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MONTREAL, NOVEMBER, 1866.

NOTICE.

The Secretary of the Church Society will attend at the Office every day, (Saturdays excepted) from 10 to 11 a.m., and at such other times as any member may require.

P. W. Loosemore,
Montreal, July,
1866.

WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON, Counsellor at Law, Louisville, Kentucky, will attend to legal business in all the Courts of the State, and refers to the Bank officers generally in Louisville.

**BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.**

JOHN POYNTER MCMILLIN, publisher and proprietor of "The Church of Old England," having made an arrangement with Messrs. M. Longmore & Co., is prepared to undertake and execute all kinds of Book and Job Printing, in the newest or antique styles of type, in the best manner, and on reasonable terms. He has particular facilities for doing Sermons, Reports, and Forms of all kinds. He, therefore, solicits the patronage of his friends and the public. All orders received from the country will be forwarded by Post or Express with despatch. Address, Printing House, No. 67 Great St. James Street, Montreal.

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J. H. WALKER, Engraver on Wood, Place d'Armes.

STRACHAN BETHUNE, O. C.,
Chancellor of the Diocese, 55
Little St. James Street, Montreal.

BREWSTER & BEERS, Surgeon
Dentists, No. 38 Beaver Hall
Terrace.

GILLESPIE, McFATT & Co

General and Commission Merchants, Montreal. Agents for The Phoenix Fire Insurance Company of London, The British and Foreign Marine Insurance Company of Liverpool, The British and Colonial Screw Steamship Company of London.

THOS. MUSSEN, Importer of British, Indian, and French Goods, Carpets, Rugs, Druggets, Floor Oil Cloths, Trimmings, and Small Wares, Montreal.

J. C. DAGENAIS, Merchant Tailor, 215 McGill Street, and 464, 466, 468 Notre Dame Street. J. C. Dagenais keeps constantly on hand a most complete assortment of the best and most fashionable styles of Tweeds, Cashmeres, and of Ready-Made Clothing. Also, Shirts, Collars, and Neck-Ties of all kinds. Coats of every description made to order and on the shortest notice.

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One Hundred Thousand Dollars have been invested by the Company in Government and other Canadian Securities.

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LIFE DEPARTMENT.

OPINION OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE LANCASHIRE have always been content to let the figures in their annual balance sheets prove the sound financial position of the Company, but they think it due to their numerous shareholders, and Fire and Life Insurers, to draw attention to the complimentary remarks of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, made in the House of Commons on 7th March, 1864.—See *Times of 8th March*.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in moving the adoption of the "Government Annuities Bill," said:

"I wish to show the manner in which business is transacted by offices of the *highest class*, and the reserve they think it necessary to hold in order to give themselves a secure position. I am only going to state two or three cases. Hon. members will hear me out when I say that you know a good deal about the position of an insurance society when you get three things—first of all, its date; secondly, its income from premiums; and thirdly, its accumulations. (Hear, hear.) From the relation of these three to one another you know pretty clearly the state of any office."

The CHANCELLOR then gave the figures connected with four Offices of the "highest class," these four being—the Standard, the University, the London and Provincial Law, and the Lancashire.

In speaking of the LANCASHIRE, the CHANCELLOR remarked:

"I take another, younger still—the LANCASHIRE SOCIETY, founded in 1852. Its Premium Income is £23,500; its Accumulations £85,600, or about four years' Premium Income. I believe relatively to its age (only twelve years), a very sufficient and satisfactory accumulation."

FUNDS AND INVESTMENTS.

INVESTED FUNDS . . . £275,000 | LIFE ASSURANCE FUND, £120,000

INCOME.

FIRE PREMIUMS, £71,500 | LIFE PREMIUMS £35,000 | INTEREST, £12,500

Copies of the Report of the Directors of this prosperous Company may be had on application to

WM. HOBBS, *Agent*.

MUIR'S BUILDINGS:

CORNER PLACE D'ARMES AND NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

TO VOLUNTEERS.—License is granted to parties effecting Insurance in this Company to become members of Volunteer Corps in Canada free of extra premium.



P. Montreal,

*The most Reverend Father in God, Francis, by Divine Permission, Lord
Bishop of the Diocese of Montreal, and Metropolitan of the Province of
Canada.*

THE CHURCH OF OLD ENGLAND.

NOVEMBER, 1866.

HIS LORDSHIP THE METROPOLITAN.

It affords us great happiness to present our patrons with the lithograph of our beloved Bishop of the Diocese of Montreal. [May God restore him to us.] His Lordship was the first subscriber to this magazine. At that time, we believe, it was regarded as almost a hopeless undertaking. The more daring and hopeless, the greater the attraction. We had offered in good faith to do anything that was honest to procure subsistence. We offered to black shoes, and we made a decided effort to get the place of waiter in a dining room, which we regarded as a most desirable promotion, as it would bring us near the commissary and quartermaster, and increase the chances in this cold country of being supplied with rations and fuel. We mention not these things to boast of them. Better men have been reduced to the same straits.

By the goodness of God, and the kindness of the Church, we have been sustained. We have been blessed with good health, good food, and warm clothes.

If there ever was a church magazine that should be devoted with all its energies to the service of God, it is the *Church of Old England*.

We shall next present our readers

with the lithograph of John Toronto, the Lord Bishop of that Diocese, and then of the other Bishops in the Province, and of the clergymen who have sustained, or shall hereafter sustain, this journal.

It is very easy to furnish the editor with money enough to carry out this programme. Three thousand dollars a year paid in will meet all the expenses. Add then to the subscription list and advertising. It could be done easily in this single city of Montreal, i. e., if the clergy desire to have a cheap, beautiful publication filled with their own original matter, beautified and adorned by the contributions of the ladies. If, on the other hand, you intend to destroy it, it is possible that you may succeed; but it will take you some years to do it, and we don't believe you can do it at all. It is hard to kill a man who has set his head against it.

We wish you all to understand that we have worked hard for the money that is due us, and a portion of it honestly belongs to our publishers, and we intend to pay them. It is now eight months that you have been served by the editor without a reference to this little matter between us, and you would not, one of you, part with the present number for the price of subscription.

If each subscriber will send us one

other subscription with the money he owes himself, we will continue the lithographs, and, in addition to that, we will give you, monthly, some excellent music. Is all that worth a dollar? Or would you rather chew or smoke it out?

THE POWER AND INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.

No one has the capacity to estimate properly the influence of the daily and periodical issues of the press in this and other free countries. As the atmosphere gives health and strength to the body, so does the press give vigor, vitality, and beauty to the mind. The pure atmosphere, with its benefits and blessings, will reach all classes. So the moral influence of an elevated and enlightened press will reach the fire-sides of the rich and the poor, and, like the best disinfectants, carry away the impurities of social life, and in many instances close the breaches that sin and licentiousness have made. It follows, therefore, that to establish a new power, in the vast area of the press, on a firm foundation, full of good original matter, overflowing with genuine periodical literature, and especially replete with moral influence, is an object worthy the ambition of the most exalted intellect. What prevents such a desideratum? Montreal herself, to say nothing of the other large cities of Canada, has a population of 120,000. They are blessed with the finest climate, and with admirable educational advantages; schools and colleges form the centres of the most refined circles, which, in their turn, will diffuse the blessings of education throughout the geographical limits of British North America.

The success of a great or useful

enterprise should not, however, be made dependent on the arm of one man, nor yet upon the combined strength of a score of them. All should lend a helping hand to an enterprise like that of the *Church of Old England*; and we feel sure that many hundreds could supply efficient aid, the only pre-requisite to eminent success being the combination and direction of the dormant or inactive powers of the country. Give life and energy to the lazy somnolent mind of Canada—give males and females one hour of reading, one hour of thinking, and two hours of writing, daily, and you promote her in one generation to the first rank in learning, in morals, and in refinement. Reading, in our opinion, is the key to the great storehouse of knowledge, reflection retains or properly rejects the information obtained, and writing makes the contributions of the mind the common property of all. An enterprise like this, sustained by twenty men and women, good readers, constant thinkers, and fine writers, would display more learning, more wit, and more moral excellence, than can be hoped for from any more limited number of persons.

The obstacle most difficult to remove from the minds of many who could aid in the most efficient manner is the belief that they cannot write for the press. This is a very injurious opinion—the offspring of indolence and vanity. You are only afraid you will not excel, and become the pet of the press at your first appearance. This would, indeed, be something new under the sun.

You are well educated, you have graduated, perhaps, and you surely shine in colloquial splendor. You dance like Terpsichore, and without an effort thrill the hearts of half-a-dozen

captivated admirers, but you cannot write a contribution to the *Church of Old England*. You spend some valuable hours every day at the toilet, but you are not willing to let us see the beauty of your mind in a communication to the magazine. Do you not know, young friend, lady or gentleman, that your education and fine conversational powers, to say nothing of your graceful manners and general accomplishments, will imprint themselves on your writings, and soon make you a favorite of the reading public? Allow us to persuade you to one effort? The conductor of this press is an indulgent critic, and will feel it an honor to encourage you. We are all in the same enterprise, and must mutually enjoy the pleasure of success, or feel the shame of a failure. If the proprietor of this monthly be permitted to use one half the materials that lie at his hands, you, more than he, will be proud of his magazine. You can then say, with honest triumph, "this at least is our own; this is Canadian. We are proud of our religious and other weeklies, and we boast of the untiring industry, the enterprise, and the acknowledged abilities of our dailies; but we love the *Church of Old England* because it comes in without ringing, like an old friend with a basket of fine fruit on his arm."

It was the opinion of Fitzhugh, a favorite author, that the commonest newspaper press was more valuable to society than all the books and libraries that may be found in it. At first view, this opinion seems extravagant; but, upon reflection, we are convinced that it is correct. Books and libraries are valuable things, but they cannot become the common property of all, like newspapers and periodicals. It is seldom

the case that a family is without a reader, and, when it is so, a friend or neighbor will be called in, and the newspaper will be thumbed until its contents are known to all the neighborhood. In like manner, only to the greater improvement of the people, will literary and religious periodicals diffuse their benefits through the meanderings of society.

The press is the miniature encyclopedia and the phonographic reporter of the world—the short-hand-writer of history.

It is a blessing to the poor. It points out the cold alley and filthy street where they reside, and pleads for help. It calls in a loud voice, and in threatening tones, on the chief executive of the city and the negligent overseers of the poor to bring forth "food and raiment." It appeals to the Howard societies for curatives and nurses. It bestows its midnight labors on orphan asylums, charity hospitals, and free schools. It places its strong arm around the failing form of broken-hearted woman, and points to the Star of hope that shines from another world. There is deep and sincere sympathy in the press for all who suffer, and a corresponding desire to give relief. It has a smile for the meritorious, and frowns for the wicked.

It is a great preacher. It is fond of religious subjects, and often delights in "new light and old light, in new school and old school, in high church and low church" theological controversy. It attends class meetings and camp meetings, and has been known to get on the mourner's bench.

It does not hesitate to touch the diadem of the Prince or Pope, nor to handle the mitre of the Bishop.

It may be beaten in argument, but

will take shelter under morality, and is always to be found in the best society. It is a skilful physician, and fears no disease except *delirium tremens*, which, from past experience, it has been taught to dread. From preaching, it easily falls into the habit of teaching, and bends its energies and influence to the diffusion of education. Common schools owe their origin to the influence of the press, and they stand to-day the proudest ornament of crowned heads, and the greatest honor to republican governments. From the sophomore to the senior it has scope and verge enough for all meritorious communications, and the education of mothers is its especial hope and aim, thereby securing through maternal love the best preparatory department. It goes on the battle-field, and tells of the terrible carnage and the glorious victory. It sails round the world in search of the missing lights of the firmament, and drops a tear on the waste where the lost mariner lies.

It is a great statesman and diplomatist. The most important measures of the nation and the affairs of foreign countries are its favorite themes. Law, medicine, and religion are all the same to the press. It is true it may become a quack in medicine, a pettifogger at the bar, and a heretic in religion, but it will work its way out of error, and build up an honest fame in support of eternal truth. It is the best councillor of Kings, and infuses into the masses a love for the sovereign, and obedience to the "powers that be."

MENDICITY.

Nothing sooner destroys the manly feelings and virtuous inclinations of society, than public begging. Every

man with brains enough to look beyond his own selfish indulgences, should, with systematic energy, exert himself to extirpate it from the civilized world.

Public begging in Montreal may fairly be assimilated to a joint-stock enterprise, and, could the dividends be given to the press, would be found the best paying stock in the city.

All things considered, we think straight-out mendicity the most profitable business of any. It beats Molsons big bank and Brydges' long railroad "all to smash."

The usual estimate of the number of the little army of mendicants that invade the city is fifteen hundred—two-thirds of that number being females and one-third males. The girls are almost universally good-looking, and soon attract the attention of the other sex. The artful approach, the impressive affectation of distress, and the side-long glances of the older ones, who aspire to hold conversations with their young customers, are soon acquired, and speedily turned to a profitable account. No one, we suppose, fails to see their little bags of money as they sit carelessly by the way-side counting out their daily incomes.

What is to be the final result of this unrestrained public begging? Does it make your girls more industrious and virtuous? Does it make your boys more temperate and honest? or does it make fathers and mothers more respectable?

This little army of thorough-bred beggars are the most independent people alive; while Molsons bank and Brydges' road are *liable to be run upon* by the milky way of literature,

these jocular little rascals laugh in their sleeves as if nothing had transpired to sour the bland disposition of "men who have risen."

All sarcasm aside, for it is really too serious a thing to laugh at, we desire to appeal to all the better classes to aid each other in suppressing this offensive, foul, and disgraceful practice of mendicity. Remember, ladies and gentlemen, that vicious and bad people never begin to reform themselves. Whatever is done in the premises, must be begun and carried through by yourselves. It is not difficult to put an end to mendicancy, if it is thought to be an evil. 1st, Provide good clothing and wholesome food for all who are unable to feed and clothe themselves; 2nd, arrest and put in the workhouse, and compel them to support themselves, all who disgrace themselves and their country by the foul and indecent practice of mendicity.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Church of Old England.

DEAR SIR,—In the 6th number of the *Church of Old England*, pp. 164 to 168, there is a true and spirited description of missionary life in the backwoods of Canada; and though all missionaries have not to endure poverty and hardship to the same extent as the missionary spoken of, yet they have the same poverty and hardship *in kind*. And I mention this because it forms, in the words of the *Saturday Reader*, THE reason why so comparatively few of the clergy contribute to your magazine. That useful periodical, in one of its reviews of the *Church of Old England*, says, in answer to one of your appeals

for clerical support: "The clergy have too much to do, and are too badly paid."

But this is not the only or chief reason why I call the attention of yourself and your readers to the above description of a Sunday's work in the backwoods, for in that description we find the folk sing: "But all is hushed; the minister has entered the desk, silently prayed, and invited to the solemn worship of God in the Hundredth Psalm, old version."

One fails to recognize in these words a description of the opening portion of the Daily Morning and Evening Prayer of the Church of England. In the Book of Common Prayer, the minister is *not* told to "invite to the solemn worship of God in the Hundredth Psalm, old version," but he *is* told at the beginning of Morning or Evening Prayer to read, with a loud voice, some one or more of those "sentences of the Scripture" which precede the general exhortation, and which are intended to teach us that confession of sin should be our very first act when we worship God. Hence the Prayer Book no more enjoins or even sanctions the opening of its services with the Old Hundredth Psalm, than it enjoins or sanctions the opening of them with the waving of incense.

Without making any more remarks of my own, I shall, without any apology, take the liberty of transcribing the following from Howe's "Plain Words:—"

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

To confess our sins is the first thing we are called upon to do when we meet together within the walls of God's house. Before we lift up our voices in praise; before we pour forth our thanks to the

Giver of all good things ; before we lay our wants before the throne of grace ; yea, even before we call upon God as " Our Father," in that most perfect prayer which the ever-blessed Son of God Himself gave us ; before any of these acts of worship, we are bidden to humble ourselves before the Lord, confessing our sins and unworthiness. And surely it was a wise thing in those holy men who framed our Prayer Book to add the confession of sins at the beginning of Morning and Evening Prayer, for the older Prayer Books began at once with the Lord's Prayer, and were without what in our books comes before it. But, if we think about it, we shall easily see how fit and right it is that confession of sin should be our very first act whenever we worship God ; for think how a child would act to its earthly parent. If that child had done something to grieve its father and make him angry, and after that wished to ask him some great favour, would it go and boldly ask the favour at once ? Or would it not rather first go and confess its fault, and ask to be forgiven ; and then, when sure of its father's pardon and love, go on to make its request ? So it is with us and our Heavenly Father. " In many things we offend all." " God is provoked every day " So that it is very plain that, when we come to Him with all our sins upon us, to seek his blessing, and to claim His promises, the first thing that we should desire to do is to lay our sins before the throne of His mercy, and seek for pardon through a Saviour's merits. And it is the same whether we worship the Lord " in the great congregation," or whether we enter into our closet and shut the door ; the first act of the sinner in coming

before his God must be the *confession of sin.*

But what is it to *confess* our sins ? Is it to tell them out to God. It is true God knows them already far better than we do ourselves. To him all hearts are open, and from him no secrets are hid. So, when He bids us confess our sins, it is not that *He* may know them better, but that *we* may know them better, and feel them more deeply. And so it is plain that to confess our sins must mean something more than the mere telling them out to God ; for this would be nothing at all, without self-examination, and godly sorrow, and humbling of the heart, and penitence, and prayer, and holy resolve, and amendment of life. Confession, to be real and true, and such as God will accept, must be the voice of the " broken and contrite heart," the cry of the erring child who comes to his Father, saying : " Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in Thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son."

And O ! what a blessing is promised to such confession. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. " God is faithful," because he has promised. " Faithful is He that promised," writes the Apostle. And He is " just," because our pardon has been bought for us by the merits and sufferings of our blessed Lord, so that, as we read in the Epistle of the Romans, " God is able to be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." And observe the two-fold blessing promised ; first, the forgiveness of sin, and, secondly, the cleansing from all unrighteousness. These are simply the two great wants of man with regard

to sin; pardon for the past; cleansing for the future; or, in other words, the gifts of justification and sanctification. By the one (justification) we are accepted by God, who blots out our sins, and counts us as righteous for Christ's sake, without our really being so; by the other (sanctification) we are really made righteous in ourselves, God's Holy Spirit working in us, so that we conquer the power of sin, and grow in grace and holiness. And these great gifts are promised us "if we confess our sins."

If we only believed this more fully, what a solemn earnest work would confession be! There would be no coming late to Church, and so missing this part of the service. There would be no repeating the words of confession with the lips, while the heart is far away. There would be no speaking of sin before God, while our own thoughts are, perhaps, busy with more sin. How humbly should we kneel upon our knees! How low should we bend our hearts before God! How devoutly should we join in the prayer for mercy and grace! How thankfully should we hear God's messenger assure us of pardon and peace! How trustfully should we rise up, and go on our way with the certainty of God's grace being with us to help and defend!

And then in private, too, ere we go to rest, when we have examined into the day past, and humbly confessed not only that we are miserable sinners, but also the *special sins* we can recall to mind; how blessed to lie down (as why should we not) certain that we are accepted and at peace with God, trusting all to His mercy and secure in His love; yea, knowing that, even should we never wake again in this world, still

all is well. This is what confession ought to be.

We sorely want faith in God's promises. God says, if we will confess our sins, He *will* forgive us; and yet how few believe this in any real way! When we have done our part, why will we not believe that God has done His? Why will we not join the Psalmist in his truthful words, "I said I will confess my sins unto the Lord; and so Thou forgavest the wickedness of my sin?" Surely there must be some meaning in that blessed promise, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

Yours, very truly,
E. SLADE.

ANOTHER WORD ON "RITUALISM."

What is "Ritualism?" A most important question in the present day, when the term is so frequently used. It is understood to mean "an undue attachment to the rites and ceremonies of the Church." But what is this *undue* attachment? With some attachment at all—anything beyond indifference—is ritualism. Now the Church has rites and ceremonies, and each one of her clergy has, in the most solemn manner, engaged to observe and perform them; yet the fulfilment of this most sacred promise is regarded by many as sinful, and the neglect of it one of the best proofs of piety and spirituality.

Although it may be said that some in England have carried their principles far enough to awaken alarm in the minds of those who truly sympathize with the Reformed Church of England in the distinctiveness which she has shown concerning the "sacrifice" of the Mass, and the doctrines of transubstantiation

and the real corporeal presence, yet surely no true Churchman, acquainted with our Canadian branch of the Church Catholic, will regard ritualism as one of our sins. Rather will he not mourn over the too general want of attention to the orderly and impressive rendering of our spiritual and devotional Liturgy? In too many congregations the social character of the service is lost sight of. The members of the Church seem to forget that they have come there to pray;—not merely to join in the prayers of the Minister, but to pray *audibly themselves—with their own lips* to confess their sins and implore forgiveness. Each is to set forth God's most worthy praise, and personally, and not by deputy, invoke the aid of God's Holy Spirit that the rest of their lives hereafter may be pure and holy.

The form of godliness may exist without the power; but, surely, the existence of the power is not to be proved by the absence of the form. Let us therefore aim to carry out the spirit and form of our Church to their full extent, maintain the faith of the Gospel, and, at the same time, seek to render to God in its highest and best form the reasonable service to which we are called. Let us, then, seek to have more united and hearty responding. Let the faithful be stirred up, that they may come to the House of the Lord with the *voice* of joy and praise, that, within the Holy place, we may find the devout worshipper, with humbleness of mind and fervency of spirit, serving the Lord and calling upon His name; and every congregation with true earnestness worshipping Him in the beauty of holiness. T.

A public festival was held in Fulford on the 10th of October, the day ap-

pointed by the Lord Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan as a day of thanksgiving, to be observed by the members of the Anglican Church in this diocese. One hundred persons partook of an excellent dinner provided in the machine shop of Mr. Phelps by the ladies whose names are appended:—Mrs. R. Armstrong, Mrs. J. Blinn, Mrs. J. Booth, Mrs. R. Booth, Mrs. Eastman, Mrs. F. England, Mrs. G. Graves, Mrs. H. Hayes, Mrs. E. Lewis, Mrs. McLoughlin, Mrs. Phelps, Mrs. G. Pickrin, Mrs. J. Salsbury.

To Mr. and Mrs. Phelps much credit is due for the willingness with which they gave up their premises for the occasion, and for the great interest they took in all the proceedings. The exertions and liberality of the ladies who prepared the entertainment were deserving of all praise.

After dinner the company proceeded to the neat little church of St. Stephen, which had been tastefully decorated by the young men and women of the village. The thanksgiving service was read by the missionary in charge of Fulford, and the Rev. A. T. Whitten; the lessons by the Rev. W. R. Brown. Suitable addresses were given by the Rev. Messrs. Whitten and D. Lindsay. A collection was taken up for the missionary society of the diocese, and a presentation was made of a sufficient quantity of stove-piping for the use of the church, from Mr. F. England, the Churchwarden, and of a handsome lectern from some of the members of the congregation of Holy Trinity Church, Brome Woods. In the course of the services, a variety of pieces of church music was very nicely sung by the choir under the able leadership of Mr. E. Lewis.

To the Editor of the Church of Old England :

SIR:—A statement of what is transpiring in—*literally*—the Backwoods of Canada, in the interest of the Church, may not prove unacceptable to your readers. I therefore venture to trouble you with an account of the opening of a new church in a small village nine miles north of the town of Peterboro, Canada West,—a village between whose confines and the North Pole no other church has, so far as my experience extends, been, up to the present time, erected.

Twelve years ago, in the village to which I allude, Lakefield, in the township of Douro, a small stone church—small, but sufficiently capacious for the then existing population—was built by some English gentlemen, aided by their friends “at home,” among whom the present Incumbent, then an English curate, had the privilege to be numbered. As time passed on, and as the population of the neighbourhood increased, this church, regarded formerly with proper pride as the only place of worship north of the County town, and as really a church-like fabric, became too circumscribed for the requirements of those worshipping, or desirous to worship, within its walls. It was resolved, then, some three years since, to endeavour to raise a fund adequate to the erection of a more commodious Fane, and, still with large assistance from friends in Old England, the desired consummation has, at length, been arrived at, and now a *second*, and more capacious, and more beautiful church has been dedicated to the service of the Most High, and is occupied by a most numerous congregation.

On Tuesday, the 16th instant, this church, dedicated to S. John the Baptist, was opened with divine service at 11 A. M. A procession of clergy, including the Coadjutor Bishop-elect of the Diocese, and the Revs. Vincent Clementi, (Incumbent,) Wilson of Grafton, Beck

of Peterboro, C. Bethune of Cobourg, and Alexander of Port Hope, vested in surplice, hood, and scarf, left the Incumbent's residence, and walked to the church where a special service, drawn up by the Incumbent, and sanctioned by the Lord Bishop of Toronto, was conducted as follows :

Appropriate sentences, psalms, lessons, epistle and gospel, and the Collect for S. Simon and S. Jude's day. Prayers were said by the Incumbent, the Lessons being read by the Rev. C. J. S. Bethune and F. Alexander, and the Epistle and Gospel by the Revs. J. W. Beck and J. Wilson: the Ante-Communion office was said by the Coadjutor Bishop-elect, who also delivered an admirable and appropriate sermon from Ezekiel XLIII, 12.

Mrs. Leigh, daughter of the late Rev. J. Rothwell of Amherst Island, kindly presided at the melodeon and displayed her accustomed good taste, and the choir rendered the Chants and Hymns (the latter consisting of “Christ is made the sure Foundation,” &c., and “Jerusalem the Golden!” &c., with more than their usual force and precision.

While the special offertory sentences were being read, a collection was made in aid of the Building Fund,—the offerings amounting to the very handsome sum of sixty-three dollars.

The church is an exceedingly substantial edifice, of the early English style of architecture, and is composed of nave and chancel, with porch and vestry on either side. The belfry is situated at the south-west, and is supported by the end wall and a relieving projection of stone work.

The walls, which are fifteen feet in height, with buttresses at the sides and angles, are built of granite boulders, split with the hammer so as to present a fresh face, and laid in irregular courses and neatly pointed, the whole relieved by cut lime-stone.

The roof is open-timbered and of a high pitch, and is composed of arched ribs, principals, queen-posts and hammer-beams resting on the walls and corbels :

the wood work is of white pine, stained and varnished.

The chancel is 15x18 feet, with triplet windows, facing N. E. ; there are smaller windows at the sides. The Nave is 51x31 feet, sufficiently large for the accommodation of at least 200 worshippers. The choir is placed at present in the Nave close to the prayer-desk, but will, at some future time, occupy the Chancel in which are seats arranged stall-wise. The pulpit and prayer desk are placed on either side at the opening between the Nave and Chancel, and are precisely similar in size, octagonal in shape and panelled. The Altar stands upon a foot-pace, and, on the occasion of the opening, was adorned with vases of beautiful flowers. The stone Font occupies its proper place near the entrance-door. The seats, as they ought always to be, are doorless, and sufficiently roomy to admit of kneeling without discomfort. The interior of the walls is plastered and marked off in imitation of plain ashler-work.

There may be those who, in reading this description of our Church, will object to the ornamentation to which we have had recourse ; let such read this account—dictated, be it remembered, by the Holy Spirit—of the erection of the Tabernacle and of the building of either Temple. Let them bear in mind the confession made to the Prophet Nathan by the “man after God’s own heart,” that he could not tolerate the idea that while himself was occupying “an house of cedar,” “the Ark of the Lord” should remain “under curtains,” *i. e.*, simply in a tent. And we know that He whose habitation is unbounded space, whose Temple is the Universe, condescended to express His approval of His servant’s desire to erect a “Palace,” as the word is translated, in some degree worthy of Him in whose honour it was to be reared. The earth was ransacked of her richest treasures to furnish forth the materials of which that sumptuous edifice was constructed: “the gold,” “the silver,” the copper (“brass” it is somewhat unaccountably termed) “the iron,” “onyx

stones,” “glistening stones, and of divers colours, and all manner of precious stones, and marble stones in abundance” were torn from their dark hiding places to aid in the decoration of the Lord’s House. So, too, with regard to the timbers,—“the glory of Lebanon,” “the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box” were ordered, by the same voice that “in the beginning” commanded and they were, to be drawn from the mountain and the forest to “beautify,” as Isaiah expressed it, “the place of” God’s “sanctuary.”

No doubt, then, can consistently be entertained that it is the pleasure of the Almighty that the buildings dedicated to His worship should be elaborately and even gorgeously embellished : and we, in our contracted sphere and with our limited means, have endeavoured, in all humility, as far as in us lies, to act in some small consistency with that pleasure.

I should weary those whose eyes may chance to rest upon this communication, I should occupy too large a portion of the space usually accorded to correspondents, were I to pursue this subject at greater length: a volume might be written and the topic still unexhausted ; I will therefore conclude by asking all true sons and daughters of the Church to believe that we have done simply what we conceived to be our duty, in humble imitation of him who erstwhile declared, I will not “offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing.”

“O Lord our God, all this store that we have prepared to build Thee an House for Thine holy name cometh of Thine hand, and is all Thine own.”

I am, Sir, your obd’t serv’t,

B. A.

North Douro, C. W., Oct. 29, 1866.

P. S.—I have, I find, omitted to state that the Architect is Walter Strickland, Esq., son of Lieut.-Col. Strickland, of North Douro, who most kindly gave us the benefit of his gratuitous services, and who superintended the work with the utmost care and patience.

JOHN MASON NEALE.

It has been aptly remarked by a modern writer that "great men stand like solitary towers in the City of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the labourers on the surface do not even dream!" No doubt there is much truth in this; but, on the other hand, there are the storms without beating on the elevated fabric, and the higher it looms in its colossal grandeur, the more exposed it is to the ruthless attacks of tempest, the more easily undermined and shaken to its base. There is something inexpressibly beautiful in the record of an active and well spent life. It is like a great fire receiving nourishment from the thousand ills which are sent to damp it. With each successive contumely it scintillates, purifying whatever approaches it. Each cold blast but fans it into an incandescent brightness, and at last when all that was wantonly cast into it to quench it is destroyed, after a glorious conflagration it dies out, leaving its precious ashes as a memorial of what has been. It is an old Monkish axiom that "to labour is to pray;" but when well directed labour and earnest prayer are combined, what ills may not be overcome, what prejudices conquered, what good may not bud out of evil. No fitter exemplification of this great truth can be given than in the life of the late Rev. John Mason Neale, who, on the Feast of the Transfiguration, entered into rest—rest from a life of sickness, pain, and unrequited mental and bodily toil. Doubtless many of your readers are acquainted with that most beautiful poem, "Jerusalem the

Golden," a composition that has won its way into the hearts of millions of all classes and creeds of christians. An unknown thinker has remarked: "Let me write the ballads of a nation, and I care not who make its laws." If this trite saying holds good in secular things, how much more will it in the Church militant. We have the *Verilla Regis* of Venantius Fortunatus in all its original beauty. Who can tell of the political struggles of the Court of Clotaire? And the names of Prudentius, Notker, and Thomas of Celano will outlive their contemporary political masters. Deeply as the death of the saintly Keble will be felt in the Church of England, it seems as if the Warden of Sackville College leaves a more irreparable blank; for apart from his poetic genius, his wonderful versatility in diverse subjects made him, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks, "one of the most remarkable men the Church of England has had in the ranks of her ministry during the present century." An unrivalled linguist, the master of twenty languages, possibly the first liturgiologist of this or other ages, a poet of surpassing vigor and beauty, equally at home reproducing the subtle terseness of Adam of St. Victor, the sprightliness of St. Anatolius, the subjective beauty of St. Bernard, the heavenly home-sickness of Bernard of Cluny, or writing hymns for the sick, ballads for the manufacturing poor, or songs for children. There seems to be hardly a path in literature which he has not trod successfully. History, ecclesiology, hymnody, fiction, liturgiology, and translations from different languages; yet, amid all this, he found time to labour successfully in establishing a work which reflects the greatest lustre

on his earnest life—the famous Nursing Sisterhood of St. Margaret, at East Grinstead, in Sussex. Born in London, in 1818, the son of a distinguished literary man, the Revd. Cornelius Neale, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Senior Wrangler of 1812, he, at an extremely early age, manifested signs of great literary power, and a wonderful facility for acquiring languages. When five years old he lost his father, and his clever mother, the daughter of the celebrated John Mason Good, for several years directed his studies. For some time a student at Sherborne Grammar School, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1836, and obtained a scholarship, and was looked upon as the rising man of his year. A rooted distaste for mathematics prevented his graduating with distinction, but he, however, won the members' prize for 1838, was appointed Fellow and Tutor of Downing, and after he went down as Master won the Seatonian prize eleven times, after some very severe struggles. While at College, in conjunction with Benjamin Webb and his brother-in-law, E. J. Boyce, he founded the Ecclesiological Society. In 1842, he married Miss Webster, the daughter of a clergyman, and was presented to the incumbency of Crawley in Sussex. A severe pulmonary attack, however, prevented him from entering into his cure of souls, and, on his return from Madeira, whither he had gone in hopes of re-establishing his health, he was presented by Lord Delaware to the wardenship of Sackville College, East Grinstead, which, from a state of ruin and decay, he restored to its present beauty. Here, upon the miserable stipend of £28 a year, less than a labourer would be content to work for

in this country, he lived, pouring out the rich and varied treasures of his mind. The Hymnal Noted, Mediæval hymns, hymns of the Eastern Church, sequences, translations of the primitive liturgies, and essays, histories, and numerous works down to the last effort of his sick bed, the translation of the pendant to the famous *Stabat Mater* of Giacomo de Todi, the *Stabat Mater Speciosa* by the cradle at Bethlehem, followed in quick succession from his prolific pen. Shy, and retiring in his manner, he lived among his books, only quitting them for occasional ecclesiological tours, or when the sterner duties of his sacred profession called him. For fourteen years he was inhibited from preaching in the Diocese of Chichester by the Bishop. No cause was ever assigned, but it was supposed that his placing a cross and two candlesticks on the altar of Sackville College Chapel, when restored from ruin by him, was the reason of his Lordship's intolerant act. In 1861 the interdiction was removed, and, as no reason was at first given, no regret for past injustice rendered ill-treatment more bearable. But he did not bear malice. As a writer says, "Such was his natural sweetness of disposition that no injury ever done him seemed to rankle in his mind, nor did his most intimate friends ever hear him say a harsh word of those who had wronged him most." A Valitudinarian for years, it is wonderful how much he accomplished both by his pen and his labours among the sick, the destitute, and fallen. In 1856 he established the Nursing Sisterhood at East Grinstead, an Orphanage was soon added, then a school for girls of the professional class, and branches founded in London, Wigan, Aberdeen, and Aldershot. The latter,

for the reformation of fallen women who follow the camp, after some years of beneficial results, was finally abandoned through the puritanical interference of officials, who, as the *Guardian* says, "thought it very little matter that women should be unchaste, but highly objectionable that they should be Tractarianized." This bigotry nearly cost him his life at Lewes, in 1857, where, at the funeral of a Sister, Miss Scobell, he was attacked by an organized mob, led on by ignorant fanatics of the Evangelical party; and had it not been for his determined courage and the fortitude of the Sisters of St. Margaret, who accompanied the cortege, very possibly serious bodily injury, if not death, might have ensued. As this good man's labours were so unceasingly devoted to increasing the efficiency of the Sisterhood, I can not do better than quote from the *Church Times* a letter written last April respecting them, as it cannot fail to interest your readers:—

It is founded primarily as a nursing Sisterhood. If a parish or a family be in want of a nurse for dangerous or contagious sickness, they have only to telegraph, and a Sister is bound to go by the next train after the receipt of the telegram. No matter what the sickness—if it be the plague itself—she goes immediately. If the patient live in a hovel, the Sister is prepared to sleep on the bare floor, if necessary, of that hovel. When I looked at the Sisters in their chapel, and knew that the young ladies among them had been delicately brought up, I wondered that the number of those who actually succumb to fever and illness contracted in the course of their duty was not greater than it actually is. Their spirit, however, seemed unconquerable. Rather perhaps they know that what they do, they do for Christ's sake, and they are content to leave the issue in His hands, being well assured that, come what may, they cannot be losers. The following letter from the Countess of ——— may speak for itself. I take it very much at random from a host of others of the same kind:—

"March 25, 1863.

"Sister ——— and her patient are gone to

London, to the Smallpox Hospital, Upper Holloway. The Sister's malady is on the increase, as we must expect, but she expressed herself as not feeling ill. I trust all will be well, and that they will be received in London. I had a telegram last night to that effect. I have not words to express my admiration of Sister ———'s bearing, her gentle patience under such dismal circumstances, and her good sense in re-considering the question of her going to the Hospital, and deciding as she did, without any one urging her to do so, but the contrary. I have seldom seen a greater instance of self-sacrifice, or of more devotion to her Master's service. I cannot doubt that it will meet its reward."

There are in all about forty Sisters at East Grinstead. Besides their nursing work abroad, they have plenty of work on hand at home. They have in their sole charge an Orphanage containing upwards of forty children. They keep them till they are about fifteen, and then get them places; allowing them to return to the House whenever they are out of place. If there has been no misconduct. All the children seemed supremely happy and well tended.

They also have a ladies' school at East Grinstead for about thirty girls, daughters of professional men. Besides these, they carry on missions in London, Aberdeen, and elsewhere.

But their great work is in nursing. To give an instance of their usefulness in this line, I will merely mention that a year ago they nursed no less than 236 fever cases in the town of Baldoak alone. In the three weeks previous to the Sister's being sent for, the deaths were 36; in the six weeks they were there, 9: and this though the fever itself had spread very widely. In this town there were no less than 80 cases on hand at once! This is something like work, and it is only a specimen."

During all this incessant toil for his fellow-creatures, neither Church nor State accorded him any recognition. The Church Catholic and numerous dissenting bodies sang his hymns. High dignitaries of the Church, when enveloped in some liturgical or ecclesiological fog, sought his assistance on a subject which he only could elucidate. Learned societies courted his ready aid. The poor, the sick and the fallen received his ministrations, and the world at large profits by the unrivalled lore and ripe scholarship of this eminently pious man.

From the United States he received his degree of D.D.; the Czar made him a pecuniary gift in recognition of his services to the Eastern Church, while to the everlasting shame of the Church of England be it recorded, he lived by his pen, and "was left to languish as the warden of an almshouse on an income, in addition to his residence, of twenty-eight pounds a year." On the 20th July, 1865, St. Margaret's day, was the crowning event of his life—the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Convent for the Sisters of St. Margaret, a work, when finished, to cost over \$125,000, and which, during his past illness, he visited whenever his strength would permit his being conveyed there. In March last, dropsy, caused by a diseased liver, supervened, and after four months of patient suffering, he entered into his rest on the Feast of the Transfiguration, the 6th August, waiting until the last trump shall summon him to a more perfect realization of those celestial beauties of which he sang so well, and lived and longed to attain.

It would be impossible, from the multifariousness of his writings, and the diverseness of the subjects, to attempt anything like a review of them in necessarily a circumscribed space, so I shall content myself with placing before your readers a few specimens of his hymns, as it is by them that he is better known to the Canadian Church, and on them his widest and most substantial fame depends. In England, his translation of the "Heavenly Country," from which the centos of "Jerusalem the Golden," "Brief life is here our portion," and "For Thee, Oh! Dear, Dear Country," have been adapted to hymns, is perhaps the greatest favourite. As a processional hymn, the famous *Vexilla Regis* of

Venantius Fortunatus, "The Royal Banners Forward go," has few equals. The former poem from the eccentricity of the rhythm, which the pious Cluniac remarked that nothing but Divine assistance could have sustained him in for such a long work, it being three thousand lines, shows his wonderful power of versification. It is from lines like these he has translated, or rather made the Monk's soul speak through him:—

"Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur :

Non breve vivere, non breve plangere retribuetur;
O retributio! stat brevis actio, vita perennis;
O retributio! calica mansio stat tue plenis;
Quid datur et quibus? æther egentibus et cruce dignis,

Sidera vermibus, optima sœntibus, astra malignis."

As all these hymns are given in that most excellent work, "*Hymns Ancient and Modern*," it would be superfluous to quote from them. In one hymn from St. Anatolius, he is very happy—

"Fierce was the wild billow;
Dark was the night;
Oars labour'd heavily;
Foam glimmer'd white;
Trembled the mariners;
Peril was high;
Then said the God of God,
—'Peace! It is I!'

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest.
Sorrow can never be,—
Darkness must fly,—
Where saith the Light of Light,
—'Peace! It is I!'

Jesu, Deliverer!
Come Thou to me:
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over Life's sea!
Thou, when the storm of Death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
'Peace! It is I!'

I shall finish this imperfect sketch of his poetry with a sequence from Adam of St. Victor, and one of his hymns for

the sick, written in 1843. The former I have chosen for its beauty, although it does not display the subtle allusions the densely packed meanings, and deep scriptural lore with which most of that poet's verses abound:—

Supernæ Matris Gandia.

“ The Church on Earth with answering love,
Echoes her Mother's joys above,
These yearly Feast-days she may keep,
And yet for endless festals weep.

In this world's valley, dim and wild,
That Mother must assist the child;
And heavenly guards must pitch their tents,
And range their ranks in our defence.

The world, the flesh, and Satan's rage,
Their differing wars against us wage;
And when their phantom-hosts come on,
The Sabbath of the heart is gone;

This triple league, with fierce dislike,
At holy festivals would strike;
And set the battle in array
To drive their peace from earth away.

And storms confused above us lower
Of hope and fear, and joy and woe;
And scarcely even for one half hour
Is silence in God's House below.

That distant city, oh how blest
Whose feast-days know nor pause nor rest!
How glad some is that Palace Gate,
Round which nor fear nor sorrow wait!

Nor languor here, nor weary age,
Nor fraud, nor dread of hostile rage;
But one the joy, and one the song,
And one the heart of all the throng!

The Saints whose praise to-day we sing
Are standing now before the throne,
And face to face behold the King
In all His majesty made known.

In that serene and glorious place,
When this life's many toils are past,
Christ, of His Everlasting Grace,
Grant us to join the blest at last! Amen.”

IN GREAT BODILY PAIN.

Thou only Refuge from the heat,
Thou only Rock wherein to hide,
Thou only Shade when tempests beat,
The Suffering, the Crucified:
Captain of our Salvation, that couldst be
Made perfect only through Thine agony:

My sin is great,—my pain is sore,
My strength is gone, my spirit fails;
For me the Cross Thy great love bore
For me the Scourge, for me the Nails;
For me the Crown around Thy temples set,
For me the Agony and Bloody Sweat.

Oh! while I tread these hard rough ways,
Ways smooth to Thy way,—lead mine eye
With holy, yet with steadfast gaze
Into Thy Passion's Sanctuary;
Thy Wounds my cure,—my more than trust
art Thou;
Hadst Thou not borne them, where had I been
now?

Hear me, and save me when I call,
By all those woes, now past away,
Thy Precious Death and Burial,
Thy Resurrection the third day,
Thy Triumph over Death and all his host;
And by the coming of the HOLY GHOST.

Lord if Thou wilt, Thou canst forgive:
Speak the word only; set me free
From sin, that so my soul may live,
From suffering,—if it pleaseth Thee:
O make Thou here what'er Thou wilt my part
If there I may but see Thee as Thou art.'

Having brought before your readers some of the salient points in the life and writings of this great man, I shall conclude with an account of his funeral obsequies, which cannot fail to be interesting and instructive to those who cling to primitive doctrine and ritual—a funeral which an English paper remarks was “unequaled for picturesqueness by any thing which has been seen in England (except perhaps at coronations) for three hundred years” bore testimony to the illustrious dead. Among the clergy present were the Bishop of Dunedin, (New Zealand,) the Hon. and Rev. R. Liddell, and one hundred and twenty other priests from the English, Greek and American Churches, which, with the different religious orders, made the cortege swell out to over two hundred and fifty persons. As the *Church Journal*, quoting from *John Bull* and the *Churchman*, gives a very full and inter-

esting account, I will subjoin it—the hymn “Safe Home,” which I give at length being a translation of his from the Greek of S. Joseph of the Studium :

The late Dr. Neale, some short time before his death, drew up a paper of directions to be observed in the event of his decease, and these were, as far as possible, carried out. Immediately after his death, says a correspondent of the *Guardian*, the Sisters established a watch by his remains, which they kept up night and day in relays of two and two, till the funeral. The coffin was of the same pattern as that used by the Society—namely, of plain elm, coped *en dos d'ane*, and ornamented with a plain wooden cross extending from end to end. On the lid was the following inscription, which the deceased himself had directed to be placed upon it:—

“Johannes Mason Neale
Miser et indignus
Sacerdos requiescit
Sub signo Thau.”

The allusion is to the 9th chapter of Ezekiel, where the Vulgate has preserved a detail of the Hebrew which has been suppressed in the Authorized Version: “And behold six men came . . . every man a slaughter weapon in his hand, and one man among them was clothed with linen, with a writer's inkhorn by his side. . . . And the Lord said unto him, ‘Go through . . . the midst of Jerusalem, and set a Thau (*i. e.* a cross) upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof.’ And to the others he said, ‘Slay utterly old and young, . . . but come not near any man upon whom is the Thau.’”

The deceased having been placed in his coffin by his old friend, Dr. Littledale, was taken for a day into S. Margaret's, and then brought back to Sackville College. The coffin was covered with a violet cloth pall, and with wreaths of flowers, grasses, and wheat ears. On Friday morning there was an early celebration of the Holy Communion at 7 A.M. in the chapel of the Sisterhood, which will not be soon forgotten by those who took part in it. Friends from a distance, those who had shared his arduous labors in establishing the Order of S. Margaret, and others who had come specially to testify their hearty reverence for a good man and a great theologian, knelt together at the Lord's table, and while grieving over their own loss, felt that he who had been taken away was soon to have his reward. Trains from London and Brighton brought many in time for the second celebration of the Holy Communion, which took place in the beautiful chapel of Sackville College at

noon. Priests-associate, of the Order of S. Margaret, followed the choir, composed of the principal London and Brighton churches, into the little sanctuary, before which stood the coffin of the deceased priest on a bier, covered with a violet pall. The altar was vested in black, and a black dossal hung behind. On the super-altar were a cross and flower vases, with two lighted tapers. The stalls had been set apart for the members of the deceased's family, who, in addition to the celebrant, alone communicated. The celebrant was the Rev. Canon Haskoll, of East Barkwith, the assistants being the Revs. W. W. La Barte and Reginald Tuke; Dr. Littledale acting as assistant priest, and the Rev. G. Akers as master of the ceremonies. The service was that appointed by Queen Elizabeth for Communion at Funerals, during which a few specific prayers were introduced with particular reference to the deceased. The service was carefully sung, the Rev. Thomas Helmore, of the Chapel Royal, acting as Precentor. The chapel was crowded to the doors, many kneeling outside on the lawn of the College Quadrangle. Nothing could have been more solemn or striking than the singing of the *Dies Ire* as a Gradual to the old and solemn music; while afterwards, when the consecration took place, all heads being bowed and all lips moved, the sting of death seemed to be verily removed by the presence of the Lord of Life who had triumphed over death and hell. At the close of the service the choir and clergy left the chapel, chanting the *Nunc Dimittis* to an ancient tone. Then the procession was formed to bear the honored remains of a great priest to his last resting-place.

By this period all had arrived who intended taking part in the proceedings. In the procession first came the clergy, two and two, in surplices, and tippets, or hoods, numbering more than a hundred and twenty, among whom were representatives of the churches of Russia and America; then followed the Orphans of S. Margaret's in blue and brown dresses, bearing wreaths of flowers, after whom came the exterior-Sisters or Sisters-associate in their habits; then the novices, the probationary sisters, the serving sisters, and those who attended as representing other orders or institutions, *e. g.*, Clewer, All Saints, Wymering, Ditchingham, Bovey Tracey, and S. George's East: all carried flowers or wreaths of *immortelles*. Then the choristers of various churches in violet cassocks and cottas, followed by lay members of the Order of S. Margaret, the cross-bearer, priests of the same Order, and then the body on an open bier carried by eight men, the pall being borne by eight priests in cassocks, cottas, black stoles with sil-

ver crosses and birettas. On the coffin lay a large cross of flowers with wheat ears and grapes intertwined. The officiating clergy and mourners followed. Slowly the procession moved round the old quadrangle, with solemn chant and up-borne cross, down through the principal entrance to the street of the town. Here every inch of space was occupied, and every upper window filled with reverent spectators, while Psalms 121, 122, and 124 (" I will lift up," " I was glad," and " If the Lord Himself,") were sung. Most of the shops were closed, and a large majority appeared in mourning. With measured tread the remains of one whom the townspeople had learned to respect were taken to their last resting-place. The Service of the Dead was said in the parish church, which the Vicar had kindly placed at the disposal of the friends of the deceased. Canon Haskoll sang it. Dr. Littledale reading the Lesson. The church was thronged by a reverent congregation, after which the procession wended its way to the grave at the easternmost extremity of the churchyard. The arrangements, under the direction of Mr. Akers and an assistant, were complete. Seldom have we witnessed so touching a scene, as when surrounded by the Sisters of the Order he himself had originated, by the orphans who had lost a true friend, by his immediate relatives, and nearly 250 in religious habit or priestly garb. The prayer of intercession and the wail of loss or word of hope was chanted round the open grave. At the close of the service, his own beautiful translation, " Brief life is here our portion," was sung, and then all in turn took a look at the coffin resting there, while the sparkling cross at the foot of the grave seemed to tell of a triumph and a resurrection.

There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know :
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.

The mourners then approached, one by one, to take a last look at the coffin, and wreaths and flowers were rained upon it until it was almost hidden from sight. The procession was then reformed, and it took its way back to the College singing " Jerusalem the Golden " and " Safe home."

John Mason Neale also wrote the following beautiful lines :

SAFE HOME.

Safe home, safe home in port—
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck ;
But oh ! the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage perils o'er !

The prize, the prize secure !
The athlete nearly fell—
Bare all he *could* endure,
And bare not always well ;
But he may smile at troubles gone,
Who sets the victor-garland on !

No more the foe can harm—
No more of leaguer'd camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp ;
And yet how nearly he had failed,—
How nearly had that foe prevailed !

The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned.
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end ;
But One came by with Wounded Side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home.
Oh ! nights and days of tears,
Oh ! longings not to roam,
Oh ! sins, and doubts, and fears,—
What matter now, when (so men say)
The King has wiped those tears away ?

Oh ! happy, happy Bride,
Thy widow'd hours are past,
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all His Own at last !
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallowed up !

Quietly he rests in his narrow grave, but his works will live after him. Already since his death large subscriptions have been given to finish S. Margaret's Convent as a fitting memorial to his name. And in future years this noble Conventual pile will be a standing rebuke to those who allowed John Mason Neale, " a poor unworthy priest," to look to a cold world for his daily bread, when their hands were so full. And it is also suggestive of the fact that there must be something after all in the Catholic Faith, if purely kept, to lift one's soul above

grosser things. And though the world may frown, the despised Tractarian priest, with his fellow labourers Keble and Williams, can calmly close an unrequited life of toil knowing that what they battled for will in God's good time be made plain. And that it is not to earthly dignitaries that the earnest minister should look for reward for his weary day of hard self-sacrificing labour.

"Awake, and give the blind their sight, teach praises to the dumb;
O Mother Church arise and shine, for lo! thy light is come,
Till all the faithful through the world, God's one elected host,
Shall welcome the outpouring of a brighter pentecost;
And there shall be, and thou shalt see, throughout this earthly ball,
One Church, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Lord of all!"
Vigil of St. Matthew, 1866. H. M. GILES.

WHAT DO THE PLYMOUTH BRETHREN BELIEVE?

(Continued from July number, page 110.)

THE SABBATH.

The views of the Brethren on this subject are plainly expressed by C. H. M. He denies that the Sabbath was given in Eden, and states that "it was ordained at Sinai for the Jews alone; that Gentiles or christians never had anything to say to it; that every day ought to be a Sabbath to the child of God; that we may avail ourselves of the *privilege* of keeping a Sabbath, but it is not our *duty* to do so."

We fancy the Brethren must have copied the views of Mr. Belsham, the late renowned Unitarian controversialist, almost word for word. "Christianity (said that enemy of the truth) abolishes all distinction of days. To a true christian every day is a Sabbath, every place is a temple, and every action of life an act of devotion. Whatever is lawful and expedient upon any one day of the week is, under the Christian

dispensation, equally lawful and expedient on the other." (Belsham's Review, page 20.) It merely requires to place the views of C. H. M. side by side with those of Mr. Belsham, to see how identical they are in principle. We would desire, however, to do more than expose to public view the bad company that the Brethren keep. Our duty is with their errors. Let us sift these statements of C. H. M. with reference to the Sabbath.

The Sabbath, writes C. H. M., was not given in Eden, it was at first given to the Jews at Sinai.

The word Sabbath (which signifies "rest") we at first read of in the 3rd verse of the 2nd of Genesis. "And God blessed the 7th day, and sanctified it, because that he had rested from all his works which he created and made." The meaning of the word "sanctify" is to "set apart." God set apart the day and appended a special blessing to it. Now the question arises, what did he set it apart for. It would be utter nonsense to say that he set it apart for himself as a day of future rest, and that he blessed it in order that he might feel happier on that day than any other. Nay; the Sabbath was made for *man*, says Christ. It was but one day older than man, and God plainly set it apart to be observed by man, who, in humble imitation of his Creator, was to dress and keep the garden "during six days, and rest on the seventh." Thus the Sabbath day was (if not given *in* Eden) given *for* Eden—given to *man* as the federal head of the human race.

On turning to the 20th of Exodus, where Moses describes the giving of the law, we find God speaking of the Sabbath day as an old institution. Our readers will remark that all the commandments, with the exception of the 4th and 5th, begin with these important words "Thou shalt not"; but God commences the 4th by saying "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." That word "remember" stirs up recollections, and what food could there be for recollections if

the theory of C. H. M. be correct. Nay, the plain meaning of the word is "don't you forget, or don't think that I forget the necessity of Sabbath observance." I feel that it is so "necessary for your welfare as a nation and as individuals, that I have inserted this old commandment into this written code, and I now once again re-echo the Law of Eden: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'"

Such being the case (and we think it would be hard to disprove it), then the Sabbath is to be looked on as an institution for humanity, and not merely for a nation. Wherever *man* is obedient to God, he will observe the Sabbath—not with the feelings of fear that are generated at Sinai, but with those feelings of grateful love that burst into life in Eden, and gained fresh strength on the resurrection morn.

But C. H. M. adds "that the Sabbath is not binding on Christians; that they may keep it as a *privilege*, but that it is not a *duty*." Before he can prove this, he must dispose of the statement that the Sabbath was instituted for *humanity*, and invent a gloss of his own for the words of Christ: "The Sabbath was made for *man*." It is a very easy thing for C. H. M. to make a distinction between privilege and duty; but we would ask him where does Scripture speak of the Christian Sabbath merely as a *privilege*. All the weight of argument from the creation to the present lies on the side of *DUTY*. Even as in the Jewish Church we find all the great duties of life revolving round the Sabbath, so in the Apostolic Church we find all the evidences of Christian life centred in the Sabbath. The day was changed from the seventh to the first, but we find no change in the sanctified duties of the day. "The Lord's Day" stands out as distinctly in the New Testament as the Sabbath in the Old. Even admitting, for the sake of argument, that every day was a Sabbath to the Apostles, we ask, Did they not exalt one Sabbath above its brothers and call it "the Lord's Day?" It was on the

Lord's Day they met together to preach, to hear, to pray and celebrate the feast of His love. It was on the Lord's Day that the missionary collections were made. We do not read of their meeting together every day, or receiving the feast every day,—nay, all their public religious duties centred themselves in the last and first days of the week.

Although the Brethren may reject all reference to Primitive writers with scorn, still, for the sake of our readers, we would wish to give a few quotations from the earliest writers on the question of the Sabbath. Pliny the younger, in writing to the Emperor Trajan, A.D. 70, states (Plin. Lib. 10, Ep. 97) "that the Christians met together on a stated day before it was light, and sang hymns to Christ as their God, and bound themselves with a sacrament to do no evil." Pliny wrote as a heathen, and of course does not mention what the day was, but it was plainly the Lord's Day. Now, why did they meet before light? Evidently because they did so at the peril of their lives; for Pliny adds (Tertull de Fuya, cap. 14) "that accusations, trials and examinations were and had been going on against them in the provinces over which he presided, and that in consequence of these informations, many had been apprehended, of whom some boldly avowed their profession, and *died* in the cause; others denied that they were Christians; others, acknowledging that they had once been Christians, declared that they had long ceased to be such." Now, we ask, could anything but a sense of *duty* lead these men to meet together by stealth, in the dark, and at the peril of their lives? Can we believe that the Christians who apostatized when brought face to face with death, would ever have met together save under a sense of *duty*? If they held the creed of C. H. M., "that every day was the same in God's eyes—that public worship on a stated day was merely a privilege that might or might not be made use of," can we believe they would have done so? We cannot

think so, and we hail their having done so as a palpable evidence of the duty of keeping the Sabbath-day holy.

Again we would refer our readers to Justin Martyr's well-known description of a Primitive Sabbath, A.D. 140:—

“On the day called Sunday, all that live in the city or country meet together, and the writings of the Apostles and Prophets are read to them, after which the *Bishop or President of the Assembly* makes a discourse to the people, exhorting them to follow the good things they have heard. Then we all rise and make *common prayer*, and when prayers are ended, bread and wine and water are brought to the President, who prays and gives thanks with all possible fervency over them, the people answering ‘Amen,’ after which distributions of the elements are made to all present, and they are sent to the absent by the hands of the deacons.”

Now, in order for the Brethren to lead us to adopt their and Mr. Belsham's view of the Sabbath, they must first prove that the Sabbath was not given to *man*. They must then prove that it was observed by the Primitive Christians as a *privilege*, and they ought, if straightforward, explain in some of their many Tracts on the Sabbath, the historic quotations we have alluded to. But we would look for proof, not assertion—the Word of God—the voice of the Church; not the bare *ipse dixit* of C. H. S. and J. N. D. We would like to see them prove, from Scripture, in their Tracts, for what *man* the Sabbath was made, and where it was made.

THE CHURCH.

The views of the Brethren on this subject are simply a revival of the Donatist views, current in the 4th and 6th centuries. “The Donatists considered the African Church fallen from the ranks and privileges of a True Church, and without the gifts of the Holy Spirit. For their own body, on account of the sanctity of its Bishops, they claimed exclusively the name of a True, Pure and Holy Church; nor

“would they hold any communion with other churches, for fear of contracting some defilement.” Mosh, book 2, page 378. This sect was short-lived. It arose A.D. 311, and became extinct A.D. 600.

The Brethren believe that the Church of God is composed solely of *believers*, and that each congregation is under the direct guidance of the Holy Spirit. They profess to pray, speak and sing under the influence of the Spirit. Indeed, the preaching of the Word is called the *Ministry* of the Holy Ghost (Lord's Supper and Ministry).

Believing “that the allowance of evil in the *Assembly* has divided the Church,” (Darby) they are careful to hold no communication with other religious bodies, “feeling that no denomination of the present day *owns the Spirit of God* (Christ the Centre, 8).” They profess to have found the reality of the Spirit's presence in their Assembly, and for this reason are forced “to separate from every community where he is not owned.” (Ibid 10.) In short, they look on all Christendom as Shylock on Bassanio, and they deal with it accordingly. “They will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you”; in some cases they are a shade more liberal than the Jew, “for they will eat with you and drink with you,” but they glory in the bigotry of the miser of Venice. “They will not *pray* with you.” To understand their views on the Church, we will notice them separately. First, we would refer to

THE GIFTS OF THE SPIRIT.

The stronghold of the Brethren on this point is the 14th chap. of 1 Cor. C. H. M. draws a picture of what a Christian Assembly ought to be now from this chapter. He says: “All the Christians in a neighborhood assembled together in the name of Jesus. The Spirit gave diversities of gifts. Some were gifted to teach, others to preach, others to exhort, and so on with the various manifestations of the Spirit, and the

"Spirit was in their midst dividing to every man severally as he would."

Now, in this description there is a palpable shrinking from the great obstacle that lies in the way of its reception. C. H. M. avoids any mention of miraculous gifts except where he covers it up in the expression, *various manifestations of the Spirit*. Paul commences the 12th chapter with an enumeration of the gifts of the Spirit, such as *healing, miracles, prophecy, discerning of Spirits, divers kinds of tongues, and interpretation of tongues*. In the 14th chapter the gifts of tongues is his topic; in short, to study Paul aright, we must come to the conclusion that the state of affairs in the Church at Corinth was peculiar to the age, and that it is folly to expect an organization of the like nature now. C. H. M. feels this difficulty, and therefore preserves a marked silence, with reference to tongues, prophecy and miracles. He desires to reorganize the Church on a purely apostolic basis. "Let us imitate the Church at Corinth," he, in effect, says, "that Church had nine gifts given it; six of them, unfortunately, we cannot lay hold of, but there are three within our reach; we will quietly bury the six missing ones under the expression 'various manifestations of the Spirit'; will, through teaching, exhortation and reading, restore to life the apostolic order of the Corinthian Church." What perfect folly! The Church at Corinth had nine gifts of the Spirit—reading, preaching, exhortation, healing, miracles, prophecy; discerning of Spirits, tongues, interpretation. This was the perfect Church of the apostolic age. C. H. M. catches hold of three of these gifts, and says: "Here is a perfect model of a Church; come amongst us, and we will bring you back to the days of Paul at Corinth; we are *exactly* the same as that Church, except that we have only *three* out of the *nine* gifts it possessed."

THE MINISTRY.

C. H. M. having introduced us actually to the Corinthian Church, then leads us to an Assembly belonging to

any denomination of the present day, and asks, "Where is the Holy Spirit either expected or *allowed* to divide to every man severally as he will. This may not be intentional; the prescency of the Holy Ghost is forgotten. A man fills his place, and whether led or happy in the Spirit or not, he must occupy the time." Now, we will not comment on the horrible thought conveyed in the words, "that the Holy Ghost is not *allowed* to divide to every man." The grossness of the expression contains its own condemnation. We would rather grapple with the statement that a man fills his place. The theory of the Brethren is, that the choosing of pastors is a daring encroachment on the authority of the Holy Ghost (Errors, page 55)—that the Holy Spirit alone is the *President*—that no one is to take any part in the service but that which the Holy Ghost assigns. Thus, when a man rises to speak in a Plymouth meeting, don't fall into the error that he is about to preach a sermon of his own composition, or to give an exhortation on some subject he has studied. Ah! no. That is the grievous error that all Christian denominations have fallen into. That man is the mouthpiece of the Holy Ghost. It "is the wind which bloweth where it listeth" that is playing round his lips.

Now, we would ask, if we are to have no church organization, or no such thing as an ordained ministry, what are we to understand by the plain directions of the New Testament on the subject of a ministry. We have nothing now to do with the form of the ministry. The question is, whether we are to *have any ministry at all*.

The whole controversy resolves itself into a simple question,—Were bishops, presbyters, deacons, elders, evangelists, secular or ecclesiastical orders? Were they distinct orders inside of the church, or positions outside of it? When Paul and Barnabas ordained elders in every church, they planted (Acts 14); when the Apostolic College appointed seven deacons (4 Acts); when Paul told

Timothy to commit to faithful men what he had learned from him, in order that they, in their turn, might be able to teach others (2 Tim., 22); when the Apostles did these things, on what principle did they do them? According to the Brethren, their ordinations, appointments and commands had nothing to say to the Church. Perhaps Mr. Darby could inform the public what *secular* employments are denoted by the words, bishops, elders, deacons, and also what interest or power the Apostles possessed to make such appointments.

We would now repel the accusation brought by C. H. M. against all Christian bodies, "that the Holy Ghost is "forgotten by them, and that a man "fills his place." Of course, few Christian bodies claim *inspiration*; but that the vast majority of the Christian denomination forget the doctrine of the guidance of the Spirit, is a libel of the most unchristian nature. The isolation of the Brethren may be the secret of their gross ignorance. We believe there are few dissenting bodies that do not pray for the teaching and guidance of the Spirit, and we are, we trust, sufficiently charitable to believe that the vast majority of their sermons are the result of earnest prayer. As to the Church of England, we tender, as documentary evidence that cannot easily be assailed, our Book of Common Prayer; and we dare the Brethren to state that the Spirit does not use the *sermons* of her ministry for the conversion of many. That in the ministry some men may be lauded above others we do not deny; but we remember that such was the fault of the Corinthian Church, that the Brethren look on as a model,—for some were of Paul, others of Apollos, and others of Christ. Yet, although there may be this fault in all bodies, we think the Brethren ought to be the last to speak of it, whilst J. N. Darby takes the place of Paul, and his mystical tracts appear to wield a greater influence over his disciples than the inspired writings of the Great Apostle himself.

(To be continued.)

SELF-RELIANCE

When clouds are lowering o'er thee,
And in loneliness and sorrow
Thou canst see no star before thee
Heralding a bright to-morrow;

Let no coward thought persuade thee
To resign a glorious strife:
Ask no human friend to aid thee
In the battle-field of life.

For in the chambers of thy soul
Where, perchance, they've slumbered long,
Thou hast still supreme control
O'er an army brave and strong.

Hope and energies are there,
High resolve and mighty thought,
Exile! why with these despair?
Nobler allies never fought.

Onward, then, without a fear—
Rest not, faint not by the way;
God will make the star appear,
And usher in a brighter day.

LINES.

Beneath the fig-tree and the vine
Of Canaan sits the stranger now;
Mohammed's baleful crescents shine
Above Moriah's holy brow.

At Sychar's well the Moslems drink,
And stop the camel-troughs to fill;
And Jordan overflows its brink,
To fatten lands that Gentiles till.

And, all the land is sombre grown,
That once with holy gladness smiled;
Its kingly haunts are drear and lone—
Its altars broken and defiled.

And where, O Judah, are thy sons?
Alas! like wildered sheep they roam;
No shepherd folds their little ones.
Or guides the wanderers to their home.

To shelter them with outspread wing
In love the King of Glory came:
"Away with him;" "We have no king;"
And "let him die the death of shame!"

"On us, and on our children be
His blood," the rabble cried in scorn.
Their impious cries were heard; and see
How Judah's banished thousands mourn.

T. W. F.

LINES ON A VILLAGE CHURCH.

In days of old, the legend goes,
 Jarl Svend, a restless viking chief,
 A band of leal companions chose—
 The whole imbued with that belief,
 Which taught that, lacking battle stain
 No dead could Gimli's halls attain—
 And, when he sighted land
 Threw in the sea the mystic door,
 And where it floated on the shore
 His sharp keel ploughed the sand.

And deep they swore "by edge of sword
 And horse's shoulder," that no foe
 That ransom lacked should live; and lord
 And thrall were plunged in common woe.
 Pyx and chalice, paten, relic,
 Crown on Mary's brow angelic,
 They clutched; while Litany
 Rose through all the land before them
 "A furore Normannorum
 Libera nos, Domine!"

One day, however, while his crew
 High wassail held in some sacked fane,
 And boasted of the monks they slew;
 And white-haired scalds sang loud their
 skain;
 Whilst toasting Odin, Baldur, Thor,
 Blind Hodur, Frigga, and some score
 Of Æsir small and great,
 Some Mercians took them unawares,
 And only Svend grim Wilfred spares
 From out the common fate.

He must abjure and be baptized,
 Or else a cruel death awaits;
 And Abbot Cuthbert sermonized,
 And then the Rood he elevates:
 Points to the Saviour on the Tree,
 And tells of the great mystery
 Of Mary undefiled;
 Of how the blessed Son of God
 The sad wine-press of sorrow trod
 For man so sin-beguiled.

And from amid the sandalled throng
 Now slowly swells a plaintive air,
 Well suited to a passion-song
 Of loveliness and beauty rare,
 Just recently composed and sent
 From Clairvaux, Abbot, that mid-Lent,
 With benison and gift;
 And as Precentor Elfric led
 Words with Gregorian music wed,
 The choir their voices lift:

"*Salve, caput cruentatum,
 Totum spinis coronatum,
 Conguassatum, vulneratum,*

*Arundine verberatum,
 Facie sputis illita.
 Salve, cuius dulcis vultus,
 Inmutatus et incultus,
 Inmutavit suum florem.
 Totus versus in pallorem,
 Quem cæti tremit curia,*

*Omnis vigor atque viror
 Hinc recessit, non admiror
 Mors apparet in adspectu,
 Totus pendens in defectu,
 Attritus ægra macie.
 Sic affectus, sic despectus
 Propter me sic interfectus,
 Peccatori tam indigno
 Cum amoris intersigno
 Appare clarâ facie!*

The Jarl remarked that "this was well;"
 Then asked where his forefathers were:
 The pious Abbot said "in Hell:
 Our paradise no robbers share!"
 Quoth Svend, "I'll meet them in that place
 In Asgard 'twere no great disgrace
 To bide where such folks stay!"
 And from the font the pagan turned,
 And baptism and mercy spurned.
 He died that very day.

And, on his death the "Mardöll's" hold
 Was sacked of all its treasures rare;
 And with the rover's ill-earned gold
 Was built this pile so grand and fair,
 And Norman art and Tudor taste
 Successively through time have placed
 Some beauties here and there;
 And grim crusaders, with legs crossed,
 Secure from life's sea tempest-tossed
 Rest here in endless prayer.

And high anon the organ swells,
 In mellowed sweetness down the aisle;
 And clang the deep sonorous bells,
 Vibrating through the solemn pile;
 And, in the dim religious gloom,
 The banners floating o'er each tomb
 Sway slowly to and fro;
 And helm and hauberk, sword and lance,
 And gonfalon from sunny France,
 Of victors *devoir* show.

O holy spot! Through change and time,
 Mid foreign strife and civil brawls,
 In days of rapine, lust and crime,
 Unscathed remain thy sacred walls;
 As if a seraph had kept ward,
 And, with his incandescent sword,
 Brought sacrilege to bay;

And Force abashed shrinks from that door
As Adam quailed when stood before
The angel in his way.

Yes, ever and forever may
It weather its vicissitude,
Far distant be the angry day
When frightened fits the swallow's brood!
Here, *Jubilates* never cease,
And prayers ascend in holy peace
Like incense as of old;
And village Simeons yet repeat
Nunc dimittis, are they in sweet
Repose then eyelids fold.

HENRY MARTEN GILES.

St. Catharines, C. W.

“A WORD SPOKEN IN DUE SEASON HOW GOOD IS IT!”

“What is that crowd doing there?” said little Mary Wilson to herself as she tripped home from school. “I will go and see.” When the little girl reached the spot she found that Nathan Smart, who was well known in the village as a wicked fellow who scoffed at holy things and holy people, and who neglected God’s day, and shunned God’s House, was standing on a barrel talking loudly to some idle men and women who seemed vastly entertained with his discourse.

Little Mary was not without curiosity, so she stopped to hear what Nathan was talking about; but O how shocked she was (for she was a good little girl) when she heard the bad man say, “There isn’t such a place as hell, and I do not believe there is a God.” Mary felt that she must say something for the great God who had been so kind to her ever since she was a baby, and who was, she knew, so angry at what was going on; and she pushed her way through the crowd till she stood quite in front before Nathan, and then she said earnestly, “There is a God, you *know* there is a God; and, oh, if you do not ask Him to forgive you He will send you to that dreadful place of punishment for the wicked words you

have spoken.” And then surprised at her own boldness, and frightened by the oaths with which the wicked man replied, she hurried away. But as she went she heard some of the people say, “So there is, little girl, there is a God; and He will punish him, if he does not repent. You have said truly;” and she was encouraged. And when she looked back soon after she saw the people going away.

That night Mary, when she knelt down by her bedside she did not forget to ask God, for the sake of Jesus Christ, to forgive Nathan Smart and to make him a better man. And God who has said in His holy word that if we ask we shall receive, was pleased to hear the little girl’s prayer. And in His own good time He answered it as we shall hereafter see.

As for Nathan, he went in a rage to one of his companions and declared that he would rather have given ten dollars than that Mary should have done as she had, and spoiled the effect of his ‘preaching.’ He felt that words of truth had been powerful even from the lips of a little girl. I wonder if he had ever read in God’s Book “Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength.”

Months passed away, and Mary had seen very little of Nathan Smart, and had never had an opportunity of speaking to him. At length as she was crossing the fields she met him. It was on a pleasant summer evening. The breeze was cool and pleasant. The flowers scented the air; and the little birds sang sweetly, and Mary had been thinking of the goodness of God who had made these things for man’s enjoyment. Then the subject of the cottage lecture she was on her way to hear came into her mind, it was, “The goodness of God

leadeth thee to repentance." Then, she knew not why, her thoughts wandered to Nathan Smart, and she said to herself "If I were to see Nathan, I would ask him to come to the meeting. I am sure our good clergyman would be glad to see him." Looking up, she was startled to see Nathan himself standing immediately before her. She summoned all her courage, and said, "Will you come to Mr. Roberts' meeting this evening, Sir? I think you would like it very much." "Go along with your nonsense," replied he, so rudely that the little girl hung down her head, and passed sorrowfully on her way. Nathan looked after her, and his heart, bad as it was, smote him, when he saw the child's grieved look.

When Mary reached the cottage where the lecture was to be given, she could not divest herself of the idea that Nathan would come; and at each fresh arrival she looked up half expecting to see him. At length, to her great joy, she saw him loitering outside the door. She ran out, and anxiously said, "Come in, or the door will be shut." He gave her a strange startled look, but did not reply. She re-entered the cottage, and in a few moments Nathan followed her. He sat down by the door, behind the other people, as if ashamed to be seen. What had startled him in Mary's words? and what had led him to the meeting? Well, he felt somewhat gratified by the interest the little girl had taken in him, and somewhat sorry for having pained her. He was curious too to know what was done at the meetings of which he had often heard. And said he, in his wicked heart, "I shall hear something that I shall be able to ridicule afterwards." He did not know that God was all the time drawing him with cords of compas-

sion. When he reached the cottage he hesitated—he felt ashamed to go in. The bad man always does feel shame when he enters the presence of God's people. Oh, how will he be overwhelmed with confusion when he has to stand in the presence of the great God himself! But the simple words of the little girl were converted by God into words of solemn warning—they came to Nathan with the meaning, "*the door of mercy will be shut*"—and he could not resist her invitation. Well and earnestly did the good minister speak that evening of the tender mercy and loving kindness of the Lord. He told the history of Jesus, the Good Shepherd, who laid down his life for the sheep. He brought before the minds of his hearers the stable at Bethlehem; the carpenter's home at Nazareth; the sea of Galilee; the village of Bethany; the temple at Jerusalem; the garden of Gethsemane; the judgment-hall of Pilate; the awful mount of Calvary. He told of the Man of Sorrows forsaken, denied, and scorned, giving his back to the smiters, and his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair. He told of the bitter agony that the Holy One endured when stretched upon the accursed tree; and repeated His words of wonderful compassion, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." And Jesus who hath said, "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me," brought conviction to the heart of Nathan Smart. His own sinfulness, his perversity, his ingratitude rose up before him, and Nathan wept. That evening he made the acquaintance of Mr. Roberts, and told him of his sins and his sorrow, and received from him such ghostly counsel and advice as was needed in his case.

Years have passed since the events I

have narrated occurred. And Nathan now sleeps in the quiet churchyard. There are many who remember him in his latter years as a God-fearing man, an earnest Sunday-school teacher, a helper in every good work in which a layman may join. And a quotation from Holy Writ that was a favorite with him is often repeated by them—it is, “A word spoken in due season how good is it!” What kindly thoughts had clung in his mind to the memory of little Mary, and the word in season that she had spoken to him, will be revealed in that day when we shall know even as we are known.

T. W. F.

LOST AND SAVED.

MATTHEW viii., 14.—“When he was come down from the mountain, great multitudes followed him. And, behold, there came a leper, and worshipped him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. And Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed. And Jesus saith unto him, See thou tell no man; but go thy way, show thyself to the priest, and offer the gift that Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them.”

A man smitten with an incurable disease all at once finds a Physician, and with him new life: this man is a leper. Oh, we who enjoy health, a home, a family circle, and a position in the world, we scarcely know perhaps what it is to be a leper. It is good, then, that we should know, were it only that we may say to ourselves, “Who is it that maketh me to differ, and what have I that I have not received? And if I have received it—why glory I, as though I had not received it?” A leper is no ordinary sufferer; he would gladly exchange his lot with that of a blind man, a paralytic, a destitute beggar by the wayside, for the most miserable of men have yet resources that the leper lacks. Look at his frame. “From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores; they have not been closed, neither bound up,

neither mollified with ointment.” Nor is this all, but he is also an outcast from the fellowship of the living. He has no longer any right to dwell in the midst of his kind. With head bare and garments torn, he wanders alone with his sufferings, without fixed abode or human shelter. If he sees a traveller coming toward him, he must warn him, must cry aloud, “Come not nigh me, I am a leper!” The sun rises, the sun goes down, the earth decks itself with verdure, and the trees with leaves:—for him alone there is no spring, no revival, no sun with healing in its beams. His hope is death, his only asylum the grave. Such was the case of the man that Jesus Christ met on His descent from the mount, and from that moment, a new history begins. There is a Physician for incurables, one who in no wise casts out those that come to Him. When the man is radically lost and hopeless, the work of Jesus Christ begins. He sees the leper, and he is moved with compassion. Here we have an incident that it would never have entered the mind of man to conceive. The leper prostrates himself at the feet of Jesus, and cries, “Lord if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean,” and that cry penetrates to the heart of Jesus. He does more than merely stop, He stretches forth His hand, and that hand seeks the wretched man, and does not shrink from touching him. There is an actual contact between the sufferer and the Physician, and this contact it is which imparts fresh life and produces a new creature. Elsewhere we read, “The whole multitude sought to touch Him, for there went virtue out of Him, and healed them all.” This operating virtue dwells in the word of the Lord; He says to the leper, “I will; be thou clean: and immediately his leprosy was cleansed.”

We should receive an exalted impression of Jesus Christ if this single instance were all we knew of him. This superhuman power, this sympathy more divine still,—these are of themselves sufficient to win our hearts. But this

single incident is but the symbol of something more sublime and more universal. There is a leper in still worse plight than the leper of the Gospel, and that is a poor sinner when he becomes aware of his own condition. Let us look for the history in our own lives, and there, where the leper is, we shall also find the Physician. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners:" LOST and SAVED; there we have the whole Bible, the summary of Christian life; what is more, cometh of evil.

When God intends to create a saint, He first of all creates a poor sinner. Whoever sketches such a one, must consider him as he is at three different epochs of his life. There is a time when Jesus Christ is nothing in his eyes, a time when He is something, and a time when He is all in all.

We may meet many characters very different the one from the other, and at first sight have no more resemblance than there is between a European and a negro. But if we look a little below the surface, it is still one and the same man, whom the Bible describes as "dead in trespasses and sins." Here is a galley-slave, who has a retrospect of open and odious crimes and a heart as hard as the nether millstone. Here is an industrious mechanic, who, because he provides food for his household, believes this is the only sort of religion worth having. Here is a man of pleasure, who runs from gaiety to gaiety, from one social gathering to another, and the language of whose heart is, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Here is an ambitious man, who considers himself raised far above the vulgar throng, and only mixes with them on rare occasions; his god is his own reputation, his hope the name he will leave behind him. Here is a respectable man, who walks with head upright, without fear or reproach; his good name is worth an unlimited credit to him, if he wants a large sum, a larger will be offered him. Here is a philanthropist,

who seeks to cure the misery of the day by charitable bazaars and benevolent societies. Finally, here is a thoroughly orthodox man, who has always believed the Bible; he has only one fault, he does not like you to bring it home to him individually. All these are very different characters. Well, then, if we probe deeper, at bottom we will find they are all essentially the same. One is a monster indeed, another a genius, but what they all alike lack in God's husbandry is conversion.

All these men can do without Jesus Christ, they have so many resources in themselves! But God can bring us into straits, and then something more is required than our own personality. This is the time of the first shaking. The same man we have seen so self-satisfied has been struck, and now illusions fall away, possessions escape, accusations appear. The leper is on his way, but the wound does not yet appear a hopeless one. The pricks are kicked against, but it is an unequal struggle. When God lays His hand upon us, we must needs lie prostrate. When He "with rebukes doth correct man for iniquity, He maketh his beauty to consume away like a moth." We want the void filled, the unrest stilled, the sad heart consoled, the uneasy conscience pacified. The Saviour is at the door, we are moving towards Him, but we do not as yet know Him as He who is "come to seek and to save the lost."

But this is the manner in which at length we must know Him. The taint of sin will increase until it becomes a universal curse. All these separate evils meet as it were in the depths of our souls, and make us feel that the very source of life is attacked. We thought we were familiar with our own disposition, but it reveals itself now for the first time under its true colours. We feel ourselves confronted with a withered spirit, a heart desperately wicked, a will that refuses to surrender, fleshly lusts that war against the soul. We would fain heal ourselves, but the more

we labour the more sin revives, the leprosy has fairly broken out, a miracle is needed for its cure, the poor sinner is formed within us.

This is the hour when Jesus Christ comes down from the mountain To the work of sin succeeds the work of a compassion that leaves far behind it all human pity. Everywhere there are hospitals, sick nurses, benevolent ladies; we live in a day of collections, societies, industrial charities of every kind, but that which is almost always found lacking is true compassion. Up to what point do we enter into the miseries of others, and how long will our sympathy and tenderness last? What fruit have our labours, our running to and fro, our surrender of the superfluities of life, our readings by the sick bed, hitherto produced? What diseased soul have they hitherto enlivened? and in what spirit have we carried them on? We should reflect seriously, examine ourselves, and we will allow that we have all our work to begin afresh. We who have a sick person to tend, a troublesome child to educate, a poor relation to support, if we had to give account of our own amount of pity, would it not be the revelation of another case of leprosy? Ah! the compassions of the Lord are something indeed very different. They are new every morning; His is a mercy that endureth forever, a charity that never faileth, a faithfulness that is always great. His is also the only pity which is "no respecter of persons." "The Lord is loving unto every man, and his mercies are over all his works." Has our charity this universal character? There are two sufferers who implore our aid; are we not conscious of a predilection for the one and an antipathy to the other? If we were to live for thirty-three years with a leper, to touch him constantly, to console and cheer him day after day, how much of our compassion would endure? But let us "lift our eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh our hope"—it is thence that the one true pity descends. Is it one leper only that Jesus Christ touched,

and over whom his bowels yearned? Was it not rather towards a whole nation that He stretched forth His hands, towards those whom He beheld lying in their blood, and that no other than He could heal? And if He touched those lepers, was it not with His own hands that He did so? Did He not take upon Himself our humanity, appearing "in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin?" Yes, in those stretched-out hands, in their contact with the leper, we read the eternal purpose of God and our election in Jesus Christ before the creation of the world; we see how, "according to the good pleasure of His will," "He hath made us accepted in the beloved, in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace, wherein He hath abounded towards us, that He might gather together all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth."

And as Jesus Christ has taken upon Him our flesh, so, too, being touched with a feeling of our infirmities, He will share his own nature with us. The leper touched and made clean is a type of the sinner changed by grace, and renewed in the spirit of his mind and the very thoughts and intents of his heart. An actual meeting with Jesus implies a death-stroke to the old man, and a new principle of life animating our mortal bodies, and renewing the will by converting it to God. The work of grace is decided when the will is decided, and no longer tied and bound by sin. It is faith that brings about this miracle. Faith in Jesus is also a new will, and He who enables us to will, will also enable us to do of His good pleasure. "Sin shall no more have dominion over us," for we will no longer "let it reign in our mortal bodies, to obey it in the lusts thereof." And that this may be the case with us, we should "reckon ourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." If sin still harass and afflict us, let us look at our old man on the cross of Calvary; it was there "that

the body of sin was destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." We should say no more, "Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death?" but rather "Thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The leper, then, is cleansed; but Jesus says to him, "See thou tell no man; but go thy way; show thyself to the priest, and offer the gift that Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them." "See thou tell no man!" Wherefore this prohibition, which we find elsewhere? The Lord had two reasons for this—one that concerned himself, and the other the leper. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation," but "distils as the dew;" it is not the work of man, nor does it manifest itself in the human way. Man sounds the trumpet, needs publicity, proclamations, attention, applause; Jesus Christ does "not cry nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the streets." He will not have the multitude crowd round, bear Him on their shoulders, make Him a king by force. It is not to be by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord of hosts."

The other reason concerned the leper himself. "See thou tell no man," is a counsel given to new converts. Conversion is an interior life, and it is the hidden man that has to grow—it is not words that are needed. Nothing more tends to deteriorate and enfeeble than religious gossip. Let the sentiment of piety preserve its modest reticence. Opportunities to speak may come by and by. Meanwhile, "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ;" the kingdom of God consists "not in words but in power."

The cleansed leper is to show himself to the priest. This was the first step, and then the priest was to look, and if the plague of leprosy were healed in the leper, he would pronounce him clean. Such was the law; and in this happy case, the leper had but to make an offering to be restored to fellowship with the people.

Now there is in all this a spiritual sense which we may easily discern. The law only reveals, only testifies to the existence of sin; it is not the law that heals. "I had not known sin," says St. Paul, "without the law; for I had not known lust except the law had said unto me, Thou shalt not covet." But a soul no longer under the law, but under grace, may venture to confront the law, since "there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." The law is not abolished, but the legal spirit is so. One fears no longer, and whatever duties are fulfilled will be fulfilled with a willing mind. The law that formerly condemned is become a law that "restores the soul, sweeter than honey, more precious than fine gold." The leper who has been cleansed will joyfully "offer the gift," and that gift is, according to our text, to be "for a testimony." Oh, let those whom grace has touched, say what gift will they bring, and what is their testimony when mercy has been shown them?

The sovereign sacrifice is the living sacrifice of our own selves; and this is no longer grievous when once we have been redeemed from "our former vain conversation." The Lord's compassions have a might which can of "these stones raise up children to Abraham," and which make us "more than conquerors through Him that loved us." The Testimony that it behooves us to bear before the world is, that "we loved him who first loved us," but there is no one except the poor pardoned sinner who can truly love. There are many respectable people in the world, having pious characters in the Church; but what the Church and the world alike lack are poor sinners, who feel themselves such. The word is so common!—the thing signified so rare! Are we lepers? Then, and then only, will we truly know Him who "loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and has made us kings and priests to God." It is these cleansed lepers who conquer the world, and whose testimony is irresistible, Plato was wont to say that "the most

beautiful of all sights is a beautiful soul in a beautiful body;" but there is a spectacle more beautiful still—the saving work of God in a lost soul. What is the favourite spectacle to the angels in heaven!—what is their supremest joy? It is a "sinner that repenteth." The prodigal son, heartbroken and in rags, is fairer than those "ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance." Ah, when we have suffered from our sins, and felt the hand of the Great Physician, we can also love, and gladly would we offer a gift "for a testimony." If words fail, at least there are tears—at least we can point, we can say, "Look unto him and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." This will be a testimony to those who are still without; their eyes will open; they will go along with us; for they will perceive that the knowledge we possess is also life eternal.

SELECTIONS.

"We affirm that Christ doth truly and presently give His own self in His sacraments: in Baptism, that we may put Him on; and in His Supper, that we may eat Him by faith and spirit, and may have everlasting life by His Cross and Blood. And we say not, this is done slightly and coldly, but effectually and truly; for although we do not touch the body of Christ with teeth and mouth, yet we hold Him fast, and eat Him by faith, by understanding, and by spirit. And it is no vain faith which doth comprehend Christ, and that is not received with cold devotion,—that is received with understanding, with faith, and with spirit. For Christ himself, altogether, is so offered and given up in these mysteries, that we may certainly know we be flesh of His flesh, and bone of His bones; and that Christ 'continueth in us, and we in Him.' And, therefore, in celebrating these mysteries, the people are to good purpose exhorted before they come to receive the Holy Communion, to lift up their hearts, and to direct their minds heavenward: because He is there by whom we must be

full-fed, and live. Cyrill saith when we come to receive these mysteries, all gross imaginations must quite be banished. The Council of Nice, as is alleged by some in Greek, plainly forbiddeth us to be basely affectioned, or bent toward the bread and wine, which are set before us. And as Chrysostom very aptly writeth, 'We say that the body of Christ is the dead carcase, and we ourselves must be the eagles'—meaning thereby that we must fly high, if we will come unto the body of Christ. 'For this table,' as Chrysostom saith, 'is a table of eagles, and not of jays.' Cyprian also says, 'This bread is the food of the soul, and not the meat of the belly.' And Augustine saith, 'How shall I hold him which is absent? How shall I reach my hand up to heaven to lay hold upon him that sitteth there?' He answereth, 'Reach hither thy faith, and then thou hast laid hold on Him.'"
—*Jewel.*

Lest it be to me for judgment that I hear the Word, and do it not; that I know the Word, yet I love it not; that I believe the Word, and obey it not.

THOMAS À KEMPIS, *Jonit Christi*, iii. 2.

Christ's Ministers are they to whom our spiritual birth is committed, and that regeneration which is effected by baptism. By their means it is that we put on Christ, are united to the Son of God, and made members of that blessed Head; and, for this reason, they ought to be more venerable in our eyes than kings and princes, so we should honour them with a greater respect than we pay even to our natural parents! for they have begotten us of blood, and of the will of the flesh, but these are authors to us of a Divine birth, of that blessed Regeneration of true Liberty, and the adoption of Grace.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM, *De Sacerdotio*, Book iii., chap. v.

In regard to confirmation, the Greek Church differs from the Roman (1) in not employing the imposition of hands (contrary to Acts viii., 16-17, &c.), (2) in allowing every Priest as well as the Bishop to confirm, and (3) in administering it immediately after baptism.

GURRICK, *Manual*, p. 234—note.

ROBERTS & REINHOLD.

There are no better workmen in their line, and we think no one will say they have not given us an admirable likeness of the Metropolitan.

Some will say, "why did you not give us a photograph?" Our answer is that for a book we greatly prefer a lithograph, and we wish to revive the custom of gentlemen presenting to their friends and the members of their families lithograph portraits. Lawyers, doctors, and clergymen; members of the press, merchants, and mechanics. All men who have made their way to meritorious distinction owe it to their friends and families to leave a memorial in the circle in which they are now living. As it regards the correctness of the lithograph there can be but one opinion.

The Cathedral debt is paid! We suppose no one will doubt that the Rev. Canon Balch is justly entitled to the honour of originating the late active skirmishing about the Cathedral. We think he may say as the great Senator Benton, "Solitary and alone, I set this ball in motion."

We have had some of the best men to manage and pay up a church debt that ever looked up a tall spire. We could see them in all parts of the city, at all times of the day, and we knew in a moment, from their countenances, that they were after somebody. They do not wish, we suppose, to be named, but the Church shall remember them, and we propose that they be well prayed for as long as they live. The theory of the Editor is, that no good work can be finished up without the aid of the ladies, and he will die in the belief that the debt would never have been paid if the ladies had not come to the rescue.

We insert the following extract from a kind and encouraging letter received by the Editor from a very able man, who, it seems, takes the

same view of a Church Magazine that we do:—

"Truly there is something about the Magazine I like very much. It knows nothing of parties within the Church; it claims not to be 'Puseyite' or 'Evangelical,' 'High Church' or 'Low Church,' 'Broad Church' or 'Tractarian,' but simply 'True Church,' 'endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.' I hope that your success will be equal to your wishes; and one way for you to have good pecuniary support is for you to have good contributing support."

YORK, GRAND RIVER, C.W.,
October 29, 1866.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you \$1 for *The Church of Old England Magazine*, for the year lately ended.

Yours truly,

B. C. H.

To JOHN P. McMILLAN, Esq.

[~~He~~ Had'n't you better wait for "the change"—you are entitled to six more numbers, several fine lithographs, and some good music.—
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