# Doetry.

## THE CHURCH CATHOLIC.

A thousand and eight hundred years, Their varied course have sped,—And still CHURCH CATHOLIC appears By that One Saviour led, Who bought her with his blood and tears, And safe hath borne her through Full many a storm, and sorrows deep, And, as a Shepherd true, Hath gently led his ransom'd sheep To pastures ever new.

TIME—TIME hath broken many a heart, And dimm'd the brightest eye, And made the glory proud depart
From highest royalty,
And Nature changed, and moulder'd Art, With his old wizard rod; But vain the sorcery of his hand Against our blest abode, For, firm as God's own throne, shall stand

The Holy Church of God. Her line anbroken, we descry,
Hath through each age remain'd,
With DEACON, PRIEST, and BISHOP high,
Just as her Lord ordain'd; And now as then, she bringeth nigh. Her lambs with mother's care, Their vows Baptismal to renew By hands-laid-on and prayer, As wont in olden times to do Apostle-Bishops were.

That holy body JESUS lent For her, she now doth break
As when from house to house they went From priestly hand to take, That mystic bread of sacrament, Which gives the dull soul wings; And still the holy psalmody Of olden times she sings: Cease not our tongues 'til universe With al! her glory rings!

ONE is that Church, Christ's changeless Bride, In every clime and age, Though scornful heretic deride, Or godless schism rage; Yet by ONE Faith doth she abide, ONE Lord who her hath bought; By ONE remitting Baptism Her own to Christ are brought, And she adores ONE Trinity As when Apostles taught

A thousand years she queen-like stood Victorious 'gainst her foes, More fair and strong than when her God To heaven in glory rose. Yea, Zion's folds shall spread abroad To Earth's remotest bound, 'Till One Faith—Catholic and high Through every land resound; And, if a thousand more roll by, The same shall she be found. Charleston Gospel Messenger

#### IZAAK WALTON. A.D. 1593-1683. (From the Englishman's Magazine).

There are few names which excite more pleasing associations than that of Izaak Walton; none in which the virtues of the pious Churchman, the peaceable citizen, the devout admirer of nature's works, the companion and biographer of learned and holy men, shine with more attractive grace and lustre. Who feels not reverence for him, who, in consideration, not of birth or station, but of his amighly and become that the friend of Donne, There are few names which excite more pleasing asso who, in consideration, not of birth or station, but of his amiable and honest nature, became the friend of Donne, Wotton, and Sanderson; and who has portrayed with a pen—to use the beautiful imagery of Wordsworth—"dropped from an angel's wing," the mind and life of Hooker and Herbert? While enjoying the soothing influence of natural scenery; the bright sunshine of a fresh May morning; murmuring streams and rapid rivers; the m of insects; the charm of earliest birds; the sweet Perfume of the violet; and all those varied sights, and ounds, and odours, with which vernal scenes abound,--the monuments of the Creator's power and love, and "to drink at every pore the spirit of the sea-son?" All this Walton has done; and while ever holy men, and holy thoughts, and holy scenes, are dear to the humble and unsophisticated heart, his name will be had in affectionate remembrance. Every returning spring recalls it to our memory; and every succeeding winter owns its heart-easing power, as by a happy fireside his exqui-sitely written "Lives" are studied, where, with moistened

# "We read of faith and purest charity, In statesman, priest, and humble citizen."

Of the parentage and early life of this, in the best sense of the word, distinguished man, little or nothing is known. From the parish-registers of St. Mary's Church, Stafford, it appears that he was born on the 9th of August, and baptised on the 21st September, 1593; his parents being honest yeomen, or gentlemen in ore, as Fuller, who was one of Walton's friends, quaintly defines that valuable class of English citizens. He did not, however, long enjoy class of English citizens. the blessing of a parent's love and guidance, it being generally supposed that at the early and helpless age of four Years he became an orphan; from which period till about his twentieth year little is known beyond conjecture. His early education, most probably received at the grammar-school of his native place, must have been imperfect, since it is certain that he was very soon taken from his studies, and apprenticed to a relative in London, who was a semp-ster ster or haberdasher at Whitechapel. The first notice which we have of Walton is one which shews that a taste for literature must have been very early imbibed by him; otherwise it is scarcely probable that at the age of twenty-six he would have been the subject of a poet's praise. Such, howers Such, however, is the fact; a small poem, entitled, "The Love of Amos and Laura," which was published in 1619, having having the such as t having been dedicated by its author, S. P., "to his approved and much respected friend, Iz. Wa." But his literary the raste was not, as it never should be, prosecuted to the neglect of, to him, a far more important, if less attractive, calling, since it is certain that in the year 1624 Walton had commenced business for himself, which he Carried on in a house on the north side of Fleet Street, in Joint occupation of himself and one John Mason, a

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While honestly pursuing his humble trade, he contracted a friendship which is the source and secret of all his future eminence. The celebrated Dr. Donne was at this this period vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West; and as we yman would find a conscientious parishioner, no ommon character in these days, it is not surprising that they should become mutually known and attached to each other. Walton's reverence for the pastoral office, as being founded on the express command of God, would naturally lead him to obey those who had spiritual rule ver him; while, of course, the pastor's vocation would the bring him into contact with Walton, whom, as was Judge and the contact with Walton, whom, as was said of Socrates, to know must have been to respect and Jack. Accordingly, the vicarage was ever open to "honest Jack;" and as it was the haunt of all the celebrated men the times, he had the opportunity of obtaining the endship of those with whom he is now chiefly asso-

### ciated; names which, like satellites, burn in lucid ring 'Around meek Walton's heavenly memory."

affection, presented him with his manuscript sermons; the Saviour extended on an anchor; and which, in reverent esteem for the venerable donor, walton used from that time to the sealing of his own will, which bears this

Amongst other valuable friends, he numbered Dr. King, the future bishop of Chichester, through who acquainted with an honourable and worthy family, from which, after he had been about ten years in business, he selected a wife. The name of the object of his choice was Rachel Floud, a descendent of that holy martyr Arch bishop Cranmer. They appear to have been married in the church of St. Mildred, at Canterbury, in December 1626. As nothing is more important than the choice of a partner, for weal or woe, for life, we cannot but admire Walton's prudence on this occasion. Instead of being influenced, by the too provides of all life. fluenced by the too common motives of selfishness or nuenced by the too common motives of selfishness or mere passion, wherein pure love consists not, his object was to obtain a "help meet" to him, that they might so live together in this life, as in the world to come they might have life everlasting. In a temporal point of view, his selection was also a good one; his wife's family and connexion being the means of introducing him to persons, not only of considerable eminence, but of congenial taste. not only of considerable eminence, but of congenial taste and temper to his own. As holy matrimony mysteriously and temper to his own. As holy matrimony mysteriously makes twain one flesh, family connexion is a much more important element in comubial happiness than is generally supposed. Nothing, indeed, is more important than that it should be such as, in the frequent intercourse which must necessarily exist, there may be that sympathy of mind and feeling without which society becomes an into-locable, busine, and the prelific source of contention to lerable burden, and the prolific source of contention to the married persons themselves, each of whom is laudably the married persons tenserved family or kindred. It is, in-sensitive of any neglect of family or kindred. It is, in-deed, all very well, and essential to happiness, that a hus-band and wife should have similar tastes and temper; but band and wife should have similar tastes and temper, but it is not less necessary to the even tenour of married life, that their immediate relatives should in these respects be somewhat like themselves. Such was happily Walton's somewhat like themselves. Such was happily Walton's condition; and we may easily imagine with what pleasure he must ever have associated—and he did so for a very long period—with the Flouds and Cranmers of his wife's

We must now consider Walton in the character in which We must now consider wanton in the character being most familiar to us, that of a biographer. Sir Henry Wotton, from a letter addressed to Walton in 1638, appears to have been collecting materials for writing a life of their mutual friend Donne; but, dying soon after, he never carried his intention into effect. His sermons, however, being about to be published without a life of the nowever, being about to be published without a life of the author, Walton determined to supply the deficiency himself. "When I heard," said he, "that sad news (Wotton's death), and heard also that these sermons were to be printed, and want the author's life, which I thought to be very remarkable, indignation or grier—indeed I know not which—transported me so far, that I reviewed my forsaken collections and resolved the world should see the saken collections, and resolved the world should see the best plain picture of the author's life that my artless pen-cil, guided by the hand of truth, could present to it." Hence the origin of the exquisite biography of a name honoured in his own and every succeeding generation. It was published along with the first volume of his sermons in 1640, and obtained universal approbation. King Charles I., whose troubles at this unhappy period may have been alleviated by its perusal, told the famous John Hales, of Eton, "that he had not seen a life written with more advantage to the subject, or more reputation to the writer, than that of Dr. Donne."

writer, than that of Dr. Donne."

Amid all this deserved popularity, he still continued his business, and appears about this time to have removed to a more commodious shop, in Chancery Lane. Walton was, indeed, far too honest to let his literary pursuits, however congenial to his taste, interfere with the more immediate duties of the tradesman and citizen. From the registers, we find that he served several writer, than that of Dr. Donne. the parish-registers, we find that he served several parothe parish-registers, we find that he served several parochial offices, such as sidesman, overseer of the poor, &c. It will be a happy day for England when these important offices are again filled by such citizens. Alas, how unlike the noisy, ignorant, idle, factious men, who now turn every vestry into a bear-garden; where all that is holy and venerable in Church and state is torn to pieces, and deceived by these whose only apparent reliant for the months. devoured by those whose only apparent relic of humanity is a human form; men who, to borrow Tertullian's description of Hermogenes, "mistake brawling for eloqu mpudence for firmness, and think it a duty to speak evil

of every one but themselves!" Still, with all this success and consistency of conduct, Walton found no exemption from those earthly ills, which, n this probationary state incident alike to all, are neither awed by greatness nor eluded by obscurity. While living awed by greatness nor eluded by obscurity. While living in Chancery Lane, sorrows came, not single ones, but in battalions; and the "insatiate archer," death, shot forth his arrows in rapid and melancholy succession. He lost no less than seven children, together with his wife, after a happy union of fourteen years; and her mother, who appears to have lived with him. To any man the loss of the wife of his youth is no ordinary affliction; but to one of Walton's affectionate nature it must have been severe indeed. If a loss be estimated in proportion to the blessing enjoyed in its possession, some notion may be formed of his sense of the bereavement, from the touching manner in which he describes the character of a good and faithful wife in the Lives of Herbert and Sanderson.

Although nothing certain is known concerning him for several years after this period, it is most probable partly from the distracted state of the times, which he never mentions but to reprobate and deplore; and partly from his own broken energies, in consequence of his severe domestic afflictions,—he retired, like his friend Dr. Donne under similar circumstances, from the turbulent scenes of the metropolis to a quiet spot near his native town of Stafford, where he passed several resigned and peaceable years in study and angling; a recreation of which it is well known he was passionately fond. How long he remained in this "sweet retired solitude," where he may probably have acquired those stores of knowledge, whose possession so sadly puzzles his biographers to account for, is unknown. The next incident connected with him occurred about six years afterwards, when he again married (1646). The object of his choice, equally happy and successful as his former, was Anne, daughter of Thomas Ken, an attorney, the father of Bishop Ken, whose name requires no epithet. He had thus again the privilege of obtaining with his wife the best and richest dowry, a family connexion of kindred tastes and principles, and with whom he ever lived in happy and constant

Having now retired from business, Walton was at liberty to indulge his literary tastes. Accordingly, in 1651, he edited the remains of his friend Sir Henry on, with an exquisitely written life of the auth though quaint in its style, is full of amusement and instruc-tion. While observing the gentle and holy spirit which pervades these writings, it is obvious how kindred must have been the nature of the author and his biographer; and how well the latter was fitted to portray the character of the former; a man, to use Walton's own words, "whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness, made his pany to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind.

In the year 1653, when he had attained the mature age he published his celebrated work, "The Complete Angler, or contemplative Man's Recreation;" a book Should any of our readers not have read this delightfu volume, second to none in beauty of language, purity of sentiment, and description of natural scenery, he has a pleasure yet in store, which, if wise, he will not be slew to gratify. As an authority in the delightful art of which it treats, it is of considerable value; but this is its lowest praise, when compared with the elevating moral which consecrates every page to our holiest sympathies. No book more thoroughly associates the reader with the scenes which it describes; and it must be confessed that Walton, under the name of "Piscator," has thrown a charm over the gentle craft, which the unmerited sarcasm of Dr. phnson, great and good man that he was, will never be

When it is considered at what period of English history this book was written, its calm and hopeful spirit is in delightful contrast to the perils of those sad times. How consoling to know, that amid all their turbulence, cruelty, insubordination, and blasphemy, there were simple and honest-minded men, like Izaak Walton, who, having no sympathy for such deeds of violence and wrong, turned As a proof of the uninterrupted intercourse which ex-isted between Dr. Donne and himself, it may be mentioned, that a short time before the death of the former he sent for Walton; and, with many expressions of regard and as the word, of God! Such was Walton's occupation affection. during the greater part of this eventful period. Ogether with a seal, engraven with a representation of privacy of domestic life, surrounded, not by his own

impression. He also wrote an elegy on his friend's me- and hospitable shelter,—he daily exemplified the blessing

" For there are souls that seem to dwell Above this earth; so rich a spell Floats round their steps, where'er they move, From hopes fulfilled and mutual love

Such being Walton's pursuits and feelings, we shall easily imagine his gratification at the restoration of his sovereign to the throne of his ancestors. He celebrated that event, which the Church also calls upon us to celebrate, in "an humble eclog," of which the following are the opening lines:-

" Hail, happy day! Dorus, sit down: Now let no sigh, nor let a frown
Lodge near thy heart, nor on thy brow.
The king, the king's returned! and now
Let's banish all sad thoughts, and sing—
We have our laws and have our king."

To this invitation, however, "Dorus" replies, that he fain would sing, but these wars have sunk his heart so low, that it will not be raised. Damon asks—

" What, not this day? Why, 'tis the twenty-ninth of May Let rebels' spirits sink: let those That, like the Goths and Vandals, wee To ruin families and bring Contempt upon our Church and King, And all that's dear to us,—be sad: But be not thou—let us be glad."

Such is the happiness which goodnes ever embosoms; but, alas! as in the most faithful hear some sparks of infidelity still remain, so is the highes state of human happiness chequered with sorrow. Vithin two years after the restoration, Walton again became a widower.—It would appear, from the fact of her interment taking place at Worcester Cathedral, that his wife died while they were visiting the excellently learned and pious bishop they were visiting the excellently learned and pious bishop of that diocese, Dr. Morley, an old friend of Walton. In her epitaph, written by her husband, sle is described as being of "remarkable prudence, and of the primitive piety; her great and general knowledge being adorned with true humility, and blessed with Christian meekness," —a character which it is devoutly to be vished the women

of England would endeavour to imitae. Great as this affliction must have been-akin to tat which he so touchingly described to have been experienced by Donne under a similar bereavement, coming upn him at his advanced period of life, and when he had arrived at the prescribed goal of human existence,—Walton had doubt-

less experienced too many of the mercies of the bounteous Giver of all good, not to be resigned and hopeful.

After this event he took up his residence, together with his two children, with Bishop Morley, who had lately been translated to the bishopric of Winchester. In this delighful retreat, amid so many associations in which his honest nature would delight, he soon regained his usual cheerfulness, and resumed his literary abours,—an occupation which of all others, when pursued in subordination to God's glory, has the most soothing influence on the mind and feelings. Here it was that he wrote the life of "that most learned, most humble, boly man," Richard Hooker,-a name the most renowned in English theology. and whose immortal work on the "Ecclesiastical Polity must ever remain amongst the noblest efforts of human learning and virtue. Speaking of this wonderful produc-tion, an eminent living divine observes, "a theologian might naturally be expected to be well provided with weapons from the armoury of the Church; a scholar might have exhausted the stores of ancient learning; a philosopher have explored the principles of his science; and a man of taste have a keen perception of the graces of composition,—but these various endowments, each of them a great acquisition in itself, and some of them calculated, from their nature, to be exclusive of the rest, are all displayed at once, and each of them in a high degree of excellence, in the 'Ecclesiastical Polity.' The reader is surprised and delighted to find, that his argument has ot only stood aloof from the ribaldry of the times, and the casuistry of vulgar minds, but has laid before him the important issues and the governing principles of the whole question, investing them at the same time with the riches of a copious literature, the fascinations of a graceful and majestic style, and, above all, the virtues of a Christian character." Hooker's life appeared early in the year 1665, and was appropriately dedicated to the Bishop of Winchester, under whose roof and at whose suggestion it

It has been before observed, that Walton's writings are to the great affront and dissatisfaction of the non Such men as Izaak Walton, who had seen quite enough of the result of these concessions to the Scotch, and his own nation during the rebellion, would, doubtless, most sincerely thank God, that a measure fraught with such imminent peril to his Church had been brought to nought. Accordingly, Walton is said to have been the author of a letter, dated the 18th Feb., 1668, which, with another on the same subject, written about ten years afterwards, a similar plan of comprehension having been again ed, was published in 1680, under the title of "Love ing the distempers of the present times, written from a quiet and conformable citizen in London to two busy and a pleasure which the Christian can alone experience from and Truth; in two modest and peaceable letters, concerning the distempers of the present times, written from a factious shopkeepers in Coventry." Although there is some difference of opinion as to the authorship of these letters, we cannot help thinking that Dr. Zouch has done well to class them amongst Walton's works, since, apart from the high testimony of Archbishop Sancroft, the primate of that time, who surely could not be mistaken primate of that time, who surely could not be mistaken in such a matter, there is internal evidence both in the style and sentiment, as well as in the manner in which allusion is made to Walton himself, not to be mistaken.

About this time also he commenced writing George Herbert's Life, and revising his former memoirs for publication in one volume, which he dedicated, as before, to his friend Bishop Morley, with whom he still continued chiefly to reside. He not unfrequently, however, visited his friend Charles Cotton, at Beresford, a celebrated brother of the angle, who wrote, at Walton's request, a treatise on fly-fishing, which was appended to the "Complete Angler." He also spent much of his time with his two children, both now him expendents. two children, both now being comfortably settled in life. Ann was married to Dr. William Hawkins, a prebendary of Winchester; and his son Izaak, after having been educated by his maternal uncle, the future Bishop Ken, nad graduated at Oxford, travelled on the continent, taken holy orders, and obtained valuable preferment. a man of great taste, learning, and piety: and is said to have contributed largely to "Walker's Sufferings of the

ough Walton had now attained that advanced age, which, as he humorously observes, "might have obtained him a writ of ease," still, such was the vigour of his sound intellect, that he commenced and finished his "Life of Bishop Sanderson," the eminent scholar and divine, who is supposed to have contributed the general thanksgiving to the Prayer-book, in whose last revision he was con he edited, called "Thealma and Clearchus," history, in smooth and easy verse, was his last-literary effort. On the 9th of August, 1683, he attained his ninetieth year; and although he was in entire possession f his faculties, together with a greater degree of strength than is usual at such a very advanced period of life, it is not surprising that he did not survive the severe frost of the following winter. He died at the residence of his son-in-law, Dr. Hawkins, "whom he loved as his own son," and was buried in Winchester Cathedral, the same appropriate resting place which awaited his venerable friend, Bishop Morley, about a year afterwards. In both these holy men the poet's prediction appears to have been is given to appoint other men to the enjoyment of them in their

"Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die, Nor leave thee, when grey hairs are nigh, A melancholy slave; But an old age, serene and bright, And lovely as a Lapland night, Shall lead thee to thy grave."

On reviewing the elements of Walton's character, whereby he became so distinguished above the generality of those who occupy similar situations in life, it will be found that a reverent regard for long and wisely estafound that a reverent regard to long the spirit of obedience—was the foundation of his eminence and virtue. Instead bewildering himself and others with the fruitless search for a panacea for the evils of the eventful times in which he lived, he wisely left the honour of such a discovery he lived, he wisely left the honour of such a discovery to others, having no desire to violate the apostle's injunction by becoming "a busybody in other men's matters." While doubtless tempted, like others, to be a noisy demagogue, or a furious fanatic, he preferred, to use his own words, "the former piety and plain-dealing, to all the cruelty and cunning" of the profession of extraordinary sanctity. Conduct such as this must inevitably gain the respect of all whose respect is worth possessing; for respect of all whose respect is worth possessing; for, however humble a man's calling may be, so long as he discharges it faithfully and honestly, he is below no one's consideration, especially when uniting, as in Walton's case, a genuine love of literature, and a quiet pursuit of it. Had he, indeed, left his shop to be a Sir Orator in beer-shops or common-council rooms, if there were such nuisances in his time; or had he professed to enlighten his ignorant and deluded neighbours with lectures in mechanics' institutes; or, what is a severer temptation for a vain man to resist, had he separated from his mother the Church, in order to be a deacon or other great personage in a dissenting meeting-house,—so far from becoming the friend of the best and greatest men of his day, he must, of course, have been an object of deserved aversion and pity to every honest mind. But, happily, Walton was, as we have seen, of a very different temperament. He revered the Church, and honoured the clergy; and consequently lived in friendly communication with his lawful mastor, agenerally greaking, no meartain test of a man's pastor,—generally speaking, no uncertain test of a man's espectability and worth, as the contrary conduct, and being at variance with and opposing him, is no unsafe index of the opposite qualities. Leaving public matters for public men, he sought repose in the bosom of his own family, where he had the opportunity of acquiring and exercising those many virtues for which domestic life is the appropriate field.

"To make a happy fireside clime That's the true pathos and sublime Of human life."

It is, indeed, a very bad sign, when, under the absurd pretext of benefiting the whole community, men neglec the parts of which every whole is composed; in other words, when, on the plea of serving their country, and so forth, they neglect their personal and domestic duties. And yet this is one of the plague-spots of our times. The domestic life of England—the life of a nation—is well night exprising appeared by so, what wooden if all that is great. expiring amongst us; so, what wonder if all that is great and holy is also ready to perish? The council-chamber, the vestry-meeting, the hall of science, the lecture-room, are now the arenas upon which busy and factious shop-keepers, at Coventry and elsewhere, are ambitious of distinguishing themselves. Of course, it is the interest good one, he is no longer the same man. of ambitious and designing men to use such persons as tools to effect their own ends. Even the political privileges with which they have invested them are the veriest badges of their slavery. The infidel Voltaire was wont to say, in allusion to our septennial elections, "that England was mad every seventh year." Alas, such madness is now daily manifest in those immumerable elections, municipal or proposal or proposal such that the industrous corruptions which Rome had thrust upon that the idolatrous corruptions which Rome had thrust upon the should be cast away, and that her clergy should no longer the same man.

If the Church, with the sanction of parliament, determined that the idolatrous corruptions which Rome had thrust upon the should be cast away, and that her clergy should no longer the same man.

If the Church, with the sanction of parliament, determined that the idolatrous corruptions which Rome had thrust upon the should be cast away, and that her clergy should no longer the same man. municipal or parochial, which create such tumult, oppo-

sition, and heart-burnings, amongst us! It would be a great oversight, in estimating Walton's aracter, to omit another very important element of ithis devout admiration of the works of the Creator.

"One impulse from a vernal wood Will teach us more of man, Of moral evil and of good, Than all the sages can."

"The most humble peasant," as a modern writer, not unworthy of being associated with Walton himself, beautifully observes, "who pursues his labours in the fields, however unenlightened by education, cannot fail to draw conformist themselves stoutly deny what the The Nonconformist themselves stoutly deny what the The Nonconformist here labours to prove. They roundly accuse the nclusions from the very occupation in which he is gaged favourable to his condition as an accountable ing. He cannot cast the grain in his hand over the pushed fall and watch its recovery of the condition and the pushed fall and watch its recovery of the condition. ploughed field, and watch its progress from a small and ten-der green shoot, until it becomes a stately plant ripened for the sickle, without being led sometimes to consider within himself, who is it that has given this quickening power opportunity of expressing his opinions in a more systematic form. In the year 1668 a plan was proposed by the then Lord-keeper for the comprehension of the more moderate dissenters, and for allowing cost is includence. to such as could not be brought within the comprehension. In an evil hour a bill was prepared for that purpose by Sir Matthew Hale; but on being brought before the House of Commons, it was all but unanimously rejected, to the commons, it was all but unanimously rejected, lead bis on the commons and the comprehension. enveloping all around with its fleecy covering,-sights

just and the unjust."\*
No one, indeed, whatever be his condition, can estimate No one, indeed, whatever be his condition, can estimate the aid afforded even by an occasional abstraction from "the stunning tide" of public life, in the subduing of those wayward passions, which, in the "various bustle of resort," are all too ruffled and excited. With all this enthusiastic admiration of variety reformed of men—mere human inventions. siastic admiration of natural scenery, however, Walton was not one of those, who, investing nature with a heathenish pantheism, make it usurp the place of nature's God. No, he gazed upon it with the eye of a Christian,

"He looks abroad into the varied field Of nature; and though poor, perhaps, compared With those whose mansions glitter in his sight, Calls the delightful scenery all his own, His are the mountains, and the valleys his, And the resplandent rivers. His to enjoy With a propriety that none can feel, But who, with filial confidence inspired, Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye. And smiling, say, 'My Father made them all.' "

How refreshing to turn from the Charles Levers + of the nineteenth century, to a quiet and peaceable citizen like Izaak Walton!

# THE PARLIAMENT. (From the London Church Intelligencer).

The Nonconformist, in its way of proving that parliament

"By the Roman Church tithes were for centuries enjoyed, until by act of parliament 2 and 3 Edward VI., it was provided that if any rector, vicar, perpetual curate or other priest, should in future say mass in the usual manner, and not use the Common Prayer Book, he should forfeit to the king one year's revenue of his benefice, and be imprisoned for six months; that, for a second offence, he should be deprived of his benefice, and of all his spiritual promotions, and be imprisoned for one whole year; and, for a third offence, imprisonment during his natural life .-And further, it authorized patrons to appoint a protestant successor, as if he were dead. If this be not, as we described it, a handing over in trust by parliament her present temporalities to the Anglican Church, we must leave The Church Intelligencer to tell us more precisely what it is. The original possessors In both of these funds are, by law, dispossessed-and by law, authority

\* "Sketches of Country Life." By One of the Old School.

Rivingtons. + "Charles Lever, the Man of the Nineteenth Century," by the Rev. W. Gresley. This work, in every respect equal, and in many points superior, to any of Mr. Gresley's former productions, should be read universally.

stead. The state was either right or wrong in passing this act. If right, then Church funds are under its controul. If wrong, then the Protestant Episcopal Church has no title to them."

We have given this quotation at length, to prevent any accusation of unfairness; but more inconsiderate, loose, and indefinite language it would be difficult to find. Whether our contemporary writes thus designedly, on feeling that his positions require it, or because he really cannot help it, we need not inquire. He speaks of "The Protestant Episcopal Church," and of "a Protestant successor," and just before of "the Protestant Episcopal Establishment," because such language seems to suit his ideas and purposes; whereas, as we have already said, the Church of England is never so designated, either in her own authoritative works, in acts of parliament, or in any other documents or works of consequence. Our opponent, in common with the generality of popish and other non-conformists, labours hard to convince his readers that the Church of England never existed until the Reformation, and that at that time parliament found in the country two churches, the Church of Rome and the Church of England, and then transferred the tithes, &c., from the Church of Rome to the Church of England. But, nothing can be further from the truth, or more absurd; for, in the first place, the Reformation is never called a creation, for there was no creation of a new Church, but merely the Reformation, a cleansing, a purifying of the old one. It was precisely the same Church after the Reformation as it was before it. Nor did the Church of England ever separate from the Church of Rome at all: she merely cast off, and protested against, her errors and superstitions. There consequently was no transfer whatever of the tithes, either from the Church of Rome or from any where else, to the Church of England; for the Church of England continued to possess them throughout the whole course of the Reformation, as she had done for hundreds of years previously, and has done ever since. Nothing took place during the Reformation at all affecting the existence of the Church of England, as a Branch of CHRIST'S Holy Catholic Church. The pope had, contrary to the laws of the Church and the country, which were still in existence, usurped authority over the Church of England, and had foisted upon her many of his corruptions; and at the Reformation, the Church cast off the usurped authority of the pope, and purified herself from those corruptions which formed no part at all of the Church, any more than a man's coat forms part of the man. And to say, that when she cast off those corruptions, the Church was no longer the same Church as she was before, is just as absurd as to say, that when a man has thrown off an old ragged dirty coat, and has put on a clean and

became a new and another Church, is ridiculous, as The Nonconformist must feel. In a late session of parliament, a Church Discipline Bill was passed, by which disobedient clergymen may be deprived of their benefices, and successors appointed to them; populous city; and while reading the ever-open and most instructive book of nature, would learn many lessons of gratitude, of patience, and of charity:

but we humbly submit to our opponent, that the Church is the same Church now as she was before that bill was passed. And such was also the case before and after the passing of 2 and 3 of Edw. VI., by which The Nonconformist says the Church was created, and had the tithes handed over to her. And it is not true, that by that law "the original possessors of the Church funds were dispossessed," and other persons appointed Church of being almost the same as she was previously to the Reformation, and of not having cast off half as much as she ought to have done, and that she is yet essentially popish, and all the rest of it. The old proverb will have it that a certain description of people have need of good memories, lest they side of a question, it is very difficult to find them on the right periods of the year. All these induce him to reflect, and lead him up to Him, who hath given light and life to all; who ecauseth his sun to shine, and his rain to fall, on the dities. While the Church of England was not created at the side of an argument; but not at all rare to find them plunging Reformation, as the word implies, but merely reformed or

### PRETENDED MIRACLES OF ST. PATRICK. (From the Irish Ecclesiastical Journal).

"Fr. R. B.," one of the Irish Franciscan friars at Louvaine, and the author of "The Life of the glorious Bishop St. Patrick, Apostle and Primate of Ireland," which was printed (together with "The Lives of the Holy Virgin St. Bridget, and of the glorious St. Columbe, Patrons of Ireland,") in 1625, at St. Omers, with the license and approbation of the Censors of Louvaine, of the Bishop of St. Omers, and of the Commissary, and Definitor-General of the Scraphic Order (!) says of St. Patrick, that this Life "will abundantly teach how stupendous he was in perpetrating of miracles." He will, he says, "furnish the scrip of your memories with bright stones taken up out of the torrent of our glorious Apostle's life, wherewith, if you charge the sling of your tongues, the weakest among you shall be able to encounter and cast down any temerarious and Goliah-THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND NOT CREATED BY hearted Protestant that should undertake to renew the lost field, or to recover the gained breach. Since they obtrude their new-found gospel on you, under the specious vizard of venerable antiquity, here we offer them St. Patrick's Life, who lived in the purer times of Christianity; let them examine it, let them transferred the ecclesiastical revenues of the country from the search it, and point us out what they shall find in it to counter Church of Rome to the Church of England, and that the latter nance their cause, or to advance their religion. Nothing will was created by parliament at or about the same period, thus occur here but quires of sacred virgins, and troops of holy monks. They will admire at the frequent mention of holy veils and ecclesiastical tonsure. Holy water, vessels of holy oils, hallowed fire, the sign of the cross, &c., sound very harshly in Protestant ears. Our wiving gospellors hold no commerce or society with a continent or chaste monk. The refined naturalists of Geneva will never acknowledge our glorious prelate's walking in the majesty of a Roman pallium.

"These delicate reformers will never challenge a religious, consumed with fasts and weakened with haircloth, as a disciple Paleness arising of long standing in cold water (a thing never practised by our tender solindians), short and broken sleeps taken all alone on a hard flint, seem strange and absurd in the theology of our libidinous ministers, who lie immersed in beds of down." He further asks, "what greater imposture can they impose on you than to father their Protestant paradoxes on the primitive Christians?"

The friar who thus talks of Protestant impostures, and triumphantly calls upon Protestants to search into "The Life of St. Patrick," which he has written for their confusion, or edification, relates not indeed, that the saint heated an oven with snow, but that he made a rousing fire with it; that fire dropped from his fingers and dried up the waters of an inundation; that he transported a leper to Ireland upon an altar-stone;