

# The Church.

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## STATE OF THE IRISH CHURCH AT THE RESTORATION OF THE MONARCHY IN 1660.

(From Bishop Mant's History of the Church of Ireland.)

Thus the episcopate of the Church of Ireland was again completed, consisting of four archbishops, and seventeen bishops, or twenty-one prelates in the whole; and so suffragans, or twenty-one hundred and seventy years, it continued for the next very material modifications, with but few, and that in the year 1662, the administration of the small diocese of Down, adjacent to the diocese of Down and Connor, was intrusted to Bishop Taylor, on account of his virtue, wisdom, and industry. Taylor was restored on his death in 1667 to the station of a layman; and that of Cloyne, which was now, in distinct view, and that of Cloyne, which was now, in 1678, and so continued for the above-mentioned period of one hundred and seventy years.

The Church, however, in this her renovated state, was opposed by powerful and determined antagonists; some who had brought her to the brink of temporal ruin, and who were not likely to regard her restoration and recovery with complacency.

On one side were the Popish separatists, the members of the Church of Rome in Ireland, who were bound to her by all their old obligations of Papal supremacy, together by all their old obligations of belief and practice; national as well as religious antipathies; irreligious; and by a consciousness of the barbarities which they had lately inflicted on the Church of Ireland in the persons of her prelate; by a sense of their own recent defeat, and of the loss which they had sustained in the conflict, both of ecclesiastical ascendancy, and of temporal property and prosperity; and by the anticipation of being enabled, perhaps, on some future more fortunate occasion, to assert their national superiority, to claim their alienated possessions, and to wreak a still more formidable vengeance upon those by whom they had been despoiled of what they fondly cherished in their memories as their ancient and hereditary rights.

It was no slight task for the Church to stand her ground against these opponents; to have succeeded in making an unjust war, to have succeeded in making an unjust war, appears hardly possible. Speculation, however, upon such cases is easy. Upon the basis of fact, however, corresponding, perhaps, in two or three particulars, but separated from each other by many more, we may satisfy ourselves with raising an imaginary structure, as if the cases of Wales or of the Norman Isles were generally applicable to the condition of Ireland. (In a few particular instances, attended by circumstances peculiarly favourable, we may be pleased with drawing a general conclusion; as in reasoning from Bishop Bell's partial success to the universal conversion of the people.) In truth, much perplexity attends every view of this important question. And the problem still remains to be solved, whether at all, and by what means, could the Church of Ireland, at the Restoration, have succeeded in overcoming the numerous and powerful prepossessions of the Romish population of the country under the dominion of their hierarchy, and attaching them to a purer profession of religion.

Of the attention bestowed by the governors of the Church on this evil, and of their solicitude to provide a remedy, there exists a palpable and permanent testimony in a celebrated work of one of the most eminent of their body; for the *Dissuasive from Popery* was at this time composed by Bishop Jeremy Taylor, in compliance with the earnest entreaties of his episcopal brethren. And it stands, and ever will stand, an imperishable monument, amongst many others, of the intellectual powers and theological treasures of its illustrious author, and is, at the same time, an incontrovertible historical record of the sense entertained by his brethren in the episcopate, as well as by himself, of the duty imposed on them by the growing numbers and strength of the emissaries of the Church of Rome, "to run to arms, I mean," he says, "to the weapons of our warfare, to the armour of the Spirit, to the works of our calling; and to tell the people of their peril, to warn them of the enemy, and to lead them in the ways of truth, and peace, and holiness; that, if they would be admonished, they might be safe; if they would not, they should be without excuse, because they could not say but the prophets have been amongst them."

It is as a document in proof of the sentiments and wishes of the Church of Ireland at that period, as to working a change in the religious character of the deluded Romanists of the country, that this work has been noticed. A discussion of the merits of the composition would withdraw us too far from our immediate subject; but it may be incidentally remarked, that if "this discourse be too long, and too learned to penetrate among the ignorant, and into the cottages," as is judged by Bishop Taylor's excellent biographer, Bishop Heber, yet, in the judgment of the same eminent writer, "as furnishing the agents in the work of conversion with arguments adapted alike to the ignorant and the learned; with zeal increased in proportion to their own knowledge of the importance of the truths which they conveyed; and with that celestial armoury of spiritual weapons, which his admirable knowledge of Scripture has supplied, it might have itself been a source of light to thousands; a means, in God's hand, of drying up the waters of bitterness, and removing the greatest obstacle which has existed to the peace and prosperity of the empire."

As an historical document, also, this "Preface" of Bishop Taylor is in another respect conducive to our purpose; namely, as supplying an authentic exposition of the condition of the Irish Papists, as presented to the actual observation of so intelligent and able a witness. Of the religious belief and practice of those who were trained in the profession of that which they were instructed to hold "as the only true religion," the author of the *Dissuasive from Popery* has bequeathed to us the following description:

"We have observed amongst the generality of the Irish such a declaration of Christianity, so great credulity to believe every superstitious story, such confidence in vanity, such groundless pertinacity, such vicious lives, so little sense of true religion and the fear of God, so much care to obey the priests, and so little to obey God; such insupportable ignorance, such foul oaths and manners of swearing, thinking themselves more obliged by swearing on the Mass-book than the four Gospels, and St. Patrick's Mass-book more than any new one; swearing by their father's soul, by their gossip's hand, by other things which are the product of those many tales that they are not their own knowing upon what account they refuse to come to church, but only that now they are old, and never did, or their countrymen do not, or their fathers or grandfathers never did, or that their ancestors were priests, and they will not alter from their religion; and, after all, can give no account of their religion, what it is; only they believe as their priest bids them, and go to mass, which they understand not, and reckon their beads to tell the number and the tale of their prayers, and abstain from eggs and flesh in Lent, and visit St. Patrick's well, and leave pins and ribbons, yarn or thread, in their bell-wells, and pray to God, St. Mary and St. Patrick, St. Columbanus and St. Bridget, and desire to be buried with St. Francis's cord about them, and to fast on Saturdays in honour of our Lady."

"These, and so many other things of like nature, we see daily, that we are becoming of the infinite distance which these things have from the spirit of Christianity, know that no charity can be greater than to persuade the people to come to our churches, where they shall be taught all the ways of godly wisdom, of peace and safety to their souls; whereas, now there are many of them that know not how to say their prayers, but mutter, like pigs and parrots, words which they are taught, but do not understand."

The bishop then proceeds to give one particular instance of their miserable superstition and blindness: "I was lately," he relates, "within a few months very much troubled with petitions and earnest requests for restoring a bell, which a person of quality had in his hands in the time of, and even since, the late rebellion. I could not get at the reasons of their so great and violent importunity; but told the petitioner, if they could prove that bell to be theirs, the gentleman was willing to pay the full value for it, though he had no obligation to do so, that I know of, but charity. But this was so far from satisfying them, that still the importunity increased, which made me diligently inquire into the

secret of it. The first cause I found, was that a dying person in the parish desired to have it rung before him was buried, and pretended he could not die in peace if it were denied him; and that the keeping of that bell did anciently belong to that family, from father to son. But, because this seemed nothing but a fond and an unreasonable superstition, I inquired further; and at last found that they believed this bell came from heaven, and that it used to be carried from place to place, and to end controversies by oath, which the worst men durst not violate, if they swore upon that bell, and the best men amongst them durst not believe him; that if this bell was rung before the corpse to the grave, it would help him out of purgatory; and that, therefore, when any one died, the friends of the deceased did, whilst the bell was in their possession, hire it for the behoof of their dead, and that by this means that family was in part maintained."

"I was troubled," continues the bishop, "to see under what spirit of delusion these poor souls do lie; how infinitely their credulity is abused; how certainly they believe in tridles, and perfectly rely on vanity, and how little they regard the truths of God, and how not at all they drink of the waters of salvation. For the numerous companies of priests and friars amongst them take care that they shall know nothing of religion but what they design for them; they use all means to keep them to the use of the Irish tongue, lest, if they learn English, they might be supplied with persons fitter to instruct them. The people are taught to make that, also, their excuse for not coming to our churches, to hear our advices, or converse with us in religious intercourses, because they understand us not, and they will not understand us, neither will they learn that they may understand and live. And this and many other evils are made gross and more irreparable by the affliction which their priests put upon them by the issues of their ecclesiastical jurisdiction, by which they now exercising it too publicly, they give them laws, not only for religion, but even for temporal things, and turn their proselytes from the mass, if they become farmers of the tithes from the minister or proprietary without their leave."

Some observations follow, indicating the character of the religion thus prevailing, as an instrument of political, as well as of religious, partitioning:

"I speak that which I know to be true, by their own confession and unconstrained and uninvited narratives; so that, as it is certain that the Romish religion, as it stands in distinction and separation from us, is a body of strange propositions, having but little relish of true and pure Christianity, as will be manifest, if the impurity of our adversarial errors; so it is here amongst us a faction and a state-party, and design to recover their old laws and barbarous manner of living, a device to enable them to dwell alone, and to be 'populus unius labii,' a people of one language, and unmingled with others. And if this be religion, it is such an one as ought to be reprobated by all the severities of reason and religion, lest the people perish, and their souls be cheaply given away to them that make merchandise of souls, who were the purchase and price of Christ's blood."

The truth appears to be that at the time in question, as well as at other times, the cause of the bondage of "the poor deluded Irish" was the domination of the Popish hierarchy and priesthood, who "shut up the kingdom of heaven against men." And accordingly Bishop Taylor subjoins a charitable and humble prayer to God, "to account and bless his well-meant labours of love; and that, by some admirable ways of his Providence, He will be pleased to convey to them the notions of their danger and their sin, and to deconstruct the passages of necessary truth to them; for we know," he says, "the arts of their guides, and that that will be very hard that the notice of these things shall ever be suffered to arrive to the common people, but that which hinders will hinder, until it be taken away." However, we believe and hope in God for remedy.

With these her old opponents on one side, on the other there were not wanting those who had no less animosity to the Church, though of recent introduction. These were the Protestant dissenters and separatists in doctrine, absolute predestinarians, espousing the Calvinistic system in all its fearful enormity; in their notions of Church polity anti-episcopal; in their modes of religious worship anti-catholic; whether English or Scotch, they were settled under the protection of the usurping government for the most part in the neighbourhood of Dublin; or Scotch Covenanters, who had passed over from the opposite coast, and taken possession of the parishes in the more northerly parts.

Of these some had probably settled in Ireland in the early part of the century, and had either continued there, in a persevering separation from the Church, without interruption; or, after a temporary withdrawal to Scotland, had returned with their prepossessions in favour of the Presbyterian discipline and worship, confirmed by intercourse with its original professors. Others in the capacity of chaplains had attended the Scotch regiments, which were sent to Ireland during the Rebellion. Others had been commissioned by the Assembly of Scotland to establish themselves in Ulster; and others had spontaneously accepted invitations from the particular congregations. Connected however by common antipathy to the ecclesiastical polity of England and Ireland, and devoted to their peculiar views, for the maintenance of which they were solemnly pledged by what they fondly deemed a sacred, though in truth an irreligious and illegal engagement, but which were essentially at variance with the constitution and principles of the Church, these men afforded a discouraging prospect to her members, especially to her governors, personally obnoxious as the latter were to these gainers, but whose duty it nevertheless was to maintain and extend her polity, her doctrines, and her ordinances.

### THE MARTYRDOM OF JOHN HUSS.

The ceremony of degradation is thus described by eyewitnesses: Huss was commanded to put on the sacerdotal dress, which lay on the table. This he readily did, merely observing, as he put on the surplice, "Jesus was also arrayed in white vestments, and sent by Pilate to Herod, who set him at naught." When he was completely attired, seven bishops, who had been appointed for this special purpose, once more admonished him to save his life by changing his opinions. Huss answered them in the same touching manner in which he had formerly replied to Chlum and the Bishop of Opatowitz. There now arose a universal cry, "Come down, thou obstinate heretic, come down." He came down, when they immediately snatched the chalice from his hand, exclaiming, "Thou cursed Judas, who hast rejected all offers of peace, and hast taken counsel with the Jews, shame to thee! Behold! we have here with thee the cup of salvation and redemption." Huss then replied, "I trust that God will not deprive me of it, but that he will suffer me to drink it in this very day in the company of Jesus." The seven then proceeded to strip him of his clerical ornaments one by one, accompanying the removal of each article with an especial curse. When they were about to violate the priestly tonsure, a difference of opinion arose among the bishops, some requiring the scissors, others the razor, to be used. Huss here turned to the emperor, who was hereby awakened from a torpor, and said, "My tormentors cannot agree, it seems, on the method of tormenting me." At length, however, the scissors were determined on, and his tormentors having cut his hair in the form of a cross, said, "Now he is degraded from the sacred and honourable office of a priest, and from henceforth delivered to the secular powers to receive due punishment at their hands." A pointed paper was then exhibited, on which three devils were painted, and the word, "Arch-heretic," written. This cap Huss suffered them to place on his head, merely saying, "The crown of thorns was heavier and more painful to Jesus." The scene now concluded by his persecutors exclaiming, "We commit thy soul to Satan." "And I to the Lord," replied Huss. The emperor then delivered the prisoner from the hands of the priests into those of the Duke of Bavaria, by whom Huss was immediately led from the church to the place of execution; previously, however, to which, he was compelled to witness the burning of his own books in the churchyard. Huss stood still, smiling at the folly of imagining that the destruction of mere inanimate books would necessarily involve that of the doctrine therein written. According to the written testimony, even of his enemies, he possessed to the last moments of his life an astonishing dauntlessness of spirit, giving forth salutations to all around him, and assuring his attendants, and the spectators, that, although a sacrifice

to justice and hatred, he yet joyfully and willingly laid down his life for the truth. He was then led to a boat, and arrived now at an island in the Rhine, where was assembled a numerous company of guards, eight hundred soldiers from the Palatinate, and more than one thousand of the militia of Constance, he knelt down and said, "Lord, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. In thee do I put my trust. O my rock, and my fortress, into thy hands I commend my spirit." The bystanders immediately gave utterance to a sudden feeling of sympathy, exclaiming, "This man is a Christian. He ought to have a confessor." But the unfeeling chaplain of St. Stephen, loitering on horseback among the multitude with an air of idle amusement, appressed the people by crying out, "Good people, the church cannot absolve heretics." The paper cap then falling from the head of the prisoner while praying, his tormentors rudely covered his face with it, saying, with a sneer, "It is meet that the devils and their agents should not be separated." Huss, however, brought his three jailors, men whom he accidentally found himself, that it might be removed. The request was granted; and he thanked them for this act of humanity, in which he said they had shewn themselves more like brothers than jailors. He was now placed with his back against the stake, and the different parts of his body were bound with six wet cords; besides which his neck and feet were fastened with an iron chain. A member of the council then present, having remarked that the martyr was placed facing the east, he was, at the command of this person, turned towards the west; wood and straw being afterwards piled round the stake, up to the knees of the sufferer. An old peasant, thinking to propitiate heaven, hastily brought wood, which he called "heretic's footstool." Huss, on seeing this, was seized with indignation, and exclaimed, with a sigh, "O holy innocence!" The Duke of Bavaria then riding up to the stake in company with a marshal, and warning Huss not to leave the world without atoning his errors, the reformer exclaimed in a clear voice, "What errors must I atone? I have ever taught according to God's word, and will still hold fast the truth, which this very hour I shall seal with my death." Astonished at a firmness of which he had no conception, the duke clasped his hands over his head, and with his companion hastily fled away from the scene. The pile, which was set on fire on a given signal, was soon in flames, and the martyr no sooner beheld the blaze, than he began to sing the first verse of an old hymn. After the words, "And take me to thyself to live with thee for ever," his voice was stifled by the smoke. For a few moments his lips still continued to move, as if in prayer. He next said, "I thank thee, O God, for thy pure spirit soared, as it were, from the ashes of the martyr, to the gates of heaven; whilst his fame is still cherished and honoured upon earth."

When the smoke and flames had somewhat subsided, the upper part of the body was discovered half-consumed, the intense heat having wholly consumed the rest. With savage fury the executioners threw down the stake, demolishing all that remained of the body with clubs and pokers. Even the heart, which the fire had not touched, they roasted on a spit, afterwards kindling a fresh fire to consume the whole mass. The cloak also, and other garments of Huss, they had set aside; but Duke Louis hearing of this, and foreseeing they might become precious relics to the Bohemians, by means of large bribes, with difficulty prevailed on the people to commit their body also to the flames. When all was burnt, they were not content with merely removing the ashes, but digging up the earth where they had lain, to the depth of four feet, they placed the whole heap upon a cart, and threw it into the Rhine; and the spot has, till very lately, been regarded by superstition as accursed ground.—From a *Memoir of Huss, translated from the German, by Margaret Anne Wyatt.*

### THE TOMB OF EDMUND SPENSER.

(From the *New-York Churchman*.)

A splendid gallery of antique pictures has Spenser painted. Some upward would appear ever waving in his hand. His imagination revelled in fairy fancies—in the romantic scenery of nature; or it associated itself with forms of peerless valour and consummate beauty allied to purity of mind. Thus his pages teem with scenes of vivid loveliness, the ideal conceptions of his waking dreams. These pagan-like illusions haunted his brain, sleeping or waking, and made him the chronicler, as it were, of dream-land—the poetical historian of unreal, yet instructive visions. His fancy led him to contemplate the deep shadowy twilight of old gray forests, the haunt of the hamadryad, where the diamond dewdrops glitter among the emerald grass. These dainty and secluded bowers were to him the by-paths of the wandering knight and elfin dwarf—that led to the sacred and solemn retreat of "heavenly Una, and her milk-white lamb." Gorgeous and beautiful was the colouring of Spenser's pictures when he saw fit to proceed from the fantastic into the delicious landscapes, or the allegoric virtues. No poet has made more repulsive and disgusting, by a proper and judicious exhibition of hateful and loathed deformity. The skillful master of a magic art, displays his elaborate productions, and we admire, love, or detest, as the subject impresses itself upon the mind, or awakens varied emotions within the heart. Shall I not pause here a moment and read the name of Spenser, and recall his fanciful imagery, or give a single passage in the poet's life or death?

Can I leave this abbey (that of Westminster) without a passing reflection upon a name rendered famous by genius and talent? I cannot. Truly was Spenser a bright light in his day, not only from his learning, endowments, and worth, but his abilities were also eminently displayed in the active walks of life. His merit must have been conspicuous, wherever he would have been the intimate friend of Raleigh and Sidney. He was beloved, loved, and honoured him. His life partook of sunshine and shadow. The mystery attending his close, whether through grief or calamity, remains to this day a subject of conjecture, and tends greatly towards giving a deep interest to the name of Spenser, perhaps more so than if the real cause of his death were truly known. I must and speculate upon the various causes assigned for the poet's death, whilst seated beneath the ancient mural monument of Michael Drayton, the author of "Polyolbion," and "Heroic Epistles," who, as his epitaph sets forth, "exchanged his laurel for a crown of glory, anno 1631." I seem to walk, as it were, back into the age of Queen Elizabeth, although not out of this Gothic nook. The imaginary sound of heavy and measured footsteps fall upon my ear, and echo among these aisles and fretted ceilings. A burial train appears to be slowly approaching the spot where I am sitting. I behold first the funeral train of Edmund Spenser. Strange and antique is the dress of this visionary company. It is the picturesque costume of the Elizabethan age that I am beholding. The contemporary poets of Spenser are among that mournful company. They bear the pall, and are conspicuous mourners. Rare Ben Jonson is here, and walks pensively beside the body.—Shakespeare also, with sedate and thoughtful countenance, moves onward with the procession. Statesmen and courtiers, eminent and renowned, follow in the train. It seems a remarkable assembly—the gathering of men famous for wit and talent. When all arrive at Poet's Corner, the whole throng stand solemnly and silently in groups around the open grave. The burial service, I thought, had been performed. The brother bards are seen casting their poetic offerings upon the coffin, whilst sorrow is plainly visible in each marked and expressive face. They are consigning one whom they respect and honour to the silent tomb. They are taking leave for ever of one who had loved intensely all things bright, fair, and lovely. It is a sad task they came to perform. But they do it with feeling hearts and with falling tears. They come to bury Spenser, and to fling the incense of praise and admiration over the cold and inanimate—over silent ashes! What honoured obsequies! What a crowd of renowned men! What an imposing spectacle, so truly in accordance with poetic and classic observance! How much emotion and generous feeling is expressed in this farewell offering and homage to departed worth! Rarely has such a funeral scene been witnessed here. There is such meaning and respect intended in the votive scroll dedicated to the memory of the gifted dead, and now flung upon his bier. Grand, dirge-like hymns are stealing over the hearts of the visible in each marked and expressive face. Ben Jonson, methought, gave utterance to that serious hymn so full of tenderness and sorrow—

"Slow, slow, fresh from the tomb, keep time with my salt tears; Yet slower, yet fainter, gentle springs! List to the heavy part the music bear."

We weep out her decision, when she sings.

Droop herbs and flowers;  
Fall grief in showers;  
Our beauties are not ours:  
Our beauty is still,  
(Like melting snow upon some craggy hill.)  
Droop, droop, droop, droop,  
Since Summer's pride is now a wither'd daffodil."  
"Quietly, oh! quietly may I sleep!" I thought were the affectionate words of Shakespeare. And then I fancied I heard the words of the funeral dirge in Cymbeline, stealing from his lips—  
"Fear no more the heat of the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and 't'is thy wages:  
Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reel is as the oak:  
To sleep, learning, physic, must  
All follow this and come to dust."

With the ethereal sound of this last requiem floating afar off until it seemed to die away among these gray arches, faded also this visionary assembly. I looked around to catch another glimpse of this remarkable company—for the men of mark and celebrity who had but this instant stood before me, and upon whom I seemed to have been intently gazing—but they had "melted into thin air," and I saw nothing save the antique monument of Spenser in view. I drew near to read the inscription, which ran as follows—

"Hear ye eyes (expecting the second coming of our Saviour, Christ Jesus) the body of Edmund Spenser, the Prince of Poets in his time, whose divine spirit needs no other witness than the works which he left behind him. He was borne in London, in the year 1553, and died in the year 1598."  
The reader of the "Faerie Queen" looks at this time-stained piece of marble, and it reminds him of the quaint and almost obsolete language of Spenser. Both display antiquity upon their faces. "Yet to this hour Spenser is a spring of English inexhaustible, from which all the leading poets have drawn, and which is still fresh and sparkling." Thus he is remembered. Thus will his epitaph be read and his tomb looked upon with interest, for the beholder is aware that here lies the poetical father of Raleigh, Sidney, Shakspeare, Milton and Thomson.—He will consider also that here is interred one, who—in an age when poetical taste was loose, meretricious, and without restraint—gave a serious and moral character to most of his effusions;—who sought to refine and edify when he produced his greatest and last work. "That Spenser launched the light wit and loose character of his early muse, it appears; and it is contrarily expressed in that beautiful "Hymne on Heavenly Love." It also appears in that moral one on "Heavenly Beautie." They breathe alike a pure, calm spirit of devout humiliation and religious sensibility. What can be more so than his invocation to the Deity in the latter "Hymne?"—

"Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almighty Spirit!  
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,  
To shed into my breast some sparkling light  
Of thine eternal truth, that I may show  
Some little beams to mortal eyes below  
Of that immortal Beautie, there with thee,  
Which in my weak distraught mind I see."

We grieve with Warton, "that envious time should mar the lovd strain," or "cast his dim disguise" upon any thing so fair and bright as the "Faerie Queen."—Yet the splendor of that unique poem lingers around us still. Still do his green woods and dappled fields look fresh to us. Still do his huge caves, scooped out of the dark and mossy rocks, look gloomy and savage; for they seem to be the abiding places of Despair and Mammon. His aerial castles appear in view, and hang or loom up in mid-air. His bright armour-clad knight, and allegoric characters, live before the eye in perpetual and supernatural colours. Thus has Spenser identified himself in the mind of the reader of his "Faerie Queen." And his tomb, though unadorned and much decayed by time, like his own rare poetry, possesses the fascinating power of arresting the beholder, and suggesting pleasant glimpses of the past, even through the medium of quaintness and singularity.

### THE PRAYER BOOK A HELP TO MISSIONARIES.

At the very moment that Presbyterians in America were pressing Bishop Hobart with the triumphant question, "Of what use is the Prayer Book in converting the heathen?"—at that very moment were Presbyterian missionaries in the East engaged in translating into those foreign tongues that every *book*, as being the greatest aid they could have in converting the heathen; and what is more, making the translation of it to precede, in some instances, that of the *Scriptures themselves*, as an expedient introduction of them to the narrow and bewildered minds of the heathen.—Under date of September 4th, 1817, Dr. Morrison, the "Apostle," as he has been termed, of China, thus writes home (himself a dissenter) to a Board of Dissenters:—"I have translated the Morning and Evening Prayers just as they stand in the Book of Common Prayer, altering only those which relate to the rulers of the land. These I am printing, together with the Psalter, divided for the thirty days of the month. I intend them as a help to social worship, and as affording excellent and suitable expressions for individual devotion. The heathen, at first, requires helps for social devotion; and to me it appeared, that the richness of devotional phraseology, the elevated views of the Deity, and the explicit and full recognition of the work of our Lord Jesus Christ, were so many excellencies, that a version of them into Chinese, as they were, was better for me than to new-model them."

### CHURCH EXTENSION AND CHAPEL EXTINCTION.

In conversation with a Baptist minister, I was looking round this neighbourhood, and said, let us now examine Lambeth and the borough of Southwark, and inquire what are the scenes exhibited here of the blessing of God upon the violent proceedings of dissenters. First—Holland Chapel, Brixton. Here Dr. Styles preached. Dr. Styles has been removed, and the chapel is now taken and occupied by the Church of England. Second—Vauxhall Chapel; Rev. Mr. Moor. Here I have preached many times; but alas! this also has been deserted, and is now advertised as *St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel*. Third—Kennington Chapel; Rev. Mr. Hunt. This is also given up by dissenters, and has now exhibited in its front, as you come from Kennington Common, *Episcopal Chapel*. Fourth—London-Road Chapel; Rev. Mr. Harper. This is now belonging to the Church of England. Fifth—Verulam Chapel, near Bethlehem Hospital, built by Rev. Mr. Lacy, has been set apart for the Church by the Bishop of Winchester, and will be shortly opened for the Establishment. Besides this, the Temperance Hall, near the Elephant and Castle, was a dissenting chapel. Seventh—Last-Street Chapel has been converted into a broker's warehouse and shop for furniture. And besides these, Dr. Rippon's large chapel, Carter Lane, Tooty Street, and Lenn-Street Chapel, Tooty Street, are both pulled down for the railway, and they have no substitute in their places. I say nothing of the north side of the Thames, where I could write chapel extinction also to a great extent; but I have confined my attention to Lambeth, chiefly within a few minutes walk from this place, where the Church of England has possession of five dissenting chapels.—The *Editor of "The Sailors' and Soldiers' Magazine," a Dissenting publication.*

The funeral of Spenser was attended by all the distinguished literary men of his day. The most renowned poets paid their respects (according to the account of Camden) by throwing elegant verses into his grave. His obsequies must have been very solemn, striking and interesting; probably more so than any English poet on record—for Spenser lived in a poetical age. The original monument of Purbeck stone, was erected by Anne, Countess of Dorset, some thirty years after his death.  
† Rev. George Croly's Introduction to the English Poets.

## English Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

### THE NATIONAL CHURCH IN THE COLONIES.

At a meeting of Archbishops and Bishops, held at Lambeth, on the Tuesday in Whitsun week, 1841, the following declaration was agreed to by all present:—  
"We the undersigned Archbishops and Bishops of the united Church of England and Ireland, contemplate with deep concern the insufficient provision which has been hitherto made for the spiritual care of the members of our national church residing in the British colonies and in different parts of the world, especially as it regards the want of a systematic superintendence of the clergy, and the absence of those ordinances the administration of which is committed to the episcopal order. We therefore hold it to be our duty, in compliance with the resolutions of a meeting convened by the Archbishop of Canterbury on the 27th of April last, to undertake the charge of the fund for the endowment of additional bishoprics in the colonies and to become responsible for its application."

"On due consideration of the relative claims of those dependencies of the empire which require our assistance, we are of opinion that the immediate erection of bishoprics is much to be desired in the following places—New Zealand, the British possessions in the Mediterranean, New Brunswick, Cape of Good Hope, Van Diemen's Land, and Ceylon."

"When competent provision shall have been made for the endowment of these bishoprics, regard must be had to the claims of Sierra Leone, British Guiana, South Australia, Port Phillip, Western Australia, Northern India, and Southern India."

"In the first instance, we propose that an episcopal see be established at the seat of government in New Zealand, others having been already made which appear to obviate all difficulty as to endowment."

"Our next object will be to make a similar provision for the congregations of our own communion established in the islands of the Mediterranean, and in the countries bordering upon that sea; and it is evident that the position of Malta, in such a case will render it the most convenient point of communication with them, as well as with the bishops of the ancient churches of the east, to whom our church has been for centuries known only by name."

"We propose, therefore, that a see be fixed at Valletta, the residence of the English Government, and that its jurisdiction extend to all the clergy of our church residing within the limits above specified. In this city, through the munificence of her Majesty the Queen Dowager, a church is in course of erection, which, when completed, will form a suitable cathedral."

"Our attention will then be directed to the countries named in the foregoing list, without binding ourselves to the exact order therein followed, or precluding ourselves from granting assistance to any place where means may be found for the earlier endowment of a bishopric. In no case shall we proceed without the concurrence of Her Majesty's government; and we think it expedient to appoint a standing committee, consisting of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Armagh, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Durham, the Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of Lincoln, and the Bishop of Rochester, with full powers to confer with the ministers of the Crown, and to arrange measures, in concert with them, for the erection of bishoprics in the places above enumerated."

"We appoint as our Treasurers the Hon. Mr. Justice Coleridge, the Venerable Archdeacon Hale, and Mr. W. E. Gladstone, M. P.; and as Hon. Secretary the Rev. Ernest Hawkins."

"For the attainment of these most desirable objects, a sum of money will be required, large as it is, but small when compared with the means which this country possesses, by the bounty of Divine Providence, for advancing the glory of God and the welfare of mankind. Under a deep feeling of the sacredness and importance of this great work, and in the hope that Almighty God may graciously dispose the hearts of his servants to a corresponding measure of liberality, we earnestly recommend it to the good-will, the assistance, and the prayers of all the members of our church."

"W. Cantuar,  
J. G. Armagh,  
C. J. London,  
E. Dunelm,  
C. Winton,  
C. Bangor,  
E. Lincaster,  
E. Gloucest.,  
J. H. Gloucester & Bristol, T. V. Sodor and Man.

"J. Ely,  
E. Sarum,  
E. Norwich,  
T. Hereford,  
J. Lichfield,  
C. St. David's,  
P. N. Chichester,  
R. Derry and Raphoe,  
T. V. Sodor and Man."

"We, the undersigned, desire to express our concurrence in the foregoing declaration:—  
E. Ebor,  
R. Dublin,  
G. H. Bath and Wells,  
J. Lincoln,  
W. St. Asaph,  
H. Carlisle,  
J. B. Chester,  
R. Oxford,  
H. Exeter,  
C. T. Hipon,  
G. Peterborough,  
H. Worcester,  
R. P. Clogher,  
J. Elphin,  
R. Down and Connor,  
Stephen Cashel,  
Charles Meath."

PROTESTANT SUPPORT OF POPERY.—A magnificent building has recently been erected at South Shields, which is to be consecrated for the performance of religious services according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. 300 years have elapsed since the abominable delusions of Popery were advocated in this town; and the attempt to erect a Roman Catholic church would have signally failed in this instance, had not the subscriptions been vastly increased by the misplaced liberality of several wealthy Protestants.

Rev. H. Woodward, Minister of the Independent Church, Eign Brook, Hereford, delivered a farewell address to his congregation on Tuesday evening last. It is understood that he is about to be ordained a clergyman of the Church of England. In addition to great talents as a public speaker, Mr. Woodward is devoted to scientific and literary pursuits. He took an active part in the establishment of the Hereford Mechanical Institution, of which he is one of the vice presidents, and he will be a very useful acquisition both to the Church and to societies established for the promotion of proper knowledge.—*Dristol Standard.*

The Primate of Ireland has lately resigned his rectorial tithes at Donaghadee, amounting to £350 per annum, in order that he may augment the income of the present vicar; and also assist in endowing the new church at Carraduff, which church, together with the parsonage house, will be valued at his Grace's sole expense. The Rev. Henry Stewart, lately appointed to the new church, was for many years a laborious clergyman in the diocese of Armagh.

DEAN OF YORK.—The sentence of deprivation pronounced by Dr. Phillimore, Commissary of the Archbishop of York, against the Dean of York, has been set aside by Lord Denman in the Court of Queen's Bench—on the ground that the Commissary had exceeded his jurisdiction. The Dean has been received at York by his friends with much acclamation: but it is to be regretted that the Archbishop could not be legally sustained in the course he has taken to remove scandal from the Church.

John Gladstone, Esq., who recently built a church at his own cost in Leith, is now about to build another church in Liverpool, to contain 1,000 sittings, 100 of which are to be free for the accommodation of seamen, and 50 for the aged and infirm poor. The endowment from the worthy gentleman will be £2,000, which it is expected will produce £100 per annum. The Church is to be lighted with gas, and, including the price of the land (about £1,500), the whole cost will be £5,000. It is Mr. Gladstone's intention to build a house for the Minister, with two schools for the children of the neighbourhood.

CONFIRMATIONS.—On Wednesday morning the Lord Bishop of Winchester held a confirmation at St. Matthew's Church, Brixton, at which 615 young persons received the rite. In the afternoon his Lordship also held a confirmation at St. Mary's Church, Lambeth, when upwards of 2000 young persons were confirmed. After each service his lordship delivered an appropriate address to his youthful auditory. His lordship was attended by his chaplain and the whole of the resident clergy of the district. On both occasions the churches were crowded to excess.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—A Committee of the Presbytery of Glasgow, appointed to examine into the allegation

Heber's Life of Taylor, p. cxix.  
Preface to the Dissuasive from Popery.  
Heber's Life of Taylor, p. cxixii.