

When I was a very young man, I one day thoughtlessly spoke to my mother in a disrespectful manner. She was a tall, handsome Englishwoman, and over sixty years of age. In a dignified manner she came to my seat, and gave me a tremendous box on the ear, and said, "Take that, sir, and leave the room." In the solitude of my own room, I shed many tears of repentance, and my sorrow was accepted, I believe, by God my Father. You, gentlemen, have openly insulted me and the other clergy acting with me; yes, and through us you have also insulted our Mother, the Church of England: but such is the terrible blindness which Calvinism brings on its victims, that we hardly expect you will express any sorrow. If I could ever imagine myself to be guilty of disloyalty to the Crown of England, it might take the form of publicly insulting Her Majesty the Queen in the person of Mr. Chief Justice DRAPER.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,

EDWIN DAY.

P.S.—Since the above was in type, I have been informed that an answer (very insufficient as a reply to so earnest an appeal) has been received by the Right Rev. President of the Church Union. You, gentlemen, having caused us to lift our arms, we have laid on the lash unsparingly: let us hope and trust that this painful episode may lead to a better understanding.