

mongrel sort of people; at least, I mean, by any law remains unrepealed, I am not the man to diso-
 departure from the straight line of duty. They are
 sure to desert the Church at the hour of peril, and
 their desertion is then more mischievous than it would
 have been, had they never professed themselves its
 members.

Well, up stands Mr. Stubbs on the seat of one of
 the pews, and vows he is strongly attached to the
 Church—none can be more so. He only wished that
 the Church could see her true interests. For him-
 self, though a Churchman, he scorned to put his hands
 into the pockets of the conscientious Dissenter. All
 men ought to pay for their own religion. He would
 rather pay twice the amount of rate, provided it was
 by voluntary subscription—he would, upon his word.
 It was not that he had any fault to find with the es-
 timate of the churchwarden, but it was the principle
 of the thing which he objected to. He, for one,
 would never consent to call on Dissenters to wash
 the parson's dirty linen. (Loud applause followed
 this piece of wit, for it is a standing joke amongst the
 opponents of church-rates to apply this phrase to
 the parish surplice.) When the applause subsided,
 Mr. Stubbs having no further arguments to offer, con-
 cluded by moving that the meeting be adjourned to
 that day six months.

Great was the thumping and shouting which follow-
 ed the conclusion of Mr. Stubbs's oration; and he sat
 down with the air of a man who had surpassed even
 himself. There was some little pause,—and at last
 it was announced that Mr. Owen would be glad to
 address the meeting.—“Mr. Owen! (said Herbert
 to himself,) who is Mr. Owen?” He looked up and
 saw, to his surprise, the shrewd and good tempered
 face of his talkative fellow-traveller.—The cause of
 Mr. Owen being there was simply this;—that, about
 a year before, he had purchased one of the factories
 in Ashdale. The business had hitherto been con-
 ducted by a foreman,—he himself having been de-
 tained elsewhere; and he had just arrived to super-
 intend his works in person. Herbert was rather cu-
 rious to know what his dissenting friend would say,
 but expected, like the rest, that he had arisen to
 second Mr. Stubbs's motion. It being the first time
 of Mr. Owen's appearance before the Welbourne pub-
 lic, great attention was paid to his speech.

“Gentlemen,” said Mr. Owen, “this is the first
 time that I had the honour of appearing within these
 walls, and it may naturally be expected, that, hav-
 ing purchased a considerable property in the parish, and
 having now come to reside in your neighbourhood, I
 should avail myself of the opportunity to state what
 are my sentiments on this occasion. Gentlemen, I
 am a Dissenter from the Church of England; (Hear,
 hear, from Mr. Stubbs and the Radicals,) I have
 been born and bred a Dissenter, and still remain so.
 The laws of the country allow a perfect freedom to
 every one to hold his own religious opinions, provided
 he does not interfere with those of his neighbour.—
 I have come here, gentlemen, because I understood
 there was to be an opposition to a grant of Church-
 rate. (Loud cries of Hear, hear!) Perhaps I shall
 surprise some of you who are present, but I here de-
 clare plainly that, “as an honest man, I cannot vote
 against the Church rate. (Loud murmurs, and ex-
 clamations of surprise from the Radicals, and triumph-
 ant shouts from the Church party.) I have given the
 matter a good deal of consideration, especially during
 the last few days, (here the speaker looked at Mr.
 Herbert,) and if you will favour me with your at-
 tention, gentlemen, I will briefly give you my reasons.

“When I purchased my property in Ashdale, I
 calculated all the outgoings and expenses; Freckon-
 ed up the taxes, poor rates, Church rates; and, al-
 lowing for these drawbacks, I paid accordingly; I
 gave so much less for my purchase than I should
 have done had there been no drawbacks.” There-
 fore I say, gentlemen, that having bought my pro-
 perty subject to a certain deduction for Church rate,
 and so put the money into my own pocket: it would
 be a robbery to do so.

“Another reason why I cannot vote against the
 Church rate, is, because I “have a respect for the
 law of the land,” and it is the law of the land that
 a Church should be kept up in every parish, by a
 general assessment on property; and, so long as that

God. In this his extremity he ordered the steward
 to bring the remaining provisions on deck, and spread
 the same on the tarpauling that covers the hatch,
 and falling down beside the fragments of bread and
 meat before him, he lifted up his voice in prayer to
 Him who heareth out of the deep, and said, “O thou
 who didst feed Elijah by a raven while in the wilder-
 ness, and who commanded the widow's cruise of oil
 and barrel of meal should not fail, look down upon
 us in our present distress, and grant that this food
 may be multiplied that the lives now in jeopardy
 may be preserved.” After this he rose from his
 knees, went to the companion-way, and found his
 wife and children engaged in the same holy exercise.
 He exhorted them to pray on, and assured them
 that God had answered his prayer, and that not one
 soul on board should perish. Scarcely had he uttered
 these words, when his mate, who had been at the mast-
 head for some time on the look-out, exclaimed, “Sail
 O! sail O!” At this crisis the captain shouted with
 swelling gratitude, “What! has God sent the ravens
 already!” And in one hour from that time, through
 the friendly sail, barrels of bread and meat were placed
 upon the deck.

“A third reason is, that I consider that by re-
 fusing the Church rate, I “should be robbing the
 poor,” who have a right, by law, and long prescrip-
 tion, that a place of worship should be provided for
 them by the owners of real property, without excep-
 tion: the property of dissenters is equally liable with
 that of others.

“And, lastly, I will not vote against the rate, be-
 cause I do not consider it of sufficient importance to
 quarrel about. It is but a few shillings, after all, and
 I do not think it is worth disturbing the peace of the
 parish for such a trifle. My maxim is, “If it is pos-
 sible live peaceably with all men.” And I have no
 notion of being dictated to by a set of foolish fellows
 in London, or any where else, whose purpose it may
 suit to set us at loggerheads together. I, for one,
 will not be made their tool; but take the liberty of
 judging for myself. And I think, gentlemen, if you
 would do the same, you will see that it can answer
 no good purpose to carry on this opposition any far-
 ther. If you had come to me for advice I should
 have said, you had better never have begun it.”

This speech of Mr. Owen made a marvellous im-
 pression on the assembly. Mr. Owen was owner of
 the greater part of the cottages in Ashdale,—Mr.
 Stubbs's amongst the rest, and his tenants did not
 much care to vote in opposition to their landlord.—
 Some perceived the force of his argument; the tide
 of opinion suddenly changed, and many acknowledged
 that they did not know why they had made all this
 uproar and confusion.

The consequence was, that when it came to the
 show of hands, some had quietly left the Church, others
 did not vote at all, and the Churchmen were in a ma-
 jority of at least three to one.

Mr. Herbert briefly addressed the assembly. He
 was sorry that any difference of opinion should have
 arisen in the parish; but it was so far satisfactory,
 that it had proved to him the sincerity of the friends
 of the Church, and had shewn that even its opponents
 were not indisposed to listen to sound reason. He
 assured them that nothing should be wanting on his
 part to promote good neighbourhood so long as he
 lived amongst them, and he had great hopes that, when
 the new building at Ashdale was completed, his pa-
 rishioners on that side would then become aware of
 the value of the Church.

And so they separated, better satisfied with each
 other than when they assembled.

Herbert's predictions were not disappointed. Ash-
 dale church was consecrated during the summer, and
 an active curate established there. Some little jea-
 lously remained for a while, but, by kindness and at-
 tention, the population was soon prevailed on to at-
 tend divine worship, and a marked change became
 apparent in the community. None complained but
 the owners of the beer and gin shops; not even Mr.
 Stubbs,—for his opinions on religion and politics
 quickly suited themselves to those of his customers.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

Captain H. and crew sailed some time since from
 the port of—. After having been at sea for sev-
 eral days they were assailed by an unusually se-
 vere storm, which continued forty-five days and nights
 in succession. They were driven far from their
 course by the violence of the wind. Nature had be-
 come nearly exhausted by hard and long toiling, and
 to add to their affliction famine began to threaten
 them with a death more appalling than a watery
 grave.

The captain had with him his wife, two daughters,
 and ten persons besides. As their provisions grew
 short his wife became provident and careful of the
 pittance that fell to their family share. She would
 eat but little lest her husband should starve. The
 children would eat but little, for fear the mother
 would suffer, and the captain refused to eat any,
 but left his portion for the suffering family. At length
 they were reduced to a scanty allowance for twenty-
 four hours in the mid-t of storm, and one thousand
 miles from land. Captain H. was a man who feared

God. In this his extremity he ordered the steward
 to bring the remaining provisions on deck, and spread
 the same on the tarpauling that covers the hatch,
 and falling down beside the fragments of bread and
 meat before him, he lifted up his voice in prayer to
 Him who heareth out of the deep, and said, “O thou
 who didst feed Elijah by a raven while in the wilder-
 ness, and who commanded the widow's cruise of oil
 and barrel of meal should not fail, look down upon
 us in our present distress, and grant that this food
 may be multiplied that the lives now in jeopardy
 may be preserved.” After this he rose from his
 knees, went to the companion-way, and found his
 wife and children engaged in the same holy exercise.
 He exhorted them to pray on, and assured them
 that God had answered his prayer, and that not one
 soul on board should perish. Scarcely had he uttered
 these words, when his mate, who had been at the mast-
 head for some time on the look-out, exclaimed, “Sail
 O! sail O!” At this crisis the captain shouted with
 swelling gratitude, “What! has God sent the ravens
 already!” And in one hour from that time, through
 the friendly sail, barrels of bread and meat were placed
 upon the deck.

“Thus one thing secures us, whatever befall,
 The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.”

“The Apostle tells us, “whatsoever things were
 written aforetime, were written for our learning.”—
 The examples of the good kings under the Jewish
 dispensation, who exerted all their talents, property
 and influence, in establishing and promoting the
 knowledge of true religion, are recorded for the in-
 struction and direction of Christian rulers in every
 succeeding age, and held up for their godly imitation.
 —Letters to a Dissenting Minister.

From the Church of England Magazine.

IMMORALITY THE BANE OF ENGLAND.

By M. B. Stodart.

England! a crown is on thy brow,
 Thy sceptre's on the sea,
 And tribute-treasures round thee flow;
 The mighty and the free;
 A glory too, from years gone by,
 Around thy path is thrown—
 Nations have crouch'd before thine eye,
 And trembled at thy frown.

My country! tear-drops force their way—
 In thinking what thou art—
 So great, so mighty in thy sway,
 So frail and false of heart!
 I love the land my fathers trod;
 And scarce can I record
 That thou, the favour'd one of God;
 Rebel'st against his word.

Yet so it is—along thy streets
 The winds loud curses waft,
 And vice the idle passer greets
 With sparkling, burning draught;
 The drunkard sits within the gate,
 And Christ is made his song,
 And jokes and gibes upon him wait,
 In careless, reckless throng.

Lady of kingdoms! doff thy crown,
 And bow thee to the dust;
 Thou canst not stand God's withering frown,
 Thou knowest that frown is just:
 The plague is even now begun,
 The cry is loud and deep;
 O rouse thee, ere the work be done,
 Shake off thy fatal sleep!

I cannot sing, as poets sing,
 My harp is faint and weak;
 And yet the sounds within me ring—
 My very soul would speak,
 The levelling cry is heard around—
 More loud its thunders swell:
 England! 'tis thine alarm-sound,
 Neglected, 'tis thy knell!