

rather surprised, by that with which we have seen the Synod pass it. The fact, as it appears to us, is that the Synod of the Diocese of Toronto is but a nominal thing, called together to cover with its submissive sanction the legislative pranks of the chancellor, who seems to be the *menstruum* in which the component parts of that body are dissolved, neither more nor less.

We should like to know if any reason, and what, was offered in favor of a repeal of the 24th section of the Church Discipline Act, a clause founded on that lofty principle of equity which is such a scriptural and distinguishing feature of British law. But of course a reason such as it is was at hand and forthcoming, for the chancellor has a *reason* for every thing that he says and does, even one sufficiently powerful to impress into the service of seconding his resolution the aged and simple-minded clergyman who unsuspectingly lent his aid as its advocate to this act of self-condemnation, virtually a modern form of imitation by the chancellor of a sentence once pronounced by a pope on himself, on finding, after careful judicial investigation into his religious tenets, that some of them were actually heretical, and who in these few words gives us the sentence and the history of its execution: *Judicio me cremari et combustus fui.*