

# 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 POEMS OF LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

EDITED BY HER SISTER.  
(From the Morning Herald.)

[This volume, published by Blackwood, Edinburgh and Pall Mall, which has now come before the public, through the impulses of a sister's love and a most discreet exercise of judgment, brings with it melancholy evidence that in the young and noble lady, whose name appears above, the circumstances of whose most untimely and deplorable decease were brought so painfully to public notice, her country has to lament the loss of one of its most highly-gifted daughters. Lady Flora Hastings was, as must now be admitted, fully entitled, had her diligence permitted her to encounter the ordeal of the press, to rank in the literary world amongst those of her own sex to whom nature and intellectual cultivation imparted the rare distinction of a pure poetic vein. Mrs. Hemans would assuredly have fondly embraced her as a sister in high inspiration. In this volume of her works, from the "Fragments of a Tragedy," commenced in her fourteenth year, down to the dying strain of her life's last lay, there is abundant proof of her intellectual vocation. Her poetry is, for the most part, in a high tone of feeling, and most touching from its simple sincerity. With a fine spontaneous imagination, it mingles prevailing good sense, and at once wins and commands our admiration, sympathy, and respect. With these more essential qualities are united a full and facile flow of language, and a most natural mode of metre. In the preface to this volume we are told that Lady Flora had, for many years, been repeatedly, but vainly, urged to publish her poems. In the year 1839, however, she appeared to entertain the intention of complying with these solicitations, "with the view of dedicating whatever profits might be derived from them to the service of God in the parish where her mother's family have long resided." Heaven itself here interposed, and drew her from both her gentle purposes and her sufferings on this earth. Her sister, Lady Sophia F. C. Hastings, adds:—"When I recall all that occurred while I was in attendance on her death-bed, there is that which makes me feel myself solemnly bound, in the sight of God, to fulfil her wish, and to lay the offering of her poetical talents on the altar of her Maker, as she would, perhaps, herself have done." We feel quite assured that of the many into whose hands these poems will probably come, there will not be found one by whom this decision will not be most warmly commended. It is a sad but singular circumstance that, throughout the major portion of the original poems in this collection, there is something like a melancholy anticipation of that too early sacrifice, which the hapless writer was doomed to render of all her earthly hopes and associations. The cloud that her "young days shaded" seemed to have hung over her even from her mother's life. The following extract from "The Dying Sibyl," and the "Verses written in May, 1839," would alone sustain these remarks. These are addressed to the Deity:—]

For not alone I heard Thee in the blast,  
Nor saw Thee riding on the trackless wind;  
Borne on the lurid tempest's red wing past,  
Leaving the lightning's forked flash behind.  
But there thy smile, beneficent and kind,  
Shed myriads of benedictions on the peaceful vale,  
All-gracious Father!—all-pervading Mind!  
Spreading a flowery mantle o'er the dale,  
Speaking in murmuring rills, and breathing in the gale.

All is beauty! from the smiling glade,  
Or harvest, prompting the glad reaper's hymn,  
To Scythian woods' inhospitable shade,  
Or Thracian mountain with dank vapours dim,  
For every scene alike, or gay or grim,  
Reveals a tender Parent's guardian care:  
Wood, mountain, vale, and river speak of Him;  
All climates, all nations in his bounty share;  
His ear is bent alike to every suppliant's prayer.

Is it not bliss, when'er the eye can rove,  
To feel the hand of Heaven?—to find no spot,  
No desert ground, no sequestered grove,  
Where the DIVINITY inhabits not?  
To feel, what'er has been our wayward lot,  
That still we hold communion with the Power  
Whose word is fate?—whose goodness ne'er forgot  
The meaneast insect of the summer hour,  
Whose hand directs the sun and paints the summer's flower?

And it was mine—mine was the lot assign'd,  
Thus to expatiate in creation's field;  
Tracing in all the immaterial Mind,  
By these His works to human sight reveal'd.  
Glorious display!—how gladly would I yield  
Myself thy Majesty to contemplate,  
Thou Great Supreme!—how often have I kneel'd,  
Entranced in awe, yet with a heart elate,  
In conscious faith, to Thee, O Lord, the Good and Great!

Would it might last for ever—that my soul  
Might never pause in her aspiring flight!—  
Vain wish! for Earth asserts her strong control,  
And calls the spirit from its airy height;  
Sallies with mortal shadows the pure light  
That partly rounds us from a cloudless sky;  
And twice with amaranthine chaplets bright  
Those earthly flowers, born to bloom and die—  
The fair, frail children of this dim mortality.

Yes! ye must waste before me—ye, my best,  
My holiest, purest, fondest phantasies;  
Ye, who have soothed my mind so oft, and blest,  
With your fair, tearless forms, my wand'ring eyes—  
Heaven's dew rests on no flower that never dies—  
Ye too must perish: ye but go before  
Myself—my metal span so swiftly flies!—  
A day, a little day—it is no more—  
And I shall vanish hence, life's transient fever o'er.

Why art thou fearful, O gentle Death? Thy wing,  
Unheard, now soars above, and fans my brow.  
Was it to chide me for my lingering,  
I heard thy voice so silver-toned e'en now?  
I will not linger—farewell, Earth! I go,  
Fearlessly following on, as led by thee,  
Mysterious angel!—yet fain would I know  
If I must perish all?—all?—ay, and be  
The thing which once I was—Insensibility.

Failest thou for aye, thou light so crystalline,  
So all unattain'd? Must my spirit chill  
Its early faculty, and to death resign?  
The hopes which even in death it clings to still?  
Unconscious from this hour of good or ill,  
Supinely must I slumber in the tomb?  
No fairy dream my vacant brain to fill,  
No blissful visions round my head to bloom,  
But silent all, and dark—an everlasting gloom?

There is a voice, soft-breathing—still it floats—  
In tones most musical it meets my ear:  
List, ardent spirit, list!—those airy notes  
Are whispering that a brighter world is near.  
Where does there ought remain to waken fear?  
Chaotic darkness shall not be my fate—  
Annihilation shall not be my share:  
Angels of Hope and Peace! I see ye wait  
On me, the white-robed heralds of a loftier state.

Oh, yes! I felt it was not made for Earth—  
This chainless essence—this unfathom'd soul;  
Oh, yes! I know some future second birth  
Will bid it rise and soar beyond control.  
Roll on, ye circling spheres! exulting roll—  
Ye know ye have a period,—ye must shroud  
Your brightness, and desert the starry pole;  
While I, unbound—by mortal thrall unhous'd—  
Shall find a home—my home—ecstatically proud!

My home!—no more an exile—oh, how blest  
Beyond conception—day that knows no night—  
Land of pure rapture—world of endless rest!  
I come—a heavenward voice directs my flight—  
Vanish, terrestrial visions, from my sight!  
Darest, earthly bonds, that hold me from the sky,  
Merge, heaven-born spirits, in the flood of light,  
Faring thy pinions there, while His on high,  
Thy God, shall crown thy brows with immortality

## BISHOP MORTON'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

The first clause in Bishop Morton's will, after commending his soul to God, and his body to the earth, is—  
"Next, I will that this profession of my faith, approbation of the discipline of the Church of Christ by bishops, and vindication of my own innocence, hereunto annexed, be esteemed and accounted part of this my last will and testament."

It follows in these words:—  
1. In the first ages of the Church it was a very excellent custom, that whosoever any was consecrated bishop of any patriarchal or chief see, he should, by an encyclical epistle, give an account of his faith to his brethren of the same order and dignity, for the better strengthening of that Catholic communion which the bishops and churches then had, and still should have among themselves. And this, by the way, was an homage as well paid as received by the bishops of Rome in those times; which is a sufficient evidence of a coordination, but could never have consisted in their now-challenged monarchy in the Church.

2. And though the reason be different, the design is no less necessary in this last and worst age of the Church, for all bishops whosoever to leave some testimony of their faith to the world, when it shall please God to take them out of it; that so neither their names may be traduced after their death, nor any weak brother be misled by fathering any false opinions upon them, whereof they were no way guilty.

3. And this, I think, will be as necessary for me to perform as any other of my order in some respects, though not so necessary in some other; which is the cause both why I leave this short account of myself to the world, and why it is so long.

4. For though I have sufficiently declared myself to the world, both by my life and labours, to be a true, orthodox, and sincere Christian and Protestant, according to the doctrine and discipline of the primitive Church, professed also and practised in the Church of England, (seeing I have been a writer above fifty years, and have passed through all the orders of the Church—deacon, priest, and bishop; and have been rector of three churches, prebendary in one, dean of two, and bishop of three dioceses successively,)—yet I cannot think myself secure from the malignancy of false and virulent tongues and pens after my death, more than I have been in my life; and the rather because I have sustained the heavy office of a bishop so many years in the Church, which some perverse people make criminal in itself; and have by my writings discharged a good conscience in asserting the truth against the opposite on both sides; for which the father of lies will not be wanting to stir up enemies against me.

5. I do therefore here solemnly profess, in the presence of Almighty God, that, by his grace preventing and assisting me, I have always lived, and purpose to die in the true Catholic faith wherein I was baptised; firmly believing all the canonical Scripture of the Old and New Testament, and fully assenting to every article of all those three creeds, (commonly called the Apostles Creed, the Nicene or Constantinopolitan Creed, and the Athanasian Creed,) which in the ancient Church were accounted the adequate rules of faith, and have accordingly been received as such by the Church of England.

6. As for councils that are free and general, consisting of competent persons lawfully summoned, and proceeding according to the word of God, (such as were the first four, viz. those of Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus, and Chalcedon,) I do reverence them as the supreme tribunals of the Church of Christ upon earth for judging of heresies, and composing differences in the Church. And as I utterly condemn all heresies that have been condemned by them, so I heartily wish that all the present differences in the Church of God might be determined by such a free general council as any of those four were already mentioned.

7. The composers of those ancient differences in the Church were bishops, (as it cannot be denied,) concerning which order I profess to believe that it was instituted by the apostles who were infallibly inspired by the Holy Ghost, and approved by Christ in the Revelation of St. John, and consequently to be of divine institution; as I have made it evident by a little treatise already printed, and could still further manifest it by some papers not yet committed to the press. And I had never sustained the burden of that office above forty years in the Church, if this had not been always my judgment concerning bishops. I pray God restore them to those poor afflicted parts of his Church, where either the office or the exercise of it is wanting.

8. That the Bishop of Rome hath any more power over bishops than other primates and patriarchs have in their several sees respectively, is a thing which I have often and largely disapproved in my writings. All that the ancient Church did allow was a priority of order, but no supremacy or monarchical power. And I heartily wish that this and all other differences now on foot between us and the Church of Rome, might be decided by the doctrine and practice of the Church for the first 500 years after Christ; for that hath been my design in all my writings.

9. If I had not believed upon sufficient evidence that the succession of bishops in the Church of England had been legally derived from the apostles, I had never entered into that high calling, much less continued in it this long. And therefore I must here expressly vindicate myself from a most notorious untruth which is cast upon me by a late Romish writer, that I should publicly, in the House of Peers, the beginning of the last parliament, assent to that abominable fiction which some Romanists have devised concerning the consecrating Matthew Parker, at the Nag's Head tavern, to be Archbishop of Canterbury; for I do here solemnly profess I have always believed that fable to proceed from the father of lies, as the public records, still extant, do evidently testify. Nor do I remember that I ever heard it

"Styrie has been very particular in recording everything which was done on this occasion, from the most authentic documents, in order to refute the fable of the Nag's Head consecration, which was promulgated by the Roman Catholics about forty years after the event had taken place, when it might have been supposed that all direct testimony had been lost. The story is that the bishops met at a tavern which bore the sign; and that when Oglethorpe refused to consecrate them, Scory laid a bible on each of their heads, and bade them rise up bishops. The tale has been refuted as often as brought forward."—Snow's Hist. of the Church of England, chap. viii. sec. 400.

The following also is the statement of the Calvinistic professor, John Prideaux:—"The public acts are still extant in Mason and others honestly brought forward, and they sufficiently annihilate this transparent lie of the calumniators. Archbishop Abbot caused them to be shewn to certain priests, to convince them of the impudence of this fiction, that so they might at length cease

mentioned in that or any other parliament that ever I sat in.

10. As for our brethren the Protestants of foreign reformed Churches, the most learned and judicious of themselves have bewailed their misery for want of bishops; and therefore God forbid I should be so uncharitable as to censure them for not having bishops, for that which is their infelicity not their fault. But as for our perverse Protestants at home, I cannot say the same of them, seeing they impiously reject that which the others piously desire; and therefore I cannot flatter those in this Church who have received their ordination from mere presbyters, so far as to think them lawfully ordained. St. Hierome himself reserved to the bishop the power of ordination.

11. Seeing, therefore, I have been (as I hear) so far misunderstood by some among us, as to be thought to approve of their ordination by mere presbyters, because I said it might be valid in case of necessity; I do here profess my meaning to be, that I never thought there was any such necessity in the Church of England as to warrant it, where, blessed be God for it, there be so many bishops still surviving; and therefore I desire them not to mistake my meaning in that saying.

12. Wheresoever there is a formed Church, there must of necessity be some set form of God's worship; otherwise it will quickly fall to pieces, as woful experience hath taught; and of all forms of God's worship in the whole Church of Christ, none, in my judgment, did ever exceed the liturgy of the Church of England, both for decency, edification, and devotion in the several offices of it. If the assemblers themselves, that first laid it aside, could have found any faults in it, their modesty was not so great (if we may judge of it by their other actions) as to have concealed them from the world.

13. Having thus far prevented the uncharitableness of others against myself, I do here, from my heart, protest my unfeigned charity to all the world; and more particularly both to these Papists and perverse Protestants whom I have so much endeavoured to undeceive, and by my sermons, conferences, and writings. It was only their errors whereto I was offended; I have always loved and pitied their persons, and prayed and laboured for the right informing of their minds, and the eternal salvation of their souls.

14. But yet my common charity to them must not supersede my more particular love and obligation, which I have to those truly humble and meek souls in the Church of England, and more especially in my own diocese of Durham, who still stand firm upon the foundation of a sound faith, and continue obedient to the doctrine of God's word and the discipline of his Church without wavering either to the right hand or to the left.

15. And my earnest exhortation to them is, that they would still continue their former affections, notwithstanding all temptations to the contrary, both to the doctrine, discipline, government, and form of worship of this poor afflicted Church; which if I did not believe the surest way for the salvation of their souls, I had not ventured my own upon the same bottom.

16. This is the only legacy I now can, and the best I ever could, leave them, besides my prayers; wherein I commend them all to Almighty God, and to the glory of his saving grace in Christ Jesus.

## THE JESUITS.

From Soames' History of the Reformation.

No circumstance is so remarkable in the ecclesiastical history of this year (1540), as the rise of the Jesuits. The papacy is indebted for this band of artful and devoted partisans to the fanatical reveries of a noble Spaniard, named Ignatius, who derived the name of Lozola from a castle in Biscay, at which he was born in 1492. Educated at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, thence transferred to the army, he spent a youth of gaiety and dissipation. In his thirtieth year he was severely wounded at the siege of Pampeluna, then besieged by the French. An unskilful surgeon rendered his cure tedious, and thus the active habits of his former life being interrupted, he was driven to think of books as an expedient to relieve the irksomeness of confinement. A legendary history of Romish Saints was put into his hands, and he read it with avidity. The ardour of his passions, repressed indeed, but not extinguished by the ignominious ease which wore away his time, now pointed out a road to fame which had hitherto escaped his notice. The flame of enthusiasm heated and dazzled his imagination; he left the couch of sickness emulous as ever of distinction, but he felt anxious that it should spring from that heroic self-devotion which Romanists attribute to the individuals commemorated in their calendar. He made a solemn dedication of his arms to our Lady of Montserrat, assumed a dress of sackcloth, practised those austerities by which religious madmen soothe their consciences or feed their vanity, and devoted himself to the favourite folly of his age, the maintenance of Mary's uninterrupted virginity.—After enduring the most rigorous mortifications during twelve months, he travelled into Palestine for the double purpose of visiting the scene of our Saviour's sufferings, and of converting the infidels. The reckless indiscretion with which he was preparing to embark in the latter enterprise alarmed, however, the provincial of the Franciscans, and that prudent friar soon contrived the means of sending Lozola back to Europe. When arrived in Spain the enthusiastic pilgrim applied himself to the study of Scholastic Theology, and was thus enabled to invest his fanaticism with an air of greater respectability. A few followers were now attracted by his austerities and exertions, to the great disgust of monks and friars, who, being determined to resist all encroachments upon their established dominions over the weak and superstitious, denounced Lozola to the inquisition; the merciless fangs of which tribunal he determined upon eluding for the future by a residence in a foreign country. Paris was the place of his retreat, and there he soon found some kindred spirits, eager to embrace a new and vigorous system of fanaticism, in preference to any one which had been familiar and realized. His success again elicited a formidable mass of opposition, which however sank powerless before his flaming zeal; and in spite of the hostility which sought to crush his hopes, he formed in the French metropolis a devoted band of disciples, who called themselves the *Company of Jesus*.

This association Lozola naturally desired to render permanent, and he repaired to Rome in order to obtain for his design the papal sanction. But the time for the favourable reception of such an application was somewhat gone by. The monks and friars had been grievously exposed in most countries of Europe, and sound policy seemed to dictate the unsparing reformation or even the partial suppression of the monastic system, rather than its extension. Hence Lozola's proposals were at first coolly received at Rome, and Cardinal Guidiccion, to whom, with two of his brethren, they were referred by the Pope, not only strenuously urged their total rejection, but even went so far as to write a treatise expressly from seducing their more credulous proselytes.—*Fasciculus Contritorum*, p. 248.

It may be added, that the story is given up by Dr. Lingard, the Roman Catholic historian.

levelled against them. The Spanish enthusiast, however, possessed a spirit which scorned to crouch before difficulties. On his knees he besought Paul not to discourage the formation of a Society which, in addition to other monastic vows, proposed to bind itself by an obligation to use every practicable expedient for the support and extension of the papal influence. Rome had now become woefully sensible that, for the services of an association thoroughly willing and able to uphold the papacy, there was indeed sufficient employment. Monks and friars had hitherto served to persuade men that the keys of heaven were entrusted to the Roman Bishop. But a spirit of discrimination and enquiry was now abroad, which had already circumscribed, and which seemed not unlikely in the end to annihilate, the influence of that princely prelate. Popery, therefore, which has never existed without the aid of Monks, needed a new organization of that pest and disgrace to Christian communities. Monks were now required who should combine an unlimited devotion to the Papacy, with habits adapted to obtain an influence in a state of society tolerably enlightened. The honest enthusiasm of Lozola offered an opportunity of establishing such an order; and the Pope, convinced that a refined policy guided his determination, consented to the formation of that Society, which soon contrived to play a part on the world's great theatre at once so conspicuous and disreputable.

Of all the Romish orders denominated religious, the Jesuits have been the most respectable as to learning, the least so as to sound morality. And although acknowledging as their founder one of the most ardent devotees that ever existed, they are exempted from the burden of ceaseless prayers and oft recurring fasts; those features in a monastic life once deemed so meritorious. The Jesuit, indeed, is to have no object but the interest of his Society, and that of the papacy; hence he is bound to nothing which is likely to interfere with those paramount considerations. Unhesitating, unconquering obedience to the General of his order is the mainspring of his actions. Hence a single mind moves the whole Jesuitic mass. An individual occupying no very conspicuous place in the public eye, yields with despotic power and profound cunning, a body of able instruments dispersed over a large portion of the globe. From this body a weak and superstitious Sovereign may always be supplied with a confessor, that is an irresponsible minister; parents may be supplied with instructors for their children; the parents themselves with spiritual advisers, an enquiring public with specious writers, a turbulent community with skilful conspirators; a Protestant people with insidious propagators of popery, (England is infested with them at this day,) a pagan nation with indefatigable and accommodating Missionaries; an ignorant and fanatical populace with agents fitted to kindle and feed the flame of enthusiasm; and a country which affords facilities for making money, with active traders thoroughly awake to the advantages of their situation. That such a body of men should have succeeded in realizing its plans to an immense extent, can excite no surprise; nor that at length even Popish governments should have found its influence intolerable. But although the royal disciples of the Roman Church succeeded in obtaining from their Pontiff the dissolution of the Jesuitic Society, its scattered elements still remained, and the important services rendered to the Papacy by these able and artful men were not forgotten. The present generation accordingly has witnessed the revival of this confederacy; and it becomes Protestants to bear constantly in mind, that its object is the subversion of their faith; an object indeed far transcending human power; but although the Jesuit will never accomplish to any very considerable extent the purpose of his blind self-devotion, he may succeed in poisoning the principles and riveting the prejudices of many insulated Christians; hence those who desire the prevalence of truth as developed in Holy Writ, are bound to turn away with distrust, contempt, or indignation from the disciples of Lozola.

## ON THE USE OF THE WORD CATHOLIC.

By a Correspondent of the "Church Guardian."

Whatever difference of opinion there may be about the Romanists in other respects, there can be none as to their being wise in their generation. Not only is their system adapted to fall in with the natural tastes and corrupt feelings of the heart of man, but they are always alive to any little device that will help their cause. In proof of this I would remind your readers of their constant and unfair use of the word *Catholic*. Its simple meaning is, universal, and when applied to the Church denotes not the Church of Rome, nor the Greek Church, nor the Church of England—nor any one Branch of Christ's Church, but the universal Church throughout the world. And yet the Romanists always use it as denoting their own Church only, and affect to be very angry when we refuse to call them exclusively Catholics.

Now, Sir, I have no wish to give any man on earth unnecessary offence; I hold that it would not only be foolish but unchristian to do so; but I feel it to be a matter of conscience not to yield this point, and, therefore, protest earnestly against ever calling the Romish Church the Catholic Church, or its members Catholics. There are two reasons which chiefly influence me in this determination: in the first place, I cannot say what I believe to be false, for other Churches have as great a right to the name as they, nay, there are many who think they have so far departed from the truth that they have no right to it at all; my second reason is that they make an unchristian use of the concession. Because some good easy members of the Church of England just to please them in a matter which they wrongly suppose to be of no importance, or from inadvertence, call them by this name, the Romanist turns round and says, I will now prove to you that our Church is the true one—you admit that it is the Catholic Church, and in your Creed you profess to believe in the Holy Catholic Church, and in your Liturgy you pray for the good estate of the Catholic Church; of course you believe in and pray for the true Church, and, therefore, our Church, which you allow to be the Catholic Church, must be the true one. The Protestant uses the word in the Creed and Liturgy in a very different sense from that in which he applies it to the Romish Church. In the former case he means the universal Church throughout the world, in the latter he means merely that branch which is subject to the Pope or Bishop of Rome; but the quicksighted Romanist artfully passes by the distinction, and thus endeavours to confuse and mislead those who listen to him. I trust therefore that your readers will agree with me that Protestants ought on no occasion to call the Romish Church the Catholic Church, or its members Catholics. If they choose to take offence, they must; our duty to God and his Church is clear, let us take care that our conscience be clear also. That it may not be supposed that I am singular in my objections I subjoin an extract from a work of Dr. Whately, the present Archbishop of Dublin, who will at least not be accused of indulging unwarrantable prejudices against the Romanists.

"The title of *Catholics*, the Romanists claim and apply to themselves, not merely as belonging to them (and it is not denied that they are a branch, though a corrupt one, of the universal or Catholic Church) but as distinctive, and peculiar to the members of the Church of Rome. And Protestants have usually, in language, conceded this claim. But, I think, that in so doing, they manifest too exclusively the harmlessness of the dove, and leave the wisdom of the serpent entirely with their opponents. It is urged, that these are offended at being called Papists: considering that as a term of reproach, from its being used only by their adversaries. That I may not seem to seek a quarrel, I have generally avoided

that name: but let us not be so weak as to imagine that "Romanist," or any other title by which they can be properly designated, will ever fall when it shall have become common to be complained of as reproachful; or, that they will ever acquiesce in any appellation which does not imply a reproach to ourselves. Even the apparently neutral designation of "Members of the Church of Rome," is one which we must not too confidently expect them to adopt or acquiesce in; nor is it unlikely that they may complain of it as reproachful should it ever become their customary appellation among Protestants. For it implies that there are other churches, properly called Churches, besides the Church of Rome. We indeed are content to be designated as Members of the Church of England; and we regard them as belonging to a distinct Church, over which, though we censure it as corrupt, we claim no supremacy; but they do not take a corresponding view of us: they do not regard us as constituting any distinct Church, but as actual members, though schismatical and revolted members—subjects, *de jure*, though rebellious subjects—of their Church. A name, therefore, which implies, that there are other Churches distinct from theirs, contradicts one of their fundamental tenets; viz. that they, and they only, are faithful members of the one true Church. And this tenet they embody in the appellation they have chosen for themselves; which consequently implies, as I have said, a reproach to all other Christians. The title of Catholic, when used as distinctive, implies the exclusion of all others from the character of loyal members of the Society which Christ founded, of "the holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints," as it is expressly and explained in the Apostles' Creed: it implies in short, that all others are heretics or schismatics."

## SILENT WORSHIP.

Devotion, considered simply in itself, is an intercourse between God and us; between the supreme, self-existent, inconceivable Spirit, with which, for awful reasons, he has animated a portion of matter upon earth, which we call man. It is a silent act, in which the soul divests itself of outward things, flies into heaven, and pours forth all its wants, wishes, hopes, fears, guilt or pleasure, into the bosom of an Almighty friend. Though this devotion, in its first stages, may be a wearisome or insipid exercise, yet this arises merely from the depravity of nature, and of our passions. A little habit will overcome this reluctance. When you have fairly entered upon your journey, the ways of this wisdom will be ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace. True devotion, doubtless requires a considerable degree of abstraction from the world. Hence modern Christians treat it as a vision—hence many modern writers have little of its unction; but it glows in the Scriptures—it warms us in the Fathers—it burned in an Austin, and many others of the persecuted martyrs, who now are with God. That we hear little of it, is not wonderful. It makes no noise in the circle of the learned, or of the elegant. Under a heap of worldly care, we smother the lovely infant, and will not let it breathe; vanity, ambition, pleasure, avarice, quench the celestial fire, and these alas! are too much the god of mortals! Ever since the world began, writers have been amusing us only with the shadows of this piety, instead of giving us its soul and substance. Superstition has placed it in opinions, ceremonies, austerities, pilgrimages, an august temple or splendid imagery, which have little connection with sentiment or spirit. Enthusiasm has swelled with unnatural conceptions, and obtruded a spurious offering on the world, instead of this engaging child of reason and truth; whilst the lukewarm have rested in a few outward duties which have had no vigour; and, as they spring not from the heart, never entered the temple of the Most High.

Real piety is of a different and of a very much more animated nature—it looks up to God—sees, hears, feels him in every event—in every vicissitude—in all places—in all seasons, and upon all occasions. It is theory, verified by experience; it is faith, substantiated by mental enjoyment; it is heaven transplanted into the human bosom; it is the radiance of the divinity, warming and encircling man; it is a spiritual sense, gratified by spiritual sensations; without this, all ceremonies are ineffectual—books, prayers, sacraments, and meditations, are but a body without a soul, or a statue without animation. That man is capable of such an intercourse with his Maker, there are many living witnesses to prove, without having recourse to the visions of fanatics, or the dreams of enthusiasts; it may be proved to spring from natural and philosophical causes. God is a spirit, so is the mind; bodies can have intercourse, so can souls; when minds are in an assimilating purity, they have union with their Maker. This was the bliss of Paradise—sin interrupted, and holiness must restore it to a soul; thus disposed, the Creator communicates himself in a manner which is as sensible to the natural eye, as the falling of dew, but not less refreshing to its natural powers, than that is to vegetation. The primitive saints are described thus when they speak of their transports: David felt it when he longed for God, as the hart panteth after the water brooks; St. Paul, when he glories in his tribulations; it was embodied in him when he was carried into the third heaven, and heard things impossible to be uttered. St. Stephen was filled with it, when he saw the heavens opened, and prayed for his murderers. By it, martyrs were supported when they were stoned and sawed asunder; and till we feel it in ourselves, we shall never fully know how glorious the Lord is. If you can acquire this spiritual abstraction; you will at once have made your fortune for eternity, it will be of little moment what is your lot on earth, or what the distinguishing vicissitudes of your life. Prosperity or adversity—health or sickness—honour or disgrace—a cottage or a crown—will all be so many instruments of glory; the whole creation will become a temple; every want and every object will lead your mind to God, and his greatness and protection. You will insensibly lose the littleness, the glory and tinsel of all human things. If I wished only to set off your person to the greatest advantage, I would recommend this true sublime of religion; it gives a pleasing serenity to the countenance, and a cheerfulness to the spirit, beyond the reach of art, or the power of affectation; it communicates a real transport to the mind, which dissipation mimics only for a moment; a sweetness to the disposition, and a lustre to the manners, which all the airs of modern politeness study but in vain. Easy in yourself, it will make you in perfect good humor with the world; and when you are diffusing happiness around you, you will only be dealing out the broken fragments that remain after you have eaten. This devotion, however, though essential to a silent intercourse between the soul and God; yet to creatures consisting of matter as well as spirit, must be nourished by external forms; it must strike the senses, in order to awaken the imagination.—*London Review*.

## SUPPORT OF THE CLERGY.

"Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall; and let us eat for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick: and it shall be, when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither."—2 Kings iv. 10.

It would require a minute acquaintance than we now can have with the domestic habits of these remoter times, to ascertain whether the simple furniture of this apartment was such as was usually found in the habitation of the wealthy. But of this we may rest assured, from the distinction with which the prophet was, in every other respect, treated by his entertainers, that all which concerned his personal accommodation was regulated accordingly; and that his lonely chamber was devoid of customary decorations.