

fully ignore or deny well established historical facts—if English Protestantism could forget the fire and the fagot—then, but not till then, could we admit that the Romish Church had not for centuries supremacy in Britain. If we could wash in the waters of Lethe, and forget that down to the time of the Reformation, *seventeen* Archbishops of Canterbury and *twelve* Archbishops of York had been consecrated by the Pope or his legates; and that the consecrations and ordinations of the entire body of Bishops and Clergy had proceeded from this source and authority for centuries, we might then, but not till then, claim that the Church of England is not a Reformed Church, but identically the same as the Primitive Church of Britain. We find no fault with a clergyman exhibiting a strong affection for the Church at whose altars he ministers. We think he should love the Church of his choice—her doctrines—her economy—her discipline. We do not protest against these things; but we do protest against those supercilious claims of superiority over the clergymen of other Christian Churches—against Christian pulpits being turned into platforms of arrogant assumption.

Scrapiana.

THE CAVE OF SILVER.

Seek me the cave of silver !
Find me the cave of silver !
Rife the cave of silver !
Said Ilda to Brok the Bold :
So you may kiss me often :
So you may ring my finger ;
So you may bind my true love
In the round hoop of gold !

Bring me no skins of Foxes :
Bring me no beds of eider ;
Boast not your fifty vessels
That fish in the Northern Sea ;
For I would lie upon velvet,
And sail in a golden galley,
And naught but the cave of silver
Will win my true love for thee.

Reena, the witch, hath told me
That up in the wild Lapp mountains
There lieth a cave of silver,
Down deep in a valley-side ;