

Poetry.

GOD'S-ACRE.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just; It consecrates each grave within its walls, And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

THE JESUITS.

(From the Episcopal Magazine and Church of England Warbler.)

The Reformation of Religion was an event of the greatest importance to mankind, and which entirely changed the Papal power and influence. It broke the Pope's right arm, and deprived him of a considerable portion of his spiritual dominions.

It became, therefore, the policy and the interest of the Man of Sin and his adherents to oppose and overthrow it, and to bring as much evil as possible out of the elements of so much good. In order to effect this, the best instruments were selected.

Ignatius Loyola, the patron and founder of this Order, was born in Spain, and brought up to the military profession. His early years were spent in the utmost latitude of debauchery; rancid and ambition being his ruling passions.

He then also formed the resolution of acquiring the character of a saint himself. His biographers in his own society, allege that he had miraculous intercourse with heaven—visions—raptures—ecstasies—and supernatural instructions for the formation of his order.

Such an offer and at such a crisis, was irresistible. Paul III. had sufficient discernment to foresee the advantage of such a fraternity, and immediately confirmed the institution by a bull, dated 27th September, 1540; and ever since the Popes have considered that the Jesuits are the chief support of their authority.

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repetition of tedious offices. On the contrary, they are required to attend to all the transactions of the world that they may extend their influence, and to study the dispositions of persons of high rank, and cultivate their friendship, so that, by the very constitution and genius of their Order, a spirit of action and intrigue is infused into all its members.

"The Jesuits had no sooner appeared than they overran the universe with surprising rapidity; they became the instructors of youth, the masters of seminaries, the confessors of kings, the distributors of favours, and the nominators to every office, civil and ecclesiastical, and sometimes even to crowns; in a word, the arbiters of every great event; they acquired immense wealth in frechold estates, and in the benefices which they procured for their houses; they formed the most substantial and brilliant establishments, and laid the foundations of a monarchy calculated to resist the most powerful princes."

They style themselves poor Mendicants; but how poor Mendicants could have so speedily attained such an extensive and absolute empire in so short a time, is almost beyond credence. They have dominated over the properties, the lives, the liberties, and the minds of men, for nearly three centuries.

"1. That persons truly wicked and void of the love of God, may expect to obtain eternal life in heaven, provided that they be impressed with a fear of the divine anger, and avoid all heinous and enormous crimes, through the dread of future punishment.— 2. That those persons may transgress with safety, who have a probable reason for transgressing; that is, any plausible argument or authority in favour of the sin they are inclined to commit.

"The doctrine of Papi and priestly absolution, as a consequence of auricular confession, is improved by the Jesuits still more to aid their designs. For the most gross and unrepented crimes, the cloak of absolution, in the confessional, is ever ready to cover the dupe of priestcraft. It is an engine of spiritual despotism assumed for secular purposes; and is a strong spur and incentive to the natural evil propensities of the human heart.

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"In order to form the union, the consistency, and the strength of the Society, there should be a Government not only monarchical, but so sovereign, so absolute, so despotic, that even the provincials themselves should not have it in their power, by any act of theirs, to resist or retard the execution of the orders of the General. By this legislative, inviolable, and despotic power; by the profound devotedness of the subjects of this company to mysterious laws, with which they are not themselves acquainted; by the blind and passive obedience by which they are compelled to execute, without hesitation or reply, whatever their Superiors command; this Society is at once become the most consolidated and powerful body, and at the same time the greatest and most enormous of abuses, to which there is an urgent necessity that the Church and the State should apply the most prompt and efficacious remedy."

On the subject of auricular confession, the Jesuits agree and act most cordially with other Papists.—They both attach the utmost importance to it. This branch of Popery has had the effect, above every engine in their hands, of extending and keeping alive the influence of the Popish priests. In the hands of the Jesuits, it is their most powerful instrument in forwarding their ambition—in enabling them to influence the councils of princes—and of directing the minds and wills of inferior men.

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our subsequent lives, when, for a while we have lost sight of each other, but our friendship has never been dissolved until now! We were school-fellows, and companions in our early days. And this part of his history should be peculiarly impressive and instructive to the young. There are instances of persons who were thoughtless, and even vicious in their youthful days, who have been subsequently converted, and have become useful members of society, and even ministers of the Gospel of Christ. But more frequently it happens that those who are moral, studious, obedient, and amiable in their younger days, grow up to be lights of their generation. Thus, in Scripture, we read of Joseph, and Samuel, and Daniel, and Josiah, and Timothy, and others. And thus it was with my departed friend. He had not indeed the spiritual advantages which are possessed by many, nor was this early period of his life marked by distinguished piety—but he was always strictly moral, studious, and extremely amiable. He was a general favourite alike with his teachers and his companions—a guileless being—every boy who knew him, loved him. He was always of delicate frame, and rather feeble in person—but he exercised an extraordinary influence over other boys. The nascent talent, afterwards more fully developed, even then discovered itself: his powers of description, and narrative, riveted the attention of all who listened to him—and his school-fellows were willing to oblige him in any thing upon the condition that he would thus amuse them. Many still live who can attest the accuracy of my present statement. I lost sight of him for three years before I went to the University—there I found him, still the same amiable, virtuous, and interesting person—and likely to distinguish himself in academic honours. This he did in 1817, when he took his degree as ninth Wrangler, and bearing also a high character for classical attainments. The following year he was admitted into Holy Orders.—Retiring to the country village of Clare, in Suffolk, he devoted himself to the work of a parochial Minister; and at the same time receiving a few pupils into his house. It was here, in the conscientious pursuit of his spiritual duties, that a change passed over his opinions and his heart: without any human instructor—by the light of God's own Word and Spirit, he was guided into those truly scriptural, evangelical, and protestant principles which he subsequently maintained with so much steadfastness, and so much purity and talent. As these principles deepened in his mind, he was impressed with an earnest desire to devote himself more exclusively to the blessed work of an Evangelist; and though the most flattering prospects were opened before him in the way of pupils, and several persons of distinction were anxious that he should accept of them, he declined all these tempting offers, and entered on one of the most extensive and laborious parochial duties in the vicinity of the Metropolis. This was in the opening of the year 1824. From that time our intimacy ripened into close friendship—and I have subsequently had the privilege of enjoying his confidence to the sad moment of his departure from among us.

As Curate of Chelsea, his indefatigable zeal, his attractive manners, his persuasive simple eloquence and his scriptural fidelity, soon attracted the attention not only of his parishioners but of many others: and at length, in the year 1830, greatly to the satisfaction of a numerous and attached people, he was presented to the new Church of the Holy Trinity, Upper Chelsea. There his character, his principles, and his peculiar talents fully displayed themselves: for five years he pursued a course of unrivalled usefulness; drawing around him the most influential congregation in London or its neighbourhood. Nobles, peers, commoners, tradesmen, and the poor, alike hung upon his fascinating discourses. And what was their peculiar charm? His manner was calm and sedate—his voice was feeble, yet wherever it reached it riveted attention—there were no high flights of embellishment—certainly no periclitations, nor conceits—he never stooped to such means to produce a momentary effect. The charm of his preaching was his simple truth—its evangelical fidelity—he preached the truth in love—he was affectionate, earnest, persuasive—his style was chaste, it might almost say elegant—and he had a singular power of adapting the word of God to the peculiar habits, feelings, and circumstances of his auditors. Abstract truth by the touch of his pen became a living and practical principle—comprehensible, and individual—so that each man felt himself addressed. Wonderful certainly was his success at that period—and few men could have sustained the weight of applause which was laid upon him with such unaffected modesty and humility as he did. But how unrefractive are the ways of God! Just when hundreds of the great and the noble were crowding around him—not only in his church, but in his more private and domestic instructions—for no one despised the character of a mere popular preacher more than he did—and no one took a higher standard of parochial and daily labour—just then it was that it pleased God in his inscrutable providence to suspend him in the midst of his usefulness. His frame, always feeble and delicate, gave way to his incessant labours—and the seeds of that fatal disease which has at length carried him off, then made their too evident appearance. I rejoice that I have preserved a most interesting letter which I received from him at that interesting period: a letter which displays his mind and spirit—his glowing love and faith and hope—his ineffable peace, and his profound humility, far better than any language however eulogistic. It was dated from Brighton, Nov. 7, 1835, when he was on the eve of seeking the milder climate of Devonshire for the winter. I give it here almost entire—I force the privacy of Christian friendship for the good and comfort of the Church of God.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I feel your very kind and affectionate letter much. I assure you I did not need you to remind me of your valued promise, for it has been often, and more especially lately, upon my mind. My state of health, however, is probably what would be called not one of immediate danger; that is, by God's blessing, upon the mild climate of Devonshire (we hope to go to Torquay next week) I may creep through the winter; but the disease in the lungs is considered by the medical men too far established to allow them to speak confidently of any lengthened period; the symptoms having now, without a single day's intermission, lasted since this time twelvemonth. I merely mention this because you desire to know exactly how I am, and yet after all it does not tell you; it says how the body is, but thanks be to God, the body is not I. I can truly, and I trust gratefully say, that I never was better; that in the fullest enjoyment of Chelsea work, (and you know something of what that feeling means.) I never experienced such unbroken peace and uninterrupted comfort. I don't even want to be up and doing, which for me is wonderful, but I am content to be laid aside, and to be taught what I have been long teaching.

"It was an often expressed desire of mine to die in the midst of my work, but I now feel glad that the choice was not left to me, and am truly thankful for the quiet season which I hope by God's mercy lies before me.

"I trust that both you and I, my very dear friend, have long known something of the value and of the strength of the promises, but even you can, I think, hardly tell what adamant I find them now; I think of death, and for a moment tremble, and then of Him in whom we are made more than conquerors, and really

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I am almost surprised to find how ENTIRELY the sting of death is drawn. I am afraid of presumption; and perhaps when I come into close quarters with the great enemy I shall find him more powerful than I feel him now: and yet I cannot think it to be Christ (oh, the blessed reality) is and must be 'the strong tower'; and seeking all in him, I am perfectly satisfied that I shall find all in Him, all both in time and eternity.

"But I have written more than my medical advisers allow me, and yet I could write sheets on my present feelings; however they are only what you have witnessed in hundreds, as I have myself, and often in the weakest men, women, and children in our Redeemer's family, so entirely is it 'not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.'

"Pray for me, that my present feelings may be maintained, more I do not ask on this side heaven. I have been so entirely interdicted from letter writing, as too exciting, that few things but the affectionate and urgent kindness of the oldest of my friends could, I believe, have drawn forth a reply.

"Believe me ever, my very dear friend, your's faithfully and affectionately,  
HENRY BLUNT,  
26 Regency Square, Brighton,  
Nov. 5, 1835."

Such my friends, was this good man's preparation for death eight years ago; during that chequered period of his life which he since clasped, he has only at times been able partially to resume his labours.—But his Lord has showed that He had not forgotten His faithful servant; for then it was that a distinguished nobleman, unsought, and unasked, presented him with the rectory in which he has spent his declining years and drawn his last breath. He is now no more! And how did he die? How interesting to the Christian are the dying moments of a good man! That little cloud of fear which he seemed to anticipate in the nearer approach of death was entirely dissipated, and the words of my text are a perfect picture of my dear friend's last moments:—'He has entered into peace. They shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness.' On Wednesday last, July 19th, he became suddenly worse; he laboured under great bodily suffering then, which was not generally the case during his long illness; at the close of that day he exclaimed, 'Great bodily suffering, sometimes agony, yet all is peace, perfect peace, remember that—I am enjoying it now, I know I shall throughout eternity; there is no cloud—no doubt on my mind; God is all-sufficient;' and then he repeated with great fervour—'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.'—'Yes,' he added, 'this is a faithful saying, or what should I do at this hour?' On Thursday morning early, he was so feeble that he could not speak, but he waved his hand in token of farewell to his friends; and drawing his breath heavily, twice, his spirit departed: so calm was his departure, that the hand which he had been so long moving! He fell asleep in Jesus! 'He rests in his bed;' his winding sheet is wrapped around him—the habiliments of death are upon him—the coffin has not yet closed over him—but I have heard that his manly countenance never looked more calm, more benevolent! He will soon sleep in the grave, and there will he remain until the last trumpet sounds, and then he shall leap forth from his prison-house, at the joyful summons of his Lord! His 'spirit now walks in its uprightness;' sweet, high, and holy, is the intimacy he enjoys; he holds converse with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the dead who have died in the Lord!

THE MINISTER'S LAST WISH FOR HIS PEOPLE.  
(From Sermons by the late Rev. H. Blunt.)  
We charge you, above all things, beware of the peace of the world; it is a dying, fading, transitory thing; nay, it is worse than this, it is a betraying, deluding, eternally-destroying thing. We do not tell you that the world can give no peace; the lives, and even the deaths, of many of its most devoted followers, would contradict us; it can give a temporary repose, as even our Lord himself acknowledged, when he said, speaking of the 'peace' which he bequeaths his people, 'Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.' It does continually give it; it presents it as one of the most common, as well as the most noxious of its immunities; it holds the poisoned chalice to the lips of all its votaries, and if you have not drunk it, the grace of God has alone prevented you. This peace of the world, although but temporary, lasts often to the very verge of time, so that even inspiration itself has declared, that 'the wicked have no bands in their death.' Like the bird, of which travellers tell, that fans its victims with its pinions, until their sleep be sound, while it draws the life-blood from their body, and gives them no waking moment, until their temporary slumbers are made perpetual by the cold hand of death; so does the world lul into slumber the poor deceived soul, and keep it thus, in an unbroken calm, even to the solemn moment, when it awakes in eternity, and its peace is for the first time broken, by the worm which shall never die, and the fires which never shall be quenched. May God, in his infinite mercy, preserve us from such a peace as this: so far from wishing it to be the portion of any among you, we most earnestly pray God that you may never be the objects of it, or, if you are for a time soothed by the spirit of the world in which you live, into slumbers such as these, that you may be aroused, awakened, and for ever disenthralled from its dreadful fascinations.

When we say, 'Peace be unto you,' then, we address those only who have been the subjects of that justifying and sanctifying grace of which we have already spoken. The desire of our hearts for you this day, is 'peace.' Peace in life, peace in death, peace throughout eternity; we believe that we can ask for you, from the treasury of God, no higher, richer, or more satisfying portion.

Peace in life, we pray may be yours; peace in all the increasingly difficult duties, with which, as we advance in years, life must abound. May every duty to which you are called, however difficult, or however harassing, reflect in passing, such peace upon your conscience, that you may find, as David found, that 'IN KEEPING GOD'S commandments there is great reward;' and that, at the close of your course, you may be enabled to say with St. Paul, 'Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world.' Again, peace be yours,—peace in all the trials and sorrows, and disappointments of life,—that peace 'with which a stranger intermeddled not,' which flows from the sense of God's pardoning love, of your union with Christ, of your promised and approaching felicity. A peace which the heaviest storms shall not disperse, nor the wildest tempests terrify. A peace which shall outlive all trials, all sorrows, all disappointments, which shall gain fresh strength from every visitation, and shall become more firm, and solid, and unchangeable, as all earthly props are taken from you, and all worldly comforts fail.

Peace in death, we pray may be yours. Dying grace for a dying hour. We shall all greatly need it, for we shall have to do to which we have never done, and which our finite powers are but little calculated

to achieve! to meet the last enemy, to fight, to conquer, yes, to be more than conqueror through Him that loved us. Then will be seen, as Moses said, 'Who are the Lord's; and who are holy?' (Numbers xv. 5.) who have received the offers of a Saviour, and been clothed in the garments of salvation, and made meet to sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb. Many of you, who have never before known peace, shall know it then; and some, perhaps, be permitted to feel such happiness at that solemn hour, as one who has now departed to his rest, felt, when he thus expressed himself on the eve of nature's dissolution: 'Is this dying? would that it might last for ever!' For be assured, that however great your dread of the last enemy may be, his terrors shall lose their power as he approaches, and you shall find, that as Satan is but a chained lion, so death is but a stinging serpent, to you who are 'in Christ Jesus.' For has He not revealed that He came to 'Deliver them who, through fear of death, are all their life-time subject to bondage?' (Heb. ii. 15.)

Lastly, Peace throughout eternity, we pray may be yours. Yes, beloved brethren, this is the consummation, and nothing short of this is the consummation of our desires and prayers for all, and for each of you,—peace throughout eternity. Having enjoyed peace in the performance of all duties; in the endurance of all trials; in the resistance of all temptations; and having experienced its solace on the bed of sickness; and at the hour of death, may you enter upon that eternal and unbroken 'rest which remaineth for the people of God'; that peace which no sin shall interrupt, no sorrow sully; that peace which has existed through all eternity, in the immediate presence of the 'Triune Jehovah, in the Church of the First-born, for which all church-membership on earth, is the preparation, and of which it is the faint and imperfect type. That will be, indeed a glorious day, when prayer shall be exchanged for praise; when discourses, dark and imperfect discourses, concerning God and His Christ, shall give place to the open vision of Him, to seeing with our own eyes, 'the King in his beauty,' to hearing, with our own ears, the blissful accents of his voice; when sacramental recollections of Him shall cease, and we shall sit down at His table, and be partakers of His throne; when these earthly temples, in which we have so often, and so long delighted to meet together for the worship of God, yet, when all temples shall have passed away, no longer needed; for we shall 'see no temple there, for God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.'

THE CRISIS OF THE CHURCH.  
A DIALOGUE.  
(From the Banner of the Cross.)  
MR. RUBRIC AND MR. NERVOUS, MEETING.  
Mr. Rubric.—Good morning, Mr. Nervous; I trust I see you well to-day.  
Mr. Nervous.—Thank you, thank you, Mr. Rubric; pretty well, pretty well, I'm obliged to you; that is to say, as well as can be expected, in these sad times—these distressing times, Mr. Rubric, for our Zion.  
Rubric.—How so, my good friend; if by 'our Zion,' you mean, what I should beg leave to rather entitle, the Church, I consider her present aspect as decidedly encouraging, and prosperous; and such as should call for abundant thanksgiving to Him, who has promised to be with her 'always; even unto the end of the world.'

Nervous.—But, Mr. Rubric, consider, I pray you, this horrible infection of 'Puseyism,' the dangerous influence of the perverted talents of Dr. Newman, and the other 'tractarians,' think of that lamentable affair of the ordination of that young Mr.—Mr. Trent, I suppose I may very justly call him; which last matter, I have no doubt, will produce a division of the Church in New York; ah, Mr. Rubric, there is no knowing how many of our people you and I may yet live to see enrolled as the followers of apostate Rome. This is the fruit of your 'high church principles,' Mr. Rubric. As for myself, I really never could understand, as I have often said before, both to you and to others,—I never could divine, how you, my valued friend, Rubric, can uphold 'high Churchism.'

Rubric.—Why truly, Mr. Nervous, you and I never have agreed, and, I fear, never shall agree about these matters entirely; but I must say, that I consider you to be very needlessly alarmed, and I will tell why, in a few words; premising, by entering a stay of judgment against your condemnation of 'high church' principles, in consequence of the 'fruits' which you are pleased to ascribe to them.

Now, in the first place, I have asserted that the Church is in a prosperous condition; and for proof that she is, indeed, eminently so, I ask you to take a moment's glance at her increase at home (in England and this country) and abroad. In England, perhaps, more church edifices have been erected during the last seven years, than in any previous thirty, since the glorious Reformation. Look at the vast sums contributed for the purpose of systematic Church education. Look, too, at her care for the heathen and her children resident in distant lands. Remember that glorious scene in Westminster Abbey, when five bishops were consecrated for foreign service and superintendance; and, in this country, you are aware that the Church is flourishing on every side. The unfortunate adhir in New York, to which you refer, will, doubtless, result in increased peace and harmony; besides, you are aware that young Mr. Trent, as you style him, has drawn up a confession of his faith, which is as diametrically opposite to the heretical, novel, and absurd dogmas of Trent as can be desired by the most zealous Catholic.

As to the matter of the ordination, it is not necessary that any thing should be said; at least, by you or I. The thing is already done; so that is settled. With regard to 'Puseyism,' pray what have you or I to do with 'Puseyism'?

The Church is our standard; (of course always subordinate to Holy Scripture); and, methinks, it should be a matter of small consequence to us what opinions a private individual divine may or may not entertain. I beg you to understand, that high Churchmen (as you call us) are not at all concerned, to endorse, prove, or vouch for, the orthodoxy of Drs. Pusey, Newman, or their disciples. High Church principles go along very well when Dr. Pusey was ranked as a low Churchman, and we do not require his aid now. If they agree with the Church, well;—they prove their wisdom;—if they exalt a heretical and corrupt branch of the Church at the expense of the mother that has begotten them, they prove neither wisdom, critical acumen, or sound ecclesiastical judgment. If we want the opinion of individuals, my friend, do not travel to Oxford, after Dr. Pusey; you can 'find a greater' in the midst of us, in fifteen minutes, in the person of our own ecclesiastical superior, the good Bishop. Discard the phrase, I pray you.—'What's Hebraus to us, or we Hebraus?' Say no more of Puseyism, we want no sects in the one holy Catholic Church. As to 'our people's going to

\* Baillet's Life of St. Ignatius.  
† Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History.  
‡ Ibid.

\* Manifesto of the King of Portugal to his bishops, cited in "Condreux's History of the Jesuits."  
† Mill's translation of "Villers on the Reformation," 359.  
‡ Pinkerton's Geography, vol. i. 415.  
§ Ibid, p. 384.  
|| It was Garnet, our readers will remember, who justified equivocation, and who afterwards was canonized as a Saint by the Papists.  
¶ Proofs of a Conspiracy against the Religion and Government of Europe, p. 21.

\* Baillet's Life of St. Ignatius.  
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‡ Ibid.

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