

CANADIAN COLLOQUIES.

BOOKS.

Having at the request of Squire Patch, Postmaster, and principal inhabitant of the village of Lavron, agreed to give a week-day service in that remote quarter of my mission, I arrived at his dwelling about sun-down of the evening preceding my appointment.

The Squire was a well-doing man in the world's usual acceptance of the term. Starting in life's race with very slender means, he had gradually raised himself to a comfortable independence; and at the close of twenty years of honest and unflagging industry, he occupied a prominent position in the community amongst whom he had pitched his tent.

Enoch Patch, however, laboured under one signal disadvantage. Though shrewd, and well-informed in ordinary matters, he lacked the blessing of a sound solid education. It is true, I grant, that he possessed a fair knowledge of what Cobbett calls *kitchen learning*. He could read, spell, and cipher correctly enough,—and was able legibly to subscribe the warrants which he was called upon to issue, (a qualification, by the way, which many of our Canadian magistrates sorely desiderate).—Still, in the intellectual sense of the word, he was an illiterate man, and though fond of reading, had not judgment to guide him to a selection of works profitable either for himself or his children.

When I reached the house of my friend (who, in passing I may remark was loyally attached to the Anglican Church, into which he had been admitted when an infant at the Baptismal Font,) I found myself in the midst of a scene of unwonted excitement for such a quiet and out-of-the-way locality. The pedlar, who stately perambulated the district, had just arrived, and having opened his treasures at the Squire's, was busied on my entrance, in arranging and displaying them to the best advantage.

Mr. Patch's dwelling was thronged by representatives of almost every family in Lavron—the fair sex, as might have been anticipated, forming the decided majority—and great was the anxiety displayed to secure a portion of the mercantile treasures, which were *professedly* offered at "City prices." The table of the principal chamber was groaning under the weight of the contents of Mr. Amiadab Sleek's caravan. There were rolls of silk, packages of linen, hillocks of shawls, and countless groups of the thousand and one superfluities wherewith our Canadian *Bryce Snails'foots* beguile the hard-earned specie of the farmer into their leathern exchequers! Altogether there was something lively and picturesque in the scene as a whole. It was a miniature *Vanity Fair*, conjured up, as it were, by the magician Mammon, amidst the solitude of the back woods!

Amongst other wares which the itinerant merchant dealt in, was a collection of cheap Yankee publications, printed for the most part in pamphlet form. Just as I entered, my host was closing the bargain for a "lot" of these works, and when we retired from the *ex tempore* bazaar, to a more private apartment, he laid his purchase before me for my inspection, observing as he did so,

Patch. You see, sir, that we are not altogether careless about information in this distant quarter. I have just laid out five dollars to provide reading for myself and the youngsters. It is a large sum to spend in these hard times, but I don't begrudge it. As my poor old father used often to say "learning is better than house or land!"

Myself. Your father spoke the truth, Mr. Patch. Believe me, it always affords me sincere pleasure to see my people spend their available means in food for the mind. The more knowledge we possess, provided it be of the right description, the greater our happiness, and the greater our power to promote the welfare of ourselves and others.

P. Ah, your Reverence! often and often have I lamented that I read so little in my early days. Sorely do I feel the want of it, almost every hour of my life. Hence, Mr. Sleek, always finds in me a ready customer for his *printed notions* as he calls them.

M. Money expended upon good books is, as I said before, never thrown away. I trust that you have made a careful and judicious selection on the present occasion?

P. Here is the lot which I have bought. You can look over them, if you please, and judge for yourself. For my own part I have no great skill in such matters. When I buy oats, or hay, or pork, I can form a pretty correct opinion of the quality of the wares, but being no scholar, I must just take books as I find them.

[Having inspected Squire Patch's purchase, I discovered it to be of a very miscellaneous description—and I am sorry to add, that the tares greatly outnumbered the wheat. Here and there might be found some solid mental nourishment, but the majority of the works consisted of the infidel, meretricious, and disloyal effusions of Reynolds, Sue, and such like infamous fictionists.—There were also a few Yankee periodicals, embellished (if I can so caricature the word) with glaring vulgarities, mis-named *engravings*, fitted only to please the most common unartistic taste, and replete with exaggerated laudations of Republican-

ism, and equally distorted denunciations of Monarchical institutions.]

Patch. Well, your Reverence, what do you think of my speculation? I hope you are of opinion that I have made good bargains? Winter is now setting in, and my boys and girls require something to amuse them during the long nights. As I often say to my lads, a book is better than the bar-room.

Myself. Quite correct. Your children could not be more profitably employed, always supposing that their reading was of a profitable description.

P. Have I not made a good selection? You do not appear to be overly fond of my purchase.

M. Having asked my honest opinion, I am bound of course to give it. Even, however, had you not done so, I should be constrained as your pastor, to say, that I would rather see the majority of these books in the covered wagon of the vendor than in the shelves of your library.

P. I think I understand what you are aiming at. There are some novels in the set, and I suppose you are of opinion that young folks or old folks should read nothing of the sort?

M. Indeed you labour under a mistake my friend! It is true, beyond all question, that the fewer novels which young people peruse the better. Such compositions when engrossingly indulged in, tend to dissipate and enervate the mind, and to indispose it for profitable and substantial reading. Granting all this, however, to the fullest extent, it must still be conceded that poetry and romance have their uses. They serve to recreate and unbend the overstrained faculties. After the fatigue of study and long concentrated thought, they afford the student a grateful repose. Good novels, like clumps of hawthorn, refresh the pilgrim who is toiling up the "Hill Difficulty" of knowledge.—They are excellent servants, but most miserable masters!

P. Why then do you find fault with me for buying the ones now lying before you?

M. Because the majority of them, I am sorry to say, are of a very pernicious and dangerous character. So objectionable indeed, that no Christian parent ought to admit them into the sanctitude of his dwelling.

P. Sanctitude of his dwelling! Pray what does your Reverence mean by that expression?

M. I mean that every parent, be he lay or clerical, is the Priest of his own family. I might as well introduce mental poison into my pulpit, as you to your fireside!

P. May I ask which are the productions lying on that table you specially allude to?

M. Here, for instance, are two tales by Eugene Sue. Pardon me when I say that I should not have expected to meet with such diabolical works in the house of any one of my parishioners!

P. Now you surprise me, your Reverence! I have seen the books which you speak of in many respectable families. Nay, more—I have met with them in the most respectable book-stores in Toronto and Hamilton. Surely such gentlemen as Mr. — and Mr. — would not put into the hands of their customers any thing so pernicious as what you describe these works to be.

M. Pray, Mr. Patch, let me ask you a simple question—have you read any of Sue's writings?

P. I have not: I have no time to look into such things. It is all I can do to find opportunity to read the *Patriot* and the *Church*; the papers which I regularly take in.

M. Well—have you consulted any judicious friend as to whether you might with impunity place such works in the hands of your children?

P. To speak the truth, I have not. It was enough for me that I knew them to be vended openly and without disguise by respectable tradesmen. My butcher would sell me an unwholesome piece of meat—my tailor takes care that his thread is not rotten—because they have characters to lose. On the same principle I think I am justified in trusting to the honour of my bookseller.

M. Dear Mr. Patch, you are labouring under a most dangerous mistake. Sorry am I to say, that, in Canada at least, where you thus trust, you lean upon a broken reed!

P. Why, your Reverence, do you mean to say that our booksellers are blackguards?

M. Very far from it, my friend! On the contrary, many of them to my personal knowledge are most amiable and excellent members of society.

P. How comes it to pass then that they bring themselves to disseminate what you call *poison* over the land?

M. The best excuse I can make for them is, that not being *reading men* in general, they are ignorant of the quality of the wares which pass through their hands. And to this may be added, that the European re-prints which weekly flood into our Province are so numerous, that it would be difficult for a bookseller, however anxious he might be to ascertain their true character, to peruse a majority of them, before the exigencies of trade constrained him to lay them upon his counter.

P. But the writings of Sue and Reynolds have been long published, and yet they are openly sold by the parties you speak of!

M. Sorry am I to say, that such is the case.—And here I cannot find the shadow of an excuse

for our booksellers. With hardly an exception the novels of the modern French school, and the English ones constructed upon their model, such as the tales of Reynolds—are tainted with the most abominable immorality. The Scriptural theory of the corruption of human nature, and of the method by which fallen man may be restored to the image of his Creator, are in these hellish productions, altogether sunk and lost sight of. Lust is sanctified—murder canonized—and proud human reason exalted above the revealed will of Jehovah!

P. I had no idea that these books were as bad as what you describe them to be. Surely, however, you can not object to this magazine. It contains some good moral essays—and gives interesting accounts of remarkable men, and celebrated places. For instance, in the number which you hold in your hand, there is a history of the great General Washington, telling us of his virtues, and of the hardships which he underwent in securing the liberties of his country. Here, at least, I have made a purchase which you must approve of. My children must be made better by reading about so great and so good a man!

M. Enoch Patch, you turned out, unless I be the more mistaken, to put down the rebel McKenzie?

P. You may safely swear that, whenever you are required to make an affidavit on the subject. But, surely, you don't mean to blame me for so doing? I look upon the march which I then made from Esquering to Toronto, as one of the most creditable actions which I ever performed!

M. And so do I, my friend! Suffer me however, Enoch, to ask, why do you so take credit to yourself?

P. Because, your Reverence—because I am a Christian and a Churchman! My Bible tells me to honour the King because he is God's minister, and not because he comes up to my notions of what is just and proper in a ruler. My Prayer Book likewise enjoins me to supplicate for his prosperity, and the vanquishment of all his enemies. No, no! I may have my faults—and well I know to my sorrow that I have many—but this I will say—that the first song I ever taught my children was "God save the Queen!" I would die for her and hers to-morrow!

M. Be not angry if I ask you further: Had McKenzie gained the day at Gallows Hill, would you have tossed the Bible and the Liturgy into the fire?

P. How can you put such a question? No!—a thousand times no! The law laid down by Jehovah, and not the success of the sinner, is the rule which must guide every sound Churchman! Had McKenzie made himself master of Canada, his sin would have been greater, but my sin would have been increased in an equal proportion, if I had chimed in with him!

M. Why, then, in the name of common sense and consistency, can you speak of Washington as you did only a few minutes ago?

P. Do you mean to say that the illustrious Washington was a rebel?

M. To be sure I do! That deluded man took up arms against the Lord's anointed! Against his lawful, his Scriptural Sovereign! He committed one of the greatest crimes which a created being can commit! In other respects he might be amiable and worthy of imitation. He might have been a good son, and a kind-hearted neighbour, and —

P. And suffer me to add a consistent Churchman!

M. Consistent, I grant you, so far as *outward* observances went—but nothing more! Why, even Judas, preached the Gospel, and cast out devils along with the rest of the twelve—but, with all this, he is branded now, and will be branded at the great day of judgment as a *perjurer* and a *traitor*. Washington may have repented—I trust that he did! If he did not, then, unless God's word be a cunningly devised fable, he must stand at the final assizes, at the same bar with the suicide betrayer of our blessed Redeemer!

[Here Squire Patch paused for a lengthened space and then said:]

Patch—Your Reverence is right! I now see that McKenzie does not stand so high as Washington, simply because God did not permit him to be so successful a sinner! Before Mr. Amiadab Sleek leaves my house, I shall return him the magazine, whose errors you have pointed out to me, along with the novels you spoke about. But how am I—ignorant as I am—to provide sound reading for myself and my family?

Myself. The DIOCESAN CHURCH SOCIETY was instituted among other things, to meet such cases as yours. This evening I am too tired to continue the conversation, but God willing, to-morrow, I shall speak to you further on the subject.

ORIGIN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Saint Paul preached the Gospel of Christ in Britain about the fourteenth year of the Emperor Nero, and A.D. 63. He there appointed Aristobulus, mentioned in the Epistle to the Romans, as the first bishop, and established a complete Episcopal form of church government. The Church of Britain thus established was senior to that of Rome; Linus, the first bishop of the latter place, being appointed by the joint authority of Peter and Paul,

in the year of their martyrdom, after Paul's return from Britain. The church in Britain continued to be governed by its own bishops for 600 years, independent of any foreign church, and was found in that state by Austin, the Pope's first missionary, at which time they had schools and churches, and a learned clergy; and were in a flourishing state, and refused subjection to the Pope or his emissaries. The British Church was the first Protestant Church in the world, having so early as the 7th century, and 900 years before Luther, strongly protested against the errors of the Church of Rome, and refused to hold communion with that church. Their simplicity and purity of worship was such that they would not sit even at the same table nor lodge under the same roof with the followers of Austin, on account of their superstitious and idolatrous ceremonies. These facts are commended to the special notice of those who talk of the Church of England as beginning a "dubious existence in the reign of Henry VIII." To such unfledged controversialists it may be advised, "to tarry at Jericho until your beards are grown." Do not refer to the "page of history" before you have read it.

Review.

WORKS ON CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

The Church Depository has recently received its autumn importation of new books, of some of which notices have already appeared. We are desirous of drawing the attention of young architects, and all interested in the subject of Church Building to some valuable works on that and kindred subjects.

First in order, as in value, comes the fifth edition of Rickman's well-known *Attempt to discriminate the Styles of Architecture in England*. It was from the second edition of this work that we gained our first accurate knowledge on the subject. Rickman was the first to distinguish the different styles of what, up to his time, had been known in the general as gothic architecture; previous to which our modern gothic architects would design a Church composed of shreds of every style from the Conquest to the Reformation, and not know that they were offending against any principle of congruity or fitness. He taught us that the majority of the Churches which had been previously regarded as Saxon, were in reality Norman, and instructed us in the real characteristics of Saxon architecture; and in so doing showed that it possessed no value, excepting as satisfying our curiosity. The rest of our buildings he arranged into two principal styles, the *Norman* and the *English*; and the English into the *Early*, the *Decorated*, and the *Perpendicular*. Attempts have been made, especially by the Cambridge Camden Society, to set aside this nomenclature, and establish some other: but it has been found too convenient, and has been too widely received, to become permanently displaced. The term *decorated* may appear at times misplaced when applied to a very plain and unpretending edifice; but it is, notwithstanding, very characteristic of the more considerable buildings in that style, as compared with similar buildings in the previous style. It may likewise be very certain, that door-ways and fonts and arches are sometimes to be distinguished as *perpendicular* only by their mouldings; and yet that term is strictly descriptive of the most characteristic mark of most of the buildings of that style, viz.: the prevalence of perpendicular lines in all the ornamented details. Add to this, that no one has succeeded in establishing a different arrangement of the number and dates of the various styles, or even shown that Rickman's is either defective or redundant.

When we first read Rickman, the illustrative engravings were very few. The present edition, however, is copiously supplied with illustrations, both in wood and in copper-plate or steel, got up by the well-known Oxford bookseller and amateur architect, Mr. Parker. We trust that the sale will be sufficient to remunerate him for the zeal, care, and expense he has bestowed on this valuable work: for he has not only supplied the illustrations we have spoken of, but re-arranged a portion of the matter, and added much useful information from his own stores. This excellent edition will be found to establish more firmly the names which Rickman gave to the several styles.

There is a much smaller work, of which, we believe, Mr. Parker himself is the author. It is an *Introduction to the study of Gothic Architecture*. It gives the periods of prevalence of the different styles, and of the transitions from one to the other; and traces the Christian church in the west from its germ in the Roman basilica through the various styles of the Gothic Architecture; from the first known Saxon stone Church in 680 to the latest specimen of meritorious design with incorrect details under the second Charles. This little work is highly interesting: first, from giving specimens of the different styles in chronological order, specifying the actual dates of their erection from good authorities, and tracing the steps by which one style was gradually evolved from the other; with the exception of the Norman, which came into England already formed, although not in a state of maturity: secondly, from establishing, (what might have been expected) that, amongst the Sax-