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SEPTEMBER, 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 MCMILLAN,** publisher and proprietor of "The Church of Old England" having made an arrangement with Messrs. M. Longmoore & 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.

**CANADA TRUSS FACTORY,**  
F. Gross, 36 Victoria Square, Montreal, Surgical Mathinist and Elastic Spring Truss Maker, inventor and manufacturer of Instruments for Physical Deformities.  
Caution to Parents.—Parents, look to your children. Gross' newly invented Steel Shoulder Braces are almost indispensable for children, as they are liable to contract the habit of stooping and shrugging their shoulders at school; causing them to grow narrow chested, and laying the foundation for consumption and lung diseases. Parents should bear this in mind, as wearing these Braces will counteract this bad habit.

**STRACHAN BETHUNE, Q. C.,**  
Chancellor of the Diocese, 65 Little St. James Street, Montreal.

**BREWSTER & BEERS,** Surgeon Dentists, No. 35 Beaver Hall Terrace.

**P. McANALLY,** 26 Radegonde Street, Boot and Shoe Maker, will serve his friends when called on with good work.

[Established 1818.]

**SAVAGE & LYMAN,** Manufacturers and Importers of Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, and Silver Ware, Cathedral Block, Notre Dame St., Montreal. Superior Plated Goods, Fine Cutlery, Telescopes, Canes, Fans, Dressing Cases, Papier Mache and Military Goods, Moderator Lamps, &c., &c.

**DR. BESSEY,** Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur, (Graduate of McGill University, and Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, E. C.,) 24 Radegonde Street, opposite the Hay-Market, Montreal. At home for consultation—8 to 10 a. m., 1 to 3 p. m., and 6 to 8 in the evening.

Apothecaries' Hall.  
**LAMALOUGH & CAMPBELL,** Importers of Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, British and Foreign Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, and Druggists' Sundries, Montreal.



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

**W. DALTON,** Bookseller, Stationer, and News Dealer, Corner Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal. A choice assortment of Stationery and all the popular Literature of the day for sale at the lowest prices. Postage Stamps for sale.

**GILLESPIE, MOFFATT & 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, India, and French Goods, Carpetings, Rugs, Druggots, 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.

**ROBERT MILLER,** (late R. & A. Miller,) School-Book Publisher and Stationer, Bookbinder, Account Book Manufacturer, Importer and Dealer in every description of Books, Papers and Stationery, Wall Papers and Window Shades. Agent for Lovell's Series of School Books. 75, 79 & 81 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal.

**GIBB & CO.,** (established 1775,) Merchant Tailors and Gentlemen's Haberdashers, 50 Great St. James Street, Montreal.

# THE LANCASHIRE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

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

Insurances granted against loss or damage by fire at moderate rates of Premium.  
Losses will be settled with promptitude and liberality.

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

# THE CHURCH OF OLD ENGLAND.

SEPTEMBER, 1866.

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## CONTEMPLATED IMPROVEMENT.

We intended to surprise our readers by presenting them, in the present number, with a life-size likeness of his Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, the oldest Bishop in the English Church; but we have not been successful in getting the money to carry out our plans. We hope to carry into effect our wishes in the next issue. *The Church of Old England* knows its friends, and we hope to see every clergyman who supports it make his appearance in a fine lithographic likeness on its pages. We may be baffled for a short time, but we will succeed in making this Magazine the most attractive and useful journal of the Church that ever made its bow to the public in this country.

Some may think we raise our standard high, but we do not think so; and we intend, when death come that he shall find us making the best time we can to the most elevated point of our ambition. A true man can never do better than to die in a good cause.

There are two ways by which we could make the Magazine shine if we could make other men see the point. One is by infusing our Turkish determination into some rich man, who would push on to success the enter-

prise; and a still better plan would be for Molson, the Banker, to infuse into our pockets a portion of his bank,—an arrangement most agreeable to contemplate, and by which the Magazine would be greatly benefited. He is a good churchman, and must therefore be a reasonable man. May we not hope that he will see the utility of such a movement?

If we cannot accomplish one of these plans, we will be compelled to go on in the old way by patience and labour.

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## THE DIOCESE OF TORONTO AND CHURCH SOCIETY.

We had the pleasure of attending the meetings of these bodies, which took place early in August, and it will be expected that we should give some account of the aggregate force and tendencies of the minds composing the two houses, especially as it is universally admitted that they are full of talent, life, and energy.

We soon found evidence in abundance to demonstrate the existence of physical heat and power, as well as mental light and brilliancy. Many of the debates were most skillfully managed on both sides, and carried through to the final vote with a cool and watchful gallantry, ready to take advantage of any favourable turn in the battle, that we have never seen

surpassed and seldom equalled in legislation of any kind.

The proceedings have been published by the excellent dailies of Toronto, which leaves us nothing but the general impression of one man's mind,—and that man a stranger to these bodies and to most of their members,—with which to hold communion with our readers.

One of the great questions which agitated the minds of all, was the legal union of these bodies through an Act of Parliament, which, of course, will be obtained in time, when all the means and men will combine to push forward the advantages which, it is hoped, will flow from their combined influence and money. We most ardently desire that all the good hoped for and none of the ills predicted may follow this popular measure. Some of the most experienced and best informed men in the diocese, with the unyielding qualities of granite, opposed it to the last.

Sympathising deeply with the rank and file, we could not be otherwise than pleased with the lay representation. Quick, strong, clear, and skilful, they were a full match for the logical strength of the most accomplished Theologians. In truth and justice, after having heard the debates in the Diocese of Huron and in the Diocese of Montreal, we reluctantly decide that the Synod of Toronto is the ablest body of men (numbers considered) we have ever seen in this or any other country. It would be thankless and ungrateful to point out faults in a body of men, all of whom laboured with such commendable zeal for the good of the Church. The unparalleled rapidity with which they pro-

posed, amended, and carried measures, was the fruitful source of all, with which we felt inclined to find fault, and might easily be avoided in the future by greater deliberation, a word that is not always well understood even by deliberative bodies.

The *Denominational* School question was carried after a warm debate, with only one dissenting voice, as we were informed. We hope the Synod, with all her grasp of mind and power of reasoning, may not have cause of deep regret that she did not heed the counsels of that *one man*. It is the most difficult question that we have heard discussed in the Province, and as is usual with questions of vital import, the least understood. Of all the measures exciting the attention and interest of Canadians, we would prefer a full, searching, and frank investigation of this; but we do not feel at liberty to create burthens for others that we cannot be made to bear ourselves. The beginning of a school system to be of any use to the whole community, is money,—the middle of it is money, and the end of it is more money.

Not having anything to encumber with taxation, the Editor does not wish to discuss others into measures which he cannot be made to support. Yet this Magazine is devoted to the cause of education, and entreats all who have interests of citizenship and property to use its pages for the benefit of Church schools, State schools, Catholic schools, Denominational, or ragged schools. Horrible word,—“ragged schools!” The sound of it gives the mind an upward tendency.

The hospitalities of a refined society were pretty generally extended

to strangers and to the members of the Synod, while the ladies shewed their appreciation of fine intellect by attending the debates, but in less numbers than the high character of Toronto for cultivation and refinement had caused us to expect.

There was one feeling which seemed to enter into the actions of every member of that honourable and intellectual body, which filled the heart of the Editor with profound respect, and will always be remembered by him as an evidence of great merit,—it was the veneration with which the wisdom of the aged chief Pastor were always regarded. In our ideas of a high, moral and Christian character, respect for age and worth can never be omitted. The venerable and venerated Lord Bishop of Toronto, having nearly accomplished his four score and ten, was firm in health, active in mind, and just in his "ruling," so much so that we heard no falting of his decisions.

All together, our visit to the city of Toronto taught us that while men are allowed to live, and permitted to enjoy even rheumatic health, they can do something for the benefit of others.

We have been promised a full account of the care, which the Protestant churches are taking of orphans in that city, and we believe it will cause a blush of shame to cover the face of this fair city. With probably five times the population of that city, we think it will be found that they have more orphans in hand than we.

We added a very large number to our list of subscribers, and hope in a few months more to increase the amount of reading matter in the *Church of Old England*. We spent

three pleasant days in the Diocese of Ontario, where we procured many subscribers.

#### THE BUCKINGHAM INQUEST

Some one has sent us the *Aylmer Times*, with a very clear account of the status of the Rev. Jer. Babin, who stands charged with the murder of his sister. The Court released him on bail, after he had remained in custody for a long time. So far from being surprised or offended at receiving this account of his situation, we take it as a compliment to be appealed to, and can assure the Rev. gentleman that the clergy and church here, from his Lordship down to the laity, feel nothing but sympathy and sorrow for his unfortunate and trying condition; and we beg leave to assure him and his family and friends, that this sympathy will never desert him until he is *proven* to be guilty of the horrible crime alleged.

A fair trial is all that he, as a Christian man and minister, should expect, and we see plainly enough that Mr. McCleod is quite able to guarantee that to the unfortunate man.

Our advice to our brother,—who has a good character here, being innocent, is to quiet his mind as much as he can, and hold full and confiding consultations with his counsel,—confess everything that is true, conceal nothing, and patiently allow his lawyers to unravel the mysterious web that seems likely to destroy him. We give this advice from the heart, having nothing else to give, believing him to be innocent, and praying at the same time that for his sake, and for the honour of the dear old Catho-

lic Church, he may be found "not guilty." But on the other hand, if he be guilty of murdering his sister, a hopeless cripple, he knows it, and we advise him, in that case, to call on some more pious-minded man than the editor of this magazine for anything he desires in the way of consolation or advice.

#### CITY MINISTERS AND COUNTRY MISSIONARIES.

Few of my readers have an idea of the great difference between the life of a minister who has a single charge in a populous city, and that of a country missionary who, according to circumstances, instead of once reading service and delivering one sermon, may have to ride thirty or forty miles over rough and muddy roads during stormy and inclement weather, read three services, and preach, generally extemporaneously or memorize, three sermons, besides one or two baptisms, a marriage or a funeral, the gay being quickly followed by the solemn and grave.

Turn to the city. The bright sun in a clear blue sky has ushered in day, and the dead stillness and quiet calm of a Sabbath morning pervades the streets which at the same hour on a week day resound with the tread or tramp of persons hurrying to business, and the confused hum of voices, indistinguishable from each other in the crowd, and confused by the din and rattle of vehicles hurrying to and fro. All is still, the wind is hushed, the smoke even from the chimney tops seems to enjoy a sabbath day of repose, and slowly and lazily, yet gracefully, ascends in white curls, gently rising toward the azure

till it mingles with or melts into the blue sky above.

But the hour of holy services draws nigh. The tinkle of a distant chapel bell is caught by the ear. Anon the deep, solemn toll from some larger church is heard, drowning the silver sound of its feebler brother. Anon, all at once burst forth the tinkle and toll of some twenty peals, and the city is one confused echo and din of rival bells, each one laboriously and indefatigably laboring to make itself heard. And the lately quiet and deserted streets immediately teem with votive worshippers who, with sober, serious and sedate faces, and quiet, dignified deportment, bend their steps towards the house of God. We approach it; let us enter. The solemn strains of a beautiful introitus, played with artistic hand and effect, strike the ear from the magnificent organ. The whole building vibrates in answering echo, and the jarring windows seem to thrill and shake in unison with the concert of harmony.

Thronging worshippers are hurrying to their pews. The rich, portly merchant, with dignified gait and self important look, opens the pew door for his handsome, well dressed wife, who, conscious of her social influence and importance, rustles the silks of her skirts and tosses the plumes on her head with an almost arrogant look of scorn, scarcely deigning to look on the less well-dressed female occupant of the adjoining pew.

But the seats are filled—the sacred edifice crowded. The strains of the organ are dying away; we look towards the chancel and see five or six ministers arranging the paraphernalia and ensignia of sacred dignity; and

look! one is now clad in white cassock, relieving the black scarf, and the attire further set off and finished by tippets lined with blue or crimson and edged with fur, ascending the steps of the reading desk. He hides his face for a moment in the white, wide, ample sleeve, and commences the services of the day. All, apparently, is devotion and decorum, and many are doubtless not only outwardly but inwardly, with spirit and understanding, with spirit and truth, engaged in the service of confession and contrition, of repentance and response of praise and thanksgiving, adoration, imprecation, and invocation. Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. But hark! the service is ended, a general rustle of worshippers rising or resuming their seats is made. The organ sends forth its thrilling, solemn, beautiful tones. The strains of "Old Hundreth," "Rockingham," or the gentle, plaintive, tear-moving tones of "Angels Song," strike on the ear. The very heart-strings thrill and vibrate with melody, and the voice of many a worshipper joins in the song of praise. But who is that venerable, bending, yet majestic form that slowly stalks towards the pulpit steps and ascends. His features sombre, his looks serious, and his visage pale, tell of mental labour, spiritual toil and care, as his silvery locks speak of service hard, anxiety, and advancing years.

His voice though somewhat husky with years bespeaks a soul imbued with holy dignity within. He calmly, unostentatiously reads his text, "Faith without works is dead." He discourses quietly and dispassionately,

yet impressively and eloquently, on the nature of that true and living faith by which the true Christian has his conversation in Heaven, and through which, even whilst on earth, he is blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ. He shews the active, lively exercise of this faith in daily life, how increased and strengthened by the services of the church, its necessity in baptism—its beautiful adaptation to the wants and weaknesses of the sinner and true believer in the Lord's supper. Beautifully and touchingly admonishing the attentive listeners not to confound the means with the end, and that sacramental grace though helping to it is not sacramental salvation.

But the offertory is concluded, the benediction pronounced, and the congregation disperses till evening service or next Sabbath day. All is marked by decency, cleanliness, and quiet, order and decorum.

Turn we to the country. Yonder is a cottage in the backwoods. At the door stands a man in a somewhat shabby coat of dark gray. The stains of mud spots are distinctly visible here and there. The boots he has on are long, coarse and heavy, and they send forth a strong smell of oil. A rather shabby felt hat is on his head, and till his face is turned towards you it would scarcely be surmised that he is a minister of God, from want of dignity and respectability of attire, yet he is starting out on God's service. His wife, plain and neat, puts into his hands a little black satchel containing that essential article "the bands,"—holds out her lips for a parting kiss,—and watches him till he brings out his sorry sorrel nag,



which he mounts and rides away. Many a strained look goes after him, many a prayer breathed for his safety by the partner of his earthly sorrows and heavenly joys till his form is lost in the woods.

Let us follow. It is nine o'clock—the sky is murky, the wind fitful, and drizzling rains descend; the clay roads are saturated with moisture, and are of doughy consistency, into which the beast, at a smart walk, plunges at each step up to the knees. The animal has instinct, and by experience knows that his tread will find bottom somewhere, and so is fearless, though plunging up to the middle of her sides, whilst the rider, ever anon, according to the depth of the clay mud, raises his feet even with the animal's neck, in order to keep his legs from ploughing through the mire.

The man of God is thoughtful. He is analyzing the text he has chosen, arraying it in logical form, and thinking on the practical application which he intends for the peroration. His musings end, and to beguile his weary ride he breaks forth into some pious chant or holy hymn. "I was glad when they said unto me we will go up to the house of the Lord," or "Thine earthly sabbaths Lord we love," and time and fatigue are beguiled; and after a ride of six or seven miles a neat white painted frame church at the edge of a village lately sprung up in the backwoods meets the eye.

Leaving his horse to the care of a rough but clean looking man, dressed in a garb of gray homespun, he proceeds to the church door. Two or three men worn with labor and age are standing at the entrance. After

greeting and shaking hands they enter the little, modest, yet sacred edifice.

The members of the congregation, consisting of some twenty or thirty men and women and half a dozen little children, all turn round to look at the minister when he enters. There is no assuming look of dignity, but on each brow is stamped in characters stubborn, stern, severe, and true, "I own a hundred acre farm, it is paid for, and I owe no man a red cent, and I wont take off my hat to anybody. I am as good as my neighbor, and in many respects ten times better."

And the female worshippers put on an air as if they had taste in dress as well as their city cousins—were much handsomer, more knowing, and could teach them a thing or two.

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. There is no organ, no trained singers, so he has to pitch and start and keep up the tune and singing by himself till the end of the first line, by which time the tune has been caught, and with the absence of all time and tune some dozen voices conclude the Psalm of praise.

Simply, unaffectedly, and yet beautifully, the service is read, responses are echoed back, with genuine though rustic expression, "Graciously hear us oh Christ, Favorably with mercy hear our prayers." The little assembly joining in to the end.

But the minister takes his text, "Love is the fulfilling of the Law." Without effort he speaks of the love of God the Father, the love of God the Son, of the love of Man to God,

not that we loved him, but that he loved us, and manifested it to us that when we were sinners Christ died for the ungodly. And in conclusion exhorts them that having confidence in their Saviour they would shew their faith in Him by keeping His commandments from a spirit of love, not fear, for perfect love casteth out all fear, being fervent in spirit, diligent in business, serving the Lord, doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God.

The sermon ended, a lame old man takes his battered hat, into which is thrown the cent or three cent pieces of the people, amounting all told to fifty or sixty cents, which is to go towards the salary of the minister, which they call the minister's wages.

But service is over, and the minister is invited to dine. He walks with his host, enters his log shanty, the table is spread; two piles of nice white steaming potatoes, and one pile which from its savory smell proves to be the disjointed limbs and morsels of two or three geese, smoke on the uncovered board. The family is seated, the blessing invoked, and the minister with politeness asked to partake and make free, "Help yersel or I'll be hanged if anybody else will."

The minister sticks his fork into the most inviting portion nearest—two huge potatoes in like manner are next secured, and so the minister dines, concluding his repast with a cup of strong hot green tea without milk or sugar. Dinner is ended. The horse is in waiting; no time to lose. The next station is ten miles distant, and service commences at half-past two. Away the minister goes—the horse

tries a trot and the mud flies, well bespattering the rider.

The next station is reached; there is no church, but some more aspiring denomination has erected a handsome building which is kindly lent. The congregation is more aristocratic, the air of the city swell is assumed by the youth, and the village girl puts on the dress and air of the city belle—and is fonder of show. She has been to school, can sneer at things for which she has no taste, ridicule things which she cannot comprehend, and talk against things which she cannot understand. The service is solemnly read, four or five stand or kneel and join in the responses, the rest of the congregation, from twenty to a hundred, sit still and stare with vacant looks at the preacher as they call him.

An extemporaneous sermon is delivered—Faith, Hope and Charity are described—evidences of true Christian life. In walking home, free talk, plenty of criticism—very liberal views, good discourse,—almost as simple and intelligible as our own minister. But what was the meaning of those four people bobbing up and down? I thought people are commanded in the Bible to stand whilst they pray and sit whilst they sing.

The minister is invited to tea—a little toast and the last village scandal introduced. He eats, wonders and judges. But he must away; nine weary miles, partly in the dark, have to be ridden to a village of wooden huts or log shanties. The inhabitants of that desolate looking, dreary like place are, at least in their own estimation, awfully smart, but they have, too, the character of being desperate-

ly ignorant and fearfully wicked. The sound of the church-going bell was never heard in that God-forsaken place, in which were two public taverns and three private grogeries. Instead of Sabbath prayer and song, the drunkard's oath and revelry and blasphemy of rude children broke on the ear of the missionary. His heart sank within him. On enquiry he is informed that he must hold his services in the schule house, a distance of half a mile. Leaving his now wearied horse in charge of the tavern keeper, he wends his way thither, plashing knee deep into mud, and stumbling through the darkness in the mud, and once rolling over.

The place for evening service is reached, a rude log school house, excessively dirty and dingy, and dimly lighted with one dip candle stuck in a box of sand to keep it upright. The congregation, consisting of thirty or forty persons, scarcely distinguishable through the faint light, joined in the service heartily. And the poor missionary, from the associations of time, place, and weather, spoke feelingly and appropriately, at least to himself, from the text, "A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind."

The Sabbath day's task is done—the wearied, jaded missionary goes back to the tavern, where a wretched bed of stale straw has been prepared. He retires to rest wearied, but the peace of God which passeth all understanding is diffused through his heart and mind, he sinks into a sweet, refreshing slumber, and pleasant dreams flit round him in sleeping vision of Him whom he had often found as an hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest, as the

shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Oh ye inhabitants of the gay, luxuriant and wealthy cities, ye richly appointed stewards of the earthly treasures of God, will ye not, from your fulness and plenty, give liberally to lighten and lessen the labors—increase the comfort and diminish the sorrows of the hard working servants of Christ in the Backwoods of Canada.

Remember the poor missionary of the "BACKWOODS."

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CHURCH PARTIES.—A man who is repairing the "towering topmost height" of the English Cathedral was interrogated as to his party, when he looked down with surprise at the questioner, and answered: "I belong, sir, to the *evangelical high church*,—same as the Bishop; could'nt think of anything *lower* at present." Just then the Editor of the *Church of Old England* came away!

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The moral theories of Thales (who was born 639 B. C.), however inadequately argued upon, were noble and exalting. He contended for the providence of a God, as well as for the immortality of man. He asserted vice to be the most hateful, virtue the most profitable of all things. He waged war on that vulgar tenacity of life which is the enemy of all that is most spiritual and most enterprising in our natures, and maintained that between life and death there is no difference—the fitting deduction from a belief in the continuous existence of the soul. His especial maxim was the celebrated precept, "know thyself!"

THE ECCLESIASTICAL SUPREMACY OF CHRISTIAN RULERS, by *Archdeacon Wordsworth*, and arranged for the CHURCH OF OLD ENGLAND by the *Rev. E. Slade*.

(Continued.)

There are, as we have already mentioned, Scriptural examples as authorizing the ecclesiastical supremacy of kings; for the leaders and kings of God's own people of Israel had this authority. They were appointed by God to be *custodes utriusque tabulæ*,—that is, guardians of the first table of His Law, as well as of the second. His Law was never to depart out of their mouth, (Josh. i., 7, 8; Deut. xvii., 18); and they were to read therein all the days of their life, and to meditate therein day and night, and to turn from it neither to the right hand nor to the left. And therefore the Kings, by God's command, as soon as they were *enthroned*, (a) (1st Kings, xv., 3, 4, 11, 15; 2nd Chron., xvii., 6; xix., 4; xxiv., 4; xxix., 3; xxxiv., 2;) were to transcribe with their own hands the Law into a book, from that of the Priests and Levites; and they who exercised this authority well and faithfully were spiritually and temporally blessed by God in themselves and in their people, and are commemorated in Scripture with special commendation by the Holy Spirit. This power was their trial, and the manner in which they exercised it was the very essence of their character (b).

(a) Therefore this touched not the King's private conversation as a man, but his princely function as a *magistrate*.

Bishop BILSON, "Christian Subjection," p. 178, 180; Archbishop WHITCRAFT'S Sermon, Appendix 42; STRYKE'S "Life of Whitgift," folio, p. 132; Bishop BEVERIDGE'S "On the Thirty-Nine Articles," Art. xxxvii., vol. ii., p. 368.

(b) All the kings who did not prohibit nor overturn those things which, contrary to the commands of God, had been instituted among the people of God, (that is, the Jews) are *blamed*; they who prohibited and overturned them are approved as of more merit than the others.

Saint AUGUSTINE, "Epist. ad Boniface," 50 (al 185); Bishop BILSON, p. 263, 271; HOOKER, viii., 1.

While, however, this is all true, we yet hear of nothing done for the Church of *Christ* by Sovereign Princes in the *New Testament*, nor of

any power exercised by them in ecclesiastical affairs. And the simple cause of this is, that kings had not yet become Christians, but they *were to become so!* As St. Augustine says, (c) from the second Psalm, which is prophetic of the glories and triumphs of Christianity, "That prophecy (the prophecy contained in that Psalm,) was not yet fulfilled. And now, O ye Kings, understand; be learned you who are judges of the earth, serve the Lord in fear." But *now*, he adds, that this prophecy of the Psalmist *has been* fulfilled, and they *have* become Christians,—the Kings of the earth serve Christ, bearing the law *for* Christ." And again:—"The King, because he is a *man*, serves God by living faithfully; but because he is also a *king*, he serves, by performing with courage his daily work of establishing the laws, commanding what is becoming, and prohibiting all things hurtful.

(c) St. AUGUSTINE II., pages 349, 350, 357, 446, 448, 594, 970, 976, 977, 983, 1143, 1161; III., 1813; IV., 388, 783, 917. Paris Edition, 1836.

What St. Augustine here says about Kings and Rulers he supports by Scriptural authority. Hezekiah and Josiah (he adds) (d) served God by destroying the groves and high places and idolatrous temples; even the King of Nineveh served Him by reducing his people to repentance and holiness of life. Darius served Him by punishing the enemies of the prophet Daniel; even Nebuchadnezzar served Him by a severe law (*irribili lege*) against blasphemy. Who, therefore, (he asks) after the completion of the Prophecies, which foretold that "all kings shall fall down before Him, (Christ), and all nations shall do Him service." Who now, in his sober senses, will venture to say to *Christian* Princes, "Take no care who attacks and who maintains the Church of Christ; take no thought who among your subjects is religious, and who guilty of sacrilege?" No, he adds, this cannot be: kings serve God (e) when they order what is

good, and prohibit what is bad, not only in secular matters, but in *spiritual*. These, then, serve Him as kings, when they do for Him what they could not do unless they were kings; and let them bethink themselves if they fail so to do, what account will they be able to render hereafter to Almighty God? This, then, he concludes, is their duty: to maintain the peace of the Church, whose spiritual children they are.

(d) Who in his senses will say to Kings, Take no care in your kingdom by whom the Church of your Lord is maintained or opposed: nor he who belongs to you in your kingdom who wishes to be religious or sacrilegious?

ST. AUGUSTINE, *Epist. ad Bonifacium*, ii., 977.  
(e) In what other manner can they render an account of their empire to God? This is a characteristic of *Christian* Kings of the world, that they desire the peace of their mother, the Church, of whom they were spiritually born.

ST. AUGUSTINE, c. Crescon iii., 51 *Tractat in Joan.*, xi.; Bishop BILSON, "Perpetual Government of Christ's Church," chap. x., p. 206, Oxford edition, 1842.

(To be continued.)

#### HOW EXTEMPORE PRAYER WAS INTRODUCED INTO ENGLAND.

Every national or particular church has an undoubted right to reform or remodel its own liturgy, as shall be most convenient, provided all things be done decently and in order, according to the analogy of the faith. All the most violent and prejudiced enemies of the English liturgy have never been able to detect any errors in it, either in faith or doctrine; no, not even Pope Pius V. himself, who offered to give it the stamp of his approbation. And it was solely to be revenged on Queen Elizabeth, that, in the ninth year of her reign, he condemned it, and schismatically broke communion with the Church of England. Immediately after the bull of excommunication, the Jesuits introduced the extemporary mode of worship, in order to seduce the people from the Church, and to forward Popish designs. It has ever since been adopted by the Puritans and all

sects of Dissenters in England, and by Presbyterians in Scotland. All these parties greatly erred in independent and patriotic feelings, when they laboured to impose a foreign constitution and foreign forms, by dint of clamour and by force of faction, in the lieu of those which were maintained, as frequently as they were attacked, with all the powers of reason, with all the influence of warning, and with all the soberness and energy of genuine piety. Still more strange, unseemly and unaccountable does this appear, when we find the Popish hypocrite imitating and aiding the sectarian zealot. That I may fix this remarkable fact, which is so generally overlooked or forgotten, I may refer to a remarkable narrative of "Faithful Cummin," a Dominican Friar, extracted from the "Memorials of Lord Cecil" :—

"In the year 1567, this monk, with the reputation of a zealous Protestant, was greatly admired for his seeming piety, especially for inveighing most bitterly against Pope Pius V., then Pope. Nevertheless, he was accused on oath by three respectable witnesses, of being a 'false imposter, and a sower of sedition among her Majesty's loyal subjects.' He was summoned before the Queen in Council, and there examined, when it appeared that he was ordained by Cardinal Pole; that he had never formally renounced the Church of Rome, nor procured the license of any Protestant bishop; that he never attended the prayers of the Established Church, but, when the prayers were ended, he came forward and preached; that he never received the Sacrament in the Church of England; that he 'used extemporary prayer;' affected the spiritual cant of the Puritan faction, and claimed the wide world amongst the flock of

Christ, scattered over the whole earth as his parish.' He 'canted' admirably, and maintained with every appearance of fervour, that spiritual (extemporary) prayer was the chief testimony of a 'true Protestant'; and that the set form of prayer in the Church of England was but 'the mass translated.' Fearing the consequences of his examination, and some of the truths proved against him and elicited from him, he wisely thought of retreat. . . . He soon after went to Rome, and, being questioned by the Pope, he stated the object and effect of his labours. 'I preached,' said the friar, 'against set forms of prayer, and I called the English prayers *English Mass*, and have persuaded several to pray spiritually and extempore, and this hath so taken with the people, that the Church of England is become as odious to that sect of people whom I instructed,—the Puritans,—as the Mass is in the Church of England. And this will be a stumbling block to the Church as long as it is a church.'

Alas! how true a prophet he has been; and I wish Dissenters and Presbyterians would consider the nature, the object, and the end of this "instructor" in this un-catholic and dangerous system of worship.

For this diabolical and most malignant service done to Popery and the arch-enemy of man, the Pope commended and thanked Cummin, and gave him a reward of 2,000 ducats for his good service.

I may here observe that many of the reformed churches, in common with our "restored Church," had, in their beginnings, set public forms of prayer. Calvin himself composed a liturgy, which, like ours, was read off in the Geneva Church, and in other places in Switzerland. The Protestant Churches in France, Holland,

and other countries, also commenced with prescribed liturgies. Even in Scotland the Presbyterians had at first a liturgy composed by John Knox himself, and printed; it contained not only a set form for the administration of the Sacraments and holy offices, but a distinct form for the "ordination of superintendents, presbyters and deacons," with questions and responses, like our own forms of ordination. It was worthy of a "restored Church," such as that of Britain, to return to the godly usages of the first age of Christianity. In her love of the truth, she looked to the example of the incarnate "God of truth," who conformed to the established service of the Synagogue; and she followed the pattern bequeathed to His Church by the immediate successors of the Apostles, who set forth poems for public worship and other offices, which bear their names to this day. May it continue to be the glory and privilege of our beloved establishment, that "she cometh nearer to the primitive and flourishing Church than any other whatsoever."

H. S.

The frequency of sights and executions and mortal suffering seems to have enabled pious persons of the time of Wycliffe to realize more than we can the bodily anguish of the cross. Thus the devout Richard of Hampole, a little while before Wycliffe, in his "Meditations on the Passion" says:—"Sweet Jesu, methinketh I see Thy body on the rood all bleeding and strained, that the joints twine (part asunder). . . : Thy skin all-too drawn so broad, that it is marvel it is whole; . . . Thy body is *strained as a parchment-skin on the harrow, &c.*"

MONTREAL, 1st August, 1866.

To the Most Reverend the Metropolitan,  
LORD BISHOP OF MONTREAL:

*May it Please your Lordship,—*

We, the undersigned, your Lordship's clergy in the city of Montreal, being aware of your Lordship's speedy departure on a visit to England, cannot allow your Lordship to leave us without expressing our earnest good wishes, and the hearty desire that Mrs. Fulford and yourself may have a prosperous voyage, a happy re-union with relatives and friends at home, a pleasant sojourn in the old country, and a safe return to Montreal to watch over the interests of the Church in this Diocese, and in Canada at large.

We believe that your Lordship's visit to England is most opportune at this particular period of the history of the Church in Canada, and that of the whole Colonial Church; and feeling, as we do, that the present advantageous position of the Church in Canada, as to its ecclesiastical status, is in largest measure owing to your Lordship's administrative ability as Metropolitan, and acquaintance and active personal influence with the leading members of the Church and ecclesiastical authorities at home, which your Lordship has never failed to exert for the Church's good, we are glad to take this opportunity of expressing our conviction that the interests of the Church in Canada will be well served by the personal attendance of your Lordship at the Conferences of the Church at home, at which questions intimately and directly affecting the Church in Canada, and the Colonial Church in general, are now being discussed, with a view to permanent settlement once and for all, it may be, for long ages to come.

We conclude with a sincere prayer that Almighty God will be pleased to prosper you and yours in the way wherein you now go, and providentially guide you to a happy and safe return, refreshed and invigorated in mind and body for the discharge of the duties of a lengthened episcopate in the Diocese of

Montreal, and supervision of the Diocese of Canada as Metropolitan, that you may live to see the continued growth and development of the portion of the Church catholic committed to your Lordship's charge.

With every sentiment of esteem, respect, and regard,

We remain,

May it please your Lordship,

Your Lordship's faithful and obedient servants,

JOHN BETHUNE, D.D., Rector and Dean of Montreal.

WILLIAM T. LEACH, D.C.L., L.L.D., Archdeacon of Montreal.

J. P. WHITE, Canon of Christ Church Cathedral.

PHILIP WOOD LOOSEMORE, M.A., Canon of Christ Church Cathedral.

WM. BOND, M.A., Rural Dean, Incumbent of St. George's, and Hon. Canon.

CHAS. BANCROFT, D.D., Incumbent of Trinity, and Hon. Canon.

T. H. M. BARTLETT, M.A., Chaplain to the Forces.

J. ELLEGOOD, M.A., Incumbent of St. James'.

EDWARD SULLIVAN, B.A., Assistant, St. George's.

W. B. CURRAN, B.A., Incumbent of St. Stephen.

JAS. A. McLEOD, M.A., Incumbent of St. Thomas'.

MAURICE S. BALDWIN, M.A., Incumbent of St. Luke's.

EDMUND WOOD, M.A., Curate St. John's Chapel.

J. DOUGLAS BORTHWICK, Incumbent of St. Mary's, Hochelaga.

J. PHILIP DUMOULIN, Asst. Min., Trinity Church.

WM. WRIGHT, M.D., Asst. Minister, St. James' Church.

REPLY.

SEE HOUSE,

Montreal, 1st Aug., 1866.

REV. AND DEAR BRETHREN,—Not being aware that it was in contemplation to present to me any such address as this which has now been read by the

Very Rev. the Dean, I had previously prepared a Circular, which is already in print, and will be at once forwarded to all the Clergy of the Diocese. In this letter I have expressed my feelings on most of the important subjects now alluded to by you; in this respect, therefore, it will perhaps be a sufficient reply to what you have now said, if I take this opportunity of reading to you what I had thus prepared.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Here the Lord Bishop read his *Circular to the Clergy of the Diocese of Montreal*, which appeared in the August number of *The Church of Old England*.]

\* \* \* \* \*

To this, however, I will now add, that in consequence of the accounts which we have received during the last few days, of the increasing prevalence of the cholera in some parts of this continent, I have to desire that the prayers which we used during the season of last Lent on that subject may again be used at all the services of the Church. And, in conclusion, I most sincerely pray that God in his mercy will preserve us from any visitation of this fearful pestilence; and I return you all my best thanks for your kind expressions towards myself, and for your prayers and good wishes for the safety and happiness of myself and those connected with me.

I remain,

My Rev. and Dear Brethren,  
Your faithful friend and  
Brother in Christ,  
F. MONTREAL.

OPENING OF A NEW ORGAN AT HAWKESBURY CHURCH, ON THE OTTAWA, C.W.—An organ, the munificent gift of Messrs. Robert and John Hamilton, to the Church of the Holy Trinity at Hawkesbury, was used for the first time in the celebration of public worship on Sunday, the 29th July. The Rev. Edmund Wood, Curator of the Free Seat Church of St. John the Evangelist, Montreal, accompanied by a portion of the choir of St. John's, visited Hawkesbury at the invitation of the Rev. J. G. Armstrong, Incumbent of the parish, for

the purpose of conducting Divine Service on this special occasion. Full choral service, which had never before been sung in this locality, and the introduction of hymns, ancient and modern, for use in the church, gave additional interest to the services of the day. The church, which was tastefully decorated with flowers, contributed from the green-houses of Evandale House by Mrs. John Hamilton, presented a very pleasing interior, and was filled to the utmost by an attentive congregation, including many members of other religious denominations, and several distinguished visitors. The following simple and brief ceremonial attended the inauguration of the new Organ:—The Clergy and Choir, habited in surplices, started from the vestry, passed around the exterior of the church chanting the 84th Psalm; and entering the nave by the north porch, they assembled in front of the organ, which is placed on the floor of the building, in a recess formed by the tower and spire at the west end. After the conclusion of the processional psalm, special prayers for the occasion were offered by the Incumbent, who then received and solemnly dedicated the instrument, using the following form for the purpose: "We receive this organ, the gift of Robert and John Hamilton, to this Parish Church of the Holy Trinity, Hawkesbury, and do set apart for and dedicate it to the worship and adoration of the Holy and undivided Trinity, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Hymn 164 (hymns ancient and modern) was then sung by the choir, accompanied by the organ, as they proceeded up the nave to take their places in the chancel. In the Morning Service which followed, the version of the Plain Song employed was that given in the Brief Directory of the Rev. T. Helmore; the Creed being sung to Merbecke's Notation, and the psalms of the day chanted to the Gregorian



Tone as set in the "Psalter Noted." The members of the choir, during the whole of their visit, which extended from Saturday to the Tuesday following, were most hospitably entertained by the Hon. John Hamilton, M.L.C. On the Monday, the junior choristers joined the children of the local choir in a pic-nic on a grand scale to the falls of the Calumet River, bringing to a most agreeable conclusion the events of this interesting occasion.

DEATH OF BISHOP SPENCER.—The death is announced in England of the Right Rev. George Trevor Spencer, D.D., Chancellor of St. Paul's Cathedral, and formerly Bishop of Madras. Bishop Spencer, it will be remembered, paid a visit to this country several years ago, and while in Montreal was the guest of the most Reverend the Metropolitan. He preached several eloquent sermons in the old Cathedral in Notre Dame Street, and created a most favourable impression upon Churchmen here.

CATECHIZING.—The Jewish rabbies observed a very strict method in the instruction of children. At five years old they were called "sons of the law," to read it; at thirteen they were called "sons of the precept," to understand it (then they received the passover); at fifteen years of age they were instructed in the deeper points of the law. Thus did the Jews, and let no Christians lag behind them in propagating the truths of Jesus Christ their Master. Let children be well instructed and principled in the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion; for without catechizing, the people perish for lack of knowledge. \* \* \* In a word, catechizing is as well a family duty as a Church duty. Were but the family well instructed, there would not be so many unstable Christians, as now are to be found amongst us.

*Dr. Donne's Sermon at St. Paul's, 1621.*

O Book, infinite sweetness, let my heart  
Suck every letter, and a honey gain,  
Precious for any grief, in any pain,  
To clear the heart, and mollify all pain.  
G. HERBERT, "Of Holy Scripture."

## A N A P R I L S U N S E T .

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

There is a golden glint in the sky  
A haze in the balmy air,  
A haze of soft impalpable dew,  
A dow of the spring-tide air.

The brown thrush sits on the almond tree,  
On the almond tree by the wall;  
While he tuneth his mellow vesper pipe,  
Pink showers around him fall.

Showers of exquisite fairy bloom,  
Beautiful flowery spray!  
They are kissed by the breeze ere they reach the  
And hurried and whirled away. lawn,

The violet draweth her last sweet sigh,  
With a tear in her eye of blue,  
A tear let fall from the April sky,  
Farewell to me and to you.

She should have died when the March-King died,  
But she longed for the April rain;  
So she hid in the green till she knew him gone,  
Then peeped from her bed again.

Walk where the blooms of the guelder rose  
In the hedge are the school-girls prize;  
Walk where the cowslip bells in the glade  
Bring light into childhood's eyes.

Faultless are all the manifold works  
Of Him who Himself is fair,  
Stand uncovered adoring awhile,  
He is here, He is everywhere!

The white hawthorn sheds her frankincense,  
And the blackbird sings with a zest,  
On the fork, for within those fragrant folds  
Hath his dear love made her nest.

And she sits and lists whilst her true knight  
Chants to her ear his hymn; chants,  
And the light peeps out from the casement sills,  
And the red in the sky grows dim.

And the sun goes down, and the silver lamp  
Of the moon shines clear on high,  
And the gold stars whelmed in a sea of blue,  
Pave the vault of the boundless sky.

Earth reneweth her spring each year,  
Summer and winter rain,  
But alas for man when his spring hath fled,  
It can never come back again!

Let him strive to sow in his own sweet youth,  
Soul-seed in the fruitful ground,  
That when harvest comes, in the Book of Truth,  
Be his name by the Reaper found.

*Churchman's Mag.*

I AM THANKFUL I BELONG TO THE  
CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

I am thankful I belong to the Church of England, because of these reasons:—

1st. She is a pure and sound church. She is not resting on the shifting opinions of man, but upon God's eternal truth, Here are "the old paths, where is the good way." In the main she is to-day as she was one thousand seven hundred years ago, when England first became a christian country. She honors the Savior and leads her children to him. Therefore, whatever her foes may say, whatever faults and failings they may find in her, she is a safe home for all who seek shelter in her communion, and faithfully follow her teachings as she follows Christ.

2nd. Our church is a scriptural church. Her framework is after the model of God's word. The doctrines which she sets forth can be proved from the bible. She plainly declares that "holy scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of the faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation." (Art. vi.) Those holy men who drew up our formularies took the bible as their guide, and I know of no prayers so enriched with the language of scripture, and so truly scriptural as those which are appointed for our public worship. Many pious dissenters have acknowledged this. "I believe," says Wesley, "there is no liturgy in the world which breathes more of a solid, scriptural, rational piety than the common prayer book of the Church of England."

3rd. Ours is a church which meets the wants of all. It is one of the glories of this christian country that from one end of the land to the other, buildings devoted to God's essential service, rear their venerable heads.

Here the rich and poor meet together, and God is the maker of them all. Here the humblest as well as the greatest may join with his brethren in prayer, prayer that he can understand, prayer suited to his wants, prayer in which he can follow his minister. And here, too, he can sit and listen to the glad sound of the gospel of grace and mercy. And to each parish there is an appointed pastor as well as a house of prayer; not only a safe fold into which you may be gathered, but a shepherd to feed you there; one commissioned by God to instruct you, to warn you, to encourage you on your heavenly road, to visit you in your homes as your spiritual guide, friend and counsellor, and to stand by you in the hour of sickness, and speak to you in the Savior's name, and tell you of a Savior's love.

4th. In the words of another, "for my own part I have looked anxiously into the character and working of many systems of religion, and I trust that I know how to respect those who cannot see with my eyes. But after all my searchings, I find no church like the old one. I love the shade of the old vine, and the shelter of the old wall, within which my fathers lived well, and died happily. It is delightful to me in a shifting, fleeting, dying world, to find something which lasts. And I trust, through God's infinite grace, to be a humble, watchful, loving worshipper in this happy company of the Lord's people, till I change the church on earth for the church in heaven.

REV. A. ORENDEN.

A book has been recently published by Mr. James Hutchinson, of the Cape of Good Hope, which aims to prove that Homer had "the great poem of Bulmiki, the 'Rámáyand' in his eye," when he wrote the "Iliad," and that Homer himself was a Hindoo.

## SELECTIONS.

Carnal man cannot comprehend that God loves those whom He permits to suffer; but faith teaches us that the Cross is the gift of His love, the foundation of our hope, the mark of His children, and the title of an inheritance in heaven. But unless God sanctifies it by His Spirit, it becomes an insupportable burden, a subject of murmuring, and an occasion of sin.

WILSON'S *Sacra Privata*, p. 130.

Never listen to those who say "The voice of the people is the voice of God." There is always something akin to madness in the sudden movements of the multitude.

ALCUIN, in a letter to CHARLEMAGNE, Epist., cxxvii.

By loving self amiss, myself I lost.  
By seeking Thee, and singly, sincerely loving Thee, at the same time myself and Thee I found.

THOMAS À. KEMPIS.

Great is he who enjoys his earthenware as if it were plate; and not less great is he to whom all his silver plate is no more than earthenware.

SENECCA.

It is generally true that all unwary walking in Christians wrongs their communion with Heaven, and casts a damp upon their prayers, so as to clog the wings of it. These two mutually help one another: prayer and holy conversation. The more exactly we walk, the more fit are we for prayer; and the more we pray, the more are we enabled to walk exactly; and it is a happy life to find the correspondence of these two, calling on the Lord, and departing from iniquity. Therefore, that you may pray much, live holy; and, that you may live holy, be much in prayer.

Archbishop LEIGHTON'S Commentary on 1st Pet.

While some nations have no word in their several languages for God, for love, for gratitude, for forgiveness, yet all have words expressive of war or murder. Here is, then, even in the words which men use, a fearful instance of the universal de-

pravity of human nature; and, strange to say, all the words expressive of war or murder begin, in every known language, with the *k* sound thus: in Greek, *kopta*; in Latin, *casus, cedere*; French, *casser, couper*; Syriac, *katat*; English, *cut, kill*; Sanscrit, *kad*, and *koutt, kas*; Turkish, *kes*; New Zealandish, *kotia*; Koptic, *kach*; Peruvian, *koutchoum, coutouni*, &c. The Japanese long sword or sabre is called *katana*; the Japanese method of committing suicide by inflicting two deep cross-cuts on the belly, is called *hari-kari*; and the Japanese word for razor is *kami*, which is also their word for God.

We should esteem it not only our bounden duty, but a very great favour, and honour, and privilege, to keep holy days unto the Lord, and to attend upon all His ordinances; to abound in praise and thanksgiving for His particular mercies, and to encourage one another to these pleasant services, gladly embracing every opportunity for them, and ready whenever our church calls us to perform such sacred duties, and on all occasions. Many people, in these days, are sadly neglectful in this matter; and it shows that they have neither any proper regard for the Church, nor any proper sense of God's great mercies and blessings. The pious soul is thankful for every such invitation, and accepts it with delight. For the Lord is the strength of His people, and all the worship we can render is far beneath His greatness and goodness, and our vast obligations to Him. The neglect of our holy days, whether for spiritual feasting or fasting, proves that we, like Israel of old, are unmindful both of God's favour and our own sinfulness; and as we forget and forsake our duty, God will forsake us as He did Israel. We see from this psalm what Israel might have been by love and obedience; we know what they were and are—cast out of God's favour, and "children of wrath." They thought

highly of themselves, of their religious knowledge, and their forms of worship, and had no fear of falling into destruction; they said, "I shall have peace though I walk in the imagination of my heart." Deut. xxix, 19. Be not we like unto them; "Be not high-minded, but fear." Rom. xi, 20. May the Lord incline our hearts to obey every holy call, and to walk in His ways, that so our souls may be satisfied with those unspeakable blessings which flow from the "Rock of salvation," that we may "eat of the true Bread, and live for ever." John vi. 58.

*Stade, on the Psalms. Psalm lxxxi.*

*Libera me ab homine malo, a meipso, deliver me from the evil man, from myself.*

*St. Augustine.*

I will close my remarks on this subject by removing a very ill-grounded prejudice, too frequently entertained, against the Jewish Ritual, as a system intolerably burthensome. I observe, with Lowman, that it is the ritual of a national, and not a personal worship. The whole worship of the Hebrew Church, in their sacrifices and festivals, was fixed to the one temple and one altar, at the place where Jehovah dwelt; and it was absolutely forbid, upon any pretence, to offer any sacrifice on any occasion but before the Divine Presence or the Shechinah. It was not, then, directed as personal, or as a family worship, or as more public in their towns or cities, throughout their whole land. So great reason there is to distinguish between their synagogue and their temple worship. As to the general form of devotion, it seems to have been provided for by dispersing the Levites through every part of the Hebrew territory, in order to "teach Jacob the judgments, and Israel the law of their God," by setting apart the Sabbath for a day of holy rest,—when they might receive public instruction, meet for the purposes of public prayer, and when, both in public and in private, they would

have leisure to fulfil the strict injunction of their God, not only to keep His laws in their hearts, but "Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Deut. vi., 7. But the particular mode of doing this, the methods of diffusing religious knowledge, as well as for prayers and praises in their synagogues, seems to have been left to the ancient customs of the patriarchal religion, and to be directed by the common rules of reason and discretion, for the Ritual gave no other directions about them than those general ones above stated; and we know that the mode of worship adopted in the Jewish synagogues, subsequent to the captivity, differed but little from the present worship of Christian assemblies, for it consisted of three parts: reading the Scriptures, Prayers, and Preaching. But the ritual of the temple worship was only to be used personally, when the Jews were to appear before the presence of Jehovah. In this view all objections against the Jewish Ritual as personally burthensome, tedious or expensive, evidently appear to be wholly founded in ignorance and error; while as a system of national worship it was most wisely adapted to the great designs of the Jewish economy, even to preserve the law and the worship of the great Jehovah, in the Jewish race, and prepare the way for the promised MESSIAH, in whom all the nations of the earth were to be blessed.

*GRAVES on the Pentateuch, Sect. v., part ii., p. 191.*

"Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, WITH the laying on of the hands of the presbytery."—1 Tim., iv., 14.

The presbyters seemed to have laid on their hands WITH Paul, when Timothy was solemnly set apart to the ministerial work.

*DODDRIDGE, in loco.*

## THE CHORISTER,

A TALE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL IN THE CIVIL WARS.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE CHAPEL.

"We have thought of thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of thy Temple." Psalm xi., 8, 9.

It was the Feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross, in the year of Grace, 1637, that James Fleetwood, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, paced slowly up its beautiful Chapel, as the morning light was glittering through the magnificent stained glass of the windows, and the just-risen sun had lighted up the whole gorgeous eastern window, covering the chapel floor with a diaper-work as of coloured flames.

Fleetwood stood beneath the organ screen gazing sadly at the beauties of the scene, while every now and then a sigh escaped from his breast.

Alas! well might his heart, as was that of every true servant of the Lord, be grieved at the signs of those Awful Times; when the spirit of Anti-Christ seemed to be stirring abroad; and the cloud which had been as a man's hand had covered the sky, and "The heavens were black with clouds and wind." The plague had begun.

A light step sounded on the floor, and one of the chorister boys passed up the ante-chapel, to put on his pure surplice, an emblem, that before entering the presence of the Almighty in prayer, we should put on the wedding garment—purity of thought.

James Fleetwood turned, and seeing who it was, slowly walked over to where the boy was, and nodding his head familiarly to him, said—

"We seem to be both too early, William, but, by my troth, I am not sorry therefore, since I desired to speak to thee; can'st thou tell me what hath befallen Josias Everett?"

"It is a season since he hath fallen away," replied the boy. "But I wot well the reason, for I beheld him oftentimes in converse with the Puritan Ze-

dediah Pluckover; and that he attendeth their meetings is no secret."

"I grieve me to the heart thereat, said Fleetwood—Alas that these false and shallow zealots should run riot over our land—God knoweth whether we may be much longer spared to enjoy the Holy Offices in this beautiful chapel—yet not as we will, but as He willeth. I hear that the troops of that upstart Cromwell are not far from this Town, and when he cometh here, I fear me sore lest he overthrow this House of the most Holy."

The tears stood in the boy's eyes, "Oh," said he, "And dost thou really think that they will hurt this sacred building? They dare not—besides, what could tempt them to it?"

"Alas! my child, see what they have done to the Houses of God in this land; they have broken down all the carved work thereof with axes and hammers, and dost thou think that this beautiful monument of the piety of its royal founder can escape? See all these crowns on the sides, they are emblems which those evil men abhor."

"And these windows," said the boy, turning his eyes sadly to the glowing lights.

"William," exclaimed Fleetwood, "If possible we must save them."

"How?" asked the chorister, his eyes brightening at the idea.

"We must take them all down, and bury them; your uncle is a glass stainer, he can assist us, and do thou collect those of the choristers as are trust-worthy to help in removing them; meet me to-night at nine, I shall go and see your uncle myself, he can procure the ladders and all that we require, but here come the rest, *Adieu*."

The chorister was not more than fifteen years old, but was beloved by all who knew him, on account of his gentleness, and the extreme brilliancy of his intellect. Having been well educated,

his tastes had drawn him on, and had expanded rapidly as he grew: his full, clear blue eye showed that his whole heart was filled with the love of music, and the calm yet elevated expression of his countenance, indicated his thorough devotion to Beauty. Many may smile at this expression, for they cannot understand it; it is not frequently that we find a soul like his so devoted to the adoration of the Beautiful, of which, as of one great chain, Music, Painting, Architecture, Poetry, are but links; his mind appreciated all these, loved all; the feeling was not what is called Taste, it was far above that.

The boy himself did not know that he was the child of Beauty; he could not tell *why* he loved to linger about that chapel, *why* he leaned over the bridges which spanned the tree-overshadowed river, and gazed admiringly at the twinkling of the fresh leaves, and the sun-lit colleges shining through the cool green vistas of shade; he knew not *why* his young heart swelled as the organ rolled and muttered along the lofty choir. He knew not why this was—but yet it was in him.

The boy's form was light and graceful; his head was high: and his dark brown, beautiful hair, parted in the centre of the forehead, fell as was the custom of the time, in thick clusters over his shoulders; the countenance was oval, the brow straight, and the eyes blue and full. The features were not regular, but soft and beautiful.

The chapel filled rapidly, it was a fine sight to see the House of the Holy One filled with figures in white; and it was indeed glorious, to hear the soft sweet chanting, as it swelled up the building, and withal, was so clear, that it seemed like angels' singing: every now and then the organ notes broke in, loud, deep and full, rolling through the chapel, and filling it till it could hold no more; and hushed again when the choristers' sweet voices rose, as if to still the storm;—from the glorious windows the sun-light came down, here blood-red, here the blue of Heaven, here yellow as

the corn fields with the sun full on them, and there green and ruby red, all so grand and gorgeous.

Now in the silence, rose the voice of Fleetwood chanting the prayers—and the peace of God descended.

When the office of morning prayer was over, the chapel soon emptied, the door closed, and the painted windows shone unwatched on the marble floor.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE WINDOWS.

The day had drawn a veil over her face, and the darkness of night was settling in.

Few passengers passed now along the ill-lighted streets, and those who did, gazed timidly at the deep shadows under the parvise chambers of the old gable-ended houses, and hurried on to the next oil lamp which stood at a considerable distance from its fellows, and which from its dimness only made the night look the more dreary, especially towards the end of the hour before the lamplighter had come to trim them. And the watchman in his great cloak, his lantern in his hand, passed slowly down the street, shouting his wonted call.

No one had remarked that several ladders were fixed against the walls on the south side of King's College Chapel, few heard any sound, yet the great windows were being stripped of their stained glass, piecemeal, by Waltheram the glass manufacturer, and about eight scholars of the college; besides, as fast as the glass was taken down, several of the boys of the choir packed it in hampers, which Fleetwood and William carried off and buried in the gardens, where during the day pits had been made. In this manner they proceeded rapidly, and when morning dawned the east and the whole range of the south windows were glassless.

It was not long now before the talking, wondering people, assembled to gaze at, and discuss the disappearance of so much glass. Some thought that it must

be the work of Cromwell's soldiers, others that it was the doing of some of the Fellows of the college; but the people generally, who are always perfectly certain to catch the wrong sow by the ear, were positive that it was done by the zeal of some Puritans.

"Ah, Peter Stapleton," said a butcher to a grocer, "It is wonders on wonders all in one night; gracious me, how zealous the worthy men are, they have not left a fragment anywhere lest the malignants should worship it as a relic, forsooth! saving and excepting the north windows, which, an the college folk do not guard, will be gone like the rest."

"I trow, it is the doing of some of the Fellows of King's, Jonas," replied the grocer hesitatingly.

"Beshrew thee, man!" cried the butcher, "Dost't think a Fellow of King's would stir from his warm couch, forsooth to meet the sharp nights, and perchance to cut his fingers with broken glass? and all to save some coloured bits no good to a single soul! Out upon thee for a dotard! Stapleton thou ravest!"

Just behind these two stood another pair, the one was a short lean man with shaven face and short cropped, black hair, his face was sallow and bloodless; his forehead rapidly retreating, but his brows advanced and low'ring, a pair of twinkling eyes peeped out of their sunken sockets.

His dress consisted of a tight-fitting suit of grey serge, and his head was crowned by a high conical black cap with rather a broad brim. His companion was much taller, but very stout in proportion, his hair was short and red; his whole face looked enflamed like a candle behind a red shawl; his little eyes were blood shot, restless, and had a cunning and almost a ferocious appearance. He looked what he was, a butcher's son; there was a kind of atmosphere of meat about him, and the ghost of a dead bullock seemed to haunt the folds of his garments.

"Zedediah," quoth he in a voice which if you could have touched it would have greased your fingers, "Behold,

how it is fallen, it is fallen!" "What is fallen?" asked the small man in a querulous tone.

"The stained glass, like lightning hath it fallen, and as the drops that water the earth."

"No, it hath not fallen, for it hath been pulled down," replied Zedediah Pluckover, the Puritan divine.

"With axes and hammers," said the other.

"No," replied the minister, with an angry voice, "for then they would have smashed it."

"What they desired," said the youth, who had been one of the choir of the chapel, but had deserted it to follow Zedediah Pluckover.

"No," answered the Puritan, and he whispered in the other's ear, "Josias Everett, I tell thee, *they* did it."

"To save it!" exclaimed the former chorister, "I would destroy it myself."

"We'll do that safe enough," said Pluckover, leading him out of the crowd. "Now hist thee, lad, thou are more shrewd than fool I wot; the Fellows have stolen and hidden the windows, those foul emblems of Popery, and of the woman that sitteth on the beast!"

"With the crown of twelve stars, and the moon under her feet," said the hopeful, who had of late turned serious.

"The north side has not been taken yet, but I wist me well that e'er to-day se'night they will have taken them away. Do thou watch by night, and see where they hide them, then will I give thee three gold angelets, for my bowels yearn to destroy their painted idols."

"Now forsooth," said Josias, "I shall right gladly do thy behest if so be that I can don my doublet of grey kersemere, to keep out the stormy wind and the tempest."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE SPY.

It was night again, a cold wind swept along, rumbling in the wide chimneys and whistling under the eaves; the weathercocks turned and creaked, and

turned again, as all down the lonely streets came the cold blinding wind. The last windows of the chapel were being removed, and several were to be buried beneath the pavement of the chapel.

William had run up one of the ladders, to give a message to one of the workmen, when on descending, it struck him that he saw a shade steal behind one of the pillars, which supported the parvise chamber of a neighbouring house.

Anxious lest he should be watched, without saying a word to any one, he crept up thither in the gloom cast by the chapel and secreted himself close to the place where he had seen the figure.

He was not a minute waiting before the person he was watching emerged from the shade and passed down along the chapel wall, brushing close by him.

The chorister boy stepped out of the niche where he had ensconced himself, and silently followed the dark shape.

Just then Fleetwood and another Fellow passed out of the chapel porch bearing a quantity of glass which they hastened to deposit in a hamper. The man in the shade stretched out his neck to watch more closely. William stole up gently, and with a bound was beside him, and in a moment had thrown him to the ground, gagged him, and with his girdle had bound his hands and feet together; and having pushed him into a corner and turned his face to the wall, left him to his reflections.

Morning came again, treading on the heels of night, in the same constant way that he has since it first dawned upon the bewildered world; and with it came the talking, gaping people, thronging about the chapel, wondering to see that all the windows were gone.

Great was the mirth excited at the discovery of the rogue, Josias Everett, who lay coiled up, with his hands and feet tied together. He was speedily unbound, and questions were showered upon him; every one wanted to know who had tied him up and gagged him, and every one wanted to know who had taken down the windows of King's College Chapel.

"The devil himself," said the angry butcher's boy. "It's he himself must have tied me up like this, but I'll reward him."

A roar of laughter followed this outburst of anger.

"Well," growled he, "It is hard, after that I have been mending my ways—"

"You'd better mend your hosen first," said a tanner gruffly, "For you have split them up behind." "Bad material," said Elliot the draper, "You did not get them of me I'll be upon my bounden oath, but 't' some crop-eared whining old Puritan."

"I warrant me," said a barber. "An thou doff'st his bonnet, thou'lt find his red hair turned gray like his kersey doublet?"

Such like sallies met the disconcerted rogue on all sides, and he was fain to escape down a back lane and dart into the house of his spiritual guide, Pluckover.

"Hout thee!" cried that fellow, looking up from a book which he had been perusing when the boy darted in. "Thou carriest dole in thy face, and thy garments are rent and all thy linen gusheth out. But seat thee, oh son of my care; and tell me in good sooth, has't thou discovered what thou wentest forth to the wilderness to see?"

"By Beelzebub!" cried the lad, changing under his misfortunes—"I am like the bottles in the smoke—I—I—but I shall have my turn."

"What meaneth this bleating?" asked Zedediah, testily.

"By my soul I am well nigh stricken mad, he cast me down as I was creeping up in the shade—he, whom I could have crushed between my fingers like a fly, but I did'nt see him till it was too late; he gagged me and tied me up in a ball—and then to have all the folk hooting me like an unclean beast!—there was Elliot, Falterfield, Stapleton, Baker— I am corporal I shall string them up like magpies to a wall, and he—"

"Whom do'st thou mean, Josias? thou has't lien among the pots—"

"In good troth have I! and in a heap of them, where he kicked me; mind him



well, Pluckover, let him be marked, to be torn limb from limb for the evil he hath done me."

"Who," asked the Puritan.

"William of Grantchester, or Apollyon himself."

"And was it he who hath been saving those windows?"

"Aye, forsooth, he and a set of others, and he spied me and caught me e'er I could see what they would have done with their foul glass."

"And is it all gone?" asked the divine, with a curse in which he indulged occasionally (from "old lang syne," no doubt), as if he had been a reprieved pickpocket.

"Gone it is, and not a bit left," replied the boy—"I'd give my hopes of salvation to know where it be, that I might grind it to powder."

"We can easily get the secret out of that boy."

"By my faith if I can make him, he shall tell," exclaimed the butcher's boy, and he flounced out of the room.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE ARREST.

It was Friday morning, and the Service was being performed in King's College Chapel. The soft spring breeze came stealing in through the unglazed windows, and the fresh morning air hung over the chapel, receiving all the notes of the swelling organ and the sweet chanting of the choir.

The ruddy light was in the chapel filling it to overflowing. High soared the roof, as if the shafts which bore it strove to reach to heaven, but burst into flower, and all the flowers had formed the vault; it was the most beautiful fan tracery, and the roses and portcullis which formed the pendants, although rocks in themselves, looked like drops of stalactite.

The shafted responds were adorned with the crowned rose, the lily, and the portcullis, while beneath the windows winged griffins and lions were to be seen supporting the Royal arms. James Fleetwood was saying the Service, and

as he prayed the hearts of all went with him before the throne of Grace. Most felt certain that this would be the last time that they should be permitted to offer up their prayers there, as the troops of the Parliament, under Cromwell, were occupying the town.

The prayers continued; suddenly there was a suffle in the ante-chapel, and hasty steps were heard—the door of the screen between the chapel and ante-chapel was shaken and forced open, and some dozen steel morioned soldiers rushed in. But they paused—there was that which awed their wild hearts in the peace which reigned there—in the apparent want of fear in the worshippers, who did not move, and in the prayer of Fleetwood—"O Lord, shew Thy mercy upon us"; and the soft sweetly chanted reply—"And grant us thy salvation." "O Lord," prayed the priest, "save the king." Still the soldiers stood, mute with astonishment—"And mercifully hear us when we call upon Thee."

One of the soldiers retreated to the ante-chapel, whispering to his comrade, "This is a Holy place." Suddenly a heavy pace was heard crossing the ante-chapel, and a man strode unmoved into the midst of the bewildered soldiery. He was about the middle height; his broad brow was slightly wrinkled by care; his eyebrows, which overshadowed a pair of quick bright eyes, were thick; his nose and mouth were coarse and fleshy—there was a solidity about his countenance almost amounting to vulgarity. He wore one of the steel head pieces common, a breast-plate of the same material, and a pair of boots so broad at the top, that his feet appeared as if plunged into the mouths of trumpets.

This singular man, brushing past the rest of his band, strode deliberately up to Fleetwood, and said in a cold unmelodious voice—"James Fleetwood, Fellow of King's College, I arrest thee in the name of the Parliament of England, as a suspected person, and a malignant."

"I do not acknowledge the right of the Parliament to arrest me; but as thou

hast power in thine hands, Cromwell, I am constrained to yield."

Two men-at-arms immediately placed themselves on either side of him, and he was taken from the chapel even before they would permit him to remove his surplice, in which he was compelled to walk through the town to the castle.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE COMMISSION.

In a small chamber, dimly lighted by a wax taper in the centre of the room, sat a group of men eagerly conversing together in a low voice. At one end of the square table in the middle of the apartment sat, in an attitude of deep thought, a young man, somewhat above the general height. His countenance was striking; it was very fine, but pale, —a dark, quick eye, a grand commanding brow shaded by dark curls which rolled down the side of his face, gave an air of intellect to his noble features. His left hand played with the crimson feather which was fastened into his black felt hat on the table by a handsome diamond brooch in the shape of a cross. His doublet, and in fact his whole dress, consisted of a deep purple velvet, braided round the edges with gold lace; a yellow and gold stranded cord confined his lace collar at the throat, and fell in two tassels over his breast. A pair of silver spurs were fastened to his boots, and they and his rapier clinked as he stirred in his seat. The others at the table were mostly dressed in the brightest colours, and their coats flashed with gold. They were for the most part young men, wearing moustaches and the little pointed beard of those times.

Behind the youth in purple, somewhat in the shade, stood a figure evidently dressed for a journey, and that a secret one; his clothes were therefore tight-fitting, and of a dark colour, so as to escape observation.

Henry Chesterfield, the young man in purple, had been writing, but now he closed the packet, and having sealed it,

turned to the figure behind, saying in a low musical voice—

"William, here it is, see that thou conveyest it safely to Colonel Hattersley at Norwich, our chief hopes depend upon thee. But hold, we must hide this epistle; thy hair is long, we can conceal it there, as I have made the parcel very small."

The boy bowed and was about to withdraw, when Henry Chesterfield suddenly calling him back, pulled the brooch off his hat and buckling it on the boy's breast, said—"Fare-thee-well, William, keep this token in memory of me, it could not be better bestowed—for beneath it boats a most loyal heart."

The boy's eyes brightened up, and kissing Chesterfield's hand, he said—"With God's help it shall ever be so."

The young man looked admiringly after the Chorister as he left the room—"Well," sighed he—"If all had as faithful hearts as that child, the poor king would have nothing to fear."

William passed hastily out of the house, which stood in Petty Cury, and gliding down the moon-lit streets, entered a lane at the back of Bene't College. There was no one in front of him, so he paused a moment to readjust his cap which had slipped over his brow, when two dark figures passed, their broad brimmed hats cast such a deep shade over their countenances that he could not see them, but he felt certain that their eyes were fixed upon him as he stood in the pale moon light.

The two passed on out of the lane; at the termination of it stood a groom holding a beautiful black mare. Both paused, and one of the two addressed the man—"A cold e'en to be standing out, dear friend."

"Aye," replied the groom, gruffly, "The more's the reason that you should keep in motion—pass on."

"Nay, but thou art churlish, wherefore holdest thou that horse?"

"Because my master bade me."

"And who is thy master, brother? Is he captain of the mighty men of

valour in the band quartered in Barnwell yonder?"

"In good sooth!" exclaimed the groom angrily—"Is this mare like one your cropeared knaves would mount? By my father's soul! when every bound would make them quake for the very disquietness of their hearts lest they should be suddenly cast down in the mire and clay."

"Peace, scoffer," said the figure which had not spoken till now—"A good e'en to thee."

"The same as given," replied the groom surlily, and the two walked on as William appeared coming up the lane.

"Who were those who passed?" he asked rather anxiously of the groom.

"There was the butcher's boy Everett," replied the man—"And I believe that the devil himself was the other."

"Was it Pluckover, do you think?"

"Faith, it may be, I was'nt far wrong at all events; take my advice master, and rede you to be ware of Barnwell, for there is a large body quartered there, and the men be drunk and wild."

"Thank you," replied William, leaping into the saddle,—"Then I have decided."

"A fair e'en and a blithesome ride to thee, and God prosper thee," said the groom.

"The same to thee, and more," replied the Chorister, and the horse sprang forward.

The boy's spirits rose as his steed swept on with its swift elastic steps, and they were not damped by observing those two figures watching him as he passed out into Trumpington Street. He had made up his mind to take the Ely road as the safest, and consequently turned his horse's head in that direction, and traversed the streets at a hand-gallop.

Before many minutes he came within sight of the dark gate of Cambridge castle, where Fleetwood was confined, the other way being closed. Reining in, he advanced slowly—directly before him he saw a couple of sentinels, their

steel caps and pikes flashing in the pale moon as they emerged from the shadows of the gloomy walls; right in front of the road, and blocking up half the way, was a cart, so that to pass the castle, William would have to brush close to the men. He rode forward, however, and was directly challenged.

"God with us," said the boy at hazard.

"That's not the word," said one of the soldiers, laughing—"Back with you, or the foul fiend catch you."

William drew his horse round as if he intended to retreat, but suddenly turning, he flew back at a gallop, and bending slightly over his horse's neck, stuck spurs into its flanks, and before the sentinels knew what they were about, the horse had taken the cart at a bound, and was darting along the road. A sharp ringing shot followed, and the horse staggering on a few yards, fell. William hastily endeavoured to extricate himself from the saddle, but before he had time to escape, a rough hand was on his shoulder, and he was a prisoner.

"So ho! my gallant," said one of the soldiers who had captured him—"You thought to escape us, did you; but that was a brave leap wherewith you took the cart, a foul shame that the horse is knocked over."

The boy bit his lips with vexation, he hastily tore the letter from his hair, and as it was small, put it in his mouth, and destroyed it with his teeth. His guards conducted him to the castle, but as the prison was full, orders were given that he should be searched, and placed in confinement in King's College Chapel, as being the next safest place.

Accordingly, under an escort of four soldiers, the poor boy was marched down into the town. He looked right and left, determined if possible to make a last effort to escape, but it was perfectly hopeless, and he was compelled to yield to his fate.

"A prisoner," said one of two figures which emerged from the gloom under an old house near Trinity College. "Ah, I know who ye have taken in the

crafty wickedness which he had imagined; I saw him ride forth, and I know whence he cometh and whither he goeth."

"That is to prison, Master Pluckover," replied one of the guards. "But thou seemest to know somewhat touching this matter—come quickly, for we will examine him."

"Come, brother Everett," said the divine, "Thou had'st eyes to see withal, and ears to hear."

"Aye," verily, replied the other, "I will arise and take up my parable."

By this time the party had reached the door of the chapel—lights were flickering in it—and by the setting moon-light, William saw that the hand of the spoiler had indeed been busy. The crowns were several of them hacked and defaced, while two fine statues of Our Lady and St. Nicholas, which had stood in niches on either side of the porch, were cast down and broken to pieces.

Poor William's heart was very sorrowful, at this spoliation, and what was his surprise, nay disgust, at seeing on entering, that the whole ante-chapel was filled with horses and soldiers, in fact it had been turned into a cavalry stable; while in the middle burned a fire, around which several men were sitting, or lying on the ground slumbering. These were soon awakened on the entrance of the new party, and Pluckover, assuming the management of the whole business, cast off his great cloak and advancing before the fire said, in his harsh coarse voice—

"Look ye at him, children of Israel—behold this prisoner cast into our hands. Lo, I will open to you a mystery—but first we must search him, lest there be any letters about his person."

The soldiers began to examine his dress, searching everywhere, feeling the lining least a paper might be hidden there, but in vain. "Search his hair," said Josias Everett, who felt great animosity to all fine hair, as his own was so red and cropped. "See there, it is thick enough!" and he roughly pulled

aside the boy's rich curls and plucked off a bit of gold thread. "Look here!" he cried exultingly—"Herewith was the letter bound, but he hath destroyed it—O generation of vipers!"

William could not forbear a smile of exultation.

"He is laughing at ye," cried Pluckover furiously—"he knoweth well that ye be foiled; but thy life be in our hands, child of abominations, we will hew thee in pieces as Agag—thou shalt become a tottering wall and a broken fence."—

"Wherein are all things creeping, innumerable both small and great," suggested Josias. "He is in the gall of bitterness," said Pluckover—his malevolent face looking red and lowering by the light of the torches which some of the soldiery bore aloft. "Know ye that these windows were filled with pictures popish and abominable, which these malignants worship—they prayed to them, they were as Gods to them—oh, and this viper stole them away and hath hidden them, and he knoweth where they be, and he thinketh to replace them when all is at peace again—and this miserable urchin, is he to be a pillar of popish abomination? Tell me, thou son of Belial, where are these windows?—I can promise thee thy liberty, an thou tellest."

"Is it sooth that thou knowest where they be?" asked a coarse soldier, whose eyes glared with the fever of fanaticism.

William pondered a moment, and then replied in a clear soft voice, "It is true."

"Where be they?" asked Pluckover, laying his thin bony hand on the Chorister's shoulder,— "Think—thy life, thy liberty, they all depend thereon."

"They are hidden," replied he—

"Wilt thou tell?" replied the Divine—

"Never!" answered the boy, his whole countenance lighting up with an almost angelic glow. The soldier grasped his hand, and squeezing it in his own powerful one almost crushing it, and the blood tickled down from the nails. Still the bright smile never left the boy's

face, although the pain he felt was excruciating. The man cast the hand from him with an ill suppressed oath—"Come," cried the corporal—"We must fasten up this young serpent"—so saying, he took the boy, and leading him within the organ screen locked it upon him, leaving him to his meditations.

The boy's heart now found relief in tears, and burying his head in one of the cushions which remained on the desks, he wept long and bitterly.

The great shadow of the organ cast by the fire in the ante-chapel stretched along the floor, and the boy felt that he would give worlds now in the hour of sorrow to hear a few notes from it to soothe him. Those who do not know how to appreciate music, can little know the effect it has on the mind in the hour of sorrow—it is like a parting in the dark rain clouds over-head.

The voices outside the screen were loud, and the language employed, although moulded into an approximation to that of the Scriptures, was anything but what the vault of a House of God should resound with.

It was a fine sight to see the red light curling up in clouds to the lofty roof—the stone roses on the walls which had been buried in gloom suddenly blushing into sight—the lilies glowing and the crowns glittering as gold, while high on the roof the light fell in waves along the slender spreading ribs till it looked at times like a golden lace on a back ground—the great pendants casting all the while their deep shadows along the vault. And every now and then was heard the snort of a horse, or the sharp ring of its hoof on the marble floor, while laughter echoed all through the building.

William rose from where he had thrown himself, and walked under the organ loft; he tried the door which gave access to it—it was open, and he ascended to the organ and struck one of the notes—there was a little wind in the bellows—so it sounded. One of the guards immediately opened the screen

door, and met the boy as he was descending from the loft.

"You had better keep out of that," said the man, locking the door, "We can't let you up there."

"I wanted to play the organ," said William.

"Can you?" asked the soldier, hesitating, "but it won't do." So saying, he closed the door of the screen and rejoined his fellows.

"What was the matter?" asked one.

"He wanted to play the organ," replied the guard.

"And why did'st thou not suffer him?" asked the man who had treated the poor boy so cruelly.

"Well, I don't know, 'stedth," replied the corporal, shrugging his shoulders.

"If he can play, it might give us some amusement," quoth one of the troopers, turning round by the fire. "As Pluckover is not here to chide us for giving way to the lusts of the flesh, as he'd call it."

"I don't care," said the corporal—"I'm no ways objectionable, provided that one of you keeps watch over him lest he escape."

"I'll stand that," said Hotwaythe, the soldier who had hurt the poor child's hand; and rising, he called one of the horse boys, and with the corporal entered the choir, and let William into the organ loft.

"No heathen popish airs," said the corporal drowsily; "Do you Japhet blow the bellows, and you, Hotwaythe, watch the young Philistine"—so saying, the trooper turned on his heel and retired to the fire, where he threw himself down again. William sat at the organ, he felt his heart throb and his breast heave with delight at the thoughts of hearing the old music again.

He touched the notes at first gently, but as he remembered some of Palestrina's anthems he played on; his whole soul flowed out with the music, and it was as if the organ spoke. Every sound in the building seemed to be hushed as the wondrous melody rolled

forth, and by degrees as the boy played, he left off what he had begun with, and unconsciously composed as he went on, telling his sorrows through the organ pipes; and when his heart swelled with hope as he fancied that brighter days were coming, the music burst through the chapel with such magic power that the wild troopers dared hardly breathe, with astonishment and delight. Suddenly, as his mind sank back to the present, the music dropped, and drawing out the dulciana stop he played with such exquisite melancholy sweetness that the tears streamed down his cheeks, and the organ seemed to chant like a choir of young voices praying for peace.

William fancied he heard a low sob behind him; he turned, and the trooper Hotwaythe threw himself on his knees before him.

"Forgive me," said he in a choking voice—"O, forgive me my cruelty, I knew not what I did."

"I have nothing to forgive," replied the boy gently, playing on the whole time—"All is forgiven already."

"O, what can I do to atone for my cruelty to thee," said the rough man, thoroughly subdued by the power of music.

"Be not hard-hearted again, but learn to be merciful," replied William. The man covered his face with his hands, and the Chorister played on—but, poor fellow, he was exhausted by the exertions of mind and body he had undergone that night, and gradually sinking down over the organ notes, he fell asleep. He had a fleeting recollection of a rough trooper's bearing him gently down into the chapel, and of a friendly hand gently spreading a cloak over him, but he could not tell whether it was a dream or not—in the morning when he awoke it was not on him, and he was alone, there was only the sound of the sentinel's footsteps in the ante-chapel.

## CHAPTER VI.

### COMPANIONS IN MISERY.

The day wore heavily away with the poor boy, and as evening drew on he

cast himself down before the Altar. Long and earnestly did he pray, and his heart and soul were poured forth—he saw nothing—he heard nothing—for he was before the throne of Grace. Suddenly he turned, feeling a gentle hand laid on his shoulder, and starting to his feet beheld before him Henry Chesterfield.

"Master!" said the boy, "How camest thou here, art thou in the same state as I am?"

"Willie," replied the young man, shaking the dark hair from off his forehead—"I am a prisoner."

"And you are wounded," exclaimed the Chorister, looking at the young man's arm, from which the blood was streaming.

"It is nothing," replied Henry, smiling, "It is only a slight sword-cut I received while defending myself."

"Let me bind it up for you," said the boy, leading the young man into one of the carved oak stalls, and kneeling before him he bandaged up Chesterfield's left arm, which was wounded, with the care and gentleness of a loving nurse.

"There," said he, "I think that will suffice, and now I pray thee tell me how they seized thee."

"Sit you by me, Willie," replied the young man, stroking the boy's long brown hair—"I do not know well what reason they have for my imprisonment, as they fell upon me in the street to-night as I was returning home. But, alas! there is that which distresses me sore indeed. O may God shield them! our party are doomed;—we were to have assembled in that old house at twelve to-night, to have consolidated our plans, but these troopers have got wind thereof, and intend to surprise them all, when they are collected there together."

"O heaven!" cried the boy, wringing his hands—"Then the last hopes for Cambridge will be extinguished, and all her brave gallants thrown into irons."

"It is a great mercy, Willie, that you did not bear that letter to the Col-

onel at Norwich, as it would have ruined him also—did those crop-eared knaves get hold of it?"

"No," replied the Chorister joyfully—"I had time to destroy it—but, that those poor gentles should be seized at once as birds in a fowler's snare, is a sad chance in good sooth."

The moon was now seen pushing her pale horn up one of the great windows, and her light fell sweetly on those two companions in sorrow.

"You have still got that cross on your breast," said Henry.

"Yes," answered the Chorister—"The soldiers fancied that the diamonds must be glass since I wore them, and so they let me keep the cross."

"Keep it still," said Chesterfield—and there was a pause—

The young man watched the boy's sweet and beautiful countenance as the moon-light shone on it—he saw that his thoughts were not there, but escaped from the prison—perhaps off to the Grantchester fields and the willows by the sluggish river.

Soon the boy sank back tired and fell asleep with his head on Chesterfield's bosom. The young man gently drew his mantle over William, and then leaning back in his seat, fell asleep, with his arm round the boy, supporting him lest he should sink down on the floor in his slumber.

*To be concluded in our next.*

### THE DISCOMFITURE OF THE MIDIANITES.

We are told in sacred story,  
Of the battle fought and won,  
When the sword was red and gory  
Of the Lord and Gideon;  
When the Midianitish foemen  
Lay like locusts on the plain;  
Charioteers, and horse, and bowmen,—  
Victors, vanquish'd-slayers, slain.

Ere the sun had sought a pillow,  
Weary with his daily round,  
In the trembling western billow,  
Earth rejoic'd in the sound,

Of the mighty war-horse neighing,  
Conscious of his strength, and proud;  
Of the martial trumpets braying  
Notes defiant, long and loud.

Many a minstrel's merry harping,  
Many a challenge, many a boast,  
Did that sunny day departing  
Hear from out the alien host.  
There was neither care nor sorrow;  
All was levity and glee—  
Looking for a joyous morrow,  
Blinded with security.

But when night with sable pinions,  
Brooded on the tented plain,  
Trembling seized on Zeba's minions,  
And Zalmunna's hireling train;  
All their confidence was shaken,  
All their boasted valour gone,  
When Gideon bade the echoes waken  
With the avenger's voice and horn.

Then the earthen pitchers clashing,  
Fill'd their hearts with wild dismay;  
Gideon's men with falchions flashing  
Swoop'd like eagles on the prey;  
Blinded with a strange illusion,  
Comrade upon comrade fell;  
In the darkness and confusion,  
Friend by friend was sped to hell!

Midian's kings, like worthless cravens,  
From the carnage turn'd, and fled,  
And the jackalls, and the ravens  
Troop'd to gorge upon the dead.  
And new victims all the highway  
Glutted, as the rout roll'd on—  
Field adjacent, branching byway,  
Rang with many a parting groan.

Thus the strange prophetic vision  
(As had been interpreted,)  
Came to pass—the proud pavilion  
Fell before the barley-bread.  
We are told in sacred story,  
Of the battle lost and won,  
When the sword was red and gory  
Of the Lord and Gideon!

“Ah, my brethren! were the hour unalterably marked for each of us; were the kingdom of God, like the stars, to come at a known and fixed revolution; at our birth, were our portions written on our foreheads; the number of our years, and the fatal day which shall terminate them; that fixed and certain object, however distant, would incessantly employ our thoughts, would agitate and deprive us of every tranquil moment; we would always regard the interval before us as too short; that object, in spite of us, always present to our mind, would disgust us with everything; would render every pleasure insipid, fortune indifferent, and the whole world tiresome and a burden. That terrible moment, which we would no more lose sight of, would repress our passions, extinguish our animosities, disarm revenge, calm the revolts of the flesh, and mingle itself in all our schemes; and our life, thus limited to a certain number of days, fixed and known, would be only a preparation for that last moment. Are we in our senses, my brethren? Death seen at a distance, at a sure and fixed point, would fill us with dread, detach us from the world and ourselves, call us to God, and incessantly occupy our thoughts; and this same death, uncertain, which may happen every day, every instant; this same death, which must surprise us when we least expect it; which is perhaps at the gate, engages not our attention, and leaves us tranquil. What do I say! leaves us all our passions, our criminal attachments, our ardour for the world, pleasures, and fortune; and because it is not certain that we shall die to-day, we live as if we were to live forever.—*Massillon.*”

God almighty hath two houses in which he dwells, his city house, and his country house; his city house is the heaven of heavens, and his country house is the humble and lowly heart, Isa. lviii. 15, *I dwell in the high*

*and holy place, (that is in heaven, God's city house;) and with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit, that is his country house: humility is a Bethel for God's dwelling, but pride is a Babel of the devil's building. If you do not keep pride out of your souls, and your souls out of pride, pride will keep your souls out of heaven. I will not say a poor man is never proud, but I will say a proud man is never good. God resisteth the proud, James iv. 5, God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble. The face of prosperity shines brightest through the mask of humility. Of all garments humility best becomes Christians, and best adorns their profession. A Christian should look with one eye upon vice to keep him mournful. When you begin to grow proud of your glittering feathers, look down upon your black feet, Rev. iv. 10, the four and twenty elders fell down before the throne, and cast down their crowns before Him that sat upon the throne. The only way of keeping our crowns on our heads, is the casting them down at his feet. Alas, sirs, what are you proud of? Are you proud of your riches, of your honours, of your relations, of beauty or strength or life? Alas, alas! these are poor low things to glory in. When men glory in their pride, God stains the pride of their glory. O go to the graves of those that are gone before you, and there see: are not their bones scattered, their eyes wasted, their flesh consumed, their mouths corrupted? Where now be those ruddy lips, lovely cheeks, fluent tongues, sparkling eyes, comely noses, are they not all gone as a dream? And where will you be e'er long? And will you be proud of these things? A humble heart knoweth no fountain but God's grace, and an upright man knoweth no end but God's glory. WILLIAM DYER, Minister of St. Ann's Aldersgate, in the city of London, "in the time of the sad visitation."*



## LADIES AT LAST.

Our readers must remember how anxiously we have longed for, and patiently waited the coming of lady contributors, and will congratulate us on the appearance, in the present number, of "Hannah Hopeful" and "Hope Golding." If they please others as much as they do the editor of the magazine, their debut will be very successful.

It is not becoming, we think, for the editor to notice his correspondents in terms of laudation. It is like saying, "Here you readers: I know you cannot see the beauties of this writer, or the object of that one; so I, the editor, will explain to you their several excellencies."

Our correspondents have, at least, unquestionable perspicuity—so much so that no one can misunderstand anything they say—but as every rule has its exception, our readers will excuse us for welcoming these ladies to our columns. They are resolved to aid in making a first-class family magazine; and when it is finished, and comes as a comfort to the fireside of all, they can say, proudly: "This is my work—this is Canadian."

These ladies rise like flowers among thorns, and will impart their charms to our male correspondents. Ladies, you are most welcome, and we hope you will call often.

*To the Editor of The Church of Old England.*

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you a letter from my Aunt Hannah—rather an original in her way.

Yours, truly,  
HOPE GOLDING.

GOOD MR. EDITOR,—I have an unlucky propensity to ask hard

questions, which has pursued me through life, much to the perturbation of my friends, and the perplexity of my own simple mind. After having persecuted my father, mother, brothers and sisters in this way, for some years, I married, and immediately availed myself of the Apostle's injunction, by "asking my husband at home" all sorts of difficult queries. But although, in other things, a most sensible and intelligent man, he could by no means answer me satisfactorily; indeed, I have so puzzled his otherwise clear head, that at times he appears quite *dazed* as it were—so much so that if I merely ask him what he would like for dinner, or what beef is a lb. now, he looks frightened, and piteously cries: "Ask the parson, my dear, ask the parson." As for the parson himself, (a most learned man,) he is not much better, but tells me to "study to be quiet" and mind my own little affairs, as if soul and body, heaven and earth were not the business of every immortal being, male or female. You may judge, dear Mr. Editor, how glad I was to avail myself of your most kind and liberal offer to receive letters on such subjects from us poor women, and to see that you are above the petty jealousies of your sex.

The question I would propound, Mr. Editor, for your's and your readers' consideration is, while all kinds of Christians are crying out for unity, so much so as almost to be willing to give up, or change their religion, rather than be without this particular sign of it, why, I say, should not all kinds, yes, all kinds, sects, sorts, and degrees of Christians, whether Romans, Greeks, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Moravians, orthodox, or unorthodox, together with Episcopalians, unite together to praise God for what little unity they do possess. Together, they might praise Him for his Holy Word, for Salvation by Christ,

for His Holy Spirit, and the hope of Heaven, &c., &c. And as they might fall out about the manner of saying, reading, or praying it, might they not sing it? Yes, might they not have monster meetings, in the open air if needful, and praise God for what they have, and then they might surely hope for more. A good clergyman once called on me after an illness, and asked me how I was? A little better, I dolorously answered him; but very little. Ah! said he, I am afraid you are like the farmers. I called on some of them as I came along to congratulate them that rain had fallen at last, and the drought over. Instead of cheerful countenances, they answered, lugubriously: Ah! yes, we are very glad; but it is *so little, so very little*. Now, said he, my dear lady, I fear you are like them—not half thankful enough for what little improvement you have, are thus retarding your own recovery.

So it is, I fear, with Christians who are seeking and fretting, and crying out for unity. They are not half thankful enough for what little they have. I have no fault to find with the masculine mind—it may be like their bodies, taller and more far-seeing than ours—but often when they are looking east, or west, or north, or south, for the diamond of Truth, it is lying like a common pebble at their feet, if they would *only stoop* like women and children to pick it up. But baby has waked, the children are home from school, and husband is at the door; so adieu, Mr. Editor, and don't forget to answer the question propounded by

Your friend,

HANNAH HOPEFUL.

P. S.—In the place of a better, I send you the following hymn, as suitable to be sung on such an occasion as I have described:—

UNION HYMN.

Glory be to God the Father,  
Who hath made his people one—  
One to love Him, one to praise Him,  
Through the blood of Christ His Son.

Glory be to God the Saviour,  
Who redeems us from all sin;  
Open now your hearts, ye people—  
Let the King of Glory in.

Glory be to God the Spirit,  
Who the ardent wish hath given  
Perfect *oneness* to inherit,  
Even as it is in Heaven!

Heal, O Lord, our sad divisions;  
Open now our blinded eyes  
To discern the good from evil—  
Day-star of the Church arise!

Holy Fire from Heaven descending,  
Strike the electric chain of love;  
Come, and all our blindness ending,  
Spread abroad Thy wings, O Dove!

Brooding o'er this darksome chaos,  
Spread abroad a flood of light  
Till our glorious Church, arising,  
Benishes the shades of night.

Then shall shout the sons of glory,  
And the morning stars shall sing—  
Hills and vales and rocks shall echo  
Glory be to Christ our King.

July 31st, 1866.

EPISCOPACY—WHY RETAINED?

In retaining the rule of Episcopal ordination, the Church of England has an institution sanctioned on the three grand rules. *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. When our Bishops thus send forth their annual supply of laborers into the harvest of the Lord, they send them forth in the same manner by the same derivative authority, and under the promised sanction of the same Eternal Spirit, who sent forth St. Barnabas and St. Paul to the work of converting the Gentiles, and in whose name the latter apostle appointed Titus in Crete and Timothy in Asia.—*Heber*.

TRUTH.—Joins, the eleventh king of France, was wont to say to his ministers and courtiers, "I find no lack of any one thing in my realm, or within my palace walls, but of one single article—truthfulness."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It will not be proper for the Editor to praise immoderately his own writers, but we will be readily excused for expressing our very great satisfaction on account of the number and ability of our correspondents. But we still crave more.

It has always been a sort of riddle to us that gentlemen of the learned professions should consume years in qualifying themselves for their places, without acquiring at the same time a strong desire to interchange thoughts through some common medium, such as a magazine, in their own line of life.

But we do not complain, and we feel sure that our original matter will greatly increase. We most heartily thank all our contributors for the favors received, and hope they will continue to improve *The Church of Old England*.

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NOTE.—Besides the above, three persons have subscribed for ten copies each, who do not wish to have their names published.



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ALEX. MILLOY,

Agent

Montreal, 1st May, 1866.

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# PROF. SPINNEY

PROPRIETOR OF THE

## ELECTRO-MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

takes this opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to the inhabitants of Montreal and its vicinity for the very great support he has received, and to inform them, that on account of his immense practice, and at the earnest request of a large number of his patients it is his intention to remain in Montreal, for which purpose he has taken the elegant suite of Offices, No.

131 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

The annexed are a few of the many letters received, and therefore he ventures to hope that no one can doubt as to the great value of his pronomatory method of treatment. See advertisements, bills and books.

To the Editor of the EVENING TELEGRAPH:

Montreal, Feb. 6th, 1866.

SIR,—I should feel very much obliged if you would please insert this letter in your valuable columns, as I consider it a duty incumbent on me, in fact it is a duty I owe to my fellow sufferers to make known the following truths, viz: That I had suffered for years from a severe Spasmodic Asthma, and such has been my sufferings that I could not get any rest by night or day; for years I suffered in this way, and tried many of the physicians of Montreal without obtaining any relief whatever, and as a last resource (for life is sweet) I was advised to place myself under the treatment of Professor A. B. Spinney, of 131 Great St. James Street, of this city. Wonderful as it may appear, (and it is with heartfelt gratitude I acknowledge it,) I had not been under the Professor's treatment a fortnight, when I found myself so much better that I not only sleep, but am perfectly able to attend to my business without suffering, which I had not been able to do for years. And I feel perfectly convinced that (God willing) under his treatment I shall have restored to me that inestimable blessing perfect health, and I honestly advise all who suffer to consult Professor Spinney, to whom I tender my heartfelt gratitude. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

L. N. A. RICHOT,

Of the firm of Malo & Richot, Merchant Tailors, 253 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

## For Dizziness in the Head, Consult Prof. Spinney.

TO PROFESSOR SPINNEY:

Montreal, Feb. 15, 1866.

DEAR SIR: Allow me to return you my sincere thanks for the very great benefit I have received under your treatment (after having tried many of the medical men here without obtaining any relief whatever.) Yes, doctor, for seventeen years I suffered from a severe pain in my left side, together with a most painful and troublesome cough, and when I called upon you I was suffering from ulceration of the left lung, and I therefore beg to say for the benefit of all who suffer, that after having been under your treatment less than ten days, the pain in my side had quite left me, and now I am happy to say that after two months I am quite well, and that my lungs are as sound as they ever were. Please therefore accept my own and my family's sincere thanks.

I remain, dear doctor, your obedient servant,

JAMES HERBERT,

(At Messrs. Gillespie, Moffatt & Co.'s, St. Paul Street, Montreal.)

## FOR PALPITATION OF THE HEART, WITH PAINS IN THE SIDE, CONSULT PROF. SPINNEY.

To the Editor of the EVENING TELEGRAPH:

Montreal, February 23, 1866.

SIR,—Will you kindly insert this letter in your very excellent paper, for the benefit of all who may suffer from the same diseases I had for the last three years, viz.: severe disease of the liver, indigestion, dizziness in the head, constant pain in the back and side, together with general lassitude. I tried many medical men here, and all to no purpose. I had suffered fearfully; in fact had become a misery to myself. Now, sir, I am delighted to say, that I was fortunate enough to place myself under the treatment of Professor Spinney; and I candidly acknowledge that after seven weeks' treatment, I am a new man, enjoying good health and spirits. Any one is at perfect liberty to call upon me, and I shall be happy to confirm verbally what I have written here. So tendering the Doctor my very sincere thanks publicly, and hoping you will publish this letter, I remain, sir, yours very truly,

WILLIAM DELPHY, Tinsmith.

## For Rheumatic Pains in the Limbs, Consult Prof. Spinney.

Prof. S. has the Magnetic Apparatus for the examination of

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