The Church.

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GOD'S TEMPLE.

(By Bishop Heber.)

When we behold the reverence which Christ both himself paid, and required to be paid by others, to that Temple of the Jews, which was so soon to be destroyed, can we help perceiving the inference, which naturally follows, as to the duty of paying all just respect to the houses of prayer in our own land, dedicated as they are to the service of a faith which is never to pass away unto the end of the world? Let not him boast the name of Christ's follower, who neglects the outward tokens of respect within these sacred walls, even when prayers are not celebrating, or who devotes the place of the Lord's name to profane and unworthy uses, even when the altar is empty of its mysteries. But what shall be said of those who, in the very hour of prayer, and when two or three are gathered together in the name of the Lord, and when, if they believe the Gospel, the Lord himself is personally present in the midst of them, will, before that awful presence, indulge in sleep, or irreverent postures of the body, or idle talk, or wandering and wicked thoughts; (all thoughts must be wicked which have no relation to the solemn business of the hour:—how much more those which are in themselves offensive to God!) who come hither with their heads and fancies full of secular cares, or the cares of the week, or the lusts of the eye; and fear not, or care not, that the angel of death may seize on them as he did on Eutychus, (Acts xx. 9), in the time of their slumbering, or that Christ himself may, perhaps, return in an hour of which they are not aware, to cast out of His temple such as do offend, and all who work iniquity, to that outer darkness where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth? Surely, surely, he who reflects, that, in this house of solemn assembly, he was received in his tender years into the number of Christians, made here, if he have not forfeited the privilege, a child of God; that here he is called on to receive the symbols of salvation and grace in the body and blood of our Redeemer; that on the words which he here repeats or attends to, his eternal happiness or misery must, according to the use which he makes of them, depend; that the God of heaven and earth is here to shower down on his head either a blessing or a curse, in proportion as his prayers are sincere, or are unholy; surely, he who considers these things, will be far from allowing his thoughts to wander in the house of prayer; but will rather exclaim, with the patriarch Jacob, "Surely the LORD is in this place, and I knew it not! How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." (Genesis xxviii. 17.)

There is, however, one caution of still more consequence than that which I have just stated. If such honour be due, such purity and decency to be observed, in regard of those houses of brick and stone which are called after the name of the Most High, what shall be the lot of those who defile with lust and sin the living temple of the Holy Ghost,—those bodies in which the grace of the Most High delighteth to dwell; which are sanctified by baptism; purchased by the blood of Christ; and exalted, above the angelical nature, in Him who sometime came in the flesh with great lowliness and infirmity, but hath now ascended into Heaven, far above all principality and dominion, and power, and hath put all things under His feet! May He give us grace, that these earthly tabernacles, which He hath purified, may be cleansed, indeed, from all sinful stain; and that we may rejoice with Him, in body and soul, and with our elder brethren the angels, in the day, when this corruptible must put on incorruption: and this mortal, immortality.

CHRISTIAN MOTHERS.

(From "Sermons on the Seen and Unseen.")

We have spoken of the Mother of our Lord; we have seen that her life was one of sufferings; we have seen that these sufferings arose from her being the Mother of Christ; we have seen that they had been prophesied to her many years before by Simeon; we have seen that in them there was involved not a curse, but a blessing. Now, then, let us look from Mary, the Mother of Christ, to the case of Christian mothers in general; and, if I mistake not, we shall find that God, in the particular case of His providence, does not deal with them otherwise than he dealt with Mary.

I mean to say, that it pleases the Almighty to visit many Christian mothers of these days with afflictions on account of their children; and this, not intending it as a curse to them, but, if they will receive it so, as a blessing, even as Mary was blest.

This reflection is one which perhaps comes with greater force to us Christian ministers, because, in the service of baptism, we are placed very much in the same situation towards Christian mothers as Simeon was, at the purification, towards the Virgin. Then, like Simeon, we stand in the temple of God; then, like Simeon, we take the child in our arms,—not the Child Jesus, but the child concerning whom we pray that he may grow up in the image of Jesus; then we do for him after the custom of the law of Jesus; and the mother, it may be, standing by, sees it all; and, if she be a Christian indeed, will rejoice with exceeding joy at what is then done for her child.

Let her rejoice while she may. We are not prophets like Simeon, but yet, like him, we might say to her, upon an ordinary calculation of human life, "'Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also.' This child, or if not this one, some other—who knows but a time will come, when from some cause or another he shall be to thee a source of bitter sorrow? If thou have many children, this at least is sure to be the case with one or other of them; the experience of life being a witness."

Either the child shall die in his very infancy; or he shall be allowed to live a few years, and during those years shall become entwined round his mother's heart, and then die, and carry down a thousand pleasant hopes into the grave, leaving behind an emptiness which cannot be filled up. Or he shall live through childhood and boyhood, till he becomes a man; and in that life of his, his mother, in her great and unknown love, shall have lived over again her own life; and then he shall either be carried off by sudden disease in the bloom of his years, or he shall be separated from her for ever by thousands of miles; or, although at no great distance, he shall still be as effectually kept out of her sight by the compulsory circumstances of life; or, worse still, being near and at home, he shall lose that affection and love towards his mother which he once had; or, more bitter than all, he shall exhibit an open contempt and disregard of her, and sometimes even a professed hostility against her. Or, if near and loving her, still there may be a greater separation than any yet mentioned between them: the mother may be a Christian; the son may be an infidel, or at least irreligious, or careless and indifferent to religion. Or if all things are well with her in these respects, then there are a thousand other trials which beset a mother's happiness, and a Christian mother's most of all, because she values her children as immortal beings, and is very sensitive on some points where other mothers feel nothing at all. And at last, and at best, as years proceed, and new engagements are formed in life, and they who were children become in their turns fathers and mothers, then what pain, one would suppose, to a mother to find the love of her children transferred from herself, who is growing old, to others newly born; and to see the difference widening from year to year, till at last, as sometimes happens, after being turned over from one child to another, she is left alone in solitary widowhood, attended by the hands of strangers, and mourning in silence over those strong feelings of affection and love which she felt in the early days when she was first a mother, but which seem never to have been fully realised in life!

Now, God forbid I should say that this was the case with every mother. All that I would mean to observe is, that, in the providence of God, there is stored for most mothers, and especially for Christian mothers, some sorrow or other resulting in some way from their children; and this whether they are dutiful, or whether they are disobedient. And seldom has there been a son or daughter who, on the death of their mother, did not feel that they had caused her grief in more ways than one. And seldom was there a Christian mother who, although appearing happy in the eye of the world, did not possess some secret sorrows which even her children never knew.

And now to what purpose have I been dwelling at this length on a subject which, in truth, exhibits a melancholy view of human life? Simply on this account, that I may induce those Christian mothers, who now hear me, to console themselves with the thought, that in all their afflictions, if afflictions they have, they are but drinking of the same cup of which the Mother of their Lord, and their Lord Himself, drank before; that in all their troubles, they are but fullfilling that law of God which expressly declares, "whom He loveth He chasteneth." (1 Heb. xii. 6.)

To such I would advise thus; say to yourselves, "Shall the Mother of my Lord have undergone such trouble and suffering, and I expect to go free?" Remember that although Mary did suffer, still for all that she was blest. And shall not you too be blessed in all your trials, and all your troubles, and all your anxieties, which are not sent in anger, but for the sake of purifying you, and preparing you for your eternal inheritance? Bear this in mind. Be earnest in your prayers for your children's sake. Do all you can for them: first, that they may be religious; secondly, that they may be happy.

But, as to all the rest, consider, and rejoice in considering, that you are in the hands of a merciful Father which is in heaven, and who will not lay upon you more than you can bear. He it is who sends every affliction for your good, to the end that no blessing may seem to you perfect in this world. On Him, then, let your soul rest. Look forward towards that world to come, in which your true treasure lies. And, above your children, love your Saviour here, that with them you may be partaker of His glory hereafter.

PROFANITY.

(From the National Era.)

The irreverent use of Holy Scripture, so common in our country, is deservedly rebuked in the article below.

PROFANITY.—"Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go and say unto the, here we are?"—*Job.*

"Yes sir-ee."—*Prof Morse*—[Exchange paper.

To say nothing of the foolish falsehood of this attempt at wit, the profanity is shocking, unless indeed, we believe Revelation to be a lie. The paragraph quoted from Job is a question which is represented as being asked by the Almighty.

"Canst thou," he demands of Job, "send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, here we are?" The answer is totally wanting in wit, because both false and by association profane.

Editors, if they had no reverence themselves, ought to pay some regard to the feelings of their readers.—The practice of coining paltry witticism out of the sayings of Holy Writ, is most reprehensible. Some time [illegible] papers the republication of a parody on the Ten Commandments, representing a wife as giving certain instructions to her husband.—No man who believed, we will not say in the Divine authority of the Bible, but in the exalted holiness of those commandments, the eternal sacredness of their principles could venture thus to trifle with them.—There are some sacred things which even a well manered infidelity would not touch irreverently; and among these are those commandments which Christ has summed up in the two great laws, which Infidels as well as Christians acknowledge as of supreme obligation.

FORGIVENESS.

(From "Sermons on the Holy Communion," by the Rev. G. A. Poole, M.A.)

"*Forgive us our Trespasses*," we pray, "*as we forgive them that trespass against us.*" Only think what this means in the mouth of one who is implacable, whose heart has borne any ill-will against his neighbours. Dost thou *not* forgive thy brother, when thou sayest, *Forgive as I have forgiven?*—Lo, then, thou callest aloud for wrath, and everlasting destruction. Dost thou forgive but imperfectly, and not from thine heart?—Lo, then, thou askest that God may deal so with thee also; and unless he utterly forgive thee, where shalt thou be?—Cast out of his presence for ever, and dwelling in outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Yet how little impression does this petition of the Lord's Prayer, so often repeated, make upon many. Do you all say your prayers night and morning at the least? God forbid that it should not be so. But has none of you, my brethren, ever been full of anger against a brother for two or three, yea, many days, for one offence? How often, then, hast thou prayed in the very words *forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive that trespass against us*, rather for a curse than for a blessing. Thus do the very prayers of the closet, the solemn duty without which you can hope for no blessing and no forgiveness, condemn you; and your secret words to the Lord shall witness against you, when that which hath been whispered in the closet, shall be proclaimed in judgment.

And your associated devotions, your family or public prayers—do not they too witness against you more strongly? Have you never left bickering and anger to come to the throne of grace, together with those with whom you have been angry, and then returned to bickering and anger again? Have you never come with flushed cheeks, and with eyes glowing with malice, and with tongues scarcely hushed an instant before, and in such most unseemly, most wicked guise joined in the words of the Lord's Prayer? And when you have retired, has not the smoothness of the face, and the momentary softness of the voice, been converted again into what angels would not delight to see and hear? If it be so with any of you, tell me, is it so that you would stand before the Lord in judgment? and if not, is it so that you ought to meet him in the household worship, or in the Divine Service of the Church? Take heed lest your very prayers, which it would be wicked to omit, be turned into sin!

But let me beseech you always before you kneel down to make your own confessions to God, and especially at your private evening devotions, when the business of the day, with all its irritations, is past, to forgive, from your heart, all who have offended you, and to make, in solemn intention, as before God, apology and restitution to all whom you have injured or angered. Do not approach God in prayer until you are, as far as depends on yourselves, at peace with all men. And this is a proper exercise for all, young and old, rich and poor, and of whatever temper and disposition. The very child is irritated daily to little bursts of passion and impatience, which require to be repented of, and to be forgiven. The passionate man is apt to say that his passion is soon over, and that then he is the best tempered man alive; which is only so much as to say that when the fuel of his anger is exhausted, he is angry no longer; that when he has already satisfied his fury, he is peaceable: but this will not stand in judgment before God; nor yet, if he get into a habit of self-examination, will he be satisfied with it himself. Again, one who is hardly provoked to express anger, but nurses his ill-temper in morose silence, perhaps thinks that none has any right to complain of his unforgiving temper, since it is so little suffered to escape in any act and expressions of wrath: but will such a man dare to say that he is prepared to pray, *forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors*, till he has cast off the dark cold temper, and been enabled to look with the smile of real peace, on those who have offended him? The rich and polite, again, may think that because their piques and resentments are somewhat differently expressed from the passions of those who are less restrained by conventional habits,—that because the current of their anger is rather deep than violent, rather sullen than noisy,—they may be excused: but how sadly are they mistaken. Religion regards no forms of society, and has no blessing for smothered anger; it is only anger subdued that she regards with a favourable eye, and injuries forgiven from the heart. It is not the face, and the tongue, and the hand only, but the heart and the spirit that God will have restrained: and he exacts this restraint of all.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE JEW.

In his interesting work, "Judah and Israel," Mr. Frey, who is a converted Jew, and who for more than forty years has laboured among his people as a minister of the gospel, says:—

"For seven long years, while officiating Rabbi in the synagogue, it was my painful lot to attend the sick and dying; and while I found all of them sensible of their being sinners and exposed to the wrath of God, *I never found one* saying, like good old Simeon, 'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'"

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

We find the following interesting article going the rounds of our southern exchanges, as illustrative of the old axiom, that "truth is stranger than fiction." The facts contained in it are as interesting as remarkable, and will not be read without a feeling of goodly sympathy for the heroine of the tale, or of admiration for the distinguished man who may be called its hero.

Crossing the Hackensack bridge, near Newark, one day, in the railroad car, in company with Governor D. of Jersey, that gentleman observed that he had once witnessed a remarkable incident on that spot. He was in a stage coach with some eight or nine passengers, male and female, and they were crossing the river at that very spot, in a stage coach filled with passengers as now; that the bridge which then existed was a miserable rickety old structure, ready to fall on the least provocation—but the waters of the river were at that time very much swollen in consequence of a sudden freshet; and that when the coach got about midway on the bridge, one of the supporters gave way, precipitating all hands into the dark and rapid waters. After much ado, however, the passengers all reached the shore, with the exception of a little infant which had been swept from the mother's arms in the struggle, and which now seemed irrecoverably gone. The hearts of the passengers, however, were too deeply touched by gratitude for their own escape, and sympathy for the bereaved mother, to allow of their remaining inactive,—plunged again into the flood to make a thorough search for at least the lifeless body of their little companion.

The narrator himself was so fortunate as to grasp it by the clothes, at some distance from the place of the accident, and on taking it into the toll-house and instituting active measures for its recovery, it soon gladdened all hearts by opening its eyes, and recognizing the face of the now over-joyed mother. The gentleman narrated the little history with a smile of righteous satisfaction at the part he played in it; but he had scarcely concluded, said Gov. D., before one of the ladies of the company begged him to excuse the liberty she was about to take in asking him if his name were not Mr. So-and-so? "It is," replied the other. "Then," rejoined the lady, "I was the infant whom you rescued! My mother always remembered the name of the deliverer of her child, and taught the child always to remember it. But it is only now after an interval of thirty years from the time of the event, and here on this very spot where it occurred, that the child finds an opportunity of telling her deliverer how faithfully that name has been cherished." So unexpected a *denouement* as this, said Gov. D., filled us with the liveliest and most joyful surprise, and I am sure every one in the coach at the time will remember that journey as one of the most agreeable they ever made.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

(By the Rev. A. Sidney.)

I have heard gardeners say that the old strawberry was the best: so I think the old Church of England is the best. Oh, let us remember that the blossoms of our Church are to be made fragrant by the dews of heaven, and then its leaves will form the brightest portion of the laurel which enriches our land. It has been said of ships constructed of British oak, that the ball pierces through them, but such is the elasticity of the materials of which they are composed, that in a few minutes it appears a very small hole, and admits but very little water. So may it be said of our Church; she has been assailed by numerous foes, and received many injuries; but such is her texture, that the apertures have been filled up, and she is sailing on without leaking; she appears before us in the beauty of her doctrines, in the activity and zeal of her clergy; and I believe, after all anticipations to the contrary, she will be brought safe into the haven under the protection of our GOD.

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO, IN DAYS PAST;

OR, A BISHOP IN A FIVE DOLLAR SKIFF, FLOATING DOWN THE SCIOTO.

(From the Motto, by Bishop Chase, of Ill.)

Portsmouth, at the mouth of the Scioto river, was passed in the night. In doing so, the writer called to mind days that were long since past, and mused on scenes recorded in tears of painful suffering, while seeking the wandering sheep in the wild wilderness of woods in Ohio, before canals or steamboats, and scarcely good bridges were to be seen.

The parish of All Saints, Portsmouth, where good Mr. Burr now officiates, was organized by the writer, and cherished by the lay reading of that pious man now in heaven—Mr. Samuel Gunn. This is the place (O, how vivid the memory thereof!) that the writer, when Bishop of Ohio, visited—being wafted down the Scioto in a skiff, purchased in Chilicothe for five dollars, as the sole means, during the overflowing of the waters, of fulfilling an appointment to hold confirmation. With only one man to row this frail bark, it was in passing by a farm near the village, that good Mr. Kinney hailed him from his cornfield, as the skiff passed swiftly by on the flowing tide, near the shore. And it *is* here the descendants of that good man *now* gather round their aged parent, while oft reciting the story of this singular event—how he led the Bishop to his peaceful farm-house, and warmed his chilled limbs by his cheerful fire-side. How Mrs. K. flew round her new brick house, then a rarity, evincing her deep feelings of hospitality and maternal affection, while she spread a table, large and long, with plates for her numerous family, reserving one where the great chair stood, for a person so unexpectedly thrown by Providence among them, to minister to their spiritual wants, more urgent than the behests of nature.

"Oh, merciful Parent of the human family!" said the writer to himself, as he passed in the dark night in a steamer, this interesting place of Portsmouth, on the Scioto river, on the 17th day of November, 1847—"for what end dost thou bring these scenes of bygone days to the remembrance of one stricken with age and bowed down with infirmities! Are these poor labours to promote thy glory indeed written in thy book? Wash the page, oh Lord! and blot out every taint of sin, mingled as it is with all things human."

"WHEN HE HAD SAID THIS HE FELL ASLEEP."

(Acts vii. 60.)

So soft a pillow is death to a good man: so willingly, so quietly does he leave the world, as a weary labourer goes to bed at night. What storms or tempests soever follow him while he lives, his sun, in spite of all the cruelty and malice of his enemies, sets serene and calm. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."—Psalm xxxvii.—*Dr. Care.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Honour Magistrates. Give them civil respect; *that* is due to them and their place; to their dignity, though they stain it; to their power, though they abuse it. Honour true devotion whenever you meet with it. Think what a poor despised Christian, who fears God, will *be* shortly. Be not levellers. The wise God has not levelled the world, any more than the surface of the earth.—*Old Author.*

It is the manner of God to cast down that he may raise, to abase that he may exalt. Contrarily, Satan raises up that he may throw down, and intends nothing but our dejection in our advancement.—*Bishop Hall.*

Height of place gives opportunity of temptation.—They had need to stand fast, that stand high. There is both more danger of their falling, and more hurt in their fall.—*Ibid.*

Faith is the gift of God, and a singular and excellent gift. For both our wits are too gross and dull to conceive and understand the wisdom of God, whose fountains are opened by faith, and our hearts are more apt either to distrust, or to wrongful and corrupt trust in ourselves, or in other creatures, than to true trust in God. But God, instructing us with his word, and lightening our minds with his Holy Spirit, maketh us apt to learn those things that otherwise would be far from entering into the dull capacity of our wits; and sealing the promises of salvation in our souls, he so informeth us that we are most surely persuaded of the truth of them. These things the Apostles understanding, do pray to the Lord to increase their faith.—*Dean Nowel.*

It was a very wise answer which Lupus, the Bishop of Troy, gave to Attila, the King of the Huns, who, with an army of five hundred thousand men, had laid waste abundance of countries. Coming at last before Troy, the Bishop and his clergy, in their robes, went out to meet him; and as they came into his presence, Attila, who craved leave to ask him who he was?—"I am the scourge of God." "Are you so?" saith the Bishop, "Who then is able to resist you? And since you are so, pray come and beat and scourge us as you think fit, and as God shall permit you." An answer which Attila was so well pleased with, that he spared the town, and passed through it without doing the inhabitants the least hurt. This good man saw the providence of God in it, and conformed his will to God's will; and thereby teaches us, that this self-resignation is the way to see an happy issue of our afflictions.—*Dr. Anthony Horneck.*

Look, Christian, to the manner of thy eating [at the Eucharist]. Eat like a person that is sensible he sits down at the table of the greatest Prince, the Prince himself being present. Eat like a person sensible that the King in whose presence thou art, is thy best and greatest friend. Eat like a person sensible that thou hast deserved to sup with devils, to feed on flames, and to drink to the dregs the cup of God's anger. Eat like a person sensible that from the condition of a miserable slave thou art advanced to the dignity of a child and son of God. Eat like a person sensible that no merit, no desert of thine, nothing but the incomprehensible goodness of God hath brought thee to this honour and prerogative—and it is impossible thou canst eat amiss: for this same will oblige thee to eat with joy and trembling, which is the most proper devotion for a creature to express in the presence of his Creator.—*Dr. A. Horneck.*

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

(From the Quarterly Paper of the S. P. G. F. P. for January.)

NEW SOUTH WALES.

CATHEDRAL OF ST. ANDREW, SYDNEY.

Sydney, the metropolis of Australia, is situate on the south side of Port Jackson, a harbour for extent and security surpassed by scarcely any other in the world. It derived its name from Lord Sydney, Secretary of State for the Colonies when formal possession was taken of Australia as a dependency of the British Empire. Entering the harbour from the Pacific Ocean by a passage nearly two miles in breadth, between lofty and noble headlands, the voyager has still to pass a distance of several miles before he arrives at Queen's Wharf, and lands at Sydney. The scenery which presents itself between the headlands and the city is very pleasing. The various promontories are crowned with handsome mansions, and surrounding groves and lawns. Neat cottages peep here and there from among the trees on the wooded shores.

The site of Sydney itself, judiciously chosen, is most picturesque, extending over one slightly elevated hill, through the intervening valley, to another eminence.—Sixty years ago, dense and silent forests flourished on these shores. Now on the same spot there rises a noble city, with wide and spacious streets, running for the most part in parallel lines, and intersected by others at right angles, having at its feet a series of warehouses and wharfs, to which, from the great depth of water, ships of the largest burden can approach to discharge their cargoes. The population is computed at between thirty-five and forty thousand souls, of whom rather more than half are members of the Church of England. There are four churches belonging to the English Communion.

The continent of Australia, with its dependencies, was erected into a diocese of the English Church on the 18th of January, 1836; and Dr. William Grant Broughton, who had been for some years Archdeacon of New South Wales, was consecrated on the 14th of February, in the same year, as its first bishop, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the bishops of London, Winchester, and Gloucester. This extensive diocese has since been divided into the Sees of Sydney, New Zealand, Tasmania, Newcastle, Melbourne, and Adelaide, the See of Sydney being that of the Metropolitan. Soon after the arrival of bishop Broughton at Sydney, a cathedral church, to be dedicated in honour of St. Andrew, was commenced, the corner-stone being laid by His Excellency Lieutenant-General Bourke, K.C.B., the then Governour of the colony, on the 16th May, 1837. For three years the works advanced to a considerable extent. From that period till 1846, on account of the great commercial distress in the colony, they were suspended. In that year a desire was expressed by several of the inhabitants of Sydney to attempt the completion of the church. A fresh architect was consequently appointed, and new estimates made. It was computed that £6000 would be sufficient for the purpose of finishing the edifice. This sum it was proposed to raise by 150 individuals subscribing or collecting, *in the colony*, £10 per annum each; so that £1500 might be expended in each year. At a meeting held on 26th April, 1847, the Building Committee presented a Report, stating that the sum of £1500 *had* been subscribed during the past year, and that no decrease was expected during the three succeeding years. As, however, it has been considered expedient to enlarge the nave for the accommodation of a greater number of worshippers, and to erect two towers at the western end instead of one, as originally intended, and as the architect recommended the addition of a lantern tower rising from the junction of the nave and choir, a large additional expense of about £4000 must be incurred. The bishop, therefore, and the members of the Committee have determined to appeal to the sympathies of churchmen in the mother country, in the hope that by their aid they may be enabled to complete the structure in a manner suitable to its dignity as the Cathedral of Sydney and the Metropolitan Church in Australasia.* The dimensions of the cathedral will be, when completed, as follows:—The external length, from east to west, 178 feet; length of the transepts, from north to south, 116 feet; internally, the length of the nave to the entrance-door of the choir will be 106 feet; and of the choir, from its entrance to the eastern window, 53 feet. The breadth of the nave and aisles will be 62 feet; and of the choir, with the screens, 37 feet. The height of the western tower will be 116 feet; of the lantern tower, 84 feet; and of the roof, 64 feet.

DIOCESE OF COLOMBO.

ISLAND OF CEYLON.

In the Visitation Journal of the Bishop of Colombo, recently published by the Society, an interesting account is given of the Mission to which the Rev. S. Nicholas, a native student from Bishop's College, Calcutta, who had been ordained in the spring of 1846.

It consists of Putlam, in the centre, on the west coast of the Island; Calpentyn, twenty-five miles north of Putlam; and Chilaw, thirty miles south. These places are alternately visited by the Missionary, who is partly maintained by local contributions. His Lordship thus writes respecting this part of his Diocese:

SUPERSTITIOUS PILGRIMAGES.

"*Putlam, August* 11, 1847.

"For two days I have been journeying 'alone amidst a crowd.' I was surprised at the multitudes of devotees and pilgrims who resort annually to the festival of St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin, who were now thronging the road on their return to different parts of the island. She is reputed a great wonder-worker in the art of healing. Vows are made to her, under the visitations of God's providence in sickness, by persons of all ranks, and of many creeds. Buddhists, Mahommedans, heathens and Christians, were all mixed in the motley groups I met, one after another; Cinghalese, Tamulians, and Portuguese. The church is between seventy and eighty miles from Colombo, and all were progressing slowly under a sultry sun, along a parched and sandy road, with way-worn weary steps, without verdure to cool their feet, or water to refresh their lips. I was informed that at least 10,000 had been in attendance at the festival, and that the priest was expected to return with as many dollars, as his spoil. I can easily believe it, from the examples of offerings I heard, and of devotion which I saw. Would that in the cause of truth we could kindle a like zeal!

Visit to Chilaw.

"Soon after I had swum my horse over the river, at the entrance of your district, a few miles north of Negombo, I was glad to be met by your earnest, excellent Missionary Mr. Nicholas, and we passed the night at a solitary Rest-House, in the jungle. We went on early in the morning to Chilaw, the first station in your Mission. We were here welcomed by an estimable and intelligent native, who holds the highest appointment under Government, as District Judge, &c. Being a Romanist, though once, alas! a member of our own communion, he received me, as an Anglican Bishop, with every mark of respect and courtesy, and, as the only high functionary of Government resident, he made every preparation for me that delicacy or kindness could suggest. On Sunday I held a confirmation both in English and Tamil, and afterwards administered the Holy Communion for the first time it ever had been, to thirteen communicants, also in English and Tamil.

Congregation of Native Weaver Christians.

"The church is a plain building, raised some years since by an estimable layman, when resident in this district, the Hon. F. I. Templer, now Treasurer in the Colony, and again prominent in the same good work, at [illegible] congregation of weaver Christians, [illegible] years since, and were settled here by a grant of land from the Dutch Government. This little [illegible] ing of about sixty or seventy adults, still live together in their own village, pursuing still their own proper calling, with their own little church in the midst of the village, in the only pretty spot, almost, I have seen since I left Colombo. Since they have been regularly visited by your good and unwearied Missionary, and have now a Catechist resident among them, whom, with a grant from Government of £2 5s. per month to aid £1 15s. from your Society, I have lately stationed here, a very great improvement is visible, and they willingly attend a catechetical school twice every week in the church, on Wednesdays and Fridays. All this I gladly witnessed on the following day. We had the evening service on Monday, and not less than twenty adults, and as many children, stood up to answer question in the Catechism in Tamil, after the second Lesson. Among them I rejoiced to see the 'Headman' of the village. I addressed them in encouragement, and subsequently, having left the church, I rebuked two or three heads of families, who had opposed the Catechist in his duties at first, and assured them that I should allow no Christian privilege of Baptism or Burial to those who continued now to live in sin, or would not show at least a willingness to learn and practice the good which God, in blessing to them and their children, had placed within their reach. I afterwards visited with the Headman their humble village, inspected their simple work and rudely constructed looms, which, however clumsey they would seem to a Manchester manufacturer, enable the industrious workman to earn from 3s. to 5s. a day by his labour, while the rate of Cooly wages is 6d. The only two survivors of the original settlers were presented to me, and with less of native grace than adulation, prostrated themselves before me. The Catechist I believe to be a very worthy man, and under the guidance of your Missionary, will I hope do much real good among them. By a good choice of effective, trained native Catechists, one at each station, the influence of a single Missionary, whose heart is really in his work, may be extended over a considerable range.

Benefit of the Society's Grants.

"It is for this purpose I want you to add the other £200 (I ask no more, and will not) to the £800 you already appropriate to this Diocese. The Government have just renewed to me the grant of £200 to meet your grant for the present year, on my addressing them, and showing that in the past year all their servants, both civil and military, at fifteen different stations, had been periodically visited by your Missionaries, who must otherwise have been altogether deprived of every ministration of religion. In this district much is done to meet your generous aid, and they fully appreciate it, as well as your appointment of Mr. Nicholas to its charge.

Visit to Putlam.

"From Chilaw, I came to this place. The ride is through one continued jungle of thirty miles, with two solitary Rest Houses at ten or twelve miles distance, and a lonely mud hut for the tappal (letter carriers), every six miles. We started very early, at four o'clock, to avoid the sun, and by torch light to scare the elephants, whose track during the night we repeatedly saw when the early dawn broke upon us. The jungle is of a peculiar and striking character, from the number of fine cactus-trees with stems and heads like those of timber trees, branching out formidably. The bloom must indeed be splendid but it is only after the rainy season, when this whole district is most feverish and unhealthy, and not therefore likely to attract visitors, even to St. Anne's. We reached Putlam in the evening. We were welcomed with the most friendly hospitality by the most estimable Government Agent, Mr. Caulfield, who himself subscribes annually £20 to the maintenance of your Mission. It was not long since severed by subdivision from the other provinces around, and constituted a new Government Agency, and is most fortunate in having for its first influential resident so highly principled and excellent a Governor. A site we have selected for a small Church, for which, with the aid of Government, we hope to raise £300, and to begin at once. I brought with me a small plan, which Mr. Brodie, the Civil Engineer, will reduce to estimate, and though not a member of our communion, will give his personal superintendence and assistance of every kind gatuitously. They are much pleased with the set of service books presented by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, which I have brought with me; as well as the opportunity, for the first time ever afforded them, of celebrating, we hope, on Sunday, the Holy Communion in this place. Would that the same good spirit prevailed in many a more favoured place; Well would it be for this heathen land if our Christian light shone more brightly, to His glory whom we serve. The very want of it, however, may be to try more 'our patient continuance in well doing.' For this we will both strive and pray."

The Rev. S. O. Glenie, Chaplain at Trincomalee, on the eastern Coast of Ceylon, thus describes the benefits produced by a small grant of £48, placed at his disposal by the Society for Missionary purposes.

"Your grant of £48 has drawn another £48 from Government to meet it, and about £21 more from private sources. It has directly led to the appointment of two licensed and one probationary Catechist; to the formation of two congregations (one Portuguese and one Tamil) here; and of one English and one Portuguese at Batticaloa; and to the baptism of upwards of thirty heathen. Indirectly it has led to the opening and maintenance of three schools, containing forty girls and 160 boys, among the benighted Tamil population of Trincomalee: schools in which the Catholic faith, as held by the English Church, is carefully inculcated."

DIOCESE OF ADELAIDE.

Western Australia.—King George's Sound.

The Rev. G. King, the Society's Missionary at Fremantle, Western Australia, in a letter dated June 11th, gives the following account of a visit paid by him to the settlement of King George's Sound, in the same colony, which has been so long left without a minister of religion. Mr. King was accommodated with a passage in H M.S. *Champion*.

"I remained in the settlement four weeks, performing divine service, and preaching, every Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday. I also administerd the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and baptized fourteen children.

"The town of Albany itself contains a population of 160 souls; but, inclusive of the rural settlements within forty miles, there are upwards of 200; and this district had not been visited by a Clergyman of our Church since I called in here, for a few days, in the government schooner, *two years ago!*

Decay of the Native Population.

"The native population is yearly disappearing; and I feel convinced, from personal observation, that the fine tribe which, twelve years ago, could muster 300 fighting men in an hour's notice, will not be able, in the next generation, to furnish hewers of wood and drawers of water for the few European families which remain in the settlement.

"To me it was exceedingly painful to leave the place without being able to effect anything for the natives. They repeatedly surrounded me, while walking in the neighbourhood, and with much earnestness inquired, 'What time you make native school? boy and girl plenty go.' They had heard of our Native School at Fremantle, and felt jealous that *they* too had not a similar opportunity of making *their* sons and daughters 'all the same as white people.' And when I informed them that I had no means to establish a native school there, several of the boys volunteered to go with me to the Fremantle school. This was an extraordinary instance of confidence in European protection; for the individual who ventures far beyond the boundaries of his tribe, is deemed by his friends a dead man. However, I had no means of maintaining an additional pupil at Fremantle, and it grieved my heart to be obliged to say nay."

CANADA.

DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

RESTORATION AND RE-OPENING OF A CHURCH.

The Church of St. John the Evangelist, a stone structure, situated in the centre of the beautiful village of Stamford, near the Falls of Niagara, was erected some twenty-five years ago, in the palmy days of that good Churchman, Sir Peregrine Maitland, Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, without one shilling of endowment, save the pockets of "the faithful," few and far between. The glebe lands, 400 acres, in the immediate vicinity, being appropriated to the Rectory of Chippawa; and, but for the liberal arrangement of the worthy Rector, the Rev. Wm. Leeming, with the Rev. T. B. Fuller, Rector of Thorold, the Church would be minus a Clergyman!—Divine Service is performed each Sunday, alternate forenoon and afternoon.

The building was erected at a period when, unfortunately, architects were considered unnecessary; "every man did what was good in his own eyes," whether to raise a house, barn or church! The consequences have entailed a serious expense on the successors of the builders and founders of Stamford Church. From the defective construction [illegible] unfavourable appearance in damp weather; many attempts have been made to avert the impending danger, at some useless cost and trouble, but all in vain; and the question, one of the greatest importance to all who love to worship God in His holy temple, was, whether the whole building should be suffered to fall to the ground, perhaps during the time of assembling together, or steps taken to avert so direful and disgraceful a calamity? Happily the right feeling prevailed, and after some exertions and pecuniary outlay, by subscriptions on the part of some of the congregation and friends from a distance, together with a donation from the Church Diocesan Society, the inhabitants of the village and neighbourhood had the delightful privilege of again assembling to worship God, in a safe, commodious and most comfortable house of prayer and praise, called together by the sound of the "Church bell," which seemed to ring its peal cheerfully and right merrily on the ear, recalling associations of "olden times," never to return,* on Sunday morning, January 30.

Under the directions of a skilful builder, Mr. Dalton, three substantial buttresses were erected, on the east end and side; a double roof constructed on the best principles, which effectually binds the walls together, rendering it impossible for them to fall outwards; a new ceiling, with six ventilators, which keep the interior of a regular and agreeable temperature, put up; the gallery freed from its former unsightly incumbrance, and plastered front, enlarged and improved, *the seats all free*; one large centre stove, instead of two, with three tiers of drums, warms the church sufficiently. A space in the gallery is appropriated to the choir and the seraphine, a beautiful instrument, presented to the members by their esteemed pastor, the Rev. T. B. Fuller and his good lady, "in approbation of their persevering efforts to sustain the singing of God's praises in His holy sanctuary." This most acceptable and elegant present demanded a public acknowledgement through the pages of the *Church*, at the time, but unforeseen circumstances prevented the forwarding the testimonial of grateful thanks until now. Some time ago, presents were made to beautify the church, of damask coverings for the altar table, desk and pulpit; carpet and cushions for the same; and on the day of re-opening, a sett of quarto books, Bible, Prayer and Communion Books, were laid on the reading-desk and table by a friend, in grateful token of mercies vouchsafed during a long residence in the village. The old sexton (*sacristan*) was transported with joy, on discovering the treasure. "Ah! but this looks like home, Sir! It does look as a Church should do; and so clean and nice, too! Those women did work bravely and well who scoured and cleaned it out." This was a voluntary act on the part of those who could not give money.

The choir, aided by their friends of St. George's Chapel, Drummondville and Thorold, with two first-rate singing masters, Messrs. Tupper and Hartley, and Mr. Carlisle, Composer of the Anthem, "I will arise," was in full force, the 84th Psalm, Antioch. Sacramental Hymn, Luther, with the Chants, given with fine effect. The service was performed by the Rev. T. B. Fuller, the church well filled, and we trust all were edified with what they heard.

A subscription is, very properly, raising by the ladies of Stamford, to place a baptismal font in situ, so that the well-merited reproach of our clerical friend and fellow-countryman may be put away, "*That after borrowing a bowl, the same may be applied to the mixing of punch, puddings, or gravy!*" "A word in season and a seasonable reproof, how good they are!" Such will obtain a font!

This statement is not offered with any vain or ostentatious view of trumpeting forth the praises of those who undertook the arduous task of saving the House of God from destruction, but in humble acknowledgement for being the means of effecting so desirable an object, and to stimulate others of the laity to use their persevering efforts in similar cases. Of those who had the management, one possessed some means, which, as "*a steward*," he deemed it his duty to repay to "Him who gave," and woe be to him, if not returned "with interest;" the other had only "*a right good will*," and how far he carried this out, the building itself will testify. They ask no commendation from men. *They only performed their duty; nothing more.*

It is much to be lamented that many who possess ample or even moderate means, *the gifts of God*, shew such reluctance, and too often refusal, in contributing their just share to the support, preservation and decoration of the Temple of God. To ask such persons is offensive to their feelings, and the refusal couched in no agreeable terms: "Ah! your usual plea! begging for the Church. Really

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* Contributions in aid of the erection of the cathedral at Sydney will be received at the office of the Society, 79, Pall Mall; and by the Rev. G. Gilbert, Grantham, Lincolnshire, who will attend to any communications made to him respecting the proposed cathedral.

* The writer can never forget the solemn and affecting effect produced on a young Englishman, some years out, who had accompanied him to his house on the morning of the first ringing of the Church bell; one who had basely neglected the Sabbath, spending the day in riot and folly, as also the precepts and examples of his parents. After a few moments pause he exclaimed, with a look of distress, "Oh! I thought I saw my father and my dear mother, walking arm in arm to Church, over the village green, where we lived at home, and we, their children, following. I saw them, Sir, as plain as ever in my life.—Oh! where are they all now!"