

corporation of Trinity, and although the first free church ever founded in the city of New York, is now shut up and offered for sale. And no wonder, when the very classes by whom these churches ought to be thronged, are neglected and disregarded by the Church, are as sheep wandering without a shepherd; when there is no one who feels that he has the "cure" of their souls, no one into whose heart ever comes the thought that he is accountable for their salvation; when the starving thousands can stand all day long in the streets, and say at event, "Verily, no man hath hired us."

This is the system of our sister-church: there may be individual exceptions, but the system is such as we have described, and it is the system which we blame and not the men. A splendid church is built; the most eloquent preacher to be found is hired; organists and singers are engaged at high salaries. To meet the cost of all this, a large revenue has to be raised; every inch of space is made available as pews, which are let at large rents; and the pew-holders naturally expect a return for their money. That return is the entire services of their hired preacher; for them he has to read and to study and to write, in order that he may delight their ears and arouse their imagination with flowery compositions; to them he must pay court in order that he may stand well with them; his evenings must be spent at their luxurious dinner-tables, his mornings in the silken boudoirs of their wives. And "the poor," meanwhile? Alas! who is to care for the poor? How is the gospel to be preached to them?

It is a fatal system: let the Churchmen of Canada beware that they are not carried into it. It will destroy all vitality in the Church, and deprive her of all her influence with the people, properly so called. Beautiful churches, it is true, may be erected by it; the velvet-cushioned pews may be filled with fashion in silks and satins; the clergy may obtain larger salaries and lead easier lives: but God's presence and favor will depart from her; for she will fail to accomplish the high purpose of her being; she will not evangelize the people, nor arrest the progress of infidelity and crime.

The true catholic system is that which makes every clergyman a parish priest, and every church the common property of the parish—of the district, that is, in which it is situated;

every inhabitant of that district having a *right* to a place in his own church, and a claim upon the services of his own priest.

Church Matters at Clackington in 1875.

CHAPTER XIX.

Our readers will perhaps remember that at the end of the last chapter we left Mrs. Slowton and Mr. and Mrs. Cryson on the point of setting off, the former to work her husband up to the point of resisting the changes proposed by the Bishop, and the latter to spread the tidings among those whom they thought most likely to join heartily in the proposed opposition.

Mr. Jeremiah Cryson put on his hat and gave it a tap on the crown indicative of firmness and decision. He then bent his steps towards the office of Mr. Sharpley the lawyer, who was immersed in legal documents and looking, as usual, as if he *rather* thought that he knew a thing or two.

"Can you spare me a moment or two, Sharp-ley?" asked Mr. Cryson with a look of breathless importance.

"Certainly," replied the brisk little man, shutting up his papers and putting them aside in a moment, and then he bent his eyes piercingly upon Mr. Cryson and looked ready for anything.

"Important business," muttered Mr. Cryson, going to the office door to see if it was properly shut.

"Ah, indeed?" observed Mr. Sharpley interrogatively; "something gone wrong with your speculations, I suppose—slippery title, perhaps, or something of that sort, eh?" And he looked as if he had reached the very core of the matter.

"No, no," replied Mr. Cryson quickly, nothing of that kind—worse a great deal—Puseyism—Popery!"

"Eh—what?" And the little lawyer looked as sharp as a —; "in fact, we don't at the moment know *what* to compare him to as regarded his sharpness—all we will venture to say is, that a needle was a fool to him in that particular."

"Popery!" ejaculated Mr. Cryson, looking awful.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked his friend rather peevishly, annoyed that his surpassing acuteness was unable to unravel the mystery without the indignity of being obliged to ask questions.