

Reviews.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. No. CX. Oct., 1841. Toronto: Thomas Maclear.

The pages of this number are replete with articles of the highest order of literary merit. The notice of Sir H. Huntley's seven years' service on the African slave coast, is full of curious detail of a very interesting character, and Miss Martineau comes in for a share of candid and just criticism in an able article reviewing the several works on subjects relating to Life and Immortality.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November. Toronto: H. Rowsell and Co.

This periodical maintains its popularity and attractiveness, and will deservedly rank highly in the light, but useful literature of the time.

LECTURES ON AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY. By HENRY YOUNG HIND. Toronto: Brewer, McPhail, & Co., 1851.

This is the second edition of these able and most useful lectures. Every intelligent farmer ought to possess a copy.

SCENES IN OUR PARISH.

NO. XI.

CONCLUSION.

"Ah! dearest mother, since too oft
The world yet wins some Demas frail,
Even from thine arms so kind and soft,
May thy tried comforts never fail!"

"When faithless ones forsake thy wing,
Be it vouchsaf'd thee still to see
Thy true, fond nurselings closer cling;
Cling closer to their Lord and thee."

KEBLE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR.—
St. Luke's Day.

It is time for us to part; yet before we do so, let us take one more turn round our pleasant garden, down the steep trellised walk, and along the path on that side of the house which the grafted pear tree nearly covers. The busy day is done, we hear no sound, but the hum of the beetles as they pass us; no other thing is stirring. I beg your pardon, old grey tabby, you are there, are you? You always walk up and down with me in the still twilight, and I own I am very ungrateful to forget you. The last ray of evening sunshine has faded away: and the last light rests on the young and polished leaves of the laurels, and on the stately blossoms of the fleur-de-lis. Do you not admire that princely flower? And was it not very fit for the purpose to which it was applied, in the days when the elected king of old France was chosen with the shout of an hundred clear voices; and the waving of an hundred good swords, the weakest of which was "strong to turn the flight," raised amidst his nobles on no other throne but his father's broad shield; and no other sceptre for his hand, but his country's native flag-flower.

Let us cross the grass, and pass by the graceful Persian liliac,—stoop under the hanging boughs of the quince tree; and seat ourselves for a few minutes on the step of the old cross: and you will ask me, perhaps, what is the age of this grey stone, and who raised it? And wherefore was it raised in what was once the depth of a forest? Tradition tells of a knight, who dying far from home, begged to be buried in his father's grave; so those who stood round his bed, when his confessor had received his last sigh, closed his eyes, and straightened his limbs, and wrapped him in his winding sheet; and set off in dark and sad procession, bearing him over hills, and up steep and stony volleys, a long and weary way, till they came at night thus far through the forest, and here they halted; and the requiem was sung; and where the corpse had rested, there, next morning, they built a low cross for his soul's health; and the stone on which you are seated, is the only one remaining. Such is tradition's story. I cannot tell who was watching the gallant knight's return to his distant home; I know not how long his mother had waited, looking at her window, and chiding the delay of his chariot wheels; or whether his dark eyed sisters and his young bride had finished the broidery which described his conquests, and which they were so soon to lay aside, or to spread as a pall over the cold corpse. I cannot tell—but of this I am sure, if he, at whose desire that cross was built, really feeling himself a sinner, had grace given him to look through the countless forms and errors of his imperfect religion, and to turn for safety to that cross in which St. Paul gloried; it is all well with him. We have been brought up to a purer worship; let us consider how we have improved our privileges. It is an interesting story. How would it tell in verse?—

What is there in that shapeless stone,
With lichens and with moss o'ergrown,
That bids thee, traveller, stay?
No sculptor's art, with choicest care
Has traced Corinthian beauty there,—
Why tarry on thy way?

The sun, that wakes our primrose flowers,
Has seen as gay a race as ours,
Now to their graves gone by;
And yon rude stone bids memory tell
How, from the bower of Isabel,
The Spaniard came to die!

She stood at his side, in her pleasant bower,
The Lady Isabel,
The iris gleamed in the sunbeam shower,
She looked pale, yet bright as that trembling flower,—
As he bade her a last farewell.

"Lady! farewell! the evening breeze is sighing
Along this cool and willow-fringed shore,
The nightingale her hymn to eve is trying—
Together we may hear that sound no more!"

"Lady! farewell! the blessed summer eve
Wakes with its gentle breath our orange flowers:
Those flowers shall fade and flourish, but I leave—
For ever leave—my native Spain's fair bowers!"

The Lady gazed on his shining eye,
The Lady Isabel:
On his noble forehead, pale and high,
But his sunk cheek flush'd, and told silently,
That he bade her a last farewell!

Paler his cheek in our chilly air,
His brilliant eye waxed dim;
And strangers smothered the damp dark hair,
And composed the weary limb.

And vainly the learned leech had striven
To lengthen his life's short day;
But the priest the weary soul had shriven,
And it longed to fly away.

And "Thanks," he said, "for the kindly tear,
And thanks for the gentle tone,
Yet I would not rest amidst strangers here,
But with Isabel, my own!"

"As ye would rest with your fathers brave,
Would sleep where your mothers lie;
For His sake who only our souls can save,
Bear me home to Spain,—to die!"

"It may not be, this fluttering heart—
This trembling—this faintness tell—
Father! pray for the soul, that so soon must part,
And the corpse bear to Isabel."

That eve he died; and at early morn,
Whilst the dawning was still and grey,
Forth was the worn-out body borne,
And the long train moved away.

They moved along over plain and steep,
Through valley, and moor, and fell;
Till they came to the forest's dark shadows deep,
In the King's Wood where hunters dwell.

On the damp dark boughs shone the moon beams pale,
As they waved in the midnight wind,
As the priest's psalm rose on the chilly gale,
And the corpse was borne behind.

Just on this spot, by a dark oak's shade,
(A lone wild place was here.)
The requiem they sung, and the prayer they prayed,
At the side of Don Juan's bier.

And next morning this rude stone cross they built,
On the spot where the body lay;
That the traveller may think how Christ's blood was
And tarry awhile to pray. [spilt,

A purer worship hast thou been taught;
But yet from this ruined stone
Turn not, till thou hast raised thy thought
To the Cross as thy trust alone.

And here, as I am on the point of taking leave of you, allow me to advert to the principles which I have expressed during our interviews. If there has been any pride in the spirit with which I have expressed myself; any bitterness towards those who differ from;—I am sincerely sorry such a feeling should have been apparent to you; by me certainly, it was not intended. Such a feeling, I am well aware, is utterly unlike the spirit of the Master whom I profess to serve; and hers, through whose ministry I was brought to Him. But whilst my prayer, with regard to my country's church, is only

"Not drought on others, but much dew on thee;" whilst I recollect that she bore me a senseless and helpless thing, in her kind arms to my Saviour, at my baptism; that the hand of her blessing has been laid on me, and on the heads of those most dear to me, in the holiest hour of their lives; that month after month, I come, a faint and weary pilgrim, to receive from her the cup of her Lord's blessing, and his broken bread, to strengthen me in my journey; that the voice of her consolation has sounded to me, from the graves of my well-beloved; and that she cheers me with the belief, that I, at last, shall rest in Christ, as my hope is, that my brethren do:—when I think of all this, can I feel coldly towards her? No, God forbid! And you whoever you may be,—whatever your principles are, you would not, in times like these, respect me for shrinking back; you cannot but feel that through good report and evil report, a daughter's heart must cling to her mother.

But the dew is falling, let us rise and walk on. The blackbirds have finished their evening hymn; and the red-breast, who has been so busy, attending on his nestlings ever since the dawn of day, is, at last, resting on the ivy spray above his nest.—It is all quiet; the beautiful yellow moths pass us with an uneven motion, like the leaf of a blossom, carried by a soft wind to sleep on the moss; and the whirring of the beetles' wings only serve to remind us of Cowper's line—

Stillness, accompanied with sounds like these,
Charms more than silence."

So I often find it here: but you must go back into the busy, rude world again; back to the crowd and the press of life; to the labor of business, perhaps or the struggle of ambition, or the whirl of pleasure. Beware lest you seek the living among the dead; and when disappointment comes—as surely it must, if you do so—think of this quiet garden, and the shadow of the chestnut over our low altar; and come, and learn where peace dwells. But it is duty calls you to the strife, and the din; then go, and prosper! Carry the charm of peace about with you. "In the world," says He, whose word is truth, "ye shall have tribulation;" so you would if you staid here; "but in Me,"—there is the unfailing spell.—"in Me ye shall have peace!"

"There are, in this loud, stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide,
Of the everlasting chime."

Such be your lot, my kind and patient companion;
we may perhaps, meet again. If not, assure yourself that you bear with you my thanks, and my best wishes.—Good night!

THE ANGLICAN CRISIS.

(From the True Catholic.)

(Continued from our last.)

Western Europe, was left, by the great Reformation, in a very unsatisfactory position, for many reasons. Among the rest, because the idea of an independent Church seemed farther than ever from being realized. By an independent Church, we mean a Church which has within itself the means of regulating its own doctrine and worship, and enforcing its own discipline, without the aid or control of any extraneous power, or even of any portion of its own members, who are not regularly invested with governing powers, but who can control, by irregular means, those who are so invested. Thus, the Church of England is governed by the Crown; which, although formally included in the Church, is practically extraneous. Thus, the American Church is, to some extent, governed by an ungodly laity; whose connexion with her is only nominal, and whose only right to interfere in her concerns, is that they have the power of starving her clergymen. In making this remark, we think it necessary to enter a protest against its being applied to the regular, constitutional participation of the laity in the government of the Church. This we value very highly, even as it actually exists among us; although we should be glad to see some other safeguards, to secure it more exclusively to the religious laity.

But to return to our subject; the Church in Western Europe, we have just remarked, was left by the Reformation, in an unsatisfactory state, because the idea of the independence of the Church seemed farther than ever from being realized. In truth, it appeared to have been lost out of the world. The Ultramontanes, indeed, retained something like it; but so involved with their notions of the dependence of all Churches upon Rome, and of the dependence of the state upon the Church, as to be very far from the true idea. The German Anabaptists developed, from a part of the ultramontane scheme, the notion of a Church into which the state was to be absorbed. The same view was afterwards held by the English Fifth Monarchy men. But it must be conceded, that, upon the whole, the Scottish Presbyterians came nearer to the true idea, than any other class of persons, although they were by no means free from the ultramontane notion of a Church dominant over the state. The state, as such, in fact, hardly existed in Scotland, and the patronage was sometimes in the hands of the aristocracy, sometimes in that of those who called themselves the clergy.—The contest between those two parties, for that power, has produced more than one secession from the Scottish Establishment, and, in our own day, has brought about a great disruption of that body, which is itself no unimportant element in the existing crisis.

On the continent of Europe, the external episcopate had passed into the hands of the Protestant princes and governments. And this the more entirely, because in most places, the internal, or ecclesiastical, episcopate, had either ceased to exist, or become confessedly a new episcopate, not connected with the old one, by the chain of Apostolic succession. Thus deriving, not merely the designation of its members, but its whole authority from the laws of the state, it was in no condition to dispute the authority of its creator.

In England, a great political revolution was going on. Under the Plantagenets, the government had been an aristocracy of that class, the power of which consists in the individual power of those who compose it. Of this aristocracy, the king was little more than the first member. Under the early Tudors, the old aristocracy had come to an end; and the power was divided between the Crown and the Church, the latter being an aristocracy of the other class, in which the power of individuals depends upon their being members of a powerful body. Henry VIII. broke down this ecclesiastical aristocracy, and raised the power of the Crown to a despotism for the time; but to one which had brought into being, at the same moment with itself, the elements of its own destruction.—The House of Peers now freed from the clerical majority which governed it under the first Tudor, and from the military power of the great feudal nobles, had acquired a real existence, as an aristocracy of the last mentioned class. The commons having acquired, in the distribution of the estates of the extinct or attainted nobility, and of the Church, a large amount of landed property, were preparing to assert their place in the constitution. The landed commons were to be speedily followed in this, by the commercial class, destined to attain in our own day, after a long, but uniformly successful struggle, a final victory over their landed brethren. But at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, this struggle had not begun. Indeed to her successful wars, and to the encouragement which

she extended to commerce, during a long reign, and to the peace which her successor maintained, it was chiefly owing that the commercial class came to exist. But in the first year of her reign, it was not yet even perceived, that power was departing from the Crown, and that the elements of a counterpoise existed, and only wanted combination. That combination did not come until the next century, and the bold and determined character of Elizabeth, enabled her, during her whole reign, to maintain the despotism, which her father had both erected and undermined. Her personal views and feelings had then much to do with the position which the Reformed Church, of which she held the external episcopate, should assume in her dominions.

Her own private opinions and feelings, were in favor of the Sacramental or Church system, with perhaps some leaning to Romish error, her position as sovereign of England, forced her into hostility with Romish notions of Church authority. The same fact combined with her personal character, made her the asserter of the authority of the state over the Church. It is to this concurrence of circumstances, that we owe that combination of Erastianism with Church doctrine, which existed in England for much above a century. Elizabeth had sagacity enough to perceive, that the value of her patronage, as a means of controlling the wills of the great body of the clergy, would be much diminished by the abolition of Episcopacy. Her private views as well as the law of the land, which she was not willing to alter more than necessity required, pointed to an episcopate, in which the Apostolic succession should be preserved. The ancient episcopate was continued, and the ritual and formularies of the Church conformed to Catholic truth. There is no doubt, that for this we are much indebted to Elizabeth personally.

The Church of England was thus settled on a sound doctrinal basis, with a large mixture of Erastianism infused through the medium of the external episcopate of the Crown. This settlement was, for a time apparently accepted by the whole nation, with the exception of a few clergymen of the Romish faction. But there were, nevertheless, two considerable parties, which varied from the doctrine of the Church. One of these inclined to the Romish side, and after a few years, upon a signal given from Rome, in the shape of a bull excommunicating the Queen, seceded from the establishment, and commenced the Romish schism in England. On the other side, the Puritans, commencing with a controversy chiefly about ritual matters, proceeded to raise questions touching the doctrine of the Church, and especially about episcopacy. They did not deny at all the supremacy of the Crown, or the propriety of the external episcopate; but only complained that those prerogatives were used against their opinions, instead of on their side. In Elizabeth's time but few of them found it necessary to the quiet of their consciences to secede from the Church. By much the larger portion of the party remained in the national communion, endeavouring, with great success, to draw off the minds and hearts of men from the true interpretation of the national formularies.

James, the successor of Elizabeth, although far her inferior in firmness, and ability, had yet sufficient good sense to profit by his Scottish experience. He had there found himself at every turn checked by one or other of the two aristocracies: neither of which he had the means of influencing. They divided the patronage of the Church between them, leaving to the Crown a most inconsiderable fragment; while the equality which prevailed among the clergy furnished no means whereby their minds might be operated upon. The shadowy superintendencies which existed, was not sufficient to produce any effect; and moreover, they were not at the disposal of the Crown. James was made to feel, hourly, that he was only a titular king. It struck him that the restoration of a hierarchy, in which he would have the distribution of valuable preferment, would furnish the fulcrum of the lever, by which he would move the minds of the clergy, and thus elevate himself into the position of an actual potentate.—This idea he embodied in his favorite maxim:—"No bishop no king."

On his accession to the English throne, he therefore, at once adopted the policy of his predecessor, claiming in its utmost extent the Regale, or external episcopate, or supremacy; but using it in support of those tenets which are the true doctrines, not only of the Church of England, but of the Catholic Church. He availed himself of the power and influence of his new crown, to attempt the establishment, in Scotland of a Church similar to that in England. The same policy, in both countries, was pursued by his unfortunate son; it would appear upon higher motives than those of his father.

But in the meantime, the new landed aristocracy had consolidated itself into that form, in which the individuals derive their importance from the body to which they belong. The monied aristocracy was coming into existence, and had already acquired strength enough to render useful assistance to its future rival, but as yet superior ally. Parliament, composed of the representatives of these elements, was ready to constitute itself their organ, in a contest with the Crown. The Crown itself,