

And crows and bow upon the Latin plan
 And be as histrionic as you can,
 And work up all the petty pomp you may
 For celebrating High Mass every day.
 The table where, as Puritans profess,
 A simple supper—neither more nor less,
 Religiously commemorates their Lord,
 Drinking His spirit, feeding on His word,—
 And instituted by that Lord to prove
 (Unsacrificed as yet,) His living love;
 That table is an altar! and that food
 Not bread and wine, but human flesh and blood!
 This be your teaching—and there follows straight
 The worship of the Host you consecrate;
 Wafer and wine adored and sent on high,
 And the shrewd priest well glorified thereby!
 Those "Marian Martyrs"—blest be Mary's name,
 Who piously consigned them to the flame!
 They held such heresies, and would not kneel
 Before the fragments of a holy meal;
 Therefore the generous Gardiner burnt alive
 Latimer, Cramer, and their borner five,—
 And, all for Mother Church and mercy's sake,
 Bonner committed Ridley to the stake—
 And served them right! so now shall Oxford swear,
 And stone from stone their vile memorial tear!
 Yes, Anglicans, true Catholics once more,
 By Luther too long poisoned heretofore,
 No longer Protestants, but free to hope
 For pardon—after penance—from the Pope.
 Keen English priests, who cunningly devise
 How to bring back what laymen still call lies,
 And how to break strong Britons to your rule,
 (They hate your Jesuitic High Church School)—
 Listen shrewd priests! if only you'll go on,
 Winning such triumphs as your zeal hath won,—
 No doubt again shall Reformation stand
 And sweep the stalls and stables of this land;
 No doubt you may contrive to read in twain
 The nation's church, and leave it—to our gain;
 No doubt your Roman tastes may find in Rome
 More genial Cures than those you lose at home;
 No doubt some Bishops and more Priests must search,
 For Sees and Livings from some other church,
 Than England, in her watch-tower on the waves,
 Has fixed for freemen—not for Popish slaves!

—Martin F. Tupper.

And fret and fame at this ingenious plan,
 To sink the priest, and aggrandize the man.
 And work up all the petty spite he may
 'Gainst High Church brethren, who more often pray.
 The table where, as Puritans profess,
 A simple supper, neither more nor less
 Religiously commemorates their Lord,—
 (Quenching His Spirit, heeding not his word)
 You struggle hard by voice and deed to prove
 Can give no pledge of that His dying love.
 That table term an altar! oh! how good!
 'Tis more than can be borne by flesh and blood!
 This be your teaching, and there follows straight
 Confirmed dishonour to the feast you hate.
 Weekly communion! paha! 'tis rank and High,
 And quarterly the priest escapes thereby.
 Take not the Marian martyrs name in vain,
 Or you will stir their ashes to your shame!
 Your heresies, in Ben's reign, could feel
 No pity for the victims of your zeal;
 Let History's pages but the facts revive
 Of half the innocents you burnt alive,
 And how a Virgin Queen could pleasure take
 In hurrying tall two hundred to the stake!
 For might gaze right—though Puritans take care
 To blink these facts, in caution wise and fair.
 Yes Anglicans! true Catholics once more,
 You'd fare but badly, could the poisoned store
 Of pent up malice gain but ample scope
 To wreak its vengeance, with stake, rack or rope!
 Meanwhile to foster slander, and devise
 False accusation and unfounded lies,
 Of those whose lives, boused by a higher rule,
 Mock the imposture of the Low Church School
 Is purely Christian, unctuous and so on,
 Well worthy of the war you carry on.
 'Tis time forsooth that some should make a stand
 Against a scandal that pollutes our land,
 And foil you, though you strive to read in twain
 The Nation's Church by schism for your gain;
 And hire Philosophy's Proverbial foam
 To spend itself upon our rock built home.
 No doubt but some pew-ridden priests must search
 For Sees and Livings in some other church,
 When England from her watchtower on the waves,
 Disceras her shepherds from her hireling knaves.

—The Watch-tower Keeper.

CHURCH MUSIC.

The special characteristic of the music which distinguishes the English branch from the rest of the Catholic Church is the combination of the voices of men and boys, which seems to have been introduced by St. Augustine. The story of the Anglo-Saxon youth appearing in the market place at Rome, in the days of Gregory, with flaxen hair and roddy complexion, is familiar to all, more especially to those who have traced the history of Choralers in the Services of the Church.

There is no branch of the Church that gives so much attention to the use of boys, for the treble part of the singing as the English. The Church of Rome uses them within certain limits, but has little or no regard to their cultivation, and supersedes them, on all occasions, by the introduction of female voices for the more elaborate parts of the music. These are made use of, as it were, as a second choir, and are generally placed in a gallery near the organ, and adapted to the execution of the principal portions of high musical services.

In the Greek branch of the Church, the primitive use of male voices, in unison, is still adhered to, and though boys are employed, they are never allowed that prominence which the Anglo Catholic branch has studied to produce.

We have therefore three distinct systems before us in Christendom, for producing that which is acknowledged by all alike to be essential to Spiritual Worship, viz.: the use of boys alone for the principal treble parts, the combination of boys and females for the same, and the use of males voices supplemented by those of boys.

Let us, therefore, take into consideration the relative merits of each plan, and endeavour to arrive at the most acceptable method of rendering Church song.

It is presumed, of course, that all utterances of Prayer or Praise in the House of God should be based on some laws of sound; or, in other words, that no supplication or enunciation of feeling should be made except with regard to decency and order, which, as applied to music, means rhythm and modulation.