

Church Observer.

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"ONE FAITH—ONE LORD—ONE BAPTISM."

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Poetry.

"HE HATH BORNE OUR GRIEFS."

Saviour and dearest friend,
Who, dying, groaned for me,
Thoughtless of self, all weakness do I bend
At thought of Thee.

Oh! didst thou weep my tears?
Then will I weep no more;
The anguish I have felt for bitter years
Pierced Thee before.

My sorrows hast Thou borne,
Sinless and crucified!
Trembling, I thank Thee, and no more will
mourn,
Since Thou hast died.

Bowing unto the storm
That beats upon my head,
I see Thy pitying, perfect-fashioned form
Suffering instead.

Thine is the heart thus bought;
I cannot call it mine;
Perish ambition! be each hope, each thought
Henceforth divine!

Historic.

ROME'S TACTICS.

Edited by the Very Rev. HUGH McNEIL, D. D.,
Dean of Ripon.

Continued from No. 19.

If we look at the secret directions issued to the emissaries of Rome in former times,—as for instance to preach doctrines of all kinds, and then "by degrees to add to the doctrines by ceremonies," and "by mixtures of doctrines and by adding of ceremonies more than be at present permitted" to bring the "heretical Episcopal Society" of England "as near the Mother-Church as possible," to be "more zealous against the Pope" than others, while secretly supporting his cause, to produce internal discord in the Church, so that there may be "the less power to oppose the Church of Rome," and all other similar counsels we find in the documents given above,—and then compare them with what has been taking place in our Church during the last few years, we can have, I think, little doubt, judging even from this consideration alone, of the causes that have been at work among us to produce the results we now see.

The first part of Rome's work has been already accomplished, in the production of a degree of strife, discord, and confusion, both in Church and State, which threatens consequences of serious import to the peace and prosperity of the country. And already we hear the voice of Rome taking advantage of the state of things it has itself caused, and alluring us to herself by proclaiming the blessings of the peace and unity we should enjoy under her shadow, in the following syren strains:—

"It seems to me that the happiest and most blessed condition of a people is to be perfectly united in religion. If there could be but one faith, one heart, one mind, one worship, one altar, round which the whole population is gathered, as I see it in Ireland, with very little to disturb it, such would be the happiest condition of a people. Religious unity, or unity of faith, is the greatest gift of God to men; and that because, first of all it is a pledge of truth universally known and believed, and that one truth which admits no division and no contradiction; next, because it is a guarantee of universal peace—no controversy and no conflict, and no divisions of households, no intestine and domestic strife; and lastly because it insures the inheritance of truth and of faith to posterity to be hereafter born. Whereas, where the religious unity of a people is divided and fractured, truth escapes, and children are born, generation after generation, disinherited of the heirloom of Christianity. For these reasons, I do desire from my heart to see the unity of faith spreading more and more among us. This I believe to be the best state of a people. I believe the worst state of a people to be one of conflict, controversy, religious strife, theological bitterness. It seems to me that the plagues of Egypt are the types of such a state."

Beautiful picture of the harmony and peace which Popery brings with it, where it is allowed to reign triumphant! And the speaker tells us, that we have only got to go to Ireland to see it. We are obliged to him for pointing us to an example, because we may hence judge somewhat of the true nature of the Papistical state to which Popery would introduce us. And I doubt whether Englishmen will much care for further information as to the happy condition in which they would thus be placed, when told that it is like that enjoyed by the Roman Catholics of Ireland,—so much love and knowledge of the truth, so much true spiritual worship, so marked a manifestation of the spirit of Christianity in all the practical duties of life, such delightful peace and harmony, such well-grounded tranquillity of mind in the pro-

pect of death and eternity. Who would not be a Papist, and wish his country to be under the rule of the Pope as Christ's Vicar to obtain such blessings!

I fear, however, that there are many among us, in high position and of great influence, who are quite unconscious, and in truth hide from themselves the fact, of the dangers to which we are exposed from the machinations of the Church of Rome. Acting themselves according to the principles they profess, and not realizing the presence of men whose real objects are at variance with their professions, they argue upon the events that are taking place around them, and draw conclusions as to their probable results, in a way which, if all others were acting in a similar manner, and there were no unprincipled agents and marked emissaries of the Papist working deceitfully for the overthrow of a pure faith, would have much weight. Their whole train of reasoning is founded upon notions that completely ignore the fact of there being scattered about us a set of men, exteriorly of the most religious kind (like the Pharisees of old), and perhaps themselves imbued with the notion that they are doing God service, whose end and object is to uproot the true faith and worship of Christ, as re-established among us at the Reformation, and to believe it to be consistent with Christian duty, and even meritorious, to use any means likely to accomplish this end; and that among those means is the employment of disguised Romish agents, making their way into offices and employments of various kinds, even in our Church, and using their means and influence to induce and disseminate Protestantism, clergy and laity, as tools for the accomplishment of their designs. And a body of men of this kind are busily working under the surface throughout the kingdom, no judgment can be formed as to what course events may take. All our calculations are baffled by the difference between apparent tendencies and real designs. And the results of our own, and of the operations of our emissaries, are almost at the mercy of Rome.

I have often thought, when reading the remarks of some simple-hearted and ingenuous Protestant upon the present state of things among us, how the wily followers of that corrupt Church, which has been for three centuries struggling to regain its lost ascendancy in this country, would laugh at the simplicity of their Protestant opponents; and when they saw how completely the lessons of history and the discovered arts of former times were ignored and forgotten, would redouble the crafty machinations by which they sought to accomplish their objects.

The truth is, a Protestant Church is no match for a body of men of this kind. The principle of action in the former is one which leaves it exposed in various ways to the insidious assaults of the latter. In the former, every man who is true to his principles avoids everything like deceit and under-hand dealing, even if they might seem likely to advance what he believes to be the cause of truth. Among the latter, in a Protestant country, these are the chief weapons of their warfare, and weapons against which their Protestant opponents have no defence. They disdain to use them, and almost disbelieve the use of them by others. The influence which the agents of Rome had here in the middle of the 17th century, in propagating erroneous doctrines, instigating to strife and bloodshed, and misleading in various ways the minds of the people, was, we now know, erroneous. But, at the time secretly anything was known of the secret influences that were at work, producing the discord, confusion, and disorder that reigned at that unhappy period.

So it will ever be when a body of men like the Romanists, and especially the Jesuits, are at work in a country to whose faith they are opposed.

Another cause why Protestants are always at a disadvantage when opposed by Romanists, and especially Jesuits, is, that their comparative independence of one another, and their not being united under one directing head, prevent their combination even for the defence of their own principles. No course of united action, requiring and obtaining universal co-operation, and having the maintenance and advance of Protestant principles in view, is ever adopted. This, it must be admitted, is especially the case with a Church in connection with the State. Its official leaders are not real leaders, and practically prevent others from acting as such. And when Popery has obtained such a position in the State as to give it influence in, or with, the Government, effects are discernible, indirect it may be, and perhaps more negative than positive, but a very real kind, in the Church, far from favourable to its Protestant action. And hence unity of action, even in its own defence, is almost hopeless. Must it not be added, that from our

want of acquaintance, as a nation, with all the superstitious nummeries, ignorances, and vice which Popery brings in its train, and the neglect of religious instruction in the education of the young, there is a degree of indifference on the subject which strongly contrasts with the earnestness of former times, when the traditions of the rites and superstitions were fresh in the minds of the nation?

To the present generation among us Popery is presented only in the most attractive garb. Its form of worship, pleasing to some from its very novelty, is elaborately adapted to the gratification of the senses. Its doctrines are toned down and "explained" in the style of Gother and Bossuet and Francis a Sancta Clara, to entrap the unwary or ill-instructed Protestant into a belief of their being substantially identical with those of the Church of England. Its language is that of the most ardent piety and devotedness to the cause of God and His Church. When acting in defiance of the first principles of Christian morality, inculcating and practising deceit and falsehood, injustice and violence, its adherents adopt phraseology which tacitly claims for them the highest among God's earthly saints. Look to their words only, and the forms and ceremonies with which they burden themselves, and you would suppose you had got holy men of God to deal with, whose precepts and example must be the very best standard you could adopt. What wonder is it that many are misled?

It must be added, that the success which the agents of Rome have met with in our Church, has been such as to increase largely the danger to be apprehended from the operations of her direct and commissioned emissaries. These operations have for some years been aided and supplemented (as in former times) by those among us who, though not direct agents of Rome, are almost equally faithless in heart in the execution of their designs, and labouring as zealously for its destruction as a Protestant Church, and the abrogation of its Reformed Formularies. I am afraid there is more than one "Montague" among us. We are plainly told by high Romish authority, that our own clergy are saving the priests of Rome the trouble of endeavouring to spread their doctrines among us by doing so themselves.

The verbal repudiation of Romish doctrine by those who are zealously teaching it in our Protestant Church is quite what the documents given above would lead us to expect, not merely from Rome's own disguised agents, but from many others; in some cases from want of knowledge and discrimination between Romish and Protestant doctrine, and in others from motives less creditable. We know from the records of former times, that there may be those high in position and character, who may think themselves justified in avowing, secretly,—*"As for the aversion we discover [to Romanism] in our sermons and printed books, they are things of form, chiefly to humour the populace, and not to be much regarded."*

Nor have we any reason, I think to suppose, that the present generation are less likely to produce those who will take such a method of advancing their doctrines than that which existed here two centuries ago. The most eminent perhaps of the Tractarian party,—on whose memory, though he has now for some years been a member of the Church of Rome, they seem still to dwell almost with rapture, especially for his services for teaching them in Tract XC. to give a Romish interpretation to our Protestant Articles,—started on his career for unopponentizing the Church of England with the following deliberate statement of his views on the subject of truthfulness. Advocating the "economy" that "sets the truth out to advantage," he tells us that the Alexandrian father [Clement] "accurately describes the rules which should guide the Christian in speaking and acting economically." "Towards those who are fit recipients, both in speaking and living he harmonizes his profession with his opinions. He both thinks and speaks the truth, EXCEPT when consideration is necessary, and then, as a physician for the good of his patients, HE WILL BE FALSE, OR UTTER A FALSEHOOD, as the sophists say. . . . Nothing however but his neighbour's good will lead him to do this. He gives himself up for the Church," &c.

And some years after, when obliged to account, in some way, for the language he had used respecting the Church of Rome, he admits,—*"If you ask me how an individual could venture, not simply to hold, but to publish, such views of a Communion so ancient, so wide spreading, so fruitful in saints, I answer, that I write myself, 'I am not speaking my own words, I am but following almost a consensus of the divines of my Church. . . . SUCH VIEWS TOO ARE NECESSARY FOR OUR POSITION. Yet I have reason to fear still, that such*

language is to be ascribed, in no small measure, to an impetuous temper, a hope of approving myself to persons, respect, and a wish to REPEL THE CHARGE OF ROMANISM."

Can we be surprised, that the author of these statements should also be the author of Tract XC.?

Is it unfair to estimate others by the standard of their cherished leader, and take these avowals as a measure by which to judge of the value of their professions?

Dr. Pusey certainly has himself so identified his views with those of Mr. Newman before his reception into the Church of

The Family Circle.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

One Day, the Duke of Buccleuch, a Scotch nobleman, bought a cow in the neighbourhood of Dalkeith, where he lived. The cow was to be sent home the next morning. Early in the morning the Duke was taking a walk in a very common dress. As he went along, he saw a boy trying in vain to drive the cow to his residence. The cow was sturdily and the poor boy could not get on with her at all. The boy, not knowing the duke, bawled out to him in broad Scotch accent—

"He, mun, come here, and gie's a han' wi' this beast."

The Duke walked down on, not seeming to notice the boy, who still kept calling for his help. At last, finding he could not get on with his cow, he cried out in distress, "Come here, mun, and as sure as anything I see gie ye half I get."

The duke went and lent a helping hand. And now, said the duke, as they trudged along after the cow, "how much do you think you will see for the job?" "I dinna ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure it's no less than a shilling, and the big house are guid to a bodie."

As they came to a lane near the house the duke slipped away from the boy, and entered by a different way. Calling his butler, he put a sovereign in his hand saying, "Give that to the boy who has brought the cow."

He then returned to the end of the lane where he had parted from the boy, so as to meet him on his way back.

"Well how much did you get?" asked the duke.

"A shilling," said the boy, "and there's half o' it to ye."

"But surely you had more than a shilling," said the duke.

"No," said the boy, "sure that's a I got; and d'ye no think it is plenty?"

"I do not," said the duke: "there must be some mistake; and as I am acquainted with the duke, if you return I think I'll get you more."

They went back. The duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now said the duke to the boy, 'point me out the person who gave you the shilling.'"

"It was that chap there with the apron," said he, pointing to the butler.

The butler fell on his knees, confessed his fault, and begged to be forgiven; but the duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign and quit his service immediately.

"You have lost," said the duke, "your money, your situation, and your character, by your deceitfulness: learn, for the future, that honesty is the best policy."

The boy now found out who it was that helped him to drive the cow; and the duke was so pleased with the manliness and honesty of the boy, that he sent him to school, and provided for him at his own expense.

THE WAY THAT MAY AND ALICE "MADE UP."

For several mornings, Mrs. Morton had noticed that something went wrong with her little May. She seemed happy as usual at the breakfast table; but when school-time drew near, she became restless. She got her hat and cape long before the hour, and stationed herself at the window, looking up the street as if waiting for the time; yet, when it came, she went reluctantly, as if she had no heart to go.

"Why don't you start, May, if you are ready, one morning, when this performance had been repeated so many times as to awaken her curiosity.

"I don't want to go yet," was the reply. "Perhaps Alice Barnes will call for me."

But, when there was only ten minutes left, May hastened along with a troubled face. She came home at noon sadder than she went.

"What does grieve the little girl?" asked her mother, as she came into her room looking the picture of despair.

at a kind word, "you don't know!"

"Yes, but I want to," said Mrs. Morton. "Perhaps I can help you."

"No ma'am," said May; "nobody can help me. Alice Barnes and I—we've always been such friends! and she's med with me."

"What makes you think so," asked her mother.

"Oh, I know so! She always used to call for me mornings, and we were always together at recess and everywhere. I wouldn't believe it for the longest while; but it is a whole week since she has called for me, and she keeps away from me all the time."

"Now I know what Alice has done, dear, can you think of anything you did?"

"Why, mother! No, indeed! I don't need to think. I haven't done a thing. I thought too much of Alice." May cried again at the bare idea.

"There, dear, don't cry. Perhaps you haven't; but you must not be discouraged till you asked her why she keeps away. Very likely there is some little thing that you never thought of."

"I don't want to ask her, mother. It is her fault, and she ought to come to me."

"Ah! then," replied Mrs. Morton, "I fear that your pride is stronger than your love to Alice." She was brushing May's hair as she spoke; and she stopped to kiss her forehead with a loving motherly kiss, and then went to see about dinner. They were not long again till school-time came. But it seems that May knew her mother was right; for she went straight up to Alice when she saw her on the sidewalk after school, and said—

"Alice Barnes, what makes you angry with me?"

"I shouldn't think you'd ask me, May Morton," replied Alice, "when you've said such unkind things about me."

"No such thing," said May, indignantly.

"May Morton," said Alice, looking as solemn as her round, rosy face would let her, "didn't I hear you, with my own ears, telling Bessy Potter that I was the most mischievous little thing you ever saw?"

"When?" demanded May, feeling strange and helpless as if she were in a nightmare.

"Last week, on Thursday, in your seat," said Alice, "just before the bell rang for school to begin."

May looked blank for a moment, and then burst into a laugh. Alice turned angrily away; but May caught her laughter as fast as possible, and said—

"Alice, don't you know that I named my new canary-bird Alice, after you? I was telling Bessy Potter about her, and how she tore her paper to pieces, and scattered her seed all over the floor."

Alice stared, and drew a long breath. May's eyes twinkled again; and both little girls forgot their grievances in a peal of hearty laughter, ending in an affectionate shake and hug.

"There, Alice," said May afterwards, "if ever we get put out again, let's speak about it the very first thing. Perhaps it will be something as funny as this."

I have told this story for the sake of other children; large and small. Many a pleasant day is spoiled, and many unkind and painful feelings are caused, by little mistakes which a few frank words would set right. True love is not too proud to speak first. It is pride that prevents; and, if we could see pride in all its selfish ugliness, we would make haste to tread it under foot.

"STICK TO YOUR BUSH."

Mr. Morgan was a rich, and also a good man. The people of the town respected him, sent him to Parliament, and seldom undertook anything without asking his advice. If a school-house was to be built, the plan had to be talked over with him. Widow P. asked him what she would plant in her field, farmer S. always got his advice in buying cattle, and Mrs. R. consulted him about bringing up her boys.

When asked how he was so successful, Mr. Morgan said: "I will tell you how it was. One day, when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to a distant pasture to pick whortleberries. I wanted to go with them, but was fearful that my father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, and he at once gave me permission to go with them, I could hardly constrain myself for joy, and rushed into the kitchen and got a big basket, and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm, and was just going out of the gate, when my father called me back. He took hold of my hand, and said, in a very gentle voice: 'Joseph, what are you going for—to pick berries or to play?' 'To pick berries,' I promptly replied. 'Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this. When you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to find a better one. The other boys and girls will run about, picking a little here and a