## Doetry.

WRITTEN IN A CATHEDRAL. BY T. K. HERVEY.

How soft, amid these silent aisles, My lonely footstep falls, Where words, like ancient chronicles Are scattered o'er the walls; A thousand echoes seem to rise

Beneath my lightest tread, And echoes bring me back replies From homes that hold the dead!

Death's harvests of a thousand years Have here been gathered in, The vintage where the wine was tears, The labourer was Sin; The loftiest and the least Lie sleeping side by side, And Love hath reared his staff of rest

Beside the grave of Pride! Alike o'er each-alike o'er all Their low memorials wave-The banner on the sculptured wall, The thistle o'er the grave; Each, herald like, proclaims the style

And bearings of its dead, But hangs one moral all the while, Above each slumbering head! And the breeze, like an ancient bard, com

by,
And touches the solemn chords Of the harp which Death has hung on high

And fancy weaves the words: Songs which have one unvaried tone, Though they sing of many an age, And tales to which each graven stone Is but the title page! The warrior here hath sheathed his sword,

The poet crushed his lyre, The miser left his counted hoard, The chemist quenched his fire; The maiden never more steals forth To hear her lover's lute, And all the trumpets of the earth In the soldier's ear are mute!

Here the pilgrim of the hoary head Has flung his crutch aside, And the young man gained the bridal bed Where death is the young man's bride! And the mother is here, whom a weary track Led sorrowing to the tomb, And the babe, whose path from heaven back, Was but his mother's womb!

The morning falls, with its sad, sweet smile, O'er the heedless painter's rest;
And the organ rings through the vaulted aisle,
But it stirs not the minstrel's breast.

The mariner has no wish to roam From his safe and silent shore, And the weeping in the mourner's home Is hushed for evermore!

\* \* \* My heart is as an infant's; still, Though mine eyes are dim with tears, I have this hour no fear of ill— No grief for vanished years. Once more for this wild world I set
My solitary bark;
But like those sleepers, I shall yet
Go up into that ark!

SOME LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF

KNOWLEDGE NOT THE LIMIT OF BELIEF.

Jов xi. 7.

A wild and rough sea one day tore a seaweed and a zoophyte from the rocks, and cast them together upon the sands. Now every body knows what a seaweed is,

but every body does not know that the little brown tree-shaped things that grow among seaweeds on the rocks, are not really seaweeds, or any sort of plants, but are, on the contrary, animal creatures, which "live, and move and have their being," according to God's appointed law.

These little brown animal-trees, with their berry-like seed vessels, do, however, look so very like plants, that it is no wonder that for a great number of years they were thought to be plants and of course considered to belong to the "vegetable kingdom."

But the closer examination given by the use of the microscope, at last revealed to paturalists that the "animal trees" were full muddled when he talks about them, poor of cells or open holes, out of which tiny crea- fellow!" tures were seen to put out feelers for the purpose of catching prey for food.

How strange that the very naturalist who first made this discovery about zoophytes known in England, should at the same time have committed a mistake in natural history by classing among the zoophytes a certain set of very common lilac-coloured sea-weeds, covered by a hard limy coral-like coating, and called Corallinas.

The discovery about the real zoophytes was so interesting, that people took the naturalist's word for the transfer of the corallinas also to the animal kingdom. But during the last few years this mistake has been corrected -the corallinas are restored to their vegetable position, while the zoophytes maintain their rightful place among the lowest forms derfully odd mistakes."

These statements should be borne in mind in the perusal of our fable-

It was but the banging of the door, blown to by a current of wind from the open window, that made that great noise, and shook the room so much!

The room was the naturalist's library, and it was a pity that some folio books of specimens had been left so near the edge of the great table, for, when the door clapt to, they fell down, and many plants, sea-weeds, &c., were scattered on the floor.

And, "Do we meet once again?" said a zoophyte to a seaweed ( a corallina), in whose company he had been thrown ashore,-" Do we meet once again? This is real pleasure. What strange adventures we have gone through since the waves flung us on the sands

"Ay, indeed," replied the seaweed, " and what a queer place we have come to at last! Well, well-but let me first ask you how you drying and squeezing, and gumming, we have undergone?

Zoophyte. "Oh, pretty well in health, but very sad. You know there is a great Zoophyte. "Nay, don't be angry, Book. difference between you and me. You have worm."

little or no cause to be sad. You are just the same now as you ever were, excepting that you can never grow any more. But I! ah. I am only the skeleton of what I once was! All the merry little creatures that inhabited me are dead and dried up. They died by hundreds at a time soon after I left the sea; and even if they had survived longer, the nasty fresh water we were soaked in by the horrid being who picked us up, would have

Seameed. " I am smiling at your calling our new master a horrid being, and also at your speaking so positively about the little creatures that inhabited you."

killed them at once. What are you smiling

Zoophyte. "And why may I not speak positively on what I know so well?" Seaweed. "Oh, of what you know, by all

means! But I wonder what we do know! People get very obstinate over what they think they know, and then, lo and behold, it turns out to be a mistake. Zoophyte. "What makes you say this?"

Seaweed. "I have learnt it from a very curious creature I have made acquaintance with here-a bookworm. He walks through all the books in this library just as he pleases, and picks up a great deal of information, and knows a great deal. And he's a mere nothing, he says, compared to the creature who picked us up-the 'horrid being,' as you call him. Why, my dear friend, the bookworm tells me that he is a man, and that a man is the most wonderful creature in all the world; that there is nothing in the least like him. And this particular one here is a naturalist, that is. he knows all about living creatures, and plants and stones, and I don't know what besides. Now, would you not say that it was a great honour to belong to him, and to have made acquaintance with his friend the bookworm?"

Zoophyte. "Of course I should, and do." Seaweed. "Very well, I knew you would; and yet I can tell you that this naturalist and his bookworm are just instances of what I have been saying. They fancy that betwixt them they know nearly everything, and get as obstinate as possible over the most ridiculous mistakes.

Zoophyte. "My good friend, are you a ompetent judge in such matters as these?"

Seaweed. "Oh, am I not! Why now, for instance, what do you think bookworm and I have been quarrelling about half the morning? Actually as to whether I am an animal or a vegetable. He declares that I am an animal full of little living creatures like yours, and that there is a long account of all this written on the page opposite the one on which I am gummed !"
"Of all the nonsense I ever listened to,"

began the zoophyte, angrily, yet amusedbut he was interrupted by the seaweed-

"And as for you-I am almost ashamed to tell you-that you and all your family and ions, considered as vegetables. It is only lately that these naturalists found out that you were an animal. May I not well say that people get very obstinate about what they think they know, and after all it turns out to be a mistake? As for me, I am quite confused with these blunders."

"O dear, how disappointed I am !" murnured the zoophyte. "I thought we had really fallen into the hands of some very interesting creatures. I am very, very sorry. It seemed so nice that there should be wonderful, wise beings, who spend their time in finding out all about animals and plants, and such things, and keep us all in these beautiful books so carefully. I liked it so much, and now I find the wonderfully wise creatures are wonderfully stupid ones instead."

"Very much so." laughed the seaweed; though our learned friend, the bookworm. would tell you otherwise; but he gets quite

"It is very easy to ridicule your betters," said a strange voice; and the bookworm, who And thenceforth these beautifully branched had just then eaten his way through the back brown structures were called zoophytes or of Lord Bacon's Advancement of Learning, appeared sitting outside, listening to the conversation. "I shall be sorry that I have told you anything, if you make such a bad use of the little bit of knowledge you have acquired."

"Oh! I beg your pardon, dear friend!" cried the seaweed, "I meant no harm. You see it is quite new to us to learn anything, and, really, if I laughed, you must excuse me. I meant no harm-only I do happen to know -really for a fact-that I never was alive with little creatures like my friend the zoophyte; and he happens to know-really for a fact-that he never was a vegetable-and so you see it made us smile to think of your wonderful creature, man, making such won-

At this the bookworm smiled; but he soon shook his head gravely and said-" All the mistakes man makes, man can discover and correct-I mean, of course, all the mistakes man makes about creatures inferior to himself, whom he learns to know from his own observation. He may not observe quite carefully enough one day, but he may put all right when he looks next time. I never give up a statement when I know it is true: and so I tell you again-laugh as you please-that, in spite of all his mistakes, man is without exception the most wonderful and the most clever of all the creatures upon earth !"

"You will be a clever creature yourself if you can prove it," cried both the zoophyte and seaweed at once.

"The idea of taking me with my hundreds of living animals for a vegetable!' 'sneered the zoophyte. " And me with my vegetable inside, covered

over with lime, for an animal !" smiled the seaweed. Bookworm: "Ay! have your laugh out. are this morning, after all the washing, and and then listen. But, my good friends, if you had worked your way through as many wise books as I have done, you would laugh

less and know more."

I know too well the cause of all the folly you are talking, so I excuse you. And I am now puzzling my head to find out how I am to

prove what I have said about the superiority of man, so as to make you understand it." Seaweed. "Then you admit there is a little difficulty in proving it? Even you confess it to be rather puzzling?"

Bookworm. "I do; but the difficulty does not lie where you think it does. I am sorry to say it-but the only thing that prevents your understanding the superiority of man is your own immeasurable inferiority to him! However many mistakes he may make about you, he can correct them all by a little closer or more patient observation. But no observation can make you understand what man is. You are quite within the grasp of his powers, but he is quite beyond the reach of yours.

Seaweed. "You are not over civil, with all your learning, Mr. Bookworm.

Bookworm. "I do not mean to be rude. I assure you. You are both of you very beautiful creatures, and, I daresay, very useful too. But you should not fancy either that you do know everything, or that you are able to know everything. And, above all, you should understand them."

Seaweed. "And am I then to believe all the long stories anybody may choose to come and tell me about the wonderful powers of those wonderful powers are, am I to be told that I can't understand them, but am to believe them all the same as if I did?"

Bookworm. "Certainly not, unless the wonderful powers are proved by wonderful results; but if they are, I advise you to believe in them whether you understand them

Seaweed. "I should like to know how ! am to believe what I don't understand." Bookworm. "Very well, then, don't! and emain an ignorant fool all your life. Of ourse you can't really understand anything but what is within the narrow limits of your own powers; so, if you choose to make those

oy, for you certainly won't be overburdened with knowledge." Seaweed. "I will retort upon you that it is very easy to be contemptuous to your inferiors, Mr. Bookworm. You would do much better to try and explain to me those wonderful powers themselves, and so remove tables!" all the difficulties that stand in the way of

much, I should not succeed. You can't understand even my superiority."

Seaweed. "Oh, Bookworm now you are growing conceited."

connections were, for generations and genera- shall judge for yourself. I can do many that I could know what seeing is!" things you can't do. Among others, I can "Oh, Seaweed, Seaweed! I wish you would

Seaweed. "What is that ?" Bookworm. "There, now! I knew I should puzzle you directly! Why, seeing is something that I do with a very curious is quite different! Will that do?" machine in my head called an eye. But as you have not got an eye, and therefore cannot see, how am I to make you understand what seeing is?"

Seaweed. Why, you can tell us, to be

Bookworm. "Tell you what? I can tell you I see. I can say, Now I see, now I see, has no sensation." as I walk over you and see the little bits of you that fall under my small eye. Indeed I can tell you what I see, but how will that teach you what seeing is? You have got no eye, and therefore you can't see, and therefore also you can never know what seeing is."

Zoophyte. "Then why need we believe

there is such a thing as seeing?" Bookworm. "Oh, pray don't believe it don't know why you should, I am sure! There's no harm at all in being ignorant and narrow-minded. I am sure I had much rather you took no further trouble in the matter, for you are, both of you, very testy and tiresome. It is from nothing but pride and vanity too, after all. You want to be in a higher place in creation than you are put be only content to learn wonderful things in have a great deal of pleasure in telling you upper branches."

Zoophyte. "And pray what way is that?" Bookworm. "Why, from the effects pro- phyte. uced by them. As I said before, even where you cannot understand the wonderful powers themselves, you may have the grace to believe in their existence, from their wonderful results."

call 'seeing' are"-"In man," interrupted the bookworm. that he gets to know everything about you and all the creatures, and plants, and stones cells of the little creatures that live in you- his way to them for a friendly chat again. how many feelers they have, what they live upon, how they catch their food, how the eggs come out of the egg cells, where you live, where you are to be found, what other zoophytes are to be found, what other zoophytes are related to you, which are most like you-in short, the most minute particulars; so that he puts you into his collections, not among strange creatures, but near to those you are nearest related to; and he describes you, and makes pictures of you, and gives you a name so that you are known for the same creature wherever you are found all over the world. And now, I'm quite out of breath with telling you all these wonderful

results of seeing.' "But he once took me for a vegetable,"

nused the zoophyte. "Yes, as I said before, he had not observed quite close enough, nor had he then invented a curious instrument which enables

Bookworm. "Oh, I'm not angry a bit! that instrument, and looked very carefully, he saw all about you." " Ay, but he still calls me an animal," ob-

> served the seaweed. "I know he does, but I am certain he will not do so long! If you are a vegetable, I will warrant him to find it out when he exa-

mines you a little more. "You expect us to believe strange things, Bookworm," observed the zoophyte.

"To be sure; because there is no end of strange things for you to believe! And what you can't find out for yourself you must take upon trust from your betters," laughed the bookworm. "It's the only plan. Observation and Revelation are the sole means of acquiring knowledge."

Just at that moment the door opened, and two gentlemen entered the room.

"Ah, my new specimens on the floor!" observed the naturalist; "but never mind," added he, as he picked them up, "here is the very one we wanted. It will serve admirably for our purpose. I shall only sacrifice a small branch of it, though."

And the naturalist cut off a little piece of the seaweed and laid it in a saucer, and poured upon it some liquid from a bottle, and an effervescence began to take place forthwith, and not dispute the superiority and powers of the seaweed's limy coat began to give way, another creature merely because you cannot and the two gentlemen sat watching the re-

"Now," whispered the bookworm to the zoophyte, "those two men are looking closely at your seaweed friend, and trying what they other creatures?—and when I inquire what call experiments, that they may find out what he is; and if they do not succeed, I will give up all my arguments in despair."

But they did succeed!

The gentlemen watched on till all the lime was dissolved, and there was nothing left in the saucer but a delicate red branch with little round things upon it, that looked like tiny

"This is the fruit decidedly," remarked the naturalist; "and now we will proceed to examine it through the microscope."

And they did so. And an hour or more passed, and a sort of sleepy forgetfulness came over the bookworm and his two friends; for they had waited till owers the limit of your belief, I wish you they were tired for further remarks from the naturalist. And therefore it was with a start they were aroused at last by hearing him exclaim, "It is impossible to entertain the slightest doubt. If I ever had any, I have none now; and the corallinas must be removed back once more to their position among vege-

> The naturalist laughed as he loosened the gum from the specimen, which he placed on weeds. And soon after the two gentlemen left the room once more.

"So he has really found me out!" cried "So he has really found me out!" cried France had peace. Yes, they say, but he must the seaweed; "and he was right about the come back to unseat the tyrant king. Yes, we

not waste your time in struggling after the unattainable! You know what feeling is? Well! I would tell you that seeing is something of the same sort as feeling, only that it

It sounds like nonsense." "It is nonsense. There can be no answer but nonsense, if you want to understand 'really for a fact,' as you call it, powers that are above you. Explain to the rock on which you grow, what feeling is!"

"How could I? said the zoophyte; "it

"No more than you have sight," rejoined the bookworm. "That is true indeed," cried the zoophyte Bookworm! I am satisfied-humbled, I must confess, but satisfied. And now I will rejoice in our position here, glory in our new master, and admire his wonderful powers,

even while I cannot understand them.' "I am proud of my disciple," replied the

bookworm, kindly. "I also am one of them," murmured the seaweed; but tell me now, are there any other strange powers in man?"

"Several," was the bookworm's answer but to be really known they must be possessed. A lower power cannot compass the full understanding of a higher. But to limit in, and no good ever comes of that. If you'd one's belief to the bounds of one's own small powers, would be to tie one's self down to the the only way that it is open to you, I should foot of a tree and deny the existence of its

"There are no powers beyond those that man possesses, I suppose," mused the zoo-

"I am far from saying that," replied the

bookworm; "on the contrary"-But what he would have said further one knows, for once more the door opened, and the naturalist, who now returned alone, Sexweed. "And the results of what you spent the evening in putting by the specimens in their separate volumes on the shelves. And it was long, long time before the bookworm saw them again, for the volumes in which they were kept were bound in Russian he looks at :- so that he knows your shape, leather, to the smell of which he had a parand growth, and colour, and all about the ticular dislike, so that he never could make

We gave an extract from the Recorder, in our last issue, on the subject of Mr. Abbot's Napoleon, now in course of publication in Harper's Magazine. A few words more on the same subect, as continually represented to us in the pages of some of our popular writers, and espeally in our school books, may not be out of

We believe no example, than that of the Corican Tyrant, could be more deleterious in its nfluence on the political, social and religious We do not want our oung men to be incited to the imitation of any ach models. There is enough already, in our epublican country, leading in that direction. Our duty is to guard against it, and especially for the sake of our young men, who have far of Argyll and the Isles has but just announce greater need of models of sincerity and truthdness and stern principle, than of any such reckless, though brilliant characters.

his great big eyes to see such little fellows as many; perhaps his badness being an evidence of his greatness, in that the hero thereby mani
And the proposal embraced in the Bishop's

fested his lofty superiority to all the petty conventional rules of truth and obedier well now almost appears without the slightest would it be believed!) has found an apologist It may be, that hereafter, even Henry VIII. that first of modern statesmen, will be so praised for his bravery and chivalry, that even his vices will appear but as those foibles which are the

Partly such, is the cause of Napoleon's popularity. But we would appeal to reflecting men, whether the acts and words, and the whole character of the Emperor, even as recorded in the pages of his most ardent admirers, are worthy of the praise of any good citizen and good Christian; and whether they can per-mit their sons to lend a willing ear to his pre-

judiced and sophistical eulogists.

We object to these writers, first, on the ground of morality; as witnessed in their shameless apologies for almost every crime which Napoleon committed. Take, for example, the massacre at Acre. We had supposed that this tragedy would have gone down to posterity, together with the massacre at Drogheda, as one of the most inhuman, cold blooded actions that have stained the pages of modern history. Yet it, too, is excused

We object to them, politically; because they we object to them, politically; because they hold forth the Emperor as the great champion of the people's rights, as against all the tyrants of Europe. Why then did he carve out Europe as kingdoms for his family—Naples and Spain for Joseph, Westphalia for Jerome, and Holland for Louis? What had the French people or any people; popular rights or any rights, to do with this? But again; page after page of his life are given by them, showing a greater despotism than was ever exercised by a caliph. And how do they get rid of this? Why, by saying that circumstances compelled him to resort to this tyranny to sustain himself-the very pretext to which every tyrant, from Nero down, has ever resorted, to cover his actions. Do these writers think it complimentary to imply that Napoleon was not cruel and despotic edlessly, and from mere caprice? We think the excuse is fatal to them. We have read, cerning an Eastern ruler, a sort of bulletin on which it was announced, "the Emperor has lecided, and the boars are deliberating." we have seen an order that was given by a Western ruler, (with a similar order of sequences,) somewhat to the following effect:—
"A. B., to be sent to London to be tried and executed." We doubt, however, whether even these rulers had not the same apology to offer for their absolutism as Napoleon had for his. But is this a justification?

We object to them as historians, in that they eave out facts, and so qualify and arrange those they do give, as, in effect, to make much of their accounts but half the truth, which we know is falsehood. Examples of this are every-

We object to them on the ground of preju dice; in that they represent Napoleon as the idol of the people, contrary to facts. Even Morell, a French writer, tells us of the people welcoming the allies to Paris. England was ot more rejoiced to get a king again upon the throne, at the time of the restoration, than was Francobject to them'for saying that Napoleon was ever longing for peace; was forced to war by the relentless hostility of England. Why hen, we ask, did he leave Elba? Bookworm. "Indeed I am not; but you fruit too! Oh, Bookworm, Bookworm! would answer, but the people willed the banishment of Napoleon, and why should be throw wide open the gates of war, and that too, against the on his conduct in the matter of the Conference of Chatillon. All Europe longed for rest. She was exhausted. Yet Napoleon charged his ommissioner, though he presented his ultima tum, not to let anything be settled until the fortunes of another battle had been tried. So much for sincerity and peace together. Moreover, that ultimatum demanded that a large art of the continent should be parcelled out t oleon's family and friends. Previously the ies had offered him enough territory to make n the most powerful monarch in Europe; but ought so little of peace as to refuse it unless is own extravagant and selfish interests should

gratified. Is it true, then, that he was long-Again we object to them, for making a false sue. They say the English writers have tra-aced the character of Napoleon; and that, as we get most of our views from these writers, we have not known the truth itself. All this is very popular. It awakens many friendly pre-judices. But it is away from the point. The estion is not one between England and France. gland might be swept from existence, and still their views of Napoleon would prevail; for German and French writers have pronounced pon Napoleon the same sentence. Personal mbition, deception, inhumanity, despotism, are the charges brought against the popular idol, y Germans and French. As protestants or re-ublicans, could they judge too unfavourably of him who had imprisoned the Pope and banished a king? We should like to quote from Schlosser of Heidelburg, and Kohlrausch of Hanover; from Mignet and Lamartine of the very country that Napoleon ruled; our readers would see that the English but re-echo such sentiments in substance; although it is, at the same time, reasonable to suppose that national antipathy has not made all the excuse that should have

We have only to add, that we do not enter upon the subject of Napoleon's views of Christianity, as we think any favourable claim on while we have a Washington for a model (socially, politically and religiously,) to the youth of our country, we need not go abroad to Europe for one; least of all to him whose words and acts and character would be so utterly de-

## Ecclesiastical Antelligence.

"MORE CATHEDRALS."

(Condensed from the Scottish Ecclesiastical.) Under the above title, we lately observed in the John Bull newspaper, among the Ecclesias-tical Intelligence from Scotland, the following

paragraph "It is said that under the inspiriting influence of the example set in the constitution of St. Ninian's Cathedral, steps are in contemplaion for the establishment of Cathedrals in the Dioceses of Moray and Brechin.

[The S. E. Journal thinks the announcement nature; but expresses strong hopes of the fact being realized.] But besides the two Dioceses that have been

named, we have at this very time to record another as having publicly pointed its aspirations in the same direction. to his Synod that the Collegiate Church and College of Cumbrae, are, with his sanction, designed by their large-hearted founder to become lamentable thing for us, that hereworship is becoming so popular. A great man, ment his reverence added the hope that the though a bad one, we fear, is to be the idol of Diocese of Argyll might also some day be simi-

statement met with the unanimous approval of situate. The new Church is to accommodate the Clergy of the United Diocese. DIOCESE OF CHESTER.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, GRASSENDALE, AIG BURTH.—This Church was opened for Divine Worship on Mond with the support and sanction of the Bibbo of the Sufficient to addition to the Chippenham Railway station, in the parish was preached by the Incumbent, the Rev. John Evans, M.A. In the course of the morning the Rev. Incumbent announced that the Church 1000 and only Church accommodation of 5000 and only Church accommodation of 5000 and only Church accommodation of the Bibbo of the Diocese in the immediate neighbourhood of the Chippenham Railway station, in the parish of Chippenham. The town contains a population of 5000 and only Church accommodation of the Bibbo of the Diocese in the immediate neighbourhood of the Chippenham Railway station, in the parish of Chippenham. yet sufficient to audirise its consecration. Rev. Incumbent announced that the Church would be open for Divine Service every Wed-nesday morning at ten o'clock, and on all days ordered by the Church to be kept holy; that after morning prayer on Wednesdays he would catechise the children; and that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper would be administered at eight o'clock on the morning of every third, and t the conclusion of service on the morning of every first, Sunday in the month. At the close of the service the sum of £72 was collected. There was also a second collection in the evening, amounting to £31. The church, which was raised by public subscription at a cost of about £3,000, is a very handsome structure, of the red sandstone of the district. The style is Gothic, of the decorated or Edwardian period; and the Church, it is estimated, will ac date 750 worshippers, a considerable number of the sittings being free.

DIOCESE OF EXETER.

St. SIDWELL'S NEW PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS .-The interesting ceremony of laying the founda-tion stone of the new Parochial Schools for the parish of St. Sidwell's, was performed last Thursday, by the Worshipful the Mayor of Exeter (R. S. Cornish, Esq.), in the presence of a large concourse of persons, and upwards of three hundred children. The uncertain tenure of the building at present rented from year to year, for the purpose of instructing the children of this large and rapidly increasing parish, together with its inadequacy to the requirements of the school, led to the formation of a comnittee, headed by the zealous and esteemed noumbent of St. Sidwells, the Rev. J. L. Galton, for the purpose of raising funds for the erection of new school-rooms. The Dean and Chapter, who were applied to, kindly presented, in fee simple, an eligible site of about 100 feet square it the north-west corner of the meadow between Well-lane and Hill's-court. The National Soety promised a grant of £110 on the completion of the undertaking, and the remainder is sought to be made up by subscription, among the parishioners and the citizens generally. Subsequently the Committee obtained plans which received the approval of the Committee of Privy Council, and the promise of a grant from the Council. The building, which is to be prected by Mr. Ware, of this city, from the lans of Mr. Ashworth, architect, High-street, will consist of a girls' school, 78 feet, 6 inches v 18 feet, one of its sides forming a frontage Well-lane; adjoining this school is a class-om 16 feet by 16 feet. Parallel to the girls' ovss' school, of similar dimensions, but on a naving its class-room 18 feet by 16 feet. The master's house, fronting north-east, connects the wo schools and forms the third side of a quadorick, with mullioned windows, tall chimneys, and high-gabled roofs, showing the timbers internally, so that the character of the whole is ourely old English—though, with the exception of a bell-cot on the northern gable, there are no features which can be called ornamental. estimated cost of the building is about £1,400;

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

and it is calculated to accommodate four hundred

CONSECRATION OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, LIMEouse.—On Monday morning the Bishop of ondon, attended by his Chaplains, proceeded to lime-house, for the purpose of consecrating chnrch which has been recently erected at the orner of Vincent-street and Salisbury-street, Limehouse-fields, one of the most densely populated and neglected districts in or near the tropolis. The church, which is a very capacious icture, appears to have been erected more with regard to practical utility in such a neigh purhood than to the display of architectural taste, and yet there are many portions of it which are of a higher order of excellence. The altar is very magnificent, being raised two or three feet above the flooring, and there are no view of the congregation. There are no galleries, and the pulpit, which is of stone, and very wes its erection to the liberality of the Bishop f London and some other individuals, and to grant from the Metropolis Church Fund, and rants from the Commissioners for Building lew Churches, the Incorporated Society for Building Churches, the Council on Education and the National Society, together with the munificent donation of £5,000 by a lady whose name has not transpired, but who is generally supposed to be Miss Burdett Coutts, who has ready done so much in various ways for the The endowment was principally provided by the Bishop, who, when the wealth; nefice of St. Andrew Undershaft, a short time since, became vacant, alienated from it about £500 a year, with the consent of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the new Rector (the Bishop's son), which sum he placed to a and towards endowing churches in Bethnalgreen, and other places in the Diocese where they are needed. Of this sum £175 per annum has been appropriated to the new Church of St. John. The Bishop of London has licensed the Rev. Charles Heathcote Carr, M.A., late curate Limehouse, to the Incumbency of the new Church and district of St. John. ACCIDENT TO THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER .-- An

ccident, which narrowly escaped being attended with serious, if not fatal consequences, occurred on Thursday afternoon last to the Right Rev. Monck, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol Right Rev. Prelate had been staying at his Episcopal Palace at Stapleton, near the las mpiscopal raince at stapleton, near tables named city, and having occasion to pay a visit on business connected with the See to the Forest of Deon, which lies at a remote point of his Diocese, he entered a carriage for the purpose of proceeding to the railway. His Lordship had not proceeded far when, in descending a hill, one of the horses commenced kicking and plunging at a furious rate, causing great alarm to inmates of the vehicle, who were placed for time in a position of considerable danger. After a time the animal got his leg over an iron bar, by which means he was thrown down, and was happily disabled from doing further serious hief. A servant was thrown from the arriage, but the venerable and respected prelate escaped any further inconvenience than the error which so dangerous an occurrence was calculated to create

The Conservative Land Society has reserved a ortion of the land on the summit of the ookley-hill Park estate, near the crystal Palace, for the cite of a new Church. Subscrip tions for the endowment have been already promised by many shareholders. The proposed Church will be surrounded by an ornamental garden, with walks, shrubberies, &c., for the special use of the allottees, on the terrace, hich commands one of the finest views in all

laid on Monday at Bollington, in Cheshire, by the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Hordern, Vicar of Rostherene, the parish in which Bellington is Town."

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about 350 persons, and will be built by sub-scription, the Earl of Stamford and Warrington

contributing the land. A new district Church is about to be erected, with the support and sanction of the Bishop of for 1000, and hence the necessity for another Church being erected in the parish. The new Church is to contain 800 sittings, two-thirds of which are to be free: the cost of the erection i stimated at £4000, exclusive of the site for the Church and land for burial ground, presented by the Rev. Robert Ashe, Rector of Langly Burrell, a contiguous part of which parish will be apportioned to the new district.

## Our Review.

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE for September. Toronto: Thomas Maclear.

Besides the copious variety of selected matter, we find in this Number eleven original articles or headings. The utility of the History of the War of 1812, in meeting inaccurate statements which one-sided writers have given to the world, may be illustrated by the surprise of Elizabethtown (now Brockville), on the 6th of February, 1813.

"A nocturnal predatory expedition, which has been thought worthy of being ranked amongst the 'brilliant achievements' of American valour, took place on the 6th February. General Arm trong, in his 'notices of the war,' says, 'Forsythe, with two companies of rifle corps in sleighs, ascended the St. Lawrence from Ogdensurgh to Elizabethtown on the Canada shore, urprised the British guard, made fifty-two risoners (among whom were the Major, three aptains and two Lieutenants), liberated sixteen eserters, and made prize of one hundred and forty muskets and a considerable quantity of ammunition, without losing a man of his party. This statement, officially made, was of course highly gratifying and consolatory to the American public. In James's version, however, the affair assumed a different aspect. 'After wounding a militia sentry, the houses in the village, the gaol not omitted, were ransacked, and the male inhabitants to the number of fifty-two were carried off. Several of these, as in the United States, held commissions in the militia.' This circumstance, according to James, was a fortunate one, and 'the American public was a few days afterwards officially told of the capture, in a very gallant manner, of a British guard coning of fifty-two men, including two majors three captains, and two lieutenants (of militia not added). One circumstance connected with this affair will place it in its proper light. Major McDonnell, of the Glengary Fencibles, was despatched with a flag of truce to remonstrate with the American commander about 'the de-predations committed by the narriag under his was met with 'insolence, taunts and boastings,' and a challenge to the British officers to meet the Americans on the ice. This challenge co not then be complied with, as Sir George Provost declined to sanction the proceedings, as signing as his reason, 'that he did not wish, by any offensive acts of the sort, to keep alive a spirit of hostility.

In the description of Montreal, we meet with the following curious extract from an old

Canadian newspaper of 1535. "The said town is quite round, and enclosed with a palisade of three ranges of wood, in the orm of a pyramid, the middle one as a perpenicular tie, then tiers of wood laid lengthwise of the height of about two spears' length; and there is only one gate of entrance, which is astened with bars, and over above which, and n many places of the said palisade, there are inds of galleries, with ladders ascending to

em, which are stored with rocks and stones for the defence of the same. "There are in this town about fifty houses, of three feet above the flooring, and there are no huge pillars about the church to obstruct the to fifteen paces in width, all made of wood, covered and garnished with great skins of the bark of the said wood, as large as tables, well sewed together, artificially, according to their node; and within the same there are several areas and chambers. In the middle of these houses there is a great hall, where they make areas and chambers. In the mic their fire and live in common, and then retire into their chamber, the men with their wives and children. And in the same manner they have garrets in the upper parts of their houses

where they put their grain, of which they make bread, which they call "Caraconi." \* \* "The said people live altogether by cultivating the ground and fishing, for they set no value on the goods of this world, because they have no knowledge of them, and they don't stir out of their own country-not being wanderers like those of Canada (the district of Quebec) and Saguenay—notwithstanding that the Canadians are their subjects as well as eight or nine other

"Thus endeth the chapter."

We commend the sketch of Canvass Town to those who are possessed with an infatuated determination to exchange better for worse by going to Australia, -we refer more particularly to that class whom nature has not favoured with colossal legs and muscular arms; but to whom she has given brains to he used for better purposes than abandoning solid comfort and a land of bright prospects, such as Canada is, for gold-fields in which

they have no strength to delve. "Deaths and funerals are more than usually melancholy sights in Canvass Town. The dead are often utterly friendless. One day a tent where a man and his wife and child resided, was closed for two or three days, the tent being laced up, and they never appearing. On looking in, all three were seen lying dead among some dry rushes-of want, slow fever, broken hearts quite as gloomy when there are one or two rela-tions or friends. The nearest relations carry the body; the rest, if any, follow. Someting the body; the rest, if any, follow. Sometimes you see the husband and wife carrying the little body of a child enfolded in something—with, I believe, only canvass underneath, for coffin and shroud. Once I saw a husband alone, slowly carrying the dead body of his wife, with a little child following-the one mourner.

"Great efforts were made in this colony some short time since to induce people to come to Australia—the Home Government still sending out ship-loads. Now, we have come too nuerously on a sudden. We did not come to blige the colonists, but to reach the gold fields, and therefore we should not expect any marked hospitality. Still, we ought not to be made to feel that we have landed on the most inhospit shore on the face of the civilized globe. Yet uch is Melbourne, colonized by people speaking our own language, and professing our own reli gion-in fact, our own countrymen; and many hundreds, nay, thousands, will say the same besides the unfortunate denizens of Canvass