

Review.

THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN. Toronto, December 1st, 1851. A. F. Picea.

This is the last number of the first volume of an exceedingly neat, cheap, and useful publication. It is illustrated with a well executed wood-cut illustrative of one of the tales contained in the work.

In each number there is a fair proportion of original matter, and the selections are most judiciously made. Of the former we would speak particularly of "The Church Scholar's Notes on the New Testament," a series of careful annotations suited to the capacity of any age, and calculated to assist the young reader materially in a just apprehension of the true meaning and bearing of every passage requiring commentary or explanation.

Of the other original tales in prose and verse it would be impossible to speak too highly—the judgment evinced in the subjects chosen, and the feeling and eloquent simplicity with which they are written betoken the skill of one long familiar with the craft of the pen, and the wants of young readers.

SCENES IN OUR PARISH.

NO. XI.

A DAY OF GLOOM.

"Although the day be ever so long, At last it ringeth to even song!"

There are days in our lives in which, without any visible reason why it should be so, the tide of our spirit sinks far below its usual level: all our evils, real or fancied, swarm about us at once, and we fully assent to the divinely-inspired sentence, which says, "Man is born to trouble."

It is not at all necessary to feel the pushing and thronging of a rude world, to know how many inconveniences are found in life. If his fellows do not vex him, "man disquieteth himself;" yet, "What should you know of the trouble and misery of the world, in this retirement?" has been often said to me; but it has been vainly said; "the whole creation groaneth," and the groan is heard as deeply in the shade of the forest, as in the heart of the city.

Now it happened, that I sat down to write, on one of these—the spirit's ember days. I had been wearied with the sound of the melancholy bell, which had been tolling muffled all day; and as night came on, and the lowered flags drooping heavily from the distant towers, could no more be distinguished, and the minute guns fired hour after hour, in answer to the deep knell; I became very gloomy indeed, and I lay awake listening; and when at last I slept, the solemn sounds mingled with my dreams. I thought, as I suppose most other people in the kingdom did that night, of the worthlessness of earth's treasure, and the changeableness of earth's certainty; and the impression continued strongly on my mind many days.

O Lord! in thy sight, what is man, with all his pomp and pageantry? What are we? Altogether vanity. A high estate cannot defend, a low estate cannot shelter us from the hand of death, any more than from the miseries of life. And then—for it was a day of gloom—I went on to consider how fully it had been my lot to know what that word misery means. Nay, my gentle reader, do not smile so incredulously. One need not be grey-headed; one need not have accompanied Howard to Turkey, or even Mrs. Fry to the prisons of the metropolis, to understand that word. Sit down with me amongst the beautiful purple heath, visited by the wild bees and the blue butterflies; and breathe the

fresh air of our rugged hill, and took on the fairly extended prospect; and know that man, the sinner, carries that within him, which, unpurified by God's grace, can defile the fairest scene. The fertile source of all woe springs forth in his heart; and as I have read,—I forget where,—the cross is the tree of healing virtue, which alone can make the bitter waters sweet: O! would to God the secret were generally known; would to God, all the broken in heart knew to whom to apply, as the healer of the wound! But so, it is not. Many despair, as Hagar did, when she cast down her child under the shrubs that she might not see his death; who will not open their eyes with Hagar, though the angel of the Lord points them to the gushing water. O! it is a melancholy world; there the sick unto death, lie along the road, obstinately refusing to be healed, though there is balm in Gilead, and a physician there.

Then I remember a story, which I heard when I was a child,—and what we hear as children, we seldom forget,—of one of those broken hearts which would not be bound up: it was of a suicide; and when the coroner assembled his jury, and the oath was to be administered, there was found no book in the house, which they could acknowledge as the word of God. What! not one copy of the good news brought from heaven to sinners; not one New Testament of Him who longs to be our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? No word of consolation? O! what a commentary on that unhappy being's miserable life, and yet more miserable death. No! on that awful occasion the men shuddered as they sent out to borrow a bible; and as they turned a hasty and terrified glance on the pale and bloody corpse before them, the most careless could scarcely fail to feel a wish too deep, too hopeless for utterance,—"That thou hadst known in thy day the things that belonged to thy peace!" Have I vainly trifled with your feelings; uselessly lifted the veil from so awful a scene! The world in which you live abounds with such; and my purpose in writing is to charge you to lay hold on the hope set before you in the gospel. The wind and the tide may be in your favour now; but you know not in how short a time you may have to say, "All thy billows and thy storms are gone over me." It may, therefore, not be unprofitable, having gazed for a moment on the miserable wreck, to turn from it with softened and humbled hearts, and inquire how the bark passes the waves of this troublesome world; when

"Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast, The Christian vessel, and defies the blast."

Do you see those five very tall poplar trees near to the water's edge? A little way behind them, but concealed from us by the rugged side of the stone quarry, is a row of miserable houses,—I will not honour them by the name of cottages,—the wretchedness of whose outward appearance is but too faithful an indication of the misery, and I fear I might add in most instances, the guilt, which dwells within. It is truly the worst part of the parish; yet bad as they all are, one at the further end, lower and narrower than the rest, is the most wretched of the dwellings; and there, bearing for many years a wasting and painful disease; enduring neglect, cold and hunger, and one trouble greater than all the rest, with uncomplaining patience; with a fortitude unadmired by man, but not unseen by angels, nor unapproved by God;—lived and died at the early age of twenty-seven years, poor Esther. "The world has its objects of admiration," says Cowper, in one of the sweetest letters, perhaps, ever written, "and God has his objects of love; those make a noise and perish but these weep silently for a short season, and live for ever." Such, I surely believe, has been Esther's enviable lot. She, I doubt not, through much tribulation, has entered into the kingdom of God. Shall I tell you what I can recollect of her story? Her distresses began early, for her mother died; and her father's family presently became the scene of all the confusion and discord which vice and misrule create. She appears to have been naturally of a gentle temper; and to escape from the daily scenes of violence, which she was obliged to witness, she married very imprudently, when scarcely eighteen years of age. I did not know her until long after this; but all my inquiries respecting her conduct at that time led me to believe that although the full power of God's grace, as revealed in the gospel, was not then manifested to her; there was yet in her, as in the young Abijah, some good thing towards the Lord her God. Her neighbours speak of her, as having been peaceable, industrious, and honest; and with regard to her husband,—if deep affection and true faith deserve return,—her husband was heavily indebted to her, and a fearful recompense may be required of him. I will not linger over this part of my story, it is one of every day's occurrence: at first they were happy together, but after a few years, and the birth of several children, Esther fell into an ill state of health, and her husband became weary of her and neglected her; two of her little ones died, and this distress, added to her former troubles, brought on a violent fever. She had no medical attendant, and if her constitution had not been naturally strong, surely she could not have struggled through what she then endured. For five weeks she kept her bed, and was, for many days, entirely insensible; and when

she recovered her reason, it was perceived that her arm was dislocated: she was carried to the Infirmary, but so long a time had elapsed since the dislocation took place, that it was pronounced irremediable. She was, however, received into the house; and her cruel husband immediately sold every article of the furniture which her care had hitherto saved from his wretched habits of waste; and leaving their only remaining child, a remarkably handsome boy of about two or three years, to the unwilling charge of strangers, he went away.

(To be continued.)

THE ANGLICAN CRISIS.

(From the True Catholic.)

(Concluded from No. 15, page 118.)

This body, in fact, owed its fall to this very circumstance. Holding the theory of the supremacy, that theory debarred it from the advantages of synodical action; while a supremacy vested in an individual, destitute of temporal power, residing in a foreign country, and a member of another religious communion could not have a practical existence. The non-jurors split into factions about ritual observances, and finally ceased to continue their schismatic episcopate, and sank into non-existence. Their chief importance is derived from their connexion with the Church in Scotland; to the history of which we must now turn.

In Scotland, as in England, the restoration of the civil government involved the restoration of the Church. But it was undertaken in a very different spirit from the similar restoration in England.—There remained few, if any, of the sound Churchmen of the ante-revolutionary period, and if there remained any, they were not consulted. The movement seems to have been almost exclusively political, designed as a means of giving power to the Crown. It is true, that Leighton, still the brightest ornament of the so called "Evangelical" school, a man of great virtue and piety, was one of the first bishops; but in the main, neither bishops nor clergy were at all what they ought to have been. There was a small minority of sound Churchmen, a still smaller one of moderate Puritans, like Leighton; but the greater part were either Latitudinarians, or mere worldly men. The revived Church was set afloat without either Articles or Common Prayer Book, and thus the widest latitude and greatest amount of power was given to individuals, in a Church, the clergy of which were much more Erastian, and much less sound in doctrine, than those of England.

The bishops of the church of Scotland, however, displayed, at the Revolution of 1688, great firmness and unanimity, both in doctrine and politics. Of those in office, only one faltered in either. All were deprived of their sees, and the Church ceased to be the establishment of Scotland. The temporal evil, however, proved a spiritual benefit. We cannot go over the history of the Church of Scotland; but in a century after its temporal fall, it had become the purest Church in Christendom, that which, in all respects most nearly approached to the primitive, and in this, among other things, that it was not countenanced by the temporal powers, and was even persecuted by them. Our own Church owes to it her first bishop. It is true that the Church of Scotland is neither rich, nor possessed of a numerous clergy or laity, not very much exceeding in numerical strength the diocese of Maryland, but her influence upon the present crisis has been very great. Her reform from the low doctrinal and ritual state into which she had fallen, while she was the state Church, was in a great degree owing to the connexion with non-jurors, which was forced upon her by her political position. The result, however, was the existence of a national Church, separated from the state, and holding the true doctrines of Catholic Christianity. But the patronage of the state, which the Church lost, corrupted the presbyterian community, to which it was transferred. The Lord Commissioner of the Crown came and sat down in the General Assembly of the Kirk, met merely by an annual form of protest, which only shewed that the independence of the Scottish Kirk was now but a shadow.

On the continent of Europe, the sovereigns everywhere established their supremacy, either alone, or in a partnership more or less nominal with Rome; while in the matter of doctrine, either the Romish corruptions prevailed in appearance, and on the surface of society, or the doctrines of Christianity faded away under the influence of the intellectual theology. A dawn of better things might be discerned in North America, where the state, finding the various Churches and sects too nearly equal in power to make it safe to decide amongst

\* The exception was John Clement Gordon, Bishop of Galloway. He was the last bishop consecrated in the reign of James II., having been named by him in 1688, he followed the King into exile, and was with him in France and Ireland without changing his religion; but at length yielded, and in 1701, renounced his orders and petitioned Pope Clement VI. for ordination; in his petition he repeats the lie of the Nag's-head ordination, after the version of Fitzherbert, as the ground of his request, which was granted. Alexander Cairncross had been Archbishop of Glasgow, but had been deprived in 1686, he acknowledged the new government, and became Bishop of Raphoe, in Ireland; but he was not in possession of any see at the time of the Revolution.

them, repudiated altogether the idea of the external episcopate, and thus left the Church, in possession of the true doctrine, to occupy the land without the incumbrance of her aid.

The great Reformation left the Western Church in an unsatisfactory condition, and that condition was not improved by the lapse of nearly three centuries, which brings us to the commencement of that in which we live. The nineteenth century found the Church, with unity impaired almost to the point of destruction, with the domination of the state almost every where established, with the true doctrinal teaching of the Catholic Church almost driven out of the minds of men, even of those who adhered to communities, in whose formularies that teaching is preserved, and as a consequence of all these things, personal religion very generally neglected. Gloomy as this picture is, it is not complete until we have adverted to two other circumstances. One of these, is the prevalence of infidelity, which existed to an extent not before known. It was of two kinds: the one, the recoil from the superstitions and corruptions of Romanism, prevailed where Romanism was established; the other, the result of following out the principles of the intellectual theology, was common in Protestant countries. The second fact, to which we have adverted, was the diffusion of the democratic notions, which, resolving all government, not into the Will of God, but of the individual, thus presented a new difficulty in the way of Church authority. The same feeling, wherever the Church was not supported by the state, sought to subject her to the will of the people, or what is practically the same thing, to that of those who contribute towards her necessary expenses. In such a state of things, it was necessary that an effort should be made to put the Church on a better footing. It has been commenced; and we must proceed, at another opportunity, to consider how and with what success.

Advertisements.

DR. MELVILLE, CORNER OF YORK AND BOLTON STREETS, TORONTO.

November 13th, 1850.

16 1/2

DR. BOVELL, John Street, near St. George's Church, TORONTO.

April 23rd, 1851.

39 1/2

MR. S. J. STRATFORD, SURGEON AND OCULIST, Church Street, above Queen Street, Toronto. The Toronto Dispensary, for Diseases of the Eye, in rear of the same.

Toronto, May 7, 1851.

41-1/2

JOHN CRAIG, GLASS STAINER, Flag, Banner, and Ornamental Painter, HOUSE PAINTING, GRAINING, &c., &c. No. 7, Waterloo Building, Toronto.

September 4th, 1851.

6 1/2

J. P. CLARKE, Mus. Bac. K. C. PROFESSOR OF THE PIANO-FORTE, SINGING AND GUITAR, Residence, Shuter Street, Toronto, January 13th, 1837.

5-1/2

J. E. PELL, GILDER, Looking Glass and Picture Frame MANUFACTURER, 30, KING STREET, TORONTO. 17 Gilt Inside Moulding always on hand.

Toronto, October 32nd, 1851.

12-1/2

T. BILTON, MERCHANT TAILOR, No. 2, Wellington Buildings, King Street, TORONTO.

OWEN AND MILLS, COACH BUILDERS FROM LONDON, KING STREET, TORONTO.

1

WILLIAM HODGINS, ARCHITECT AND CIVIL ENGINEER, King Street Toronto, directly opposite the Arcade, St. Lawrence Hall,

HAVING devoted special attention to the study and practice of ECCLESIASTICAL AND SCHOOL ARCHITECTURE, is prepared to receive commissions from persons intending to erect buildings of this description, in any part of the Province, and requiring Professional assistance. W. H. does not confine himself solely to this department; but also tenders his services in every other branch of his profession; assuring those who may honour him with their patronage, that in the design he may submit, purity of style, economy of space and material, and strength of construction shall always be most carefully studied.

Toronto, Oct. 29th, 1851.

12-1/2

OYSTERS!! LEWIS, in returning his sincere thanks to the citizens of Toronto and the public generally, for their liberal patronage; begs leave to intimate that he has received and will keep on hand, a fresh supply of KEGS, CANS, AND SHELL OYSTERS, three times a week while the season lasts. He will also have a variety of GAME, Salt-water FISH, and PRAIRIE HENS as soon as the weather will permit. 110, King-street West, Toronto, September 25, 1851.

9-1/2

\* This chapter was begun about the time of the late King's funeral.