

insufficient premises upon which he reasoned—the mistakes which, undiscovered and never rectified, led him to his doom. The book is very fascinating—has made a great impression on some minds—so much so as to induce one of our most prominent dissenters to doubt whether, after all, the Church of Rome may not be right!

Hoping that your critique will help to remove that impression, I am, yours truly,
S. M. C.

Messrs. Editors:—I find all my friends agree with me in approbation of the two excellent numbers of your "Church Chronicle," and we wish it every success. Your names are a pledge to us that you will be true to your *bearings*; and that loyalty, literature, your diocese, and your Province will be duly supported in your promising periodical. We all like your "Summary of Church News," and are glad you have added an abstract of secular intelligence also, which we hope to see continued. All the articles were good, but that which pleased us particularly was the introductory one on J. H. Newman, whose controversy with Kingsley was so ably conducted, and attracted at the time such deep interest in the learned world. Your correspondent will, doubtless, show that after all the true resting place of this able man should be in the Church of England, from which he unhappily strayed away. Such also might be shown with reference to his equally gifted and more deluded brother F. W. N., who went in the opposite direction, and an essay on his career might be found to suggest much interesting and profitable instruction. Meanwhile I send you a specimen taken at random from his ingenious Latin translation of *Hiawatha*, which appeared in 1862, in the hope that it may not prove unsuited to your columns.

CAPTS.

In those days the evil spirits,
All the manitos of mischief,
Fearing *Hiawatha's* wisdom
And his love for *Hibbiabos*,
Jealous of their faithful friendship,
And their noble words and actions,
Made at length a league against them
To molest them and destroy them.
Hiawatha, wise and wary
Often said to *Hibbiabos*,
"O my brother! do not leave me,
Lest the evil spirits harm you!"
Hibbiabos firm and headless,
Laughing shook his coal-black tresses,
Answered even sweet and child-like,
"Do not fear for me, O brother!
Harm and evil come not near me."

Longfellow.

At *dæmones* malorum artifices
Hiawatha et *Hibbiabo* invidi,
Ut mutuum horum opem disturbarent,
Exitiale inter se junxere *foedus*.
Sæpe monebat *Hiawatha* sagax:
"O frater, ne me reliqueris;
Ne forte *dæmones* mali
Te ex insidiis excipiant."
Sed ille, juveniliter ridens,
Nigerimos quassavit orines,
Atque ait: "Noli timere, mi frater,
Ad me nihil mali pertingit."

Fred'k W. Newman.

AUGUST 19, 1865.

Messrs. Editors:—The attempt which you are now making to establish a means of intercommunication among Churchmen throughout the Diocese of Nova Scotia, by the publication of a Church paper, is highly laudable, and elicits from us all expressions of pleasure and approval. Such, I confess, were my own impressions on the receipt of your first number. But after a careful perusal of your prospectus, and of the various articles which accompanied it in that number, I found that my first feelings were much qualified by deep regret that you should have propounded for your future advocacy a line of action which, if persistently followed up, will not only occasion some abatement in the success of your excellent project, but will also bring in among us strife and divisions, and stir up elements of contention, which I fear will not readily be allayed.

Your proposed advocacy of what is called a Synod is the course to which I more particularly allude. We all know the history and the results of that unfortunate movement, and the unhappy divergence of sentiments and opinions which it has been.