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P94

THE Monthly Rose:

A Literary and Religious Magazine

FOR CHRISTIAN FAMILIES.



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SEPTEMBER, 1869.

Murus aeneus conscientia sana.

ST. JOHN, N. B.,
DOMINION OF CANADA:

Printed at the "Morning News" Office.
1869.

MONTHLY ROSE ADVERTISER.

ORANGE LODGE NOTICES.

MORNING STAR L. O. L., No. 135, meets at Lewis' Mountain, N. B., on the 1st and 3rd Monday, at 7.30 p. m.

PRINCE OF WALES L. O. L., No. 130, meets at Hopewell Cape, N. B., on the 1st and 3rd Saturday, at 7.30 p. m.

ROYAL BLUE L. O. L., No. 87, meets at Salisbury, N. B., on the 1st Monday, at 7.30 p. m.

THE BRANCH G. O. L., No. 39, on the 1st Thursday, at 8 p. m.

ROYAL SCARLET CHAPTER will meet on the 14th day of every month, at 8 p. m., at Orange Hall, Newtown-King's Co., N. B.

LONDONDERRY HEROES' LODGE, No. 91, will meet every 2nd and 4th Wednesday, at Orange Hall, Londonderry, Hammond, King's Co., N. B., at 8 p. m.

VICTORIA LODGE, No. 6, meets at Golden Grove, on the 2nd Wednesday of every month, at 7 p. m.

BALMORAL L. O. L., No. 30, meets at Waverley, N. S., on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of every month, at 7.30 p. m.

ROYAL SCARLET CHAPTER, No. 9, meets at Waverley, N. S., on the 14th day of every month, at 7.30 p. m.

DERRY L. O. L., No. 25, meets at Tyrone, N. S., every 1st and 3rd Friday of the month, at 8 p. m.

ARGYLE L. O. L., No. 40, meets at Orange Hall, Mount Ennis, N. S., on the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of every month, at 7 p. m.

BURNET L. O. L., No. 24, meets at Orange Hall, Ballywater, N. S., on the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Wednesdays of the month, at 7.30 p. m.

ASSAULT L. O. L., No. 27, meets in Lumburg, N. S., on the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of every month, at 7 p. m.

NO SURRENDER L. O. L., No. 26, meets on Mahone Day, on the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of the month, at 7 p. m.

SCOTIA L. O. L., No. 42, meets at Elmslie, N. S., on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every month, at 7.30 p. m.

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THE MONTHLY ROSE.

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

NO. 9.

DEGRADING.

It appears from the statements of several Romish journals in the Province of Quebec that a few of the Anglican clergy are determined to meet with the Romanists at the approaching Synod to be held in the city of Rome in the month of December next. Now, nothing to us appears more degrading than for professed Protestant ministers so far to lose their self-respect as to be found fawning upon the agents of the Pope, who in return drives them from their presence with the most supreme disgust and contempt, naming them heretics and scismatics, and holding out their names in scorn as the vilest intruders imaginable.

Not contented with one rebuff after another, with insult offered upon insult, the Ritualistic churchman, like a fawning spaniel, creeps after the minions of the Pope, and keeps muttering something about ST. MARY, and at the expense of

true religion talks seriously about union with the Roman apostacy, apparently forgetting that there are learned Protestant bodies who hold the ancient Catholic faith, and acknowledge God's word alone as their rule of faith and practice! Again and again has Rome boasted that she has the only lawful ministry, and that the clergy of England's noble church, from the archbishop down, are nothing but lay preachers and destitute of any divine authority. And when that poor crazy creature, Bishop Ives of the U. S. some few years ago renounced Christianity and joined Rome's political religion, how the papists exulted that they had placed him in the simple attitude of a layman, where, as they carefully inform the public, he remains to the present day. And even here in these Provinces Romish and foreign teachers have had the barefaced audacity to *re-baptize* and *re-marry*

those who had the sacrament and rite administered to them by clergymen of the Church of England. Nor does this narrow bigotry and sacrilege emanate merely from Rome's low and ignorant priesthood, for it is sanctioned by the highest ecclesiastical authority in the country where the offense is committed.

Not many months ago, in answer to the enquiry whether the Pope would invite the Anglican clergy with those of the Greek church to his synod, to commence in Rome on the 9th day of December next, his holiness declared "Most certainly not! The bishops of the Protestant church in England are self-appointed and have no authority, whatsoever, and their self-made priests are guilty of the grossest sacrilege every time they attempt to officiate."

How widely different from these English scismatics in the church of the reformation was the noble reply of the Greek Patriarch who sent the Pope's letter of invitation back to him again. There was no cringing or fawning here to the great Roman scismatic, but an utter rejection of his authority to call a general council without the consent of the other patriarchs who were his equals. The Greek Patriarch declared in plain terms that there could be no union with Rome until Rome reformed,—until she submitted to the government of Christ! How galling this reply must have been to the pretensions of popery.

What would the Ritualistic scismatics say had the Pope invited them to his general council? Would they, or any of them, have objected

because he had not first consulted the Arch-bishop of Canterbury about the necessity, the time and place of the Synod? Or would they, or any of them, have objected because that the Pope had substituted another gospel for that of Jesus? Indeed they would not!! We verily believe, from what we have seen and read of them, that they would be willing to crawl on their knees to him, and piously acknowledge in the presence of *St. Mary* that the Protestant religion was a failure. What do they care about Rome condemning English orders so long as their candle burning, incense offering brethren are honored, and the superstitions of popery raised in public estimation?

Twelve months ago last May, when, under oath, a certain Romish dignitary said, in answer to the question,—“Does your church in any sense of the word recognize the Episcopacy of the English Church?”—“No, the Episcopacy and the orders of the Church of England are regarded as spurious by the whole Catholic church.” And yet with all these insults offered to the noble church of the reformation, some of the professed ministers of that church denounce their own Protestant brethren who are sound in the faith, and degradingly talk loudly about union with the traducers of their brethren.

One of the United States bishops has gone so far as to omit the word “Protestant” when he makes his annual report, and at the same time most inconsistently arraigns one of his clergy for committing an offence of the very same character as that

of his bishop,—viz? omitting another word, “regenerate,” in the baptismal service. Surely what is sauce for the goose ought to be sauce for the gander; and if a bishop presume to change the canonical name of his church; and to make inroads however small upon her usages, he ought not to be surprised if his clergy follow his example, although in an opposite direction.

The Ritualists sometimes have the goodness to tell their hearers that, *substantially* in faith and sacraments the church of Rome and the church of England agree! Then surely the noble army of Protestant martyrs were not only mistaken, but they were the greatest fools imaginable! No Ritualist would be willing to die for the truth of the Protestant religion; for now, in the nineteenth century, these candle-burners have just discovered that the reformers were wrong, and that substantially the murderers of Cranmer were as sound in the faith as the Church of England is in A. D. 1869; and that, therefore, the title Protestant ought to be rejected.

If these Ritualists in the church of England believe and speak the truth, then indeed they themselves are far more destitute of authority than any one of the sects by which they are surrounded. They have most certainly no authority for their ministry, or priesthood, as they wish to term it, that is according to their own showing; for if the Roman church held, substantially, the faith, the early reformers, through whom the whole body of the English clergy received their orders, had no divine right to pro-

test against them, the Romish party according to that had never forfeited their authority, that authority had never been transferred to the Protestant clergy from Rome, therefore, the present Ritualists, according to their own showing, are destitute of any authority whatever, and their ministry is not divine. But if the Roman party had departed from the great head of the church, as the Reformers held; if the Papal supremacy was not a divine institution, then the Protestants at the Reformation did not secede from Rome, but held their own authority, which had been given them from the beginning, and had therefore a divine right to transmit that authority to their successors. But according to the showing of Ritualists, they had no such right, because that they, and not Rome, had departed from the great head.

But granting what the New Testament says to be true, that the Roman apostacy is the mother of harlots, how, we ask, can union with her be accomplished? The first distinguished feature of Romanism is the Pope's supremacy,—take that away, and the great pillar on which Romanism rests is gone. Will the papist renounce the Pope's supremacy to admit to his fellowship the English Ritualistic schismatic? If so, Popery becomes Protestant at once, and vice versa, the Ritualist or English churchman becomes a papist. We confess that it would be very natural for the Ritualist to become a papist, but the church of England never can; she is Protestant to the very heart.

The church of England has no

mass (thank God) to offer for the living and the dead,—the papists have a professed mass for that purpose. Will the Protestant church accept of this mass which she calls damnable idolatry to be abhorred of all christian people?

Then again there are the broad acres of purgatory, every rod of which brings immense revenues to the priests of Rome; will ye have a share in that ye retrograde and unworthy sons of Protestant sires? then we would advise you to go to Rome at once and get your section decided, for the Protestant church has no interest in that which is owned exclusively by the Pope. Then you can well afford to cry out as you do at present, “down with the church, away with the tythes, hurrah for the robber Gladstone!” Remove the Protestant establishment, for one lot of pur-

gatory 20x30 would bring you in more money in one year than any common tythed parish would in five. And the change, so far as Great Britain is concerned, would give you this advantage,—there would be no earthly power to check you in your apostacy and heresy. You might then fashion the people to your own liking by your priestcraft, you would take the entire charge of their conscience.

Oh, no! Do be sincere for once. When you speak of Union tell the people plainly that you mean union with Rome and the Pope, and that at the expense of the Bible and its Protestantism, and all that is dear and precious to the true christian. Thank God that when the enemy comes in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord raises up a standard against him.

SUPERFICIAL INFIDELS.

Sir Isaac Newton set out in life a clamorous infidel, but on a nice examination of the evidence of Christianity, he found reason to change his opinion. When the celebrated Dr. Halley was talking infidelity before him, Sir Isaac Newton addressed him in these, or like words: “Dr. Halley, I am always glad to hear you when you speak about astronomy or other parts of mathematics, because that is a subject you have studied and well understand; but you should not talk of Christianity, for you have not studied it. I have, and am certain you know nothing about the mat-

ter.” This was a just reproof, and one that would be very suitable to be given to half the infidels of the present day, for they often speak of what they have never studied, and what, in fact they are entirely ignorant of. Dr. Johnson, therefore, well observed, “that no honest man could be an atheist, for no man could be so after a fair examination of the proofs of Christianity.” The name of Hume being mentioned to him, “No, sir,” said he, “Hume owned to a clergyman of the Bishopric of Durham, that he had never read the New Testament with attention.”

CROPPIES LIE DOWN.

REPUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

Oh ye knights and Companions now hear me relate,
 My tale of adventure, if it be not too late,
 The bright Orange colour when I was made new,
 In succession was followed by the purple and blue,
 I travelled the desert the best that I could,
 With two and two quarters across Jordans flood,
 Singing, down, down, Croppies lie down.

I forded the stream and then got my mark,
 And followed six Levites that carried the Ark,
 I travelled my journey unto Jericho,
 And lodged near to Gilgal where all marksmen must go,
 And there I saw lights; twelve, seven, six, and three,
 Which with Sun, Moon, and Star and two sixes agree,
 In down, down, Croppies lie down.

The twelve became three and three followed the seven,
 As our twelve living marksmen once numbered eleven,
 I ascended the mount hoping there to remain,
 When I spied Israels camps all spread out on the plain,
 The Hittites in thousands marched out from the town,
 But Israel's true handsmen played Croppies lie down,
 Down, down, Croppies lie down.

The true sons of Levi looked gloriously fine,
 As the Scarlet Companions all formed into line,
 They crossed o'er the brook without fear or disguise,
 With fifes and with drums playing the Protestant Boys,
 From Orange to Scarlet we marched on the town,
 And the band changed the music to Croppies lie down,
 Down, down, Croppies lie down.

The battle commenced from left unto right,
 But the Protestant Boys excelled in the fight,
 Arrayed were they all in true Orange and Scarlet,
 Which they had divided with Bahob the harlot,
 The Philistine Priests like demons hid from view,
 As the Israelites marched on to Croppies lie down,
 Down, down, Croppies lie down.

The Philistines looked from walls with a fright,
 But the men that passed over were filled with delight,
 Seven days we encompassed the city about,
 Seven times the last day when commanded to shout,
 The rams-horns were sounded by men of renown,
 And the silver trumpet band struck up Croppies lie down,
 Down, down, Croppies lie down.

*Harlots in olden times were those who kept public houses for entertainment, and was not necessarily a dishonorable name.

Mrs. Rahob remembered the vows she had made,
 And as promised our secrets she never betrayed,
 So we dressed her with Orange, her father and brother,
 And we kindly arrayed in bright Scarlet her mother,
 Saying, *our life now for yours* if we don't take the town,
 While our fine Orange band will play Croppies lie down,
 Down, down, Croppies lie down.

Neither *outside* the city nor in it we'd stay,
 Neither *inside* the house nor outside we'd pray,
 And yet we all offered a pious petition,
 That the bold sons of Levi be free from division,
 And then we advanced right up on the town,
 And the very first shot made the Croppies lie down,
 Down, down, Croppies lie down.

Sir William* approached me with a bright sword in hand,
 Which he girded right on me as the Lord gave command,
 The honour conferred brought me right to my knee,
 St. Andrew, St. Patrick, St. George then did see
 How delighted I was when our boys took the town,
 And I still heard the notes sounding Croppies lie down,
 Down, down, Croppies lie down.

Arise, said Sir William, Sir Anthony brave,
 Take the bright sword in hand your country to save,
 Use it only when lawful in defence of the truth,
 And don't injure a hair of the sons of Monoth,
 But remember this well, you are never to frown
 As each twelfth of July we play Croppies lie down,
 Down, down, Croppies lie down.

I answered right *meekly*, as well as I could;
 For I never desired to appear there as rude,
 I made him my manners and then I was done,
 For although I'm now *fifty* I own I'm a son
 Of a good Orange father, who never did frown
 When he heard that I marched off to Croppies lie down,
 Down, down, Croppies lie down.

So now, having finished my travels, I'm done:
 When I hear Orange music my spirit will run
 To sixteen and ninety, on the twelfth of July,
 When the Israelite boys made the Hittite's to fly,
 And the Philistine king fled away without hat,
 And the walls of the city by rams-horns lay flat,
 When down, down, the Croppies lay down.

Fiskilwa, Ill., June 28, 1869.

D. F. HUTCHINSON.

* The G. Master of Nova Scotia, Sir William Caldwell, our esteemed friend and brother.
 † King James II. as he embarked from Ireland to France after the glorious victory of 1690.

THE Paris correspondent of the *London Telegraph* says that Gustave Dore has painted a marvellous picture which he calls "Titania." "The whole picture is moving with fairies and fairy-like life! The very leaves of the trees are peopled with little imps. Indeed, M. Gustave Dore has contrived to put so much life in a square foot of canvas that the picture is itself an exhibition."

PLAIN TALK BY AN ENGLISH PRELATE.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF CORK.

The Holy Communion is a divine ordinance of Christ, to be used and enjoyed by his people, for the strengthening of their souls and the comfort of their minds. It is nowadays in some danger that it may not be used. But what will not corrupt man abuse?..

Our Reformers, or the compilers of our Liturgy, removed the word *altar*, altogether from the services in our Prayer-book, and substituted or used the word *table* instead. In the Communion Service alone, and in the preface and rubrics connected therewith, the word *table* is used sixteen times, the word *altar*, not once. The consecrated bread in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is never called *sacrifice* in our Prayer-book nor in the New Testament. In the service, and ordinances and rubrics, reference is made over thirty times to that ordinance under various names. It is called Communion. Holy Communion, Sacrament, Sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, Lord's Supper; but never *once* is it called a sacrifice. In that service, clergy and people offer a sacrifice to God—not the sacrifice which Christ offered; but they offer "themselves, their souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and living sacrifice unto God." They offer their sacrifice, not a sacrifice of propitiation, but one of praise and thanksgiving for the all-sufficient sacrifice of Christ, offered once for all by Christ, and by Him alone,

on the cross of our redemption, as the only full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.

The sacrifice of Christ on the cross, and not anything done by us, or for us, or in us, or in the Holy Communion, is the propitiation of our sins. In the Holy Communion; and at it, Christ is really present by his own divine power, in and to the soul of the *true Christian*, or in him and to him who trusts and has faith for salvation in Christ. In that ordinance he feeds by faith in his heart, on Christ present after a spiritual and heavenly manner in and to his soul. Christ is no more present in the bread and wine after than before consecration; the bread and wine are the same after as before consecration. The use and purpose to which they are put or applied are different; the use and purpose of them before was for the body, for earthly purposes; they are set apart for the holy ordinance, to be used for a spiritual purpose by the faithful people of Christ, in the service of God. They are not to be elevated for worship, for that would be idolatry, "to be abhorred of all faithful Christians," but reverentially taken and used in faith, according to our Lord's appointment. The clergyman is not to hide them from the view of the laity when using the prayer of consecration, as if there was some mystery in them, or in what he was doing. The mystery is in the heart

of the faithful, where Christ is present in a heavenly manner to strengthen and refresh the soul of every one who trusts in Him. The word altar cannot be found in the New Testament, and certainly and undoubtedly applied to what we call table, or holy table. The word table was used and applied, we know, by the Lord and His Apostles, as we use and apply it now. What claims, then, those persons can have to the title of *true ministers*, or *sound members* of our Church, who call the holy table *altar*, and the consecrated bread *sacrifice*, it is not easy for us to say. Their attachment to Protestantism, and their loyalty to the Prayer-book, seem, to say the least, *doubtful*, and their inclination to a kind of Romanism, and to a kind of Mass, is I fear, *undoubted*.

The laity greatly value and respect and love faithful and able and accomplished ministers, and devoted and warm-hearted pastors. Many of them can see no good in clergymen at all as such, save in proportion to their love to Christ and love to souls, and their devotedness in their calling to their Master's work. This love is the magnet that draws all hearts, whether in the mansions of the rich or in the cottage of the poor. In the absence of this high and holy and heavenly passion, the true spring of eloquence and usefulness in the Church, we see men in these degenerate days, ministers and pastors of our Church as they are called, perverting, not preaching, the Gospel; subverting, not building up, souls, making very little of Christ and his work, and very much of themselves and their

own. They turn away the minds of men immortal, so far as they can, from the fullness and all-sufficiency of Christ, and the gracious work of the Spirit, to beggarly elements of human device unknown to pure and early times, and endeavor to fix them on sights and shows, on dresses of clergy, on colors and forms and figures, on turning now to this side, and this thing, and again bending and bowing to that side and that thing: One time they gabble in one part of the service; and again they mutter in another, as if clergymen were showmen or necromancers, and the laity were only babies to be amused, or fools to trifle with and not teach. Frivolities and fantasies are such things; they act only on the senses, or perhaps at best engage the imagination; but satisfy not in any degree the deep requirements and longings and yearnings of the soul. Such trifling and puerility the people could have, equally well, and with as much benefit, in theatres, or even in heathen temples, with an idolatrous service, as from pagan priests. Such teachers wrong the laity and rob them of their rights. I wonder the laity can submit to it. The laity constitute the largest portion of the Church by many degrees; for *them* are the clergy maintained, and for *them* are the fabric of the Church and its system upheld; and yet they allow a state of things to go on in the service of the Church which pains every pious mind while it starves the soul, and from which the manly mind recoils—a state that is an insult to the understanding, a perversion and misrepresentation of the

Christian religion, and degradation of the Church.

Ritualism, as it is called, is childish. It is not bad enough of itself to do harm, but as symbolizing corrupt doctrines, it bodes us no good, but is ominous of evil. It pretends, indeed, religion, and promises peace; but it is an engine of war, a device of the foe. It menaces our safety, and a breach has been made for it in our wall: but draw it not in; allow it not to enter; "*Equo ne credite Teucro.*" It is fraught with danger and filled with armed men. *This* Ritualism is no part of Christianity. No trace of it can be found in the writings of the Evangelists or Apostles, where is presented to us a perfect model for our institutions; yea, perfection itself, in the doctrine and example of the Son of God. Heathenism and Mohammedanism can have their ritualism, and have had it, and have it still, (and so has another system which I will not name in this connection,

lest some should take offense, and how much the better are they or any of them for it?) But truth, heaven-born truth, unlike human inventions; needs neither coloring, nor embroidery, nor artifice, to command her, she looks fairest in the purple light of youth and native complexion arrayed in her simple and modest attire, and she needs none other to charm our minds, conciliate our favor and fix our regard.

One burning and shining light in the pulpit—one loving diligent, faithful pastor in the parish, with sound common sense—will be of immeasurably more worth than all the music and incense and dresses and candles in Christendom; and one solitary truth of the Gospel, brought home and driven home to the head and heart, will be infinitely more precious, and do immeasurably more good than all the opinions of men, the traditions of the Church, or the ritualism of the earth.

JOHN MILTON.

The crisis through which our Church is now passing has been compared to that which the Church of England reached about the middle of the 18th century. Then as now two great parties were violently contending for power. The descendants of the early Reformers, those who truly represented their doctrines and spirit, were laboring to conform the Church to the apostolic model, while the reactionary party, headed by Laud, and encouraged by the royal sanction, was

seeking to graft upon it the principles and practices of the mediæval age. Unfortunately the Laudian party was the more numerous and influential, and scuffling the idea of making any concessions to their opponents, they enacted new and odious canons, and excommunicated all who would not conform to exactions the most unessential and minute. The consequence was that the truest and most upright members of the Church were cut off from its communion, while

many who were longing to minister at its altars, turned from it in loathing and regret.

Among these last was John Milton. Graduating at Cambridge in 1632, he came upon the stage just when Laud had practically become the state. Charles reigned, but Laud governed; his patronage being so vast, as Heylin tells us, that his imprimatur lifted whom he chose to prefer to civil or ecclesiastical. The whole drift in the Church then as now was Rome-ward. The pomp of Romish worship was everywhere restored, while the least deviation from the established order on the part of those who objected to its unscriptural character was punished as a crime. "It must be confessed," writes Hume, "that though Laud deserved not the appellation of papist, the genius of his novelties was in a modified degree, the genius of Rome. The same profound respect was exacted to the sacerdotal character, the same submission required to the creeds and to the decrees of synods and councils, the same pomp and ceremony was affected in worship, and the same superstitious regard was paid to days, postures, meats, and vestments."

Meeting practically the question of the ministry at such a time as this, we might anticipate Milton's action. His generous soul loathed the bondage to which conformity would subject him, and he refused to enter on his long anticipated ecclesiastical career. "The church,"

he writes, "to whose service, by the intention of my parents and friends, I was destined of a child, and in my own resolutions, till coming to some maturity of years, and perceiving what tyranny had invaded the Church—that he who would take orders must subscribe slave, and take an oath withal, which, unless he took with a conscience that would retch, he must either perjure or split his faith—I thought it better to prefer a blameless silence, before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and foreswearing."

The spirit of Laud is again abroad, and threatens to become dominant. We warn our ecclesiastical rulers of the consequences. If contrary to the genius and spirit of our Church, as manifested in her whole past history, men are to be bound and fettered by an exact and invariable conformity to every canon and rubric, then all generous souls, as Milton did, will turn away from her courts.

They will not take orders, if in so doing, they must "subscribe slave." They will fulfil their ministry in other branches of the Church of Christ, or "prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and foreswearing." The paucity of true men in our ministry is even now alarming. What will become of us, if in consequence of foolish and unrighteous legislation, all valuable accessions to our strength are cut off?

It is said that the King of Sweden writes a poem every day, and they

are all pretty good. Only a small part of his productions are printed.

THE FAR WEST.

The completion of the Pacific Railway through American territory gives ocular demonstration daily of the fact so clearly and forcibly stated by the late D'Arcy Magee and other able lecturers and writers, that the American people have nearly reached the termination westward of their cultivable lands. The road now mentioned, which astonishingly takes its passengers from New York city to San Francisco in less than a week, is found to traverse some *five hundred miles* of barren sand, which is destitute of timber, valuable grass, water, and other requisites for settlement and population. In other words, that much of the American western territories, are hopelessly irreclaimable deserts! Under these circumstances, the perseverance, enterprise and energy of our neighbors cannot be too much admired.

The development of this fact of barrenness, coupled with the statements of travelers through our possessions in the same latitudes—travelers whose character for veracity is above suspicion—shows that if our Dominion is not so highly favored in its eastern and northeastern portions as is the adjoining Republic, we have immeasurably the advantage in the west. The fertile belt lies north of the great American desert, and scarcely

any of the Sahara desert-like quality of land is found on our side of the boundary line. Rich pasturage, fertile prairies, vast tracts of forest, and almost every variety of wild land, with magnificent rivers, fine lakes and everything that is necessary for man and beast in the shape of natural productions meet the eyes of those who visit our newly acquired possessions. Such a country as our Northwest, with the example of our southern neighbors before us, and the fostering hand of the mother country stretched out in our behalf, must, if we have common energy and sagacity, be shortly populated. Nor can it be many years before we must have a through railway in our own country to our Pacific possessions. Let but emigration be attended to by our government as it should be, and before ten years a line of townships might be surveyed and settled through its entire length to a great degree by immigrants and local travel; for it is to be remembered that we have no five hundred miles of barren land to contend with; no drawback in any portion of the route for timber, fuel or water. Let us hope that 1870 will inaugurate the settlement of our Northwest on a scale commensurate with its dimensions and our position as a Dominion.

Rothschild's heirs evidently believe that a man has no business to let property go out of the family. They refuse to pay to lega-

tees out of the family the comparatively small sums which the Baron willed to them.

DIRECTIONS FOR TRAVELLING WEST.

It is but our duty to inform the travelling public that in travelling West they had better take the following route:—Grand Trunk Railroad from Portland to Detroit, the Michigan Central from Detroit to Chicago, and the Chicago Burlington and Quincy from there to Burlington, Iowa. We give this direction of our own free will and accord, without being requested by any one to do so. This route is by far the cheapest of any other, and the officers of these roads are surpassed by none in their obliging attention to passengers; at all times patiently giving them all the information in their power. When arriving at Chicago a great many passengers are decoyed on the Rock Island and Pacific Railroad. This

is a great mistake. The charge on this road is by far too much. We saw a gentleman pay them 6 cents a mile for travelling, beside the inconvenience of having *rude officers* and the road in wretched repair. The fare on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road is very moderate, and the passage travel safer than by another road on the same route. It reaches Burlington, Iowa—where travellers will find Railroads and Steamboats in abundance to convey them to all parts West. It is astonishing how many accidents happen on the Rock Island Road. While we now write news has just reached us that a car on this road fell over or through a bridge, killing a poor man's whole family.

OUR UNITED STATES PATRONS.—Our United States friends will please accept our warmest thanks for the very kind manner in which they received us during our recent visit to that country. From Eastport, Maine, to Ohariton, Iowa, we received the very kindest attention from the people. We hope

still to merit a continuance of their favor, and we will try in future to make our Magazine as interesting to them as possible. We beg our numerous friends in that country to accept our grateful thanks for their kind attention to us during the time of our RECENT VISIT.

THE SPANISH JESUITS.—The *Semaine Religieuse* of Paris says that in consequence of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain three hundred Spanish members of the order have, within eight days, taken refuge in France. They are billeted in the Jesuitical convents

at Lyons, St. Etienne, Toulouse, Castré, Bordeaux, Limoges, and Bourgos. None of the refugees are allowed to come to Paris. Upwards of two hundred and fifty have been sent to Liege and Namur, where the followers of Loyola have flourishing houses.

A WARNING TO ALL OLD BACHELORS.

(Continued.)

I do not know that I have anything of importance, or even interest, to write you in this letter. I might give you an account of the manner in which I have contrived to dispose of a goodly portion of my time since you left Cin. Perhaps that might prove slightly entertaining, so here it is. You left the city on Tuesday evening last; I spent that evening at home and amused myself reading Godey's August number which my brother brought home to me, a kindness which I recompensed by fanning the musquitoes away from him for one whole hour, time measured by the clock. So much for Tuesday evening. Wednesday morning I wrote a note to cousin Nettie Woods, requesting them to either come in person or send for me on Saturday. My note I consigned to the Lamp Post, and presume it was duly received by cousin Nettie. If so, to-morrow evening will find me rustivating some ten miles from Cincinnati. So you may expect to receive your next letter from Florence, Ky. Wednesday afternoon and evening I spent with a friend who resides in the west end. Yesterday (Thursday morning), I had a call from my friend Miss Amanda Hunkill. In the afternoon I visited Fourth street on an errand, and the evening I spent at Aunt Mary's where I found a sufficient number of patients to start an Invalid hotel on a small scale. Uncle Madison and Mrs. Grace were both suffering from an attack of cholera morbus, and Katie was sick too, but nothing serious. I guess she will be well enough to accompany me to the country to-morrow. To-day I have been at home all day anxiously waiting for the postman to bring me a letter from you, a watch which did not prove to be in vain. You mentioned in your letter that you had seen my friend Kate Anderson, but did not tell me how you was pleased with her. However, I know you cannot avoid liking Kate, for she is one of those gentle, lovable creatures who possesses the faculty of winning a place in every heart. I hope that you will call and see Katie occasionally, and

when you answer this inform me if she is to accompany you when you return to Cincinnati; also how soon you think that will be. You must also let me know where you are stopping. If with your friend as you thought of doing when I last saw you. You must give me all the news concerning yourself that you think will prove interesting to me and above all remember your promise to me to take care of your health. Likewise the remainder of the family.

I have almost filled this sheet and expect about exhausted your patience so I guess I will close, reminding you of your promise to write to me very often. I think that I shall remain at Uncle Boyd's until you return to the city, providing that your absence does not exceed two weeks from the time of your departure. I think that I shall enjoy this visit very much, but not so much but that I shall think very often of you. I will now close so that I can mail this letter this evening. Hoping that you may receive it to-morrow and write me very soon I remain,

Truly yours, AMANDA.

HIS LETTERS UNSATISFACTORY.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 14, 1865, }

Thursday morning. }

DEAREST AND BEST BELOVED: Your letter of Tuesday evening arrived yesterday. I was greatly pained upon perusing it, and my feelings deeply wounded at several of your remarks. I attempted a reply yesterday afternoon, in compliance with your request that I should answer by return mail, but felt so nervous and agitated, and suffered too much from a severe headache, that I found it impossible for me to continue, so I laid my writing aside and deferred my letter until this morning.

I do not feel a great deal better this morning, but will write a few lines that you may not suffer from suspension. I scarcely know how to write, for I do not intend intentionally or unjustly to wound or hurt your feelings. You well know within your own heart that I would not willingly cause you one

moment of pain. You certainly cannot but feel that you possess my entire love and devotion, and if my confidence in your love is broken you also know that your own negligence, I will not say indifference, has caused it. I am very sorry that I presumed to ask you so improper a question "as to desire some information as to when you would return to Cincinnati?" I conclude that it was an improper question, as you decline answering me, and your remark in your letter "that when I ask questions that are improper you will willingly answer them." I have asked you no question at all that I can think of but this one: You and I know, and our God knows, how matters stand between us, and I am confident, could you read my heart, as He does, you would find nothing but truth and honesty in all things wherein you are concerned. Your letters ever since your absence this time have been very vague and unsatisfactory. I have not condemned you for this, but if you will review the matter and think it all over, you cannot wonder at my feelings. You desire me to write to you the particulars concerning what I feel so much troubled about. It may all turn out to be but a molehill magnified to a mountain, but the light in which I view the matter shows a great lack of confidence in me and that you doubt my truthfulness.

And now, my darling, permit me to call you so this once, you must forgive an erring one for troubling you. I have asked no questions in this letter. You will have to excuse this scribbled letter. I can do no better this morning, and did you but understand my feelings you would wonder how I have accomplished even this unseemly scrawl I never was so perfectly wretched and unhappy. I almost wish that I could die. You were mistaken about ever having mentioned in your letters about returning. I have carefully read them over again, and you have never referred to the subject, but it is of no consequence now. I will close this letter by answering you that whenever or whatever your future may be, you have my best and kindest wishes, and my love, if you care for it. I am so upset in mind that perhaps you may misconstrue my letter, but pray believe me when I say that no spark of anger is mingled in

my feelings for you. They are all love and sorrow. Farewell, dearest.

AMANDA.

HEART HISTORY.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 22nd, 1865. }
Sabbath Afternoon. }

MY OWN TRUE LOVE: In compliance with my promise in my letter written to you on Friday last I shall now write you again, hoping that you will receive my lines in the same spirit and confidence with which I now pen them. My dearest one you must excuse my short and hasty letter of Friday, for I was very sick that day; too ill to write you a larger or more satisfactory missive. I was very sick all day yesterday also, but to-day I feel so very much better, that I think a few days more will restore me to my customary health. I have been suffering from a nervous fever, produced by an over-tasked brain, but now that my mind is relieved I know that I shall recover. I have read over and over again and again, your letter of the 19th, and have derived a great deal of hope and comfort from its loving and tender sentiments, for you know "love's language" is ever sweet in whatever habiliments; clad be it in the flowery lines of poesy, or the rough and unlettered garb of the rustic. There is one sentiment in your letter, however, which truly astonishes and confounds me. You say that if I am determined to discard you, it rests upon my own shoulders and not yours. It seems very strange, indeed, and quite incomprehensible to me that you should for an instant think such a thing; much less write it. I cannot imagine how such an idea has ever been entertained by you, my love. I feel very sure that I have never, in a single thing, since our engagement, given you the slightest cause of offence that could give rise to such a thought. I have, since we interchanged thoughts and sentiments, and pledged ourselves to each other, bestowed my whole heart upon you. Your society and companionship I have preferred to all other, and was all that rendered me happy. My every thought has been yours, both waking and sleeping. Many, many happy hours since your absence has flitted away in beautiful day-dreams of our future happiness. I have, ever since my happy childhood, been familiar with care and

sorrow. My father's waving prosperity was followed by the customary attendant, the wine cup, and I have most a bleeding, breaking heart, spite of all my entreaties, prayers and supplications, and every effort that affection and duty could dictate. seen him descend, step by step, until hope has long since been dead within me. Grief early traced its lines upon my dear mother's brow, and she languished an invalid for many years. I early understood the shadow that had dimmed the sunlight in our once happy home. I became the sharer of all my mother's trials and griefs, and administered such comfort and consolation as lay in my feeble power, and thus a confidence bond was established between us, which rarely exists between mother and daughter. I comprehended the necessity of providing myself with an avocation whereby I might supply my own wants, and aid in the care of my mother. I was ever a successful and favorite pupil in school, and I bent all my energies in the acquirement of an education. At the age of seventeen I left school, and, through the influence of an esteemed friend, shortly after obtained a situation as "teacher," in which capacity I have spent the last ten years of my life. The first four years of my life was divided between the schools of Cincinnati and a boarding-school; the last six have been spent in the Newport Seminary, and, as far as I am aware, I have ever given perfect satisfaction. At the age of 18 I first loved. I was young and inexperienced, and had not learned the deep recesses of the human heart. I loved, I presume, as deeply as any girl at that age is capable of doing. But treachery destined that our love was never to be realized. My father's old clerk, Mr. Martin, was made the innocent object of cupidity to sow the seeds of jealousy and distrust. I was innocent of a shadow of wrong. Mr. Martin had nursed me on his knee, an innocent, harmless little child, and as years advanced, I ever rendered him the respect and hospitality due a favored friend. But no warmer or dearer sentiment ever existed on either side. We became reconciled, but ere long my friend, Katy Anderson's oldest brother, Charles, was made the second means by which the same treacherous hand

aimed to destroy my happiness. At the very time I stood at the altar, rendering the most holy office of friendship, that of bridesmaid to the false one, her messages of guilt, which terminated in our final separation, were speeding on their journey. Mr. Martin urged me to dismiss the affair. Thos. Moore, my first love, filled an early grave ere three years after our separation. My second love I met the same summer I first met you. A brilliant and highly cultivated intellect, combined with great original wit, first won my esteem and admiration, and constant attention implanted what I supposed to be love. But treachery and ambition again willed that the dream should never be realized. Of this I have told you almost all. But I reserved one single circumstance which I did not reveal. I never told you why I so decidedly dismissed James Maguire. My uncle Madison has a niece, a widow, some fifty-three years of age, but withal very gay and youthful in manners, added to which she possesses a fortune of some \$30,000. She became quite familiar in Mrs. Maguire's family, and during the repairing and remodeling of the house became well acquainted with the sons. She was pleasant and affable, and my wavering lover was heard to remark that was he not in honor bound to another, he would set his cap for the rich widow. This remark was repeated to me by the one who heard it. My feelings for him turned to scorn and disgust in one moment. I sent for him. He acknowledged the remark, but imputed it to a spirit of mirth. I could not overlook this, combined with Charles Maguire's cruel remarks about my father. I released him from all obligations to me without one single regret, and deemed it but one more leaf turned in my life's sad history. It was humiliation and mortification that a few paltry thousands of dollars should outweigh the heart's wealth that prevented me from confiding all to you. It was at this juncture of affairs that you resumed your visits to our house. You set forth such honorable and just principles, and manifested such abhorrence of all in which I had such bitter experience. I studied your character and principles, and at last deemed that I had found a true and genuine heart, and

when you told me your love, how very devotedly you had cherished your feelings. I gave you my entire and undivided heart. I have never been fickle in the heart's affections, the holiest feelings God ever endowed mortal being with. The promise I made to you I consider as being registered in Heaven. To love you through all the vicissitudes of life, to comfort and care for you in trouble and care, to soothe and caress and wait upon you in sickness is the greatest boon that I could ask. Such are, and ever will be, my heart's feelings for you. I have ever endeavored to render my letters kind and affectionate, following the dictates of a devoted heart. I have never expressed one sentiment in a single line I have ever written to you, upon which you could find the slightest supposition that I desired to discard you. My dearest love you must dismiss these thoughts

for they render me very miserable and unhappy. I forgive you from the depths of my heart, for every sorrowful feeling you have occasioned me, and if I have ever added to your sadness you must grant me your forgiveness. I love you as truly and faithfully as ever a woman loved man, and you must not permit yourself to doubt me, for indeed I do not deserve it. I wish you to write to me as soon as you receive this letter, and explain to me why you thought I desired to discard you.

You must also write to me when you will be in Cincinnati; you must come back to me, love, as soon as you possibly can. I yearn so to see you. And now wishing you every prosperity, I will close this lengthy letter, assuring you that you possess my enduring and never dying love.

From your ever and devoted

AMANDA.

(To be Continued.)

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