

against that Unity which Christ enjoins; not now to speak of those monstrous heresies which are sanctioned by the Romish dissent, or of the evils which are engendered by Protestant dissent.

Thus you see, Mr. Brown, that in leaving Methodist dissent, I did not join Episcopal dissent, but by returning to the English church I was restored to the Unity of Christ's ancient catholic church.

But on these subjects I would advise you to read Palmer's Treatise on the church, and Southey's Book of the Church, and a most excellent and satisfactory little book—Perceval on Apostolic Succession; and I have myself also been indebted for several of the statements which I have made to you, to a series of Sermons preached at Bilston, by several clergymen, on the Romish controversy.

Mr. Brown.—I am sincerely obliged, Mr. Secker, by the pains you have taken, and must say that you have made it exceedingly plain that the Church of England, and in England that that church only, is the Primitive and Apostolic Church of Christ. But still I have a few scruples, I can scarcely call them objections, which I wish to mention to you before I take my long journey West, as I desire to get my mind perfectly at ease on subjects of such immense importance, for I increasingly feel that it is my duty to endeavour to follow Christ and his Apostles *outwardly* as well as *spiritually*. Farewell, then, my dear Sir, for to-night, but I shall hope to be with you again at least once more before I leave.

Support of the Clergy.

The call and claim for assistance to the weak parishes in supporting the clergymen, and in the aggressive efforts to plant the Church where she is not, are increasing monthly; and how even imperfectly to keep pace, brings much anxiety to a Bishop's mind.

I read much of the scarcity of clergymen—the frequency with which they change their places of labour. I experience both difficulties in diocesan administration. There may be a variety of causes for these wants and evils. There may be a fickleness to censure and motives to suspect, in individual cases. There is a need, never out of season, for deep-toned appeal to the ministry to be self denying, to renounce worldly wealth, to be contented and trustful, and to hold on to an appointed post of duty, even if trial abound there, and change beckons with promise of lessened care and larger results.

But, if I may say what I am compelled to feel, there is one cause so fearfully prominent for these evils, there is a state of things so cruel, that I am blinded by it to all the other causes; and its great cry of shame and distress makes

feeble and remote the grave appeals for an unworldly and contented ministry.

It is, *the utterly inadequate support of the bulk of that ministry.*

I do not hesitate to affirm, however the remark may be distorted from its honest, godly truth, that the ministry must be better supported—with more honourable obligation—with larger gratitude—before it is possible that its success can be adequate from its present numbers; or those enter its ranks, who would be glad to do so, with earnest, noble hearts, ready to do and suffer in the work—but who now cannot look that way, without confronting a violation of relative duties, and the sacrifice of solemn obligations, for which they would have more cause to supplicate God's forgiveness, than expect the divine blessing. In what I am compelled to know, even in my limited sphere, of the unspoken suffering of toiling brethren—of the galling bondage imposed by cares of worldly maintenance on the spiritual energies—of the collateral difficulties which, under other appearances, have the same "root of bitterness"—of the restraint which will not allow the servant of God to seem to feel, let alone complain of these things or press for his withholden rights,—Oh! it is mere mockery to preach to such an ear against the love of money, or to question his fidelity, as for the love of filthy lucre, when he changes the pittance doled out to him in one position for a larger—the whole amount of which a brawny ignorant labourer could delve with his spade from a ditch, or earn with his wheelbarrow on the track.

There is a story of a priest of a heathen shrine, on whose arm dropped the live coal from the censer that he bore; and he flinched not, lest the sacred utensil should fall to the ground, and his Divinity be dishonoured. I tell you, beloved, there are priests of the Living God, who move through their hallowed services with that coal lying simmering on their heart; who write their sermons; preach and pray; visit the sick and well in their cure; have smiles to cheer others; and tears responsive to others' grief; while the coal in the heart may be burning hotter and deeper—and yet, no cry, no struggle to shake it off. They walk on, bearing the vessels of the Lord, and try to look away from the wounded spirit within, by harder work without.

It is only the just due to our ministry to say, that they are as free from the spirit of covetousness in worldly things, as any body of men of like numbers, standing, and claims, to be found anywhere. They are more careful than any other, not to allow the pressure of maintenance to drive them into pursuits of secular aspect, and not in keeping with the secluded walk of their profession. Love of wealth might become a besetting sin of the clergy—they are men, like others, exposed to this and kindred temptations. History tells us of pampered indulgence, and