

# The Torontoian.

"Her Foundations are upon the holy hills."

"Stand ye in the waywardness, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

Vol. XVII.]

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[No. 16.]

**Proem.**  
From the Victoria Island Herald.  
**THE ROCKY ISLET LONE.**  
[The following lines were written under these circumstances, viz: "The Bishop of Winchester, England, on one occasion chartered a steamer to take him and his chaplains to one of the Channel Islands on a visitation. The steamer was crowded with clergymen and others, many of whom were indulging in frivolous conversation. The Bishop, wishing to put a stop to this, proposed giving a prize (a living, I think), to the clergyman who would write the best piece of poetry on a lone, rocky, uninhabited islet which they were then passing. The Rev. J. N. Fosbery wrote the following lines, which won the prize."]

There is a single stone,  
Above you wave,  
A rocky islet lone,  
Where tempests rave.  
What doth it there? The sea,  
Restless and deep,  
Breaks round it mournfully,  
And knows no sleep.  
The sea hath girt it round,  
With its wild wave,  
No spot can there be found  
For better seed.  
Storm-beaten rock, no change  
'Tis thine to know,  
Only the water's range  
Of ebb and flow.  
The happy sounds of earth  
Are not for thee;  
The voice of human mirth,  
Of children's glee.  
No song of birds is thine,  
No crown of flowers;  
Say, dost thou not repine  
In long lone hours?  
Yet stars for thee are bright  
In midnight skies,  
And tranquil worlds of light  
Around thee rise.  
They sooth thee ocean bed,  
Its heaving cease,  
While they from o'er thy head  
Breathe on thee peace.  
The lonely man of grief  
Like thou art deemed,  
To whom comes no relief  
From life's dark dream.  
No human ties are left,  
Earth's blessings gone;  
He dwells a thine bereft,  
Blighted—alone.  
Yet o'er him from above,  
Bright spirits bend,  
And One, with voice of love,  
Calls him his Friend.  
And then the thankful tears  
Why grief was given—  
And trusting, peaceful, turns  
To God in heaven.

**A RAMBLE IN LONDON.**  
From "Impressions of England," by an American Clergyman, in the "N. Y. Church Journal."

It is surprising how deep-rooted in one's mind is the nonsense literature of the nursery, and how practically useful it often renders itself in the serious occasions of life. The *Cries of London*, and the rhymes of *Mother Goose* may often point a moral of grave importance to mankind; but not less were they serviceable to me, in enlivening many a nook and corner of the great Metropolis, whenever I gave myself up to a city stroll, as I frequently did, without plan, and in the merest mood of adventure. "Heigho! here is Holborn"—or again—"this, then, is Eastcheap"—or similar exclamations in view of St. Bride's or St. Helen's—such were my entertainments, as I moved musically along, among stock jobbers and Jews. The sight of Panier Alley, or Pudding Lane, I am free to confess, raised emotions truly lively and refreshing; and seldom was I in want of associations, equally sentimental and profound, while I traversed, with all the reverence of a pilgrim, the mighty realms of Cockayne.

From Charing-cross to Temple-bar, in spite of the modern improvements, one picks not a little of this sort of pleasure as he saunters along. Turning aside for a moment, let us step into Covent-garden. There is the Church, so memorable from Hogarth's picture, and so illustrative of the piety and taste of the Russels, one of whom being forced to build it here, amid his thousand tenants, gave Inigo Jones the order, and suggested the munificence of his plans in the words—"anything—a barn will do." Accordingly, a barn it is. I searched its precincts for the grave of Parham, whose rhymes and aphorisms will live as long as the language which they so curiously shape and confine into forms the most congenial to their pith and purpose. In the market one lingers amid the fruits and flowers, which here every morning offer to the Londoners a toothsome and brilliant display. "Buy my roses"—"cherry ripe, cherry red"—"strawberries, your honor"—and "flowers all a-blowing, all a-growth"—such are the sounds with which you are for a moment enraptured, albeit in London streets. Here also you spy an alderman's dinner at every turn, and wonder how Chatterton could have contrived to starve, within call of such a surfeit. But alas! full many a ragged visitor looks on with lean and hungry stare, and fancies the more bitterly for the sight of plenty, which he cannot enjoy.

But resum'g our walk, we again step aside to look at the Savoy. To do this we pitch down hill, towards the Thames; and there is all that remains of the famous Palace, in the little homely old Church, to which I did reverence in gratitude to God for the famous conference, which resulted in enriching the Prayer Book with several good things (and with the significant addition of two words in the Litany, *rebellion* and *schism*, amongst the rest), as the result of the Restoration. Next we survey the splendors of Somerset House, not without regretting the obliteration of the old historical landmarks which it has deposed. In the middle of the street, before it, is the Church of St. Mary-la-Strand,

where stood, in good old times, that famous Maypole, so profane and odious to the Round-heads, but which makes so picturesque a view in our view.  
It perished honorably at last, for when no longer used for spring dances and revels, it was given to Sir Isaac Newton, who hung his telescope there, and made it serve him in exploring the stars. So come we to St. Clement Danes, where grave visions of Johnson, keeping Easter, and approaching the Holy Sacrament with fear and trembling, give dignity to its otherwise lack-lustre appearance. And here is the Bar, where we enter Fleet Street and the city, and where less serious memories of the great moralist afflict one's desire to preserve propriety. Fancy him here, with Boswell to look at him, holding on to a post, and making the night resound with his *ha-ha*, as he bursts into earth-shaking laughter over his own wit. Even in his day this gate of the city used, occasionally, to be set with the grim heads of decapitated traitors, and I remember that for one poor Goldsmith got the better of him here, by an apt allusion to the ghastly spectacle. They had been moralizing together in Westminster Abbey, where Johnson had pointed to the busts in Poet's corner, and whispered, in a pious Latin quotation, to his brother poet—"perhaps our heads shall yet be set with theirs!" Poor Noll kept his wit pent up till he arrived at this spot, when, pointing Johnson to the grim skulls of his fellow Jacobites, he stily repeated—"perhaps our heads shall yet be set with theirs!" In further honor of these worthies I looked up that orthodox chop-house, "the Mitre," and explored with awe the dingy precincts of "Bolt-Court;" nor should I have forgotten, before leaving the Strand, to make worthy mention of "Clement's Inn," where I surveyed for a few minutes, what remains of that ancient haunt of Falstaff's memories; remembering too that "forked radish" of a man whom Falstaff's recollections do so vividly disparage. But time would fail me to detail my various *ins and outs*, as I surveyed the streets of London from St. Dunstan's to Whitefriars.

In company with a gentleman of the Middle Temple, I went one morning to Lincoln's Inn, and surveyed its Hall and Library, which have been lately restored, in the style and taste of the olden time. I had the pleasure of looking at Lord Erskine's statue, under the kindly guidance of one of his descendants. In the chapel and pulpit where Heber used to preach, was my chief object of interest. Lincoln's Inn Fields attracted my attention, for a time, though it is hard to con- jure up, in such a spot as it is at present, the scaffold and the block, and poor Lord William Russell saying his last prayers. To the Temple Gardens I then repaired for a little stroll, and there encountered the crown-prince of Prussia, making his survey of the place, attended by his suite. He walked rapidly, and cuts a good figure. What he is, we shall be likely to know if we live to see him reign. From the Temple to the *Alsatia* is but a step, and here I walked in painful honor of Nigel Olifaunt, as long as the sights and smell, which still preserve a thievish richness would allow a mere ronaer to support my enthusiasm. And so from Whitefriars to Blackfriars, where, upon the very walls of ancient London, "The Times Newspaper" now flourishes, in its modern offices, and oft with *few of change*, perplexes monarchs." I had been so happy as to make the acquaintance of Mr. Walter, its eminent proprietor; and under his hospitable roof in Upper Grosvenor street I met with some of the most agreeable personages whom I encountered in the society of the Metropolis. The day's adventure closed with a visit to Herald's College, and to Doctors' Commons. A slight inspection of the latter sufficed; but as I was in company with one who had business at the former, I lingered for a while in its worshipful chambers, and was glad to see something of the process of anti-republican mystery to which it is devoted. Here are the historic books, from which pedigrees are furnished; and here are the authorities for quarterings and emblazonings, and all such changes in coat-armors as marriages and entailments may make necessary. Some interesting relics are shown of the days when knights and tournaments, and battles too, were in higher esteem than now; and one cannot but be entertained with the beautiful drawings and colourings of the divers artists employed to "gild the refined gold" of British gentility. In the quadrangle of the College are the escutcheons of the Stanleys, marking the site of the ancient Derby House.

I had met, more than once, with Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, and by his invitation, I took an opportunity to be a spectator at the Old Bailey one morning, when some flagrant criminals were to be tried. It is a horrid spectacle, but one would see everything, except the last act at Newgate, on many respectable grounds. I shuddered as I entered the street before the prison, where such crowds of brutal human beings have been long wont to congregate around the gallows. Dr. Dodd was not hung here, but I could only think of him as I entered the doleful little court-room in which he was tried. I found an inferior magistrate trying some petty offenders; but when this was over, the judges in their robes and wigs, made their appearance, preceded by the sheriff, dressed in a full court suit, and bearing a drawn sword. The judges were Baron Alderson, and my kind friend, Judge Talfourd. I was seated by his orders on a raised box, or pew, at the side of the bench, apparently raised for invited strangers. Directly one Francis Judd, a youth of seventeen, was put to the bar, for the murder of his father

There was about the opening of this trial something stern and awful, which the poor prisoner appeared to feel. He stood pale and haggard, picking the sprigs of rue, which, according to custom, were stuck in the spikes before him, and seemed simply sensible to the fact that he was in the clutches of the law. There was a majesty about the administration of justice here, which is utterly wanting in our courts. The case was opened with short speeches—the witnesses were examined—the instrument which had dealt the death blow was produced, and some bloody relics were exhibited by the policemen who had detected the culprit. The case was clear against the lad, but he looked stupidly on. Then came the summing up. His counsel admitted the deed, but claimed that it was only manslaughter. The judge told the jury it was for them to say whether it was murder or not. They conferred awhile—they looked at the prisoner, and he at them—they gave their verdict—*manslaughter*. Baron Alderson, who seemed to have his black cap just ready to put on, thrust it aside, and lifting his glass to his eye, to survey the poor wretch, said—"Francis Judd, the jury have found you guilty of manslaughter. For my own sake, and far more for yours, I thank God they have. Had it been a verdict of murder, I could not have found fault with it, and my duty would have been more, far more painful than it is now. I have looked in vain for proper signs of emotion in you during this trial. I am sorry you have not shown some feelings of horror at your awful guilt. A father's slaughter! The weapon with which you struck the old man's grey head, brought before your eyes, and even the covering of his pillow, may have been stern with you, but still he was your father. Your punishment will be severe, but it will give you time to meditate and repent—the sentence of the court is, that you be transported for life." The whole trial had just taken one hour and a half by the watch. Yet all had been fair and merciful. What a contrast to an American trial! Francis Judd was then removed, and soon another culprit, bullet-headed and brute-featured, was standing in his place. I had seen enough, and bowing to Judge Talfourd, I took my departure. I passed St. Pulchre's, whose bell still tolls the knell of the convicts, and whose solemn clock is their last measure of time.

I went into the crypts of one of the old London Churches, to survey its Norman architecture, and there found myself standing amid the piles of coffins, of all sizes and descriptions. Open gratings let in the light from the streets, and disclosed the passers-by, who seemed unconscious of the fact, that catacombs were so near. I never in such an awful place before. The smell was not so bad as I should have supposed would be the case, and chloride of lime was sprinkled liberally about. But here were the coffins of a family—piled one upon another—a consumptive mother, and her one, two, three, five or six children in successive stages of decay, what a story is told—that pile of mortality! Here was a coffin, so large that Goliath might lie in it. "Eight men never carried that coffin," said the sexton, o' which I read the name of some beef-consuming Londoner, while one a substantial pillar of the Exchange. The sexton next brought me to a case, which he opened, exhibiting the dried corpse of a female. "This was here," said he, "in the time of the great fire of London, and was so dried as you see." Next he came to a sort of a chest, standing and opening like a closet. He opened it, and displayed two mummy-like figures, singularly dried and undecayed. He moved their horrid heads upon their shoulders, and said "they were hung, sir, long ago, sir, in George the Third's time." I mentioned what I had seen to a friend. "I am surprised," said he, "but you have seen the poor fellows whose fate sealed that of Dr. Dodd. They are the two Parrens hanged for forgery in 1776; of whom Lord Mansfield said to the king—"they must be regarded as murdered men, if your majesty pardon Dr. Dodd."

Of course, I went to see Smithfield, reeking with smells, even when void of cattle and swine, and donkeys, but still venerable from the fires of martyrdom with which it was once illuminated. Hard by is St. Bartholomew's, whose tower once reflected the light of those flames of Bloody Mary. 'S't, too, I visited old St. John's Gate, Clerk-nell, familiar from the vignette on the "Gentleman's Magazine," and suggestive of Cave in Johnson's first ventures upon his patronage. I went through and through the gate, and surveyed both sides, with curious interest. There it had stood since the Crusades, and the dust and cobwebs in its old turrets had been gathering for ages undisturbed. An old inhabitant told me she once opened a dark stair-way, and tried to go up, but the dry dust nearly choked her. So lounging about, I ranged through Aldersgate, Charterhouse-square, and the Barbican, and of course, to St. Giles's Cripplegate. There I visited the grave of Milton, once so rudely profaned during the repairs of the church, and still almost unmarked. Here Cromwell was married, while as yet "guiltless of his country's blood;" and here lies buried Foxe, the Martologist. Holy Bishop Andrews was once the incumbent of St. Giles's, and this is its fairest memory. In the churchyard is a great curiosity, nothing less than a portion of the old wall of London. Its foundations are of Roman origin, and what I saw was, doubtless, built by Alfred, to keep off the Danes! At this time, I had never seen a piece of masonry so interesting. It is a bastion of massive structure, yet by no means formidable as the fortifications of a city. And did the soldiers of immortal

Alfred really man this wall; and did London ever need such a bulwark against the Danes?  
My Miltonic enthusiasm being now excited, I sought out Bunhill fields, and the Old Artillery ground, near which he once dwelt. Moreover I fared through Grub Street, in whose garrets have dwelt the rhyming tribes, idealized by Hogarth's *Distressed Poet*, from time immemorial. Tom Moore enjoys a laugh at our American "Tiber;" formerly "Duck Creek;" but what shall excuse the fact, which, by the slightest substitution, I may tell in his own line.  
"That which was Grub Street once is Milton now?"

The corporation of London must have made this change after a very heavy dinner. Grub Street, however, has been always famous for very light ones; and if Milton did verily inhabit here in her day, it is not surprising that Mary Powel bewailed her maiden life, and ran away into Oxfordshire. But, to resume my rambles, behold me with various crooks and turns, visiting Hansditch and Billingsgate, and St. Ethelburga's, and St. Helen's. This St. Helen, by-the-way, is the mother of Constantine, and a part of London wall she built herself; so that, from London to "Subborn Jewry," her architecture is her monument. I surveyed what is left of Crusty Hall; visited the "old lady in Threadneedle Street," otherwise called the Bank of England; and, returning, heard the stupendous bells of Bow in full harmony. The day was the festival of "the sons of the Clergy." I arrived at St. Paul's in time to see the procession entering the great western door, the Archbishop and Bishop of London, and the Lord Mayor, and other worshipful civic dignitaries, making its most conspicuous part. I lingered without the choir, till the service was quite advanced, and again had an opportunity of enjoying the effect of a distant service, and the rich reverberation of the dome.—*Church Journal.*

## Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

### ENGLAND.

**THE ARCHDEACON OF WINCHESTER'S CHARGE.—**  
CONVOCAION.  
[From the English Churchman.]  
The Archbishop of Winchester, it appears, from his published Charge, has raised an objection against Convocation which if it could be maintained, would put the question of its revival out of court, as the lawyers say, for it would be utterly useless even to discuss it. The objection is involved in the opinion which the Archdeacon has thus given:—  
"I am thoroughly convinced that, considering the state of the country in relation to the present Synodical question, for by so doing, we are wast- ing our energies in endeavouring to overcome an impossibility, or, what is worse, directing them to the serious damage of proper pastoral work."  
We are bound to meet this objection, because, if valid, it is a fatal bar to any discussion of the Synodical question, for the great object of our efforts in endeavouring to overcome an impossibility, or, what is worse, directing them to the serious damage of proper pastoral work. The Archdeacon, happily, has not contented himself with delivering an oracular opinion, but has contained in his Charge the argument which it is founded on. The following sentiment is contained in the following sentence:—"To think of handling the enormous mass of business, with the difficulties which have befallen the wisest of our brethren in by-gone and quieter times than these—to expect to satisfy the demands of unreasonable men, and the opposition of the laity, by the aid of our own energies, is to me a delusion, almost suicidal as they are in numbers and resources to meet the Church's present wants," the Episcopal Bench did, in the very last Session, ask Parliament "to place still larger responsibilities in the hands of the Colonial Clergy, who originate the movement, for the purpose of regulating Synodical action in the Colonies, which was thus recommended by a leading member of the House of Commons—"The present Bill had been agreed to by the whole Bench of Bishops; it had been moved in the other House by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and when the latter was absent, it had been in the hands of his brother, the Archbishop of York,"—"an unanimity very remarkable, as the Bishops are divided in opinion on the revival of Convocation. Surely, then, we may infer that if such competent judges, including, also, the Colonial Bishops, who originated the movement, deemed that out of the few scattered Colonial Clergy a sufficient number might be spared to constitute a Synod, much more out of the thousands of Clergy at home, with every facility of conveyance, would it be possible to spare the two hundred which I round numbers from the aggregate of the Convocations of Canterbury and York, exclusive of the Biscopate."

With regard to the Archdeacon's exclamation of astonishment at the expectation of satisfying the demands of unreasonable men, it is sufficient to reply that the advocates of Convocation do not entertain such absurd expectations; it is only the unreasonable we must leave to vent their dissatisfaction in declamatory invectives. As to the enormous mass of business which the Archdeacon thinks would overwhelm Convocation, which we admit that, in by-gone years, there is much more to be done than would have accumulated under a regular system of Synodical supervision, we must observe that the Archdeacon has assigned to Convocation a vast sphere of work which it has no right whatever to perform. It assuredly would not undertake the business done by commissions for regulating the temporalities of the Church, and we largely attempt to supersede the organization of our great Church Societies.

The following is rather a curious specimen of the work which the Archdeacon intimates might be brought before Convocation if we were to attempt to do an attempt to fuse into one mass, and bring to bear with combined weight from a central point, upon the untaught goddess of our fellow-men, the Christian Knowledge Society, the Bible Society, the Prayer-book and Homily Society, the Religious Tract Society, and the other various Tract Societies which exist in some of our greatest towns, and are largely promoted by the Clergy of the Church of England.

Now we must take leave to observe that Convocation would have nothing to do with the Bible Society, or the Religious Tract Society, because they are not Church Societies; they are under the management of various denominations, as they are termed, and Convocation has no more right to regulate the Society than could be a most despotic usurpation to attempt it. The Archdeacon continues,—  
"Or else think of a proposal to amalgamate the Propagation Society, the Christian Faith Society [we have never heard of this Society], the Church of Missionary Societies for the Home and Colonial, the several Irish Societies, that for promoting Christianity among the Jews, with others, in one great organization, or Central Institution, for doing the missionary work of the Church under direction of Convocation."  
We may confidently say that if such a proposal were made in Convocation it would once for all be rejected; the difficulties in carrying it out are insuperable. Some of these societies are chartered, all of them are independent bodies, with full power to resist external control. All that Convocation could do in the matter would be to give them a general sanction, and to be the guardian of Churchmen, and hitherto it has shown no disposition even to do this, for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Christian Knowledge Society were established in its palmiest days, and in the plenitude of its power it never attempted to interfere with them, directly or indirectly.

Having shown that the Archdeacon himself creates the difficulty on which he grounds the impossibility of Convocation, we will now give one reason why we think Synods not only possible, but very practicable. The Church in the United States has about fifteen hundred Clergy, scattered over a territory more than twenty times as large as Great Britain; and they hold their annual Diocesan Synods and their Triennial Conventions, and they find this system of mutual conference and united co-operation very great help to their proper pastoral work, as the progressive extension of the Church in that part of the world abundantly shows.

**UNIVERSITY FOR WALES.**—A movement was commenced a short time ago for the purpose of establishing a University in Wales, and petitions for this object were drawn up by the Anglo-Welsh Clergy, in which it was urged that a strong necessity existed for the establishment of a University at which the natives of the Principality might receive a liberal education in all the different branches of literature without incumbering, to many of them, the heavy expense of travelling to distant parts of the kingdom to obtain it. It is now proposed that, under the title of "University of Wales," the College of St. David at Lampeter, the Landowry Institution, the Aberystwyth College, and the Grammar Schools of the Principality, shall all be united and incorporated; students from all the above to be admissible for degrees in Arts and Divinity.

**OPENING OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT DURHAM, OXFORDSTOWN.**  
[Communicated to the Montreal Gazette.]  
Some eighteen months since, we had the privilege of being present when the corner stone of the Episcopal Church of St. James was laid in Durham, Ontario, by the Bishop of the Diocese. To us the proceedings were full of deep interest. It was the commencement of an attempt to build up the waste place of the Church in one of her distant and thinly peopled missions—an attempt, the dangers and difficulties of which, none but a country clergyman can sufficiently realize. It was indeed, giving an opportunity to the faithful of the mission, who in worldly things had prospered and been blessed, to show forth their gratitude and thankfulness by worshipping God with their substance, and giving unto Him of that which is His own; but in this our day, when "faith is dim, and hope is cold," it was with feelings of doubt we awaited the result. Most gratified then, were we to find, by an intimation by which we lately received, that the Church was so far completed, as to enable the Incumbent to open his Divine Service; and that, in the last, we knelt among a numerous and attentive congregation to offer our hearty thanks to God that the building begun in his name, had been happily carried on to its complete termination without injury or accident, let or hindrance.

**THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND SYNOD.**  
We have already called the attention of our readers to the Provincial Synod which was held during the last month at Toronto, by the members of the Church of England of this Province. Efforts had been previously to remove "doubts and difficulties" from the minds of members, with regard to the legal establishment of the Province, and to the establishment of the Church of England of this Province, but without success. Mr. Gladstone's Bill was a failure, and things remained vague and undefined. Wearing with this injudicious state of affairs the members of this Church in this Colony, having been invited to assemble in Conference, by their venerable Bishop, proceeded to the consideration of the subject, and to legislate upon their own secular affairs, and established themselves as far as their annual assembling together is concerned as a regular Synod. It remains to be seen whether the Imperial Parliament will disallow this assumed right, and proceed to "punish" the Canadian Church for the usurpation of the rights of the English churchmen to the movement, and heartily co-operate with their brethren in the Colonies, and that the Parliament will readily remove every impediment which lies in the way for the satisfactory legal establishment of the Province in its entirety. The Church here was placed in a very anomalous position, having all the evils of a "State Church," and scarcely any of its advantages. Fettered by its union with the Church of the Empire, it yet possessed no ecclesiastical courts, and consequently the Bishop was left without any check to govern the whole of the Church. The English churchmen will rejoice at the movement, and heartily co-operate with their brethren in the Colonies, and that the Parliament will readily remove every impediment which lies in the way for the satisfactory legal establishment of the Province in its entirety.

The building itself, which will accommodate 350 persons, is a perfect model of a Village Church. It is of stone; the style being of the simplest form of early English, consisting only of a nave and chancel, to which are to be added north and south aisles, and a tower at the west end. It is, however, a structure purely ecclesiastical—evidently designed with those feelings of reverence and religious awe, which the interior fittings are all temporary, and must remain so until the amount necessary to replace them in accordance with the plans, has been raised.

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esteemed it the highest privilege they could obtain, that to be enabled to contribute their share towards the decoration of the Sanctuary. And when we think what has been done for this Church, we cannot but believe there are some such kindred souls, even in this country, where there is so much to dishearten us, and that a deep and well directed zeal for our Holy Mother is not only but vigorously spreading and growing up among us.

We regret much that others of the clergy, who had promised to be present on that occasion, were unavoidably prevented. It was a pleasant treat to us to pass such a day, away from the clamour and bustle of the city, in a day so comforted by nature with no mean beauty, and to witness and share in a scene so calculated to awaken all the nobler and holier feelings of our nature. Large is the debt of gratitude due to him whose untiring zeal in the Church's cause has been so far crowned with such happy success, and on all who were present the memory must have had a deep and blessed effect. It must have taught them more and more to love the Church of which they are members, and shown them with what sweet and chastened feelings the Lord will be worshipped "in the beauty of holiness."  
N.

We take from the *True Witness*, (Roman Catholic Paper), the following comments upon the charge of the Bishop of Toronto's late charge which relates to the Clergy Reserves and the School Question:—  
"The other questions which excited the most interest amongst the members of the Synod, were those on the 'Clergy Reserves,' and 'Separate Schools.' Our Anglican friends protesting against the 'Secularization' of the one, and insisting upon their right to the enjoyment of the other. Upon both these questions we can cordially agree with them.

We can, together with Dr. Strachan and his friends, and in company with a vast number of our own co-religionists, join in denouncing the 'Secularization' of the Clergy Reserves, as—in the opinion of many—grossly unjust; as not calculated to advance the interest of religion and morality—and as dangerously affecting the civil rights of a numerous body of our fellow citizens, whose rights should be as sacred in the eyes of the law, as those of any other denomination, Catholic or Protestant.

We can also heartily sympathize with our Anglican fellow citizens in their demand for 'Separate Schools,' in which their peculiar tenets shall be taught to all the children attending. As Catholics, we have long suffered, for at length, we have long sought for, and at length obtained, 'Separate Schools' for ourselves; and what we demand as due to Catholics, we recognise as due to all denominations of Protestants. With the Anglicans, we agree in denouncing Godless education, or mere secular instruction, as a curse, rather than a blessing to the rising generation. But in 'Common Schools,' frequented by Catholics and Protestants, religious education can be imparted which shall be acceptable to both parties; because, in religion, there is nothing in common between Catholics and Protestants—the one being contradictory of the other. If, therefore, we would preserve our religious education for the education of the people, we must have 'Godlessness' on the one hand, or the well-founded suspicion of proselytism on the other, we must have 'Separate Schools,' in which the children attending shall be instructed in the religion of their parents and guardians. This may be unfortunate, but it is a misfortune inseparable from the establishment of a common and—'Freedom of Education,' the delirium of a tyrannical demagogueism would fall upon us. Such a mutual co-operation would not necessitate a dereliction of principle upon either party—we should still be left free upon all other questions, to assail and abuse one another with all such Christian rancour as ever.

We have already called the attention of our readers to the Provincial Synod which was held during the last month at Toronto, by the members of the Church of England of this Province. Efforts had been previously to remove "doubts and difficulties" from the minds of members, with regard to the legal establishment of the Province, and to the establishment of the Church of England of this Province, but without success. Mr. Gladstone's Bill was a failure, and things remained vague and undefined. Wearing with this injudicious state of affairs the members of this Church in this Colony, having been invited to assemble in Conference, by their venerable Bishop, proceeded to the consideration of the subject, and to legislate upon their own secular affairs, and established themselves as far as their annual assembling together is concerned as a regular Synod. It remains to be seen whether the Imperial Parliament will disallow this assumed right, and proceed to "punish" the Canadian Church for the usurpation of the rights of the English churchmen to the movement, and heartily co-operate with their brethren in the Colonies, and that the Parliament will readily remove every impediment which lies in the way for the satisfactory legal establishment of the Province in its entirety.

The building itself, which will accommodate 350 persons, is a perfect model of a Village Church. It is of stone; the style being of the simplest form of early English, consisting only of a nave and chancel, to which are to be added north and south aisles, and a tower at the west end. It is, however, a structure purely ecclesiastical—evidently designed with those feelings of reverence and religious awe, which the interior fittings are all temporary, and must remain so until the amount necessary to replace them in accordance with the plans, has been raised.

such a sensation. The whole town was illuminated at night—500 lights were burning at the Mission-house alone. There was, indeed, a day of rejoicing. To the Rajah himself it could not but be gratifying to see the warm reception he met with in his adopted home, by a people who love and almost adore him, after all the treatment received in the land of his nativity. I am, however, sorry to say that the Rajah arrived here very unwell. He had a fever for three days before he reached Martaban, occasioned, as is supposed, by erysipelas, which soon after made its appearance over his face and hands. I hope he will soon get over it. I am obliged to leave this without having the pleasure of seeing him.—*Gospel Missionary.*

**UNITED STATES.**  
**GENERAL CONVENTION—INCREASE OF CLERGY.**  
Rev. Dr. Potter, of New York, offered the following resolution in consideration that the rapid growth and increased population of these United States require a proportionate extension of the Clergy:  
Resolved, That this House of Clerical and Lay delegates, in general convention assembled, make a request to the House of Bishops to take into consideration whether they cannot, either by a pastoral letter or some other such means, address themselves to the pastors and teachers under their supervision, and make such suggestions as, with the blessing of God, will greatly tend to increase the number of those devoted to dedicate themselves to the sacred Ministry of the Church.

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**EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE COMMON PRAYER BOOK.**  
—Mr. Tomes, of Tennessee, proposed a canon to the effect that no other prayers be used by any minister of the Church, in public services, than those in the Prayer Book, providing that the Bishop may set forth forms of prayer for particular occasions, and insert them, however, from the Prayer Book exclusively. Referred to the Committee on Canons, and ordered to be printed.

**A MEMORIAL PRAYER.**  
From the *Georgian Messenger*.  
"To the service of God  
This Font is dedicated, by the  
PARISH OF CHRIST CHURCH, ABBOTON,  
EASTER DAY, 1853:  
In memory  
of the late SENIOR WARDEN,  
THOMAS SMITH CLARK,  
"Who laboured most faithfully,"—Rev. xl. 4.  
"The memory of the just is blessed."—Prov. 7.  
The above is the inscription upon a massive stone Font, erected in Christ Church, Abboton, on Friday, the 16th ult. This Font is an imposing structure, consisting of three well shaped and polished octagonal blocks of the finest quality of the London marble, the diameter of the basin is 32 inches (the excavation is 22 inches in diameter and 13 inches deep); the diameter of the shaft 18 inches, and of the base 26 inches. The total height is 48 inches, the weight slightly exceeding 2000 lbs.; the cost of materials and labor (including silver plate \$72). A massive Latin cross is sculptured and placed in relief on the front face of the shaft; and upon the front face of the basin there is securely fastened a large silver plate in the form of an heraldic shield, with a gilt border and a black bevelled edge, containing the inscription deeply engraved in broad black old English text.

The Font is provided with a suitable drain. The design of the font is simple and chaste, consisting only of plain faces and bevelled edges, without moldings. The stone at a little distance resembles a polished granite. Upon closer inspection, it will be found composed of innumerable semi-transparent and colored fossils. The fine red color which distinguishes many of these, may not unaptly symbolize the connection of the Water and the Blood in the Sacrament of Baptism. Perhaps also these very marked indications of antiquity, period may serve, by association, to remind the observer of the typical relation between Baptism and Flood, as mentioned by St. Peter, and repeated in the first Prayer in the Office for the deceased.

[Here follows an interesting sketch of the deceased, for which we regret our inability to find room.—Ed. Churchman.]  
The memory of Thomas Smith Clark will not easily be forgotten. The very children of the Parish will learn to lip his name as the successive generations assemble round the inscription upon the Memorial Font.  
**Romanism and Dissent.**  
**ROMISH RELICS AT AMIENS, AND THE STATE OF THE GALICIAN CHURCH.**  
There has been an extraordinary excitement lately at Amiens in France, connected with the alleged relics of Theodosia, a martyr, born in that city. Search was made for them, in the first instance, at Rome, it being supposed they were in the catacombs; but it turned out that they were in the possession of Mgr. Pallavicini, vice general of the Order, from whom they were obtained. They were installed with great pomp. The Emperor and Empress were to have been present at the sad mockery of a religious ceremonial, but were hindered from coming. The clergy of France are devotedly loyal and, indeed, obsequious to Louis Napoleon, who has adopted the policy, so completely thrown aside by the Orleans dynasty, of confirming the privileges of the French clergy. At the same time