

# 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.

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## Poetry.

### THE CHURCH.

I love the Church, the holy Church, the Saviour's spotless bride,  
And oh, I love her palaces through all the land so wide:  
The cross-topp'd spire amid the trees, the holy bell of prayer—  
Say, where is music or a scene more beautifully fair?

The village tower—"tis joy to me! I cry, the Lord is here!  
The village bells—they fill my soul with ecstasy sincere.  
And thus, I sing, the light hath shined to lands in darkness hurld;  
Their sound is now in all the earth, their words throughout the world.

And here—eternal ocean cross'd, and long, long ages pass'd,  
In climes beyond the setting sun, they preach the Lord at last:  
And here, Redeemer, are thy priests, unbroken in array,  
Far from thy Holy Sepulchre and thine Ascension-day.

Unbroken in their lineage, their warrants clear, as when  
Thou, Saviour, didst go up on high, and give good gifts to men—  
Here, clothed in innocence they stand, to scatter mercy wide,  
Baptizing in the Saviour's name, with waters from his side!

And here—confessors of thy cross—thine holy orders three,  
The bishop, and the elders due, and lowly deacons be,  
To rule and feed the flock of Christ, to wage a noble strife,  
And to the host of God's elect to break the bread of life.

Here rises, ev'ry Sabbath morn, their incense unto thee,  
With bold confession catholic, and high doxology:  
Soul-melting litany is here, and holy Gospel's sound,  
And Glory, Lord, they cry to thee through all thy temples round.

Then comes the message of the King, deliver'd from on high,  
How beautiful the fact of them that on the mountain cry!  
And then the faithful sons of Christ with Christ are left alone,  
And gather to the sacred feast which Jesus' love has strown.

And kneeling by the chancel side, with blessings all divine,  
As from the Saviour's hand they take the broken bread and wine,  
In one communion with the saints, with angels, and the bless'd,  
And looking for the blessed hope of an eternal rest.

The service o'er, a blessing said, and now they wend away  
To homes all cheerful with the light of love's inspiring ray;  
And thro' the churchyard and the graves with kindly tears they fare,  
Where every turf was decent laid, and hallowed by a prayer.

The dead in Christ, they rest in hope, and o'er their sleep sublime,  
The shadow of the steeple moves from morn to vesper chime;  
On every mound, in solemn shade, its imaged cross doth lie,  
As goes the sunlight to the west, or rides the moon on high.

I love the Church, the holy Church, that o'er our life presides,  
The birth, the bridal, and the grave, and many an hour besides;  
Be mine, through life, to live in her; and when the Lord shall call,  
To die in her, the spouse of Christ, the mother of us all!

New York Churchman.

### I BELIEVE IN ONE CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH.\*

NICENE CREED.

There was once a time, though alas! it is many hundred years since, when the Holy Catholic Church was a glorious building, all one, like the seamless vest of her Master, Christ. The remote cities of Egypt and Syria, Greece and Rome, Gaul and Britain, were all one body, in one Lord, one faith, one baptism. The voice of discord was scarcely heard within her. Heresy found no resting-place within the sanctuary. The Church was like the New Jerusalem above, which is the mother of us all. East and west, north and south continued steadfastly in the Apostle's doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers. These were happy times, a great deal too happy to last. It was a state of things too unlike this world; and it was easy to see, that as soon as ever the Church and the world became friends, one or other of the two must become very much altered: and as we all know that the world is very pliable, and has a way of seeming to give up a great deal, while in fact it gives up nothing at all, it was most probable that the Church would be the sufferer. Thus it turned out. She left her first love, and so the glories of her candlestick were dimmed. It is not necessary for my purpose, as practical to ourselves, to follow her course as she journeyed from east to west. Long time abode we in Rome, doing as Rome bid us, albeit she was a hard task-mistress, and men of God, mighty in the Scriptures, from time to time lifted up their warning voices against her growing corruptions. At last the signs of the times became too plain to be mistaken. When therefore we saw the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the Prophet, standing in the holy place, we rose up and fled into the mountains; we came not down from our house-tops to take any thing out of our houses, neither did we turn back from the fields to take our clothes. We went out in haste. This was a painful, but most imperative duty. Division, however, brought with it its usual evils and sad excesses. Every man thought he was to be a Church to himself. One party thought this the most important doctrine of Christianity, another party thought another, and a third party chose a third. And so they separated, always in anger, and each took his own path; a most unblest strife, and, like the parting of Lot from Abraham, full of danger and of trouble. Meanwhile the Church of England adopted a widely different course. She did not seek to build a new Church for herself; but to reform the old one. With all teachableness and much meek wisdom she turned herself to the purest, youngest days of Christ's virgin Church: and in her doctrine and her discipline, as well as in her solemn and decent ceremonial, she took care to fashion every thing "according to the pattern God had showed her in the primitive Church." And she was blessed in her deed. Sect rose after sect, and fell; while she moved calmly and steadily along, holding up on high the clear lamp of truth; and thus will she move on, be the world never so unquiet, if only her own sons do not turn their arms one against another in unallowed strife. Now this is the state of things we find ourselves in at present. The Church keeps on in her old way. But almost numberless sects have risen up along side of her, some having forsown the Apostles' fellowship, and some, alas, that it should be so! the Apostles' doctrine, and some even denying the Lord that brought them. They have pitched their tents all about the holy camp, like the mixed multitude that followed the true Israel of God from out of the land of Egypt. Now in this state of things we may be asked by others, we must sometimes ask ourselves, WHY ARE WE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND RATHER THAN OF ANY OTHER OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES ABOUT US? A very common, and for plain men a very sufficient answer is, that we belong to the Church because our forefathers for generations and generations have done so.

All change is bad from its very nature. It is full of evil; it unsettles and disturbs; it is full of the world; it is the very spirit of the world; and nothing worse can be said of it. Whenever we are tempted to change any thing, we must not only be quite sure that the old system contained evils, but also that those evils were more nu-

merous and more important than the ones we must inevitably bring in by change. So cautious, so slow, so meek must we be; so different from those rash and headstrong men who are for changing every thing, though they are not certain that they know all the hidden uses of that which they attack. But change in religion is of all things most perilous. We all of us feel how intimately our spiritual life is bound up in little things, and how change of time and place and company is always putting us wrong. It dislocates our religious habits; our religious ways of thinking, and acting, and speaking. This is the great reason why we should oppose all changes in our ancient Liturgy. It would disturb and unsettle the people. The Prayer-Book is their own Book: it is their own inheritance, which the Church has given them; and many a time in the hour of trouble, of sickness, and even of death, has a fragment of some one of the Church prayers rested on the sufferer's memory, full of gentlest power to sanctify and calm his soul.

In this way, therefore, we naturally cling to the Church of our Fathers; but more than this. It is here in the Church, and here only, that we meet with them. We sit upon the seats whereon they sat to listen to the accents of the everlasting Word; and they are in their graves about us. There their bodies rest till the day of judgment; and the spirits of many, very many of them are, we trust, in Abraham's bosom. We come here to worship among the dead, to worship where we rest ourselves, where we ourselves shall rise once more to meet the Master at His coming. This is a very solemn thought: and when St. Paul tells us that we are already come to the spirits of just men made perfect, we may well feel that there is a sense in which the dead form part of every Christian congregation. The dust beneath our feet is full of life, and very precious in the sight of God; and shall we lightly leave a place of such holy sadness to go we know not where, to follow we know not whom? Surely not; and this is the reason why I said that for plain men it was quite a sufficient answer to say that we belong to the Church because our forefathers did.

But now-a-days this is not enough to silence questioners, not always enough to silence ourselves. Why did our forefathers belong to the Church, for there were plenty of sects even in their times? They could not have belonged to it because their forefathers had done; for they had been sons of Rome. Now to answer this further question of course we must seek for some reason in the Church itself, some excellence in it, some attraction in it; something or other in short which was to be had in the Church and was not to be had out of it. The Church has many such things as these, but there are three in particular which we have every reason to believe were the main attractions to our forefathers; and on each of these I would make a few plain remarks, by way of furnishing you with a ready and I trust a complete answer to the insidious questions of our enemies. These three gifts are—the lawful administration of the Word and Sacraments—a primitive and set form of Prayer—and stability.—The time is now come, my Brethren, when these matters must cease to be merely the business of the scholar. They have a practical usefulness to ourselves as humble but affectionate children of the Church within whose quiet walls we have grown up.

First, then, we will speak of the LAWFUL ADMINISTRATION OF THE WORD AND SACRAMENTS. When our Lord and Saviour had broken the portals of the grave, He stayed awhile upon earth to cheer and support His Disciples in the doubtful and dangerous circumstances in which they found themselves. It was this very solemn time which He selected for investing them with that high and awful commission to preach the Gospel, and to baptize all nations in the name of the ever blessed Trinity. It was in the evening of the first day of the week that the little band of faithful ones were met together with doors shut for fear of the Jews. Suddenly Jesus stood in the midst of them, and said, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent Me, even so send I you. And when He had said this, He breathed on them, and said unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained. Such was the evening of the first Sunday ever observed in the world. And when the Master ascended up on high He repeated this commission, and added, Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world. Such was the beginning of the Christian Priesthood. By this divine ordination all grace had been given to the Apostles; they were the rightful fountains from whence all Church authority was to flow. By virtue of this power they added to their own number St. Matthias, and afterwards, as the needs of the Church increased, they consecrated St. James, a relation of our Lord's, bishop of Jerusalem: St. Paul consecrated Timothy and Titus, bishops of Ephesus and Crete, and St. Peter consecrated St. Mark, Bishop of Alexandria.—None were to preach who were not sent, none had the gift in them, save by the laying on of hands. When the visiting of the sick, the distribution of alms, and baptizing, multiplied in the hands of the Apostles, they constituted the Order of Deacons; of whom St. Stephen and St. Philip were chief ornaments; and lastly, we read of their ordaining elders, or, as it is in the Greek, presbyters, in every city, praying with fasting, and commending them to the Lord on whom they believed. These three Holy Orders of Apostles or Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, were thus established. From the earliest times down to the present have they been by God's good providence preserved in the Church. The laying on of hands can be traced from the Apostles downwards in a long succession of Bishops throughout the whole world; and so absolutely necessary was Apostolical Ordination considered in primitive times, that St. Ignatius, a contemporary of the Apostles, distinctly says, "Without a Bishop, Priests, and Deacons, there is no Church!" Indeed I cannot give you a better or clearer view of this than by reading you a passage from this same holy Father, the friend of St. Peter and St. John. He thus writes to the Churches of Ephesus and Smyrna.—On this account it is fit ye should obey your Bishop, which thing also ye do.—For your deservedly blessed presbytery, which is worthy of God, is so fitted into your Bishop, as strings in a harp; wherefore in your unity and musical love Jesus Christ is sung; and he ye all and each of the Chorus, that being in tune and of one spirit, ye may lift up the song of God in unity, and sing with one voice through Jesus Christ to the Father, that He may hear you, and know you by the things which ye do to be very members of His Son. Let no man be deceived; if any one is not within the altar, that man falleth short of the bread of God; for if the prayer of one or two hath such power, how much more that of the Bishop and the Church? Ye are the stones of the Father's temple, prepared for the building of God the Father, lifted up on high by the scaffolding of Jesus Christ, which is His cross,

using for a rope the Holy Ghost; and your faith is that which bears you upward, it is that good way which leadeth unto God. Obey your bishop, as Jesus Christ obeys the Father, and the presbytery as the Apostles; and reverence the deacons as the commandment of God. No one shall baptize or consecrate the feast of love, but the bishop, or those whom he shall approve.

I have thus compressed into as brief a space as I possibly could the doctrine of what is commonly called the APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION. The importance which was attached to this doctrine in the best and purest ages contrasts strongly with the neglect into which it has now been cast. It was then one of the main reasons which attached our forefathers to the Church. Without this ministry how could they be sure of the blessed sacraments? For fifteen hundred years the whole Church had held that out of this ministry there was no legitimate Priesthood—what were they that they should dare to set up a new priesthood for themselves? All this they felt; and therefore, with singleness of heart, they continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship. My brethren, it is not my intention to dwell longer upon this subject. I have said enough for my present purpose; it was to show you that when men are inclined to think lightly of change in the Church, when they are disposed to re-fashion it after their own imaginations, they should remember that they are meddling with an ordinance of God, and not with an institution of man.

Let us pass, in the second place, to the PRIMITIVE AND SET FORM OF PRAYER, which we, as members of the Church, possess. It is not my intention now to prove either the reasonableness or the advantages of a set form of prayer. The example of the Jewish Church, and of our Lord Himself, who gave His disciples that perfect form which we still use, the constant practice of the Apostles, and the invariable usage of the Catholic Church, for centuries and centuries, are abundant arguments against public extempore prayer, if any such were needed. But I wish rather to point out to you how completely the Prayer Book is your own book, your own inheritance, as sons of the Church. In a series of services of pure and solemn beauty it accompanies you from the cradle to the grave. It meets you at the baptismal font, it furnishes you with a Catechism for your younger years; it goes with you when you seek the bishop to take upon yourselves your baptismal vow. When you enter into the estate of holy matrimony, there again the Prayer Book meets you, and sends you out into the world with blessing and with prayer: you see it still with the same unwearied care and assiduous love receiving your children at the font, as it received yourselves before; and going from the font to the altar to join the thankful mother in her praises to Almighty God for her deliverance from the great pain and peril of child-birth. Then, when illness comes upon you, and lays you low upon the bed of suffering, the Prayer Book brings the priest to your side, bids him soothe your aching heart, fill you with the hopes of the Gospel, and pour upon you, by his effectual blessing, a peace which this world can neither give nor take away. Nay, it leaves you not even when your eyes are closed in death; it waits for you by the side of the opened tomb, and gravely and affectionately commits your spirit to Almighty God, reminding the dull earth that it must give you up again at the resurrection of the dead. Again; are there any present who are mothers; whose affections are fir away with sons who are serving their country on the great deep? How blessed for them to feel that there, on the wide sea, the Prayer Book, perhaps the very one they gave them at parting, is with them still; that its calm and untroubled voice is lifted up above the swelling of the storm; and that should death come to any one among them, the Prayer Book speaks as much of hope and rest on the tossing waters as if it were still in a quiet country churchyard at home.

Now there is something so simple, so touching, so gentle, in this domestic character of our Church services, that a person who had weighed them well, a person who bore in mind how, for generations and generations, the Prayer Book, like a ministering angel, had walked side by side with his fathers, would surely feel as if he were wronging their sacred memory lightly, to leave the inheritance they had left him, and to seek for a home in some far land among aliens and strangers. It is only in the bosom of the Church that you can realize that strong feeling of home, which is so grateful to a mind weary with the endless tossings of this unquiet generation. It is the Church only, which, full of life and power within herself, can afford to discountenance that feverish excitement, on which unsatisfying food so many of the poor sheep of Christ are content to feed; that can say to her children, in all her staid, and grave, and beautiful solemnities, *In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.* It is the Church only, who from her lofty seat will not stoop to allure you onwards by dangerous novelties in doctrine, or in discipline; that turns neither to the right hand nor the left, but walks meekly upon the old ways whereon the Lord hath placed her, and where His gracious hand will keep her steady for evermore. It is the Church only who dares lift up her voice to reprove all heresy and schism, who will not, and does not, respect persons; and who, strong in the confidence of her most holy faith—that faith once for all delivered to the saints—dares openly to pronounce the threatenings of God against those who deny the divinity of his blessed Son, and bring another doctrine than that which hath been delivered to us from the beginning. Shall it be for us, then, my brethren, to leave this loving mother? Shall it be for us to hew out caverns for ourselves, to leave those green pastures and fresh watercourses, wherein we now may live so peacefully? I pray God most fervently that He will keep us steadfast in this faith, that He will not let us be blown about by every wind and blast of vain doctrine; for he that is unstable as water, shall not excel. I pray God, that in the ancient Church wherein we were all of us born, we may calmly and soberly live, and that in her enfolding arms we may, one by one, drop off to sleep, like innocent children, till the bright and Morning Star arises in perfect beauty, and we go to dwell with Him in the New Jerusalem.

Much that I have already said might have come more properly under the third and last head, THE STABILITY OF THE CHURCH. "Wisdom and knowledge," saith Isaiah, "shall be the stability of thy times;" and doubtless the stability of the Church arises, in a great degree, from that deposit of pure and uncorrupt doctrine which she has kept with most jealous faithfulness. But, however this may be, as a matter of fact, obvious to all men, the Church has a stability which other religious bodies do not possess. Read the names of the early sects and heresies: Where are all these now? Departed, as if they never

had been; forgotten, unknown, save to the scholar, who seeks them out in the records of antiquity. Nay, look even at far later periods, in our own history. The names of upwards of a hundred sects flourishing in the days of King Charles the Martyr, of blessed memory, are duly recorded by historians: of these all but two or three are passed away, and those live only in name, differing widely from their predecessors. The reason of all this is, that sects adapt themselves to an ever-changing world; which the Church, blessed be God! does not. Sects, from this very cause, seem often to have more success than the Church. They make more noise about it. But "growth is slow, when roots are deep;" and the Church, like her Master, lifteth not up her voice in the streets. The world goes its way; and the Church hers. They get further apart every day; and now they will never meet again till that day when too late the world shall discover its mistake, when the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bond man, and every free man, shall hide themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains, and shall say to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of His wrath is come; and who is able to stand? We all of us feel that one of the strongest wants of our nature is rest. There is no end to our weariness and trouble, to our vexation and harassment of spirit. We would fain have the wings of a dove, that we might flee away and be at rest; and where in this broad earth shall we find a resting-place for the sole of our feet, if we once desert the ark of Christ's Church? The waters are still out upon the land; there is not so much as a twig of green olive for us to gather and refresh ourselves withal. The world is very tempestuous without; but our vessel rides safely. She is full of living energy within herself. My brethren, she has one on board, who, though He may seem to sleep, can rise when He will, and bid the wind and the sea be still; and when we have him with us, immediately we are at the haven where we would be!

I have urged these high privileges merely as arguments that you should still cling to the Church of your fathers. But I cannot bear to rest in this cold view of them. Do not our own hearts burn within us, as with the disciples of old, when we hear all these things? What steadfastness of zeal, what fervency of love, what purity of life and conversation, ought they not to work within us? I would to God that my lips might be touched, as Isaiah's were of old, with burning coals from the altar of the Holy One, that I might win, if it were but one, the least and humblest among you, to come and abide beneath the wide-spreading branches of that wonderful tree that groweth by the river of heaven, who yieldeth her fruit every month, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. You are brought by baptism within the courts of the temple of God; oh! leave it not, for your own sake, for your children's sake, for His sake who saith: Behold I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown: him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God: and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and I will write upon him my new name. He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches.

### THE SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

We say that the bread and wine are the holy and heavenly mysteries of the body and blood of Christ; and that in them Christ himself, the true bread of eternal life, is so exhibited to us as present, that we do by faith truly take his body and blood; and yet, at the same time, we speak not so as if we thought the nature of the bread and wine were totally changed and abolished, as many in the last ages have dreamed, and as yet could never agree among themselves about this dream. For neither did Christ ever design that the wheat bread should change its nature and assume a new kind of divinity, but rather that it might change us; and that, as Theophylact saith, "we might be transubstantiated into his body;" for what can be more precious than what St. Ambrose saith on this occasion: "The bread and wine are what they were, and yet are changed into another thing?" or what Gelasius saith: "The substance of the bread and nature of the wine do not cease to be?" or than what Theodoret: "After the consecration of the mystical symbols, they do not cast off their own proper nature, for they remain in their former substance, and figure, and species?" or than what St. Augustine saith: "That which you see is bread, and a cup, as your eyes inform you; but that which your faith desires to be instructed in is this,—the bread is the body of Christ, and the cup is his blood?" or than that of Origen: "That bread which is consecrated by the word of God, as to the matter of it, goes into the belly, and is cast out by the draught?" or than that of Christ himself, who said, not only after the consecration, but after the finishing of the communion, "I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine?" (Luke, xxii. 18); for it is certain the fruit of the vine is wine, and not blood. And yet when we speak thus, we do not so depress the esteem of the supper of the Lord as to teach that it is a mere cold ceremony, and that nothing is done in it,—which many falsely report of us; for we assert that Christ in his sacraments doth exhibit himself truly present; in baptism, that we may put him on; in his supper, that we may eat him by faith in the Spirit; and that, by his cross and blood, we may have life eternal. And this, we say, is not slightly and coldly, but really and truly done: for although we do not touch Christ with our teeth and lips, yet we hold and press him by faith, mind, and spirit. Nor is that faith vain which embraces Christ, nor that participation cold which is perceived by the mind, understanding, and spirit; for so Christ himself is entirely offered and given to us in these mysteries, as much as is possible, that we may truly know "that we are flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone, and that he dwells in us, and we in him." (John, vi. 56).—Bishop Jewel (Apology).

### A BISHOP IN THE TIME OF CHARLES I.

Soon after he [John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards Archbishop of York] retired to Bugden, his episcopal seat; which, having been long suffered to go to decay, he rebuilt, and adorned with great cost and charges; keeping a concert of excellent music in his choir and chamber, being very much delighted therewith. He kept a plentiful house for entertaining of gentlemen and clergymen, and the best sort of yeomanry, which he entertained at his table. And tho' the resort to him was great, yet he lived in that order, that his more serious thoughts were seldom interrupted with domestic affairs. The poor were also sharers in his hospitality.

At dinner a chorister read a chapter of the Bible in English, and at supper one of his gentlemen read another in Latin; for there was none of them but was bred at least to so much learning. After that, discourse took up the time, which was the Bishop's delight. And very free he was in his conversation, tho' it was believed that the Court had spies upon him. But besides this bountiful table, he bestowed great liberality upon the learned,

and upon gentlemen of hard fortune, whom he gratified with no small sums; and allowed some poor scholars, of eminent hopes, sufficient pensions, in both Universities, to maintain them modestly. In those charities he spent a thousand pounds every year, and sometimes twelve hundred. Dr. Peter Du Moulin the elder, who fled from France, was a great partaker of his liberality. And so was his son, Dr. Peter the younger, whom he sent for out of France, ordained him Deacon, and provided for him one of the best donatives in North Wales; and caused him to engage that provision should be made out of it for his mother-in-law, if she should survive his father; a benefit which the father, that great pillar of the Reformation in France, neither sought nor expected. And many others in foreign Universities, who were men of note and industry, were supplied by his benevolence. Besides this, he laid out great sums to repair the old palace at Lincoln, which was very much decayed; and was furnishing it with a Library; but troubles came so fast upon him, that his design was stopped, till soldiers made fortifications with the timber, and the books became a prey to any one that could catch them. He also repaired one side of Lincoln College in Oxford; and built a chapel there, where the mysteries of our Saviour Christ, while he was upon earth, being neatly coloured in the glass windows, make a great and solemn appearance. The screen, and lining of the walls is of cedar wood. The copes, the plate, and all sorts of furniture for the Holy Table being rich and suitable: all which he did with the greatest willingness, because the Society flourished at that time with men of rare learning. As to the management of his household, he would suffer no woman-kind to do any service within his gates. \* \* \* He made an academy of his house, receiving into it many hopeful branches of honour; the sons of the Marquess of Hertford, of the Earls of Pembroke, Salisbury, and Leicester, with many other sons of the gentry, whereas some were of his own blood and country. These had preceptors, who often accounted to the Bishop for their scholars' education. And to such as grew ripe for the Universities he read himself a brief system of Logic; his own servants resorting to this sort of education as they were capable. But the chief care was to ground them in the principles of religion, not committing them to the care of the chaplain, but proved them one by one himself, from the most honourable to the meanest in the kitchen and stables, what answers they could make to the fundamental questions of the catechism. And once or twice a year he admitted his servants to present a comedy before him, in his hall, for an evening's recreation.

To proceed, this Bishop, who excelled his clergy in the ability of preaching as much as he did transcend them in dignity, did set them a good example in the frequent exercise of that faculty. And this testimony may be given him, that the best who were famous in the pulpit, might learn method and perspicuity from him. And tho' this Bishop, by diligent preaching of the gospel, was represented to the King as an upholder of nonconformists, it made no alteration in him; but he followed the plough to which he had put his hand. But his chief design was, to write a comment on the Bible in Latin, which he carried on so far in his night studies that Mr. Richard Goulard, keeper of the Library in the college of Westminster, hath in his custody the Bible in three parts, in a large folio, with the translation of Junius and Tremellius; wherein are notes upon all the Scriptures (except the Apocrypha, which is untouched) written with the Bishop's own hand; in which are drawn out of all kinds of authors of the first, middle, and chiefly of the later age, and out of all languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish and French, whatsoever is the choice and flower of their comments. All this I have seen and turned over, and admired that one man could compass so much, but was more astonished that he could find time for any business or study besides. He reserved the finishing of this labour to twelve or more of the ablest scholars in this land, whom he had in his eye; proposing a good recompence for their pains, saying to his friends, that he would not stick at twelve, or twenty thousands to perfect that master-piece of divinity. \* \* \*

In the discharge of his Episcopal function, he was very careful that none should be ordained by him, but who, upon his examination, were found worthy: nor did he confer his livings but upon those who were very deserving, and commonly on such who never sought for them. \* \* \* To pass by his great care in visiting his diocese and confirming of youth, there was no prelate in England so much sought to (for two things especially) as this bishop: I. to compound differences as they might not come to trials at law: So many cases were referred to him, that he continued a petty chancellor to arbitrate contentions. 2. Many did appeal to him for resolution in cases of conscience, and of intricate points of faith, as about justification and predestination; in which, when he thought the doubting persons would not be satisfied with his discourse, he gave them his resolutions in writing, very exact and laborious; which gathered together, and, as I have seen them, digested, would make a handsome treatise.—Bp. Hackett's Memoirs of Archbishop Williams.

### THE DANGER OF LISTENING TO ILLITERATE PREACHERS.

The annals of suicide, if any such there were, and the registers of Bedlam, might bear witness to the mischiefs caused by fanatical mechanics, with strong passions and imaginations, but of feeble and narrow intellects, wildly haranguing weak and aged men and women on their lost state, on their danger of eternal damnation, and a thousand other most awful matters, which at once puzzle the understandings, and dismay the hearts of the deluded multitude. True Christianity shudders at the sufferings of well-meaning devotees, wantonly inflicted by ignorant zealots, seeking self-importance, and gratifying the pride of their hearts, as leaders of a wretched tribe, whom noise and high pretensions collect easily in every populous city, and in every poor neighbourhood, where the necessity of constant manual employment for the means of subsistence, precludes all contemplation, and the improvement of judgment that might result from it.—Rev. Dr. Vicesimus Knox.

### EXCELLENCE OF THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

Our constitution hath indeed effectually secured the monarch's performance of his engagements,—not by that clumsy contrivance of republican wit, the establishment of a court of judicature with authority to try his conduct and to punish his delinquency,—not by that coarser expedient of modern levelers, a reference to the judgment, and the sentence of the multitude,—wise judgment, I wene, and righteous sentence!—but by two peculiar provisions of a deep and subtle policy,—the one in the form, the other in the principles of government; which, in their joint operation, render the transgression of the covenant on the part of the monarch little less than a moral impossibility. The one is the judicious partition of the legislative authority between the King and the two houses of Parliament; the other, the responsibility attaching upon the advisers and official servants of the Crown. By the first, the nobles and the representatives of the Commons are severally armed with a power of constitutional resistance, to oppose to prerogative overstepping its just bounds, by the exercise of their own rights and their own privileges; which power of the estates of Parliament with the necessity takes away the pretence for any spontaneous interference of the private citizen, otherwise than by the use of the elective franchise and of the right of petition for the redress

\* A Tract by the Rev. F. W. Faber, B. A. Fellow of University College, Oxford.