influence on society are not usually composed of qualities, that, if taken singly, are both laudable and pernicious.—No one ever became great or useful, without being stirred, in some degree, by that generous and expansive selfishness, which derives its gratification from the applause of the world; and the history of the Church affords abundant proof, that even the sacred enclosure of religion does not exclude the operation of a principle so active in all the other departments of human pursuit. Nor does Knox at any time affect an utter disregard to secular concerns, especially the wealth and power of the body of which he was long the head. On the contrary, his voice is constantly heard, either demanding the patrimony which he had conquered from the Roman Catholics, or pouring out anathemas against those by whom it was seized. He was not inclined to see the Reformed Church go on a warfare at her own charges. But he fought in the ranks with others, who, while they were less sincere in their professions of evangelical zeal, darted towards the prize with a steadier eye and a stronger hand. At length his proud spirit was broken by the indifference and contempt with which his remonstrances were received; and his last efforts were spent in warning his brethren against the merciless devourers of the Church, and in depicting the doom which awaited the aristocratic robbers, for their deceit, obstinacy, and sacrilege.

To assert that Knox was intolerant, is only to ascribe to him a property, which, in his days, was common to all denominations of christians. But he was also stern, and entirely destitute of that sympathy, which shrinks from deep suffering, and more particularly from the shedding of blood. His counsel was always in favour of severe measures. Whether in church or in synod, he was urgent in his demands to have the penal laws rigidly enforced against the (Roman) Catholics; to have them spoiled of their goods, driven from their country, or deprived of their lives. When Cardinal Beaton sunk under the hands of murderers, he turned the details into sport; and when David Rizzio was poignarded in the chamber of his sovereign, he consented that the assassins should be prayed for, as men who were suffering banishment in a righteous cause. But the savage rage that he fostered against the unhappy Mary, and the eagerness with which he thirsted for her blood, are still more revolting in a character, whose pretensions to the purest spirit of the Gospel were so loud and constant. In a prayer which he used after the death of the Regent Murray, he thus expressed himself: "O Lord, if thy mercy prevent us not, we cannot escape just condemnation, for that Scotland hath spared, and England hath maintained, the life of that most wicked woman. Oppose thy power, O Lord, to the pride of that cruel murderer of her own husband; confound her faction, and their subtle enterprises, of what state and condition soever they be; and let them and the world know, that thou art a God who can deprehd the wicked in their own wisdom, and the proud in the imagination of their wicked hearts, to their everlasting confusion."

The reputation of Knox has derived no advantage from his literary productions, especially from his History of the Reformation in Scotland. It is indeed doubtful to what extent he is responsible for the work which passes under his name, as it is admitted on all hands, that the volume contains many interpolations, introduced by the persons who prepared it for the public eye. But judging of its merits by a reference even to the purest editions, it will be found to present numerous examples of coarseness, scurrility, passion, and vindictive malice, as little consistent with good taste as with christian feeling.—Glowing with zeal, and animated with the most inflexible determination, he gave an unrestrained utterance to every sentiment that rose in his heart. Impartial in his wrath, he attacked with equal fury all classes of men, who were either indifferent to the new light of truth, or devoted to the darkness of ancient error. His vituperation had no

* From Bishop Russell's "History of the Church in Scotland."
† McCrie's Knox, vol. ii. p. 398. It may be observed, that Knox takes the guilt of Queen Mary for granted, and calls her "that cruel murderer of her own husband." We may reply in the words used by the editor of Bannatyne's Journal:—"Mary's participation in the murder of her husband is a matter of indifference to me, excepting that for the sake of terminating a controversy where so much acrimony has been displayed, I could wish her guilt was satisfactorily ascertained." Certain it is, however, that she might be proved innocent. Certain it is, likewise, that the unremitting exertions of two centuries have been unable to fix the crime upon her."—Preface, p. xiv.

respect of persons, from the sovereign, on the throne, whom he described as a "child of Satan" and the victim of wilful blindness, down to the "rascal multitude," who, on some occasions, preferred rather too officious in reducing his principles to practice, and who were made to bear the blame which he found it convenient, for a time, to lay on their undiscerning heads.

Unchecked by the ordinary considerations which dictate mildness to those who undertake the delicate task of withdrawing weak but conscientious minds from the dominion of prejudice, he demanded an instant relinquishment of all former belief, though rooted in the affections by the tenderest associations, and an immediate adoption of the tenets which he himself was pleased to propound; thundering forth, in case of refusal, all the curses which, in the Divine law, are pointed against those who worship idols, and deny God in their hearts. In short, inspecting, without the slightest bias, the lineaments of his public character, as exhibited in his own writings, we see the picture of a bold unyielding man; possessing qualities well fitted to raise him to eminence in a time of civil and religious commotion; displaying the powers of a popular eloquence which few were able to resist; and manifesting, on all occasions, a degree of hardihood, which impressed his friends with awe, and his adversaries with terror. But we look in vain for any tokens of that charity which thinketh no evil; which beareth all things; which suffereth long and is kind; which vaunteth not itself; and doth not behave itself unseemly.*

* Having hazarded these observations on the character of Knox, it becomes us to insert his own defence, said to have been pronounced by him on his death-bed: "I am not ignorant that many have blamed, and yet do blame, my too great anger and severity, but God knows that I never in my heart hated those against whom I thundered God's judgments; I did only hate their sins, and laboured with all my power to bring them to Christ. Thus I spared none, even in the most exalted condition, arose from the fear of my God, who had placed me in the ministry, and who, I knew, would bring me to an account."—Calderswood, p. 59. Bannatyne's Journal, p. 427. Cook, vol. i. p. 200.

Perhaps it may be asserted, that a more amiable, modest, and temperate person, would have proved less suitable for the office which he undertook to fill. He lived in a storm, and therefore required the wings of the eagle, and the courage of the lion, as well as the wisdom of the man.

AN EXHORTATION TO THE LORD'S TABLE.

You have assembled this day in God's house of prayer and praise, and you are invited to draw still nearer to Him at that altar which commemorates the dying love of the Redeemer, and presents to us his body broken and his blood poured forth for man. Here then is another command, which, as christians, you cannot doubt, and yet of which, alas! so many are neglectful. Why, let me ask, are any of a christian congregation, except those whose professional duties obligate them, absent when we assemble round the altar of Christ? Do we not all acknowledge, and ought we not all to love the same Saviour? Ought we not all to be looking to the same blood to cleanse, the same righteousness to clothe, and the same Spirit to sanctify us? Should we not all equally tremble at the thought of being excluded from the same table hereafter? Why do we then make a separation here?

YOUNG MEN: is it because you possess some feelings of a false and unholy shame at being seen to be engaged? We honor the scruples of a tender conscience, however mistaken; but we are afraid that too many have no better and no wiser reason than false shame, for absenting themselves from a duty equally binding upon all. When the "Canaanite was in the land" then, you would not have stood with Abram at his altar; you will not be found ranged on the Lord's side in the day of battle; neither then can you hope to be among his people when they rejoice in the day of his great and final victory, "as men rejoice when they divide the spoil." Or must we attribute your absence to another motive? Is it because the licentiousness of your habits in private tells you too plainly and too truly, that while you thus live, the altar of the Lord is no place for you? O, if it be so, pray, earnestly, faithfully pray, that God may grant you a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within you.

YOUNG WOMEN: why do you absent yourselves from the table of the Lord? Is it because you have suffered the trifles, the worthless trifles of the world, vanity, pleasure, dress, so to occupy your thoughts and hearts, that you have no real feelings for these high and heavenly ordinances, no heartfelt love for Him who appointed them? If it be so, may he whom you have forgotten, "open your hearts," by the gentle influences of his grace, as he did the heart of Lydia of old, to "attend to things belonging to your peace, before they are hid from your eyes."

MEN OF BUSINESS AND OCCUPATION: why do you absent yourselves from the table of the Lord? Is it because your whole time and thoughts are so engrossed by the perishing things in which you are engaged, that you have never yet so far reflected upon the purpose for which you were sent into the world, as to feel that you are sinners, and to fly to the Saviour for relief? May it please God to write these solemn words upon your consciences—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE: Why are you absent? Is it because you have so long neglected this ordinance or the Saviour who instituted it, that you cannot rouse yourselves from your lethargy, though the opening grave be yawning at your feet? May you be brought to know that the "hoary head is a crown of glory" only "when it is found in the way of righteousness!"

My beloved brethren, I do not, God knows, say these things in bitterness of spirit, but with a single, heartfelt desire for you and for your salvation. I would, if your time would permit, address you thus separately and individually, and would ask you all and each, why you thus trifle with a positive command of your dying Lord, the obligation of which I am certain not one among you would venture to dispute.

But it is enough. I will not urge you to that as a mere command, which you cannot perform acceptably and profitably unless you regard it as one of your highest privileges, and choicest blessings. Once obtain, by the prayerful application of God's good Spirit, a real abhorrence of sin, a sincere love for the Saviour, a disregard for the opinions, and a disrelish for the sinful pleasures of the world, and there will be no need to urge, to exhort, or to entreat. Like Abram, you will never pitch your tent without erecting your altar, and offering up your sacrifices of praise and prayer in the midst of your assembled households; you will never hear the invitations to the table of the Lord, without rejoicing in the opportunity it affords you of drawing still nearer to the God of all your mercies. You will look forward to the day of the Lord, and the house of the Lord, and the supper of the Lord, as the bright spots in your earthly pilgrimage, the green and tranquil resting-places in your weary journey, where you may "with joy draw water out of the wells of salvation" and to you, communion with your Redeemer, whether in private or in public, in his word or at his table, will be the looked for, longed for, anticipations of an intercourse which shall never fatigue—of a communion which shall never end.—*Rev. Henry Blunt.*

ON THE INTEREST OF ALL RANKS IN THE PROPERTY OF THE CHURCH.

From a Speech delivered at a public meeting in Durham, by the Rev. G. Townsend.

I do not, my lords and gentlemen, speak at this moment so much to you as I speak to those among us who may be the poorest in purse and lowest in rank. I boldly declare to them that the property of the Church is the property of the people of England, and that the poorest person in the land who can send his son to the lowest and to the cheapest school, where a competent education may be acquired, is entitled to hope for a share of that property, and to anticipate the possibility that his own old age may be relieved or benefitted by the success of his child. All the landed property of the country, by a fiction of our ancient law, belonged to the King, that is to the State. The King and the State have ordered that the greater portion of that property should be appropriated to various individual noblemen or gentlemen, and that if it may pass from one person to another either by descent, by will, or by purchase. Another large portion of the landed property is permitted by the State to be functionary property, to pass from one person to another, neither by descent, by will, nor by purchase; but to be granted by appointment, to such individuals who, by their education, their character, their virtue, their wisdom, their perseverance, or their clerical qualifications, generally considered, may be deemed worthy of possessing it. Such is the Church property of which we are speaking, and one great benefit of this tenure of a large mass of landed property is to maintain among the people the hope, the happy, the endearing hope, that their families may obtain a portion of this property, and while their sons are useful to their country by the right discharge of the duties of an honourable station, they shall not be dependent upon the alms and contributions of their congregation, but shall depend upon their share of the functionary property set apart for that purpose. I grieve, therefore, say to the people—I speak to you—I beg of you not to surrender your own hope of sharing in the common good. Let the poor man who has a large family of sons, and who, in the declining of commerce or the falling of agriculture, sees but the small prospect of success to his children, and therefore of comfort in his old age to himself, let this, or any poor man, go down to the beautiful domain in which the gentleman (Lord Durham) who insults the church of Durham was an inhabitant—let the poor man go to Lambton Castle, and there let him gaze at the rich woods and the pleasant valleys—let him mark the lovely landscape of that enchanting spot, with all its wide-spreading variety of field, of water, and garden, and then let him remember that no virtue, no wisdom, no knowledge, no political, no religious merit can by any possibility give his child a share of the magnificent inheritance. It is the property of another, and God grant that the laws of property may long continue undisturbed, and that the Earl of Durham, his family, and his brothers, may receive no interruption to their lawful and honourable possessions. Let the same poor man, when he turns away in the midst of his admiration, with a sigh of regret that he is not so wealthy as his noble neighbour, come to Durham, and climb the tower of our splendid cathedral, and there gaze upon a domain quite as lovely and more extensive than the domain of Lambton; and then let him think, and reason, and say, "Oh, if I give to the child of my love a learned and a christian education; if I so train up my son that he become a useful and good man, it is possible that one share at least of this wide-spreading property may be his. My son may take his portion, and contribute to the support, and bless the old age of his father." And, is it nothing, my lords and gentlemen, is it not a real blessing to the nation that hope should thus animate the breasts of the poor, and that some prizes should exist, whatever be the extent of our proposed reforms, which should encourage such feelings as these? I have spoken no fancied speculations when I thus refer to one portion of the blessings of the past. I speak only the words of soberness and truth. I know that it is not generally permitted that we should speak of ourselves in meetings of this nature. I am sure, however, that I shall be pardoned for so doing on this occasion. The humble individual, then, who addresses you, is a proof of the accuracy of his statements. The descendant of a reduced family, and the son of a gentleman whose resources were consequently limited, he began life without hope, or friends, or prospects. Preferment, however, in this country, my lords and gentlemen, is like a pyramid. It may sometimes happen that great talent, like an eagle, may soar to the top; it may be that an obscure and unknown individual, like a silent snail, may creep to the top; but it is always in the power of fair and honourable industry to climb to the top, and therefore it is in the power of the poorest to hope for success, and I do not, and will not, hesitate to say, that I for one will openly rejoice, and boast of and defend, those institutions which may still give to others what they have given to me—the power of assisting aged parents, and of benefitting the poor of my neighbourhood. What has occurred to me may occur to others; and I should be a traitor if I refused, and a coward if I hesitated, to come forward and to declare my opinion. I should detain you too long if I confirmed this view of the subject of the usefulness of Cathedral preferments, by any anecdotes illustrative of their value, by encouraging the hopes of parents, that their sons might be benefitted by their acquiring them. May I, however, mention that instance which is recorded of one of our Archbishops of Canterbury? He was the son of a poor farmer in Oxfordshire. On one of his public days, when many noblemen and gentlemen of high rank were at his table, his servant came to inform him, that a venerable-looking man was inquiring for him, and who insisted on seeing John Potter. The Archbishop, on further inquiry, ordered a chair to be placed at his right hand, and that the old man should be brought in. He was so, and the Archbishop of Canterbury introduced to the assembled noblemen his own aged father, and begged his father's blessing in their presence, and declared to them all the double delight which he felt when he could welcome his parent in the splendour of his prosperity, and remember the humilities of home, and think of the happiness of his father in looking upon and blessing his successful son.

* Attached to certain officers.

THE TARRYING OF ST. JOHN.

From the Rev. W. Bowles's Discourses on the Cartoons of Raphael.

JESUS SAITH UNTO HIM [PETER], IF I WILL THAT HE [JOHN] TARRY TILL I COME, WHAT IS THAT TO THEE? FOLLOW THOU ME.—St. John, xxi. 22.

It is generally understood that this "tarrying" was till the time of the destruction of Jerusalem—he "tarry'd" till he was upwards of an hundred years old—he "tarry'd" till Christ "DID COME," not indeed in the flesh, but illustriously visible and distinctly audible, in a most glorified form, and speaking the very same words as when he appeared transfigured on the mount.

This last surviving disciple was now an outcast amongst the vilest of mankind, condemned for their crimes to a forlorn Island in the Egean Sea.

If there could be conceived one situation more desolate than another, when the appearance and presence of his beloved Lord,