

The Young Churchman.

"Feed my Lambs."

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Grassdale.

CHAPTER VI.

CHURCH BUILDING—A CONSULTATION.

No sooner had Mr. Clarendon got fairly settled at Grassdale, and become generally acquainted with the members of his flock, than he set himself to devise measures for the erection of a Church. From the first Sunday succeeding his arrival he had officiated in a roomy and convenient barn attached to Beverley's house; but though this might answer the purpose tolerably well so long as the weather continued mild and genial, matters would be materially changed when winter's cold set in. The reverend gentleman, moreover, most properly felt that necessity alone could justify the performance of Divine Service in a building not specially set apart for the solemn purpose—and therefore he embraced an early opportunity of convoking a vestry meeting to consult on the subject.

At the appointed time a sufficient number convened, to demonstrate that the matter was regarded with interest, and after prayers had been said, each person was invited freely to state his opinion.

Precedence was unanimously conceded to Tobias Cary, the patriarch of the Township, the ring of whose axe had first scared the wolfe from the forests of Derwent. Tobias was an Irishman—a native of Fermanagh—and a devoted member of the Orange Association. Old Cary, as he was familiarly but not irreverently styled by his neighbours, had been baptized and reared in the Church, for which he ever professed the most entire and affectionate regard. His zeal, however, was greater than his knowledge. He re-

garded the Anglican branch of Christ's visible fold as only one out of many denominations, all of them equally entitled to respect from their common *Protestantism*.—Seldom did he dream of questioning the legitimacy or orthodoxy of a body, which repudiated the errors of Romanism, and duly commemorated the victory of the Boyne.—“They are all going one road,” he would sometimes remark—“and it matters but little whether a minister wears a black gown or a surplice—or whether he prays *extempore* or from a book, provided he preaches the pure Gospel, and be a sound Protestant!”

In reference to the question before the vestry, Mr. Cary was decidedly of opinion that in the first instance they should content themselves with the erection of a *free church*. “Our numbers are but small” he contended, “and our means slender—and we may find some difficulty in building a suitable house for the exclusive use of Episcopalians. If, however, we should invite all the *Protestant* bodies of the neighbourhood to assist in the undertaking, on the understanding that they would have the privilege of occupying the building for their own services, there would not only be no trouble in procuring the requisite funds, but the people would have an opportunity of hearing the Gospel more frequently preached, than they could possibly do under other circumstances.”

The proposition was favourably entertained by many of the vestrymen, but several, amongst whom was Beverley, shook their heads in disapproval. Charles was about to state his opinion, when Mr. Clarendon rose and said, that he had a few questions to put to his venerable friend who had just sat down.

“Pray Mr. Cary,” said he, “why would