TORONTO, CANADA, JUNE 21, 1855.

No. 47

ON THE FUNERAL OF MISS SMYTHE. ONE OF THE HOSPITAL NURSES AT SCUTARI. The streets were hushed in Scutari, As onward to the grave They bore the young and gentle nurse Of England's wounded brave.

The first young Christian martyr Is carried to the tomb, And busy marts and crowded streets Are wrapt alike in gloom.

And men who loathe the Cross and name Which she was proud to own, Yet pay their bomage, meet and due, To her good deeds alone.

. Oh! would that it were ever thus-That Christian deeds would shine With such a pure and holy light, To mark the source divine;

That they who can but bless the deed, At last may bless the name Of the despised Nazarene, Whom now they treat with shame.

So on the glorious Easter morn When saints and martyrs rise, And gladly wing their angel way To meet Him in the skies,

Some happy souls reclaimed, and won From heathen night and gloom. May bless the lesson taught that day Beside the Christian tomb.

London Guardian

DOWN WITH THE TRACTARIANS! " Down with them! down with them! hunt them, worry them, mob them, persecute them, call them every name that comes to hand, burst into their churches, drag them from their pulpits, gag them, don'tlet them away with such fellows from the earth." Such are the rude sounds which are on all Socinians, Baptists, Methodists, Jumpers, able man who had come from far to a land undettered, and roligious liberty secured.

a going to be made Papists of, we are Protestants, we are liberal, we are enlight- after all they have said and done, really ened, we don't want Priests, no absolution the unfaithful sons of the Church of Engfor us, forgiveness of sins, no Virgin Mary, land." we don't want Saints' Days, we don't we don't want the Church, we don't want Bishops, we don't want the Prayer Book, we don't like fasting, we don't like giving our money away, we don't like daily prayers; and if we don't like it that's a reason why others shan't have it, and so we will 'put them down,' we'll get rid of them, down with the Traitors, down with the Priests, down with the 'mummeries,' we won't have our intellects confined and our souls enslaved'; we've got Parliament and Lord John Russell on our side, and so three cheers for the Queen's Supremacy'-down. with them, down with them." And they hegan to" hew the carved work with axes and hammers," and one of them tore from its place the sign of our Salvation, and cast it into the flames which his fellows had Chair, children of God, and inheritors of the work. There has been a great deal the kingdom of heaven, when it is merely said lately about the mischiefs of the pew a Constitution from the Catechism,—treason system; and, for our part, we hope there could give no precise information such as they were seeking their health at watering tain, and nothing short of this would ac-

to teach that the Body and Blood of CHRIST are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Loru's Supper, when the Catechism says the same, -treason to recommend confession when the Communion office says, in cases of troubled conscience tet him come to some discreet and learned minister of Gon's word and open his grief, that by the ministry of Gop's holy word he may receive the benefit of Absolution,'-treason to be reverent in church, when the Prayer people. "Until the sittings in churches Book gives so many minute directions as to posture,—treason to prefer the name of Catholic to Protestant, when the one is in the Creed and the other nowhere in the formularies,-treason to fast, when the Prayer Book has marked more than one hundred days in the year for fasting or abstinence,-treason to refuse to call the Queen Head of the Church, when the Prayer Book dares not give to any mortal that attribute of JESUS CHRIST,—treason to recommend almsgiving, when the offertory sentences lay such stress upon it.—treason to labour day and night as these men have for Christ's poor, to have their churches open for constant prayer and frequent Communion, and the daily hearing of God's word,—this is strange treason. No; these men are not what the people say they are, faithful to the Church of England. And though I would not rashly judge others, or pass sentence upon them, yet when I read this Book of Common Prayer which all the Clergy have sworn to obey, and when I find thousands of these Clergy who openly disobey it, and then glory in it,--when I see their churches closed from Sunday to Sunday, though the Prayer Book says they are to be open daily ;—when I find that though they talk a great deal about the Bible, they only read it to the people once a week instead of every day ;—when Thear of Clergymen mocking at Fasts and Festivals, when the Prayer Book insists upon them, altering and mutilating the services they have vowed to use, omitting a word here speak, don't hear a word they have got to or a sentence there, because they don't sav, never mind justice, never mind fair like it; telling people their infants are not play, never mind conscience,—down with regenerate in Baptism, when the Prayer the Tractarians, down with the Papists. Book says they are; administering Holy Communion as seldom as they can-in some places not even once during the year, sides assailing our ears. Jews, Infidels, when the same book plainly recommends a weekly celebration; performing the Ranters, Independents, Mormonites, all fewest possible services, and getting takeup the cry and say "down with them." through them as slovenly and as careless-All this seemed strange to an old and vener- ly as they can; attaching bitle or no importance to good works, of which the where, he had been told, conscience was Scriptural Collocts at a so full; openly and systematically disobeying Bishops, whose lle asked one of the most noisy brawlers godly injunctions they have sworn to fol-of a noisy group, who were howling round low; mocking at Confession when they a beautiful church, who these men were know the Church recommends it to be against whom they raged? and then they performed; scotling at Absolution, when burst out: "O don't you know? Papists the Bishop at their Ordination said, whose to be sure, Tractarians, Thitors, Jesuits sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven, in disguise. They're only staying for what and the Visitation of the sick speaks the they can get; they won't call themselves same blessed truth; scorning Sacraments, Protestants, but say they are Catholics; when the Catechism says they are 'genand they say the Queen isn't Head of the erally necessary to salvation; -and when Church, and they keep Saints' Days, and I see these men, after all this, during to they fast and they pray, and they're always come forward and accuse their brethren, asking for money for the poor, and they who only wish to obey every letter of their all us we ought to come to Church on Prayer Book, of treason, of dishonesty, callweek-days, and they want to make us be- ing them knaves, hypocrites, dissemblers, lieve in Sacraments, and they bow and Panists. Jesuits, setting mobs on them, they kneel, and they stand, we don't know slandering them and calumniating them, how many times in the prayers, and they pointing at them as unclean and polluted, say we are to come to them if we've got and doing all they can to drive them from anything on our minds, and they chant, their cures and from their homes; I conand they put up Crosses, and talk of the fess I stand astonished at the effrontery of Prayer Book and the Church and the human wickedness, and can only fall on Bishops! and we won't stand it,—we are my knees and pray, that their eyes may be opened to see that they themselves are,

So mused the old man; but while he want Sucraments, we don't want Crosses, thought upon these things, the hourse shouts of the multitude were heard, rejoicing as a fresh victim was given to their malice, or a fresh church fell before their fury. He shuddered and prayed to Gon. for he felt His judgments were abroad, and that great perils and trials were in store for those who really love "the faith once for all delivered to the saints."

February, 1851.

Peeps from a Belfry; or, The Parish Sketch Book. By the Rev. F. W. SHELTON. New York: Scribner.

This is an amusing, and by no means minstructive volume. Mr. Shelton is kindled with a shout of exultation. The doubtless known to many of our readers, old man listened with surprise and watched as the author of two or three other sucthe work. In the course of their devas- cessful attempts to present his thoughts tation they flung aside contemptuously " in fairy fiction dressed;" and this one is several volumes. He stooped down and calculated to increase his fame. It is, picked up one. It was the Book of literally, a Parish Sketch Book. Where Common Prayer. "I will examine this the author has got his peeps from, whether book," he said, "and then I shall see the helfry of his church, or the attic window wherein these Tractarians have transgress- of his parsonage, matters not. He has got ed it " He went home and read carefully them, he has conveyed them to his canvass and long. At last he thus spake: - " I am with artistic skill; and they may be conan old man, and have seen strange things templated, we are persuaded, by young in my time, but the strangest sight I ever and old, with both pleasure and profit. Witnessed is the scene of to-day. Why Hints may be given—even lessons may be the people so furiously rage together' I taught, by this means, which are often im-Because they say there is treason in the portant in their bearings. We think that heart of England's Church. They are this is perceptible in these eketches; they Fig.t.—but what is it they call treason?— are full of meaning—they all tell of familiar they call it treason to throw open churches things, and in a familiar way—and they day, when the Prayer Book says there tell of them intelligibly, and to a purpose, stal be prayers every morn and every They all are, too, more or less parochial, ever-treason to chant the service, when and have all something to do with the the Prayer Book enjoins chanting-treason Church, in some of her aspects, or some innheerve Saints? Days, when the Church of of her operations. As respects that di-England has appointed special services for vine institution, if they have not often a twenty-one festivals in honour of the Blessed hidden meaning, they afford, at least, a Appetes and Evangelists,-treason to tell forcible illustration of much that is of montheir infants are regenerate in Baptism, | seasonable interest, and of practical usewhen it is the very language of the Baptis- Julness. We have pitched upon one of mal service,—treason to teach children the sketches, as at once a case in point, they are by Baptism made members of an illustrative example, and a specimen of

will be a great deal more, until in every parish there shall have arisen a full determination to get rid of a system so obnoxious, and so detrimental. The piece we have selected for extract exhibits one of hundreds of cases in which it is practically and most deplorably the cause of heartburning and dissention—to say nothing of its being, in too many other instances, a positive hindrance to the work of the Church among the great body of the are made free," the author remarks-" an experiment," he admits, " which has been profitably tried in some quarters—it is desirable to have your own pew, though a house." But the fact of the matter is, that it is far more necessary that it is desirable: that is to say, you can't very well help it, unless you can be content either to stand in the aisle, or stray away altogether; alternatives which are not very agreeable at any time. But the evil which the sketch we are about to copy more prominently brings out is the waste of room, by which many are altogether excluded from the sanctuary. Let us not, however, any further anticipate, but give the case at

THE SQUARE PEW. Although St. Peter's Church was very small, (perhaps a hundred such might be piled up beneath the dome of St. Peter's t Rome, without increaching much upon the space within,) its internal fixtures were massive, bulky, and unproportioned to its size. The area was subdivided into square and high-backed pews, with the exception of a small space in the rear appropriated o coloured people. An inconvenience arose from this, that the ground was monpolized by a few families, and if occasion hould arise, seats could not be procured in a half empty church, for love nor money. New-comers, however, had been very scarce, until on a certain season when an epidemic raged in the cities, a large number of families came into the neighbourhood, and there was an unconted demand for pews in St. Peter's. None could be obtained. Mr. Bullfinch, rich man, who had taken a house for the summer, was attached to the church, and rished a place in which to seathis family. The sexton applied the key to the rusty ock, and let him into the antiquated buildng, but could give him no information. He walked up and down the aisles, but cushions and prayer books appeared to inicate that every spot was preoccupied, and strangers must throw themselves or the hospitality of those already installed. It is an unpleasant expedition, however, arriving early, to anticipate the rightful owner, or later to disturb his devotions, to oust him from his accustomed seat, or if you have ventured to take it, perhaps be politely requested to retire. The latter ircumstance could never occur at St. Peter's, but it is by no means unusual now--days in city churches. You may have seen the proud pew-holder enter the costly and luxurious temple where the light subduced shines down through Gothic windows on a fashionable crowd, with head air of one who goes to worship God, when ! arrived at his own door, he halts and mits his brows, and frowns with positive isgust. A stranger kneels, and scarce o the Lord's Prayer has time to say Amen, when he his coolly beckoned out, told in a hurried whisper that he has made some mistake, confused and blushing finds himself in the aisle without chart or compass. and though the crowd of worshippers, many of whom look askew from their prayer books on the stray slieep, he gets out of the enclosure, and draws a long breath in the free and open air of the

Until the sittings in churches are made ree, an experiment which has been profitably tried in some quarters, it is deirable to have your own pew, though the rent of it may cost as much as that of a house. Mr. Bullfinch wanted a whole pew for himself and family at St. Peter's, otherwise he would be forced to worship God with the Methodists. " God forbid!" said the old sexton, who " but if you will call on good Mr. Wimbles, the Rector, who lives in the old house by the big willows, who without doubt will tell you where you may be comfortably seated. Here is room enough and to spare. We re not half full, Sir, not half full, and have not been this forty years. When I was a young man the aisles were crowded, but times are not the same. They have built new churches, the old folks are many of them dead, the young people go West. good blood. Those who remain are not very attentive to public worship. I am afraid they like the tavern better."

Mr. Bullfinch took the sexton's direction, and in a few minutes arrived at the Rectory. The first person whom he met was Mrs. Wimbles, broom in hand, who asked him to walk in, and going to the foot of the lot fell upon the property of Aunt Polly. stairs, she called in a feeble voice, "Mr. No intimation was given by the vestryman. Wimbles, Mr. Wimbles, please to come lown," and immediately retired.

The Rector was on his knees, fumbling among some old papers for the latter part of a sermon on the "Shortness of Life, which he was positively certain that he could lay his hands on, in fact he was just getting on the track of it, and found some leaves " dove-tailed" into a funeral discourse. The good man in answer to the summons came hobbling down the ladder from his attic study, with a green eye-shade over his brow, and his speciacles over his ere-shade. He talked very volubly with the stranger on a variety of topics, called to mind and told anecdotes of many persons now in their graves, found that the athwart that of Mr. Bullfinch's, but he business, they were absent at the courts,

the stranger wanted. He would see to it places. At long intervals they would come that he was comfortably provided for—he on a sun-shiny morning, but never when was very happy to know that he had come to reside in the parish. Bullfunch went and cushions a-plenty were in their pews, away, and Mr. Wimbles sat down to an exceedingly economical dinner, and thought no more of the matter. On Sunday, however, when Mr. Bull-

finch again pressed it under peril of going

over to the Methodists, an informal meet-

ing was held after service, when it appeared that every pew had an owner; yet to lose this family from sheer neglect, when there was vacant space enough to accommodate a hundred Bullfinches, struck the Vestry, or at least those of them who were present, the rent of it may cost as much as that of as quite unpardonable. The thought dimly gleamed upon their minds that the presence of the new comers might give a start to the parish which had so long remained in statu que. What was to be done? Would Mr. Bullfinch consent to sit in the gallery? He would not do it. Had he not long sat under purchased a new near the chancel end, preposterous to be entertained for a opened a way for any stranger. If there was no room for Mr. Bullfinch, they would upon himself the responsibility of the matpews in the middle of the church into two pews. There was a decrepted old lady who ived in a house hard by with a still more decrepid daughter, of whom she was the faithful nurse. Maria had been bedridden for many years, and her mother was a widow. Aunt Polly (such was the affectionate title by which she was known among the country-people) might be always seen at her window industriously knitting. She had been a constant attendant at Si. Peter's during the whole course of Mr. Wimbles' ministrations, and her recollection extended many years beyond that into he times of preceding rectors, whose good qualities and attentions she could call to mind, when questioned thereon, in many a lively narrative. For her, poor soul, the church was her great stand-by, and her all. Her whole heart was set upon it ;-you might engage her in what course of conversation you would, she would still recur to this, and she loved to talk about the church, and nothing else—the church, the church, the church. Yet the spirit which when it would plee God to take her to church, the church. Yet the spirit which animated her was not the spirit of those this rest. When Mr. Wimbles approached who with a blind bigotry cry out on all the end of his long discourse, she began to occasions" The Temple of the Lord." Her recover herself a little, and to consult inlife was altogether devout and religious. books containing some of the pith and marrow of old divines, which however well thumbed and often perused, retained their freshness and interest for her, and her devotions, took up a large portion of for her support, but the worship of the sanctuary afforded her the greatest comfort, and was looked forward to during the whole week. She always came half an hour before service, found the lessons for the day, and during the sermon never once took her eyes off Mr. Wimbles, no matter

how prolix he might be. Aunt Polly lind also, however, in her composition, as was natural, a little spice of worldly pride. Poor and humble as from her eyes for many years. Her feelshe was, it revealed itself in an unobtrusive lings were hurt and pained to a degree way, and peeped out occasionally from the which a course nature could not conceive, midst of many christian qualities. Her grandfather was one of the first wardens be pillowed in the grave. If there was of the church, while her great-grandfather was an English soldier who had spilt his blood while the colony was yet young. In her little sanded parlour his portrait hung away while life endured, it was that which upon the wall over the mantle-piece, an oil painting, the only ornament in her house, with the exception of a little shell-work, some needle-work, and a few prints. Her family had not always dwelt in the low vale of poverty; she had a little of the sentiment which trickles along from age to age with a few drops of what is called

For the first time it was deemed unreasonable that one who came alone should take up so much room, when a single seat would suffice her under the circumstances; she who had hitherto been welcome was considered an intruder, and in consulting where to make the change in the pew, the but a carpenter was sent for, and after the shavings had been swept away, and some paint put on, the place indeed looked like a new patch upon an old garment. When the contractor went to inspect the work after its completion, a feeling of compunction might well have touched his heart, if it had been capable of any. The deed of which he had been guilty by its very nature fell under the class of robberies symbolized by the poor man's one little ewe lamb. Why of all others should the humble tenant be disturbed in her well-loved possession, when she had a prescriptive right by long tenure and by unfailing attendance? Judge A., Squire B., and Colonel C., occupied their places but a small part of the track of his acquaintance ran very much year. They were out of the county on

the weather promised to be foul. Books but the owners kent aloof from them. An lintrusion in their church domain would be like a mere poaching upon vacancy, yet their sacred square property was inviolably preserved, nor was the idea for a moment entertained of even brushing away the dust which rested upon their gilded bibles. There was something even sacred in the defenceless right of Aunt Polly, for it was guarded by the feebleness of old age, and it resisted encroachment by the pathetic appeals of christian mercy. He who tramples down barriers of this kind will

gain nothing, for the church at least. The Sunday dawned calm and beautiful, the bells rang, and the church-going people flocked in. The doors of the hospitable Methodist meeting-house inviting the wayfarers, and the usual thin congrethe ministration of a very eloquent preacher gation was straggling towards St. Peter's. in the city, at St. Titus', where he had The old lady had been up bright and early. reading her prayer-book in advance, and and furnished it with soft cushions and carefully marking down the places, a procostly prayer books? Could be be asked cess which she always repeated after to take his seat with "the blacks" in the reaching church. Her handkerchief, her worship of God!-The thought was too snuff-box, and her tiny bonnet, lay on a table, but she was a little behind-hand on moment. Was there any family who the present occasion, and the bell had would voluntarily relinquish their places ceased to toll. Maria had been very nerfor a season for the good of the church? vous and peevish, and almost refused to be To find out would take a long time, and it left alone, but being consoled by the would be necessary to canvass the parish. smusement of a volume of Fox's Book of As for those present, they were so situated Martyrs, filled with pictures of blazing that they were unable to do it. In the stakes and the sufferings of holy men, she mean time the doors of the Methodist at last kindly gave permission to her aged meeting-house stood agape, and although parent to go to church. Mr. Wimbles the throng was very great, they always was already reading the Confussion in that peculiar and characteristic drawl, or rather whine, which he had adopted for the last "make room," such were the words which thirty years as the best mode for the conseveral of the brethren had been heard to cession of sins, marring the beautiful comutter. At last, an expedient was resolved position at the end of every sentence with upon, and a vestryman consented to take an inflection or cadence not capable of being expressed in musical notes. Aunt ter. They would divide one of the square Polly entered as if her feet were shod in mouse-skin slippers, hugging her large prayer-book in her left arm, and with her hand feeling her way along the pews like a blind person, till she mechanically paused at her own place, and began to search for the latch. Bailled in the attempt, sho ad. vanced a little farther, then retreated, then advanced again, stopped, adjusted her spectacles on her nose, moved her head with a paralytic shake from side to side, etared fixedly, and began to group again. At last coming to a stand-still at the identical spot where she had been accustomed to enter, a strange sight met her eyes, for her new was dwindled to one half its size, and instead of being empty as usual, mar. vellous to relate, full of Bullfinches. Unable to understand the mystic change, she at last found her way into the other compartment, and sat motionless through the service, without opening the book, confused, embarrassed, and discomfitted. Sho at first though that her mind was wanderquisitively the countenances of those The reading of the Bible, and a few good present, as if to say, " What does all this mean?"-The congregation slipped out while she remained riveted to her seat, when the old sexton approached and solved the mystery. Aunt Polly was confounded. She said not a word, but turned every day, while not industriously employed around to take as if a farewell look of her beloved church, she went back sorrowful to her humble home, and to Maria with her Book of Martyre.

She had scorcely entered when the invalid uttered a piercing scream. "Mother! mother! what ails you?"

Aunt Polly took off her bonnet, placed her prayer-book beside it, sat down in a high-backed chair, and burst into tears. They were the first which had distilled and she bowed her head as if it longing to anything stable in her mind in this transitory world-if there was any privilege which she fondly hoped could not be taken she had enjoyed so long, without money and without price, it is very true, but freely as if it had been her birthright, and thankfully as it was her blessing. Alas! the Sundays of the Past, so sweetly and inextricably linked, were broken from the Present, and the golden chain suspended from the skies seemed snapped forever. In vain the gun arose in gorgeous splendour, and with his first rays gift the village spire; in vain the hushed and precious stillness of the day of rest woord medita-

When another week had passed away, and the bells again rang for divine service, she never left her house, but putting on her spectacles, acted as a lay reader, while herself and invalid child formed the whole congregation. Her voice trembled and became almost insudible at the concluding prayer,-" Almighty God, who has given ns grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto Thee; and hast promised that when two or three are gathered together in Thy Name Thou wilt grant their request," &c. We must allow somewhat for the infirmities of human nature, if when the first tenderness of her unmingled grief had been in part assuaged, its remaining current was embittered by a little anger, and an unseemly pride disturbed the equipose of her Christian frame. In a short time she was missed from her accustomed seat, and if her presence had been little noted, her absence was more regretted. That the sexton had not been called to dig her grave was cer-

count for her continued neglect of public grasped the hand of his aged parishioner, worship. Many who had observed her and turned away from that humble confusion on the unfortunate Sunday sin- threshold, he carried his cane in his left cerely pitied her, and were heard to hand, while in his right he involuntarily whisper, "Shame! shame!" as they grasped in the air an imaginary shepherd's passed out, but on Monday morning the crook. He thanked God that he was Mr. Bullfinch, he knew nothing about it, he were on the verge of heaven. Mr. and was responsible for the rent of the pew Wimbles walked faster.

as to take upon himself the office of pence- heard in the responses, while several of the maker, for which he was eminently fitted female members of the congregation jogged by the kindness of his disposition and the each other and whispered, "There is Aunt Polly. She received him as was her wont than usual, and he was gratified to see his with much favour, although she held him old friend looking directly at him, apparpartly responsible for the treatment which ently with the most fixed attention. Her she had experienced. In a little time, as eyes were fastened and riveted so eagerly she advanced in her world anreative and that it would almost have discomposed expatiated on the cruelty which she had another speaker; but the good man who received at the hands of the vestry, how observed it, feeling it to be a merited tribute she had been driven out at her ago from a to his discourse, so warmed up and exchurch every stone of which she know panded, that some of the old people nodded. and loved-yes, from old St. Peter's where and the young thought he would never get her father was buried, and and and her through. At last the benediction was progrand f. ther-her tears spouted out again, nounced, and the audience slipped out. her voice became choked, and she and Aunt Polly, however, maintained her

his, and his own eyes seemed to be moist sent in her beloved church, she was loth -" My-denr-friend,' said he. "My- to leave it again. Mr. Wimbles approached. dear-friend." The pen -up grief of his parishioner and the invalid burst out anew, he, in his kindest accents. and Father Wimbles found out that he had stirred up the grievous elements to a tide of mutiny, which the wand of Christian he proceeded. "We have missed you niety could searce allay.

"My dear friend," said ho, mildly pating her upon the shoulder, "it is all wrong all wrong-all wrong."

(Fresh grief.) "All wrong—all wrong—all wrong."
"To think of old St. Peter's," proceeded the old lady, "where I have gone in the summer's heat and in the winter's cold, and that sin' fifty years-to think of old Sain' the occasion had been too much, and _Bo-oo-oo !"

is all wrong."

Book of Martyrs. "Why did they not monition carried her to her own house, and turn out Job Elson? I wish I could walk, placed her on the bed by the side of her and I would go to see Mr. Pindar, if it sick child. Maria fell into fierce convulwere ten miles, to tell him what I thought sions, which were repeated at intervals

right, and that he would repair the injustice; even to the placid temperment of Mr. that he could not lose so valuable a member Wimbles. The old lady and her child from his flock, for he believed that his were buried in the same grave, and Mr. friend prized the church, and had listened Wimbles was so strongly impressed that he to every word of every sermon which he did not steal out from the house and smoke

little with the same improper feeling which | glowing terms. He spoke of her piety, her she would at times manifest, " I will go to attachment to the church, her devotion to no mum-mum-more. I was born in a her daughter, her patience, her industry, sounce pew, and I mean to die in one."

been accustomed to the same accommoda- had taken her to himself from the courts of on in church from her childhood, and that I she had a right to expect it to the end of her house not made with hands, eternal in the days. Mr. Wimbles again prossed her lieavens. Mr. Wimbles always shed tears hand in his, and in the most loving, coaxing, during his own discourses, and on this ocand affectionate tone, soothed her sorrows, and after repeated interpositions of "all wrong" added, "My dear friend, the Lord if a pillar of the church had fallen, and be with you," or "God bless you," or when he recalled the fixed eye balls which something to that effect.

faculty by look, or word, or presence, to gation as they sat unconscious in the comallay the wounded spirit. The stores of pany of the dead. learning and the force of eloquence, the Wo have thus given a fair sample of a specious gifts which dazzle for a moment, book, which many of our readers will prohoneyed words and silvery voice which bably agree with us in thinking is not withtickle curious ears, may die in air, and out its attractions, not without its merits, bring no courses to the nick or balsam to and not devoid of usefulness. the broken-hearted.

Shortly after this interview a way of reconciliation was naturally paved, for the epidemic subsided. November with its chilling blasts and hoar frosts drew on, and the Bullfinches, who had been nestled like unwelcome birds in the temple, took their flight to the warm and smoky atmosphere of Assembly of Canada, and subsequently adopted by a majority of 70 to 80 in the Legislative of the town, not to return to the same region any more. Their departure was not regretted, for in a parish where the subject of the Apostolic Succession was not moved or quietly taken for granted, where the protection of Church for granted, where the constitution of this country of the Parish described by the Parish described by the Parish ment of this country one clame of which where matters of Church doctrine, questions of abstruse theology, and of external usage, had never come up to excite the minds of the people, the migrating Bullfinches had brought with them the only seed of discord yet known. As soon as they were gone, the curpenter was again they were gone, the curpenter was again they were gone, the curpenter was again to be address prayed that he connexion between Church and they were gone, the curpenter was again to be address to be dissolved, sent for, who in half an hour removed the those accidents which had hitherto followed that partition, and old St. Peter's stund in statu connexion might also be removed. If any answer quo. Mr. Wimbles came down from his study beneath the caves, took his hat and He would only say, in moving for the address cane, and walked with more than ordinary that he thought this was not an uninstructive alacrity to the home of Aunt Polly. His movement to the country also. Many people approach was perceived, the latch was already litted, and the door was opened to admit his entrance.

each word an equal emphasis, "the Lord He, for one, believed that the Church and State blers you. Peace he with this house, and them, and he believed that the Church was kept. all herein; it is all right-all right-all

right !"

clipped and blasted.

hearty Amen was responded to every petition. When he had pronounced a benediction on the invalid, and once more than the papers moved for by the Right Ber.

subject escaped from their minds. As to still able to do his duty well, and felt as if

Sunday came, and a few old-fashioned Mr. Wimbles at last had his attention | carriages as usual were at St. Peter's gate, called to the subject, and to prevent the and the services had commenced. An ors of so excellent a parishioner, as well audible and well-remembered voice was emolliency of his words, went to see Aunt Polly." Mr. Wimbles was more prolix Maria united in a most famentable wail. position, as if remaining to converse with Mr. Wimbles took her hand in both of the Rector, or as if having regained her "How are you, my dear friend?" said

Aunt Polly made no reply.

very much."
She sat bolt upright, and never stirred.

The Rector nut on his apentacles again. Come hither, Mr. Connels," he said to the sexton, who was just preparing to close the door. They both looked at her, and strange as it may appear, found her dead. Shocked and amazed, Mr. Wimbles lifted up his hands. Perhaps the excitement of -Se-h.r-r.r-l'ete-oh-ah-oh-ah snapped the slender cord of life. Her pulse had stopped, while the heart which "I know it, I know it, my dear old friend, had lately throbbed with devotion was not yet cold. It was an impressive but a "Then why did they permit it to be dreadful sight. The sexton lifted her light lone?" spoke Maria sharply from her frame in his arms, and without the least until she died. The visitation was singu-Mr. Wimbles promised that although it lar, taken in connection with all the cirwas all wrong, he would soon make it all cumstances, and communicated a shock stance. It is unhappy circum-time pipe, as he was accustomed to do at stance. "Sir," said Aunt Polly, bridling up a wonted the character of his parishioner in and all the christian qualities which had By this form of speech the poor old lady distinguished her through a long life, and only meant to convey the idea that she had last of all of the Providence of God, who cusion they fell more profusely than ever, for weak as his poor client was, he felt as glared upon him, they seemed to reproach him with his short-comings, and in their Happy would it be if all parish clergy-men had at least the guise of sympathy, the

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Bishop of Oxford moved for a copy of an liament of this country, one clause of which would effect an entire separation between the Established Church and the State in Canada, and it was the consequence of the adoption of that Act that the address for which he moved had been returned to that address, be hoped it would be also communicated to their lordships. Church and State implied these two co-relatives certain support from the State, and a certain renunciation by the Church, of what would pro-" My-dear-friend," said he, laying on perly be the natural liberties of the Church. in many instances, from sectional feeling and sectional action by its connexion with the State, Maria wept. The old lady threw her arms around her neck.

"Mr. Wimbles," said she, "will you pray with us?" Her wounded spirit felt the balmy influence of the comforting pastor, her evil feelings were assuaged, and the peeping bud of worldly pride was clipped and blasted. sider that these two things were co-relative, and that if the State gave up all assistance and support to the Church it was not to be contended: "Certainly I will," replied the old man, port to the Church it was not to be contended that the State could exercise the same authority