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THE CHURCH OF OLD ENGLAND.

OCTOBER, 1866.

SOME OF THE AMUSEMENTS OF EDITORIAL LIFE. ♦

They say the press can paint folly as it flies; but the press loses more than half the good things that take place in the sanctum, not to mention thousands of confidential and sacred communications, mysteriously delivered, under the double seal of friendship and honour.

The Church of Old England, and its editor, we think, during the last six months, have had a most excruciating amount of comical contributions of this kind, all of which might be crowded in under the head of "friendly advice." There are over the line a set of men specially set apart for the purpose of fly-blowing public opinion, newspapers are preferred in that country, and some people dread an invasion from them more than they do a raid from the Fenians. At any rate, it is very true that soon after these insects make their appearance, truth, honour, and morality soon die, and the society in which they acquire a footing becomes offensive, being destitute of truth and justice. We have been reminded of this bright peculiarity in a nation for whom our admiration has daily increased for half a century, from finding the same mental idiosyncrasy in every part of the Province; but in this country it

is very innocent as yet, and only serves as a study for those who wish to advance in ethics, and have the interests of the community somewhat at heart.

Even in this Christian and enlightened city persons are found whose time, one would think, might be better employed than by endeavoring to thwart the little enterprise we have started. That enterprise is openly sustained and supported by six Lord Bishops, and more than four hundred clergymen, and by the most talented of the laity, including members and ex-members of Parliament, Judges of the Court of Appeals and every other Court down to the lowest, and is fast becoming popular in families as a safe and agreeable magazine for the children, and young people generally.

We hope our readers will not understand us as intimating that all these great men endorse the insufficient ability of the editor,—on the contrary, they simply endorse his good intentions and dauntless pluck in raising the standard of the Old British Church on a field where many had fallen before him, and on which all the enemies of this magazine and many of its friends declared no man could carry the colors and live!

All this good fortune of the editor in having his magazine sustained, and

his talents overrated, is but worm-wood and gall to those who, from the beginning, acted with puny faith, and would now spend any reasonable amount of money to place it beyond the power of the editor to issue another number. But we are becoming serious.

The first taste of amusement we had was from party men (who, of course, must be enemies of this journal) trying to make it a party organ. All kinds of falsehood were resorted to in order to mislead the editor, and induce him to begin the career of a peaceful and religious family magazine by a shower of fire-brands thrown into the Church and upon the heads of our pious sectarian friends. But thanks to the clergy (high and low) upon whom alone the editor could rely, he was preserved from any thoughts or inclinations of establishing a party journal. Anonymous communications (a common trick of bad men) were sent in with lofty promises, but with little effect except to provoke laughter.

Another effort was made after the magazine was published to induce the editor to assume the character of a great Divine, and write up the theology of the Church. Ignorance on the part of some, laziness on the part of others, and an anti-christian feeling on the part of still others, made a formidable combination against the position of an independent magazine, which the editor had assumed and deliberately announced to the public. Gentlemen,—when you wish to show your learning give us a few numbers of your clearest views on the High Church party. We dare say they will find champions who will

break a lance with you? In short, tell us what you consider the principles of the High Church? The editor has thus far been unable to get an answer. It is the same thing when we call upon either party. The Low Churchman finds fault with High Church "because the High Church will not obey the prayer-book," and the High Church is looking out for the Low Church "to make a schism against the prayer book."

It is all talk and moonshine. We have attended the deliberations of three able Synods, and we never heard one of these country thumping bushwhacking croakers on either side start a question that could lead to a party contest.

One croaker gave us a good laugh by imparting in confidence to the editorial ear a thing which he said should be attended to "immediately, or sooner if we could spare the time." He said "a very able clergyman was in danger of being lost by a strong *tendency* to Calvinistic views." He didn't know he had his heels on the editorial toes. His long face and evident concern contrasted beautifully with our determination not to laugh in his face, which was only prevented by a violent fit of sneezing—three times three, given with a will.

Another croaker took us to task about the pure and beautiful story, "The Omen," which we published in the August number. He said he "did not think such tales were suitable for a church magazine, or for persons of good taste." The editor replied that he was very sorry that it did not please him, because he did not rely on his own judgment in such

matters, but had published "The Omen" because it had been selected by our christian Queen, on account of its high-toned morality and finished style as a suitable present to the Workingmen's Society. The croaker changed color, hesitated, and said "he would read it again—had not read all of the story." He expressed great anxiety for the success of the magazine, and advised us to be very cautious in our stories.

THE CANADIAN MIND:

When the editor of this magazine was dragging himself from street to street in the winter snows and spring mud of Montreal, without a *dime* in his pocket, but with a most vexatious and painful amount of rheumatism in his limbs, he was laughed at and ridiculed by some, smiled upon and encouraged by others.

Some said the Canadians "could not make a magazine respectable if they desired to do so," and others said "that we could not get them to write for it if they had minds capable of doing so." The editor went to the Cathedral, and to all the other churches—then he went to the meeting-houses of sectarians, and the French Cathedral. Then he took a look at the soldiers (thinks he is a judge of that noblest of God's creation—a true soldier), and came to the deliberate opinion that British North America is the finest country in the world—always, of course, excepting the C.S.A.

It is just the country to begin and carry out the project we have undertaken. Canadians not write, forsooth! We have five admirable female contributors, who send us

both prose and poetry, all of them *Canadian born*; that is most gratifying to us.

It only remains now for southern men and women, to come forward and shew the Provincial Church that their minds and their religion are still free, and not liable to subjugation or confiscation any more than they can be burnt in the fires of persecution.

You remember the prophetic hope of the editor, in the first number, that this magazine, which he personifies as the *Church of Old England*, "should be dressed by the hands of woman, with evergreens from the North, and perpetual roses from the South."

It is a masterly system of tactics to get all you can out of your enemies either by precept, action, or example. Let us, if we really intend to make a good family journal, have Head Centres like the Fenians, and support the *Church of Old England* by Circles. Seven of our most prominent clergymen already take fifty numbers each, and will, no doubt, get a subscriber for each number, if they persevere.

He must be fastidious, indeed, who can find fault with the present number when the means and health of the editor are taken into consideration. Look at the amount of moneys received, and tell us, if you can, how it is done? Then send us more money and advertisements.

THE SYNOD OF TORONTO.

We publish the proceedings in the election of Coadjutor Bishop, and the only remark we have to make is that while they reflect no discredit upon the candidates or voters, they demonstrate in a remarkable manner the *innate* nobility of Provost Whittaker, and the moral grandeur of his character.

THE TRUTH AND OFFICE OF
THE ENGLISH CHURCH.—
PUSEY.

No name is better known in the religious community of the present day than that of Dr. Pusey. In Britain and her colonies he has obtained great notoriety. Multitudes who do not know, perhaps, of the existence of Pusey, are often stirred up by their fear or hatred of some undefined monster, which, under various aspects, is named Puseyism. In ages to come men may be puzzled to derive this word of the 19th century.

It is strange that this man, who was only one, and not the principal one, of those who began the great movement towards bringing back the English branch of the Church Catholic, to her original position, should have, in the popular view, given his name to the entire work. With many, Pusey's name has obtained an unenviable notoriety, not only within his own branch of the church, but also amongst those with whom he can have very little in common. It is not at all uncommon to hear Presbyterian and Wesleyan ministers branded as Puseyites by their flocks, if they attempt any reformation. Surely, if J. H. Newman had given his name to the movement, it would have been more in keeping with the facts of the case. Dr. Arnold used to call them Newmanites.

These thoughts naturally occur upon reading Dr. Pusey's late work upon "The Truth and Office of the English Church." One can scarcely come to the persual of any work emanating from Dr. Pusey, without being somewhat prejudiced. The mind is previously alarmed by startling re-

ports, so that we expect to find a grave proposal of surrendering unconditionally to him who sits in the chair of St. Peter. Any one who sits down to peruse this work with such ideas, will be disappointed. It is the strongest protest against modern Romanism, which has yet appeared. It displays the novelties of the system, and the weak foundations on which they rest. It shews powerfully, the claims of the English Church to be considered truly apostolic. It has disquieted Newman in his retreat in Dublin, and we are much mistaken if it does not occupy the Romish controversialists for some time to come.

During the 18th century, the English Church was sleeping. There was not in her much appearance of spiritual life. Let us not attribute this state to any defect in her offices, or her orders; the vital spark was still in her by virtue of her being a true apostolic church. To her connection with the State, we can clearly trace the cause of her lethargy. Originally the Church and State in England, were connected under very different circumstances from those which now exist. They were united by no formal compact, but grew up together as one body. All the complaints of the English Barons were directed against foreign ecclesiastical despotism, against Rome alone the struggle was always carried in England, and the Reformation was quietly accepted by the people, as their own victory against the Pope. After the Reformation, the Royal supremacy was accepted by the Church, as a necessary safeguard against Italian interference. The Archbishop of Canterbury being Primate, it was naturally expected

that the Sovereign would be guided by his advice, in the management of Ecclesiastical affairs. The Bishops had a voice in the House of Lords, the House of Commons was composed of the lay members of the Church, the inferior clergy had their House of Convocation. Thus the safety of the Church, seemed amply provided for, and she was bound up with the State, the one providing for the spiritual, the other for the temporal happiness of the nation.

But different maxims of government began to germinate after the revolution. The Church was made subservient to the State, the appointments of the Bishops being one of the prerogatives of the Crown, the minister of the day nominated such men as he thought would strengthen his political position. Many of the inferior clergy were appointed by the same policy. Persons who had influence with the Government, brought up their children for the Church. Thus men were introduced into high ecclesiastical positions, who were altogether unfitted for such situations. The care of souls was very much neglected by these political parsons. The order of conducting the various services of the Church, was, in their eyes, a very small matter. The easiest way of performing their duties, was the best. Thus abuses crept in. It was only natural that infidelity should be encouraged. We know that it infected the ranks of the clergy, we know that Arianism found its way into the Universities. Convocation having been silenced, the voices of the Orthodox could not be heard.

The Missionary character of the Church was ignored, the ministers of

the Crown withheld Episcopacy from the Colonies. It was only by force, we may say, that America obtained the Episcopate.

Was the Church responsible for this state of things? She, by unforeseen occurrences, had been held in bondage by the State. Her Bishops, owing their positions to the government, were unable, or indisposed, to do anything. Various causes conspired to rouse the Church from her lethargy. She possessed vitality, although appearing to be dead. This vitality alone would suffice to prove her divine mission. No merely human institution could have passed unimpaired through the storms which assailed her. Wesley's schism taught the clergy that they must look to their flocks, or lose them.

The struggle at the Reformation between those who wished to retain the old forms of Christianity, and those who were anxious to abolish Episcopacy, and the Liturgy, left two parties in the Church; the one leaning towards the system which Calvin inaugurated at Geneva, but preferring Episcopal Government, not as being of divine institution, but as being better suited to the wants of the people; the other clinging to antiquity, believing in the apostolic origin of the Church, and that no human consent was able to originate a Church.

At the revival, the former were willing to allow the rubrics to fall into disuse, depending more upon the efficacy of preaching and exhortation; the latter, while using these means, also insisted upon the observance of the rubric, with a view to securing more of decency and order in the celebration of divine service. Cer-

tainly, it would seem strange if the Church, possessing a Ritual, and professing to be guided by it, should openly violate all its provisions. Restoring divine service to its original position, according to the Rubrics; this was what was first denominated Puseyism. It may be that the memory of the fires of Smithfield, still fills the minds of many with such a terror of Romanism, that anything which seems to bear the slightest resemblance to the order observed in the Roman communion, fills them with alarm. At all events, in many churches in England, and in most English churches in Ireland, the teaching seems chiefly to have consisted of fiery invectives against Rome, so that the congregations fancy, if they maintain a deadly animosity against the *Papists*, they have fulfilled "the whole law." This teaching has been too often the exclusive task of the pastor, and in his zeal against Popery, he has altogether neglected to guard his flock against the insidious heresies which continually sprang up since the Reformation. Consequently, ignorant people were easily drawn away from the church by the *apparently* superior zeal and piety of the various sectaries with whom they met. In this country how many, especially of the lower order, are to be found, who, although members of the church in the old country, yet, on account of their defective religious training, readily joined the first *Protestant* religious community they fell in with.

Although many of them have run into extremes, yet it seems reasonable to think that the Tractarians were raised up by God to save His Church. Some of them caused just alarm by

going over to Rome, and led people to think that their object from the first, was to bring over the whole church. It would be interesting to know the history of their minds, whilst the process was going on, which eventually carried them to where they are. Newman states that the appointment of Gobat, as Bishop of Jerusalem, with power to preside over and commission dissenting ministers, was the final blow which sent him out of the Church of England. Ablies left the Church in despair after the Archbishop of Canterbury's decision in the Gorham case. It is worthy of remark here, that many of the conversions to Rome which occurred in Ireland were those of persons of the highest classes, who were ministered to by pastors extremely hostile to Rome. It would be instructive and very beneficial, if a comparison could be made, from correct data, of the numbers and intelligence of the converts to Rome, dividing them into two classes:—Those who had been, as it is said, led thither by so-called Puseyites, and those who deserted from the standards of Evangelical ministers. The latter might, on such a computation, appear to have furnished the largest number.

Dr. Pusey, in his book, shows the grounds upon which the re-union of the churches might be negotiated. If he meant seriously, he must be very sanguine to expect the Church of Rome to retrace her steps so many ages backward. Since the separation she has gone, by the Doctor's own showing, further and farther away from us, so that in fact the Church of Rome as she now exists is more novel in her teachings than any other church

in the world. The recent movement which established the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, was a sad one for Christianity. The replies of the different bishops whom the Pope consulted, as to the expediency of making the Immaculate Conception an article of faith, show how much more widely spread and deeply rooted the worship of the Virgin is than was generally supposed. In fact this worship bids fair to displace entirely the worship of Jesus amongst the masses in the Romish communion. The object seems to have been to assert in a striking manner the infallibility of the Pope. It is extremely difficult to understand the feelings of the Bishops. As educated men, they cannot fail to know that this exaltation of the Virgin as a Mediatrix, as a Saviour, having in her own person made atonement for the sins of the world, has no support in Scripture, in the Fathers, or even in the traditions of the Church of Rome.

The doctrine taught by the Marian writers is this: "that as Christ purchased the salvation of mankind by the *voluntary* offering up of himself, so the Virgin, inasmuch as she voluntarily offered her Son, and gave Him by her will to expiate the sins of men, is equally with Jesus the Co-Redemptress of the human race; and as His life and Passion, being voluntary in the Son, merited the salvation of all; so the same life and Passion, as being in accordance with the will of the mother, should merit that same salvation."

At page 157, Dr. Pusey quotes thus from De Salazer, a Romish writer:—"On the ground of this action (i. e., having given and offered her Son for

us) of such value and merit, the Virgin Mother of God was worthy that the common salvation and redemption of the whole human race should be ascribed in a manner to her. And since she had this in common with Christ, that she is said really and properly to have given and offered the price of our redemption, *therefore* she bears, together with Him, *all the titles and names which are wont to be ascribed to Christ*, and is rightly called Redemptress, Restoress, Mediatrix, Authoress, and Cause of our Salvation."

At page 169 we find the following quotation from Oswald Dogmat Mariologie:—"We *maintain* a (co-) presence of Mary in the Eucharist. This is a necessary inference from our Marian theory, and we shrink back from no consequence." "We are much inclined," he says afterwards, "to believe an essential co-presence of Mary in her whole person with body and soul, under the sacred species, certainly to such a presence in the Eucharist. (1.) There is required a glorious mode of being of the Virgin body of the Holy Mother. We are not only justified in holding this as to Mary, but we have well nigh proved it. (2.) The assumption of a bodily presence of Mary in the Eucharist compels self-evidently the assumption of a multilocation (i. e., a contemporaneous presence in different portions of space) of Mary, according to her flesh too. (3.) One who would receive this must be ready to admit a compenetration of the Body of Christ and of that of the Virgin in the same portion of space, i. e., under the sacred species."

There can be no doubt henceforth

that the Church of Rome exalts the Virgin to the dignity of a goddess, equal in power if not superior to the Son. Formerly it used to be the custom with Romish controversialists to elude the force of an attack upon any of their new opinions by pleading that the Church was not responsible for what was advanced without her authority by individuals in her communion. They cannot resort to this expedient on the present occasion. Dr. Pusey has brought his charges home to her. He does not stop, however, at the Immaculate Conception. He shows plainly, from Fleury, that the forged decretals are the foundation of all the usurpations of the Bishop of Rome. Strange it is that, although that Church now confesses that these decretals were imposed upon her in an age of ignorance, when it was impossible to detect their falsehood, still she clings to the privileges which they pretended belonged of right to the Pope.

Dr. Pusey would require the worship of the Virgin, and the claims which rest upon the False Decretals, to be given up before a union of the churches could be thought of. He would carry on the negotiations on the same grounds as those agreed upon between Archbishop Wake and Dupin. But he confesses that there is little hope of this unless the Church of Rome might be brought to terms in the hour of danger.

Upon reading the book through we confess ourselves disappointed. We never expected that a man so noted for his popish tendencies as the writer would be one who would lay bare the popish system, with all its evil consequences, so plainly. We

used to think that people meant by Puseyites those who were approximating to Rome. Henceforth we must seek for a different meaning to the word. Pusey evidently does not desire to lead us Romeward. Although the Church of Rome has added to the deposit of the faith she is still Christian—she possesses many things in common with us, and with all Christians. Must we then renounce everything that bears any resemblance to things in the Roman Church because that Church has other things which are not good? Must the Church of England refuse to restore her Ritual because there are points of resemblance in some things between that Ritual and the Ritual of the Church of Rome? Is the restoration of the Anglican Ritual to its primitive position likely to lead the members of the English Church to Popery?

We know that the smallest step in restoring the Ritual is loudly condemned as popery by many. To one who takes an unprejudiced view of the matter this seems very strange. But the causes may easily be traced. The teaching of the 18th century is one cause; the prevalence of dissent is another. The Presbyterians contemptuously flung aside the forms which they found in the church, and they and all who sprung from them have never ceased to denounce Ritualism as Romanism. Their declamation has of course made its impression upon the church. It seems never to strike people that the Greek Church, which has a splendid ritual, seldom or never gives a convert to Rome. The sect of the Irvingites are extremely ritualistic, and yet in

hostility to Popery they yield to none. Ritualism in reality has no tendency to Popery. Purgatory, indulgences, the worship of the Virgin, the adoration of saints and relics, the supremacy of the Pope—these are what we have a horror of. But what has ritualism to do with these?

We are apt in theory to commend the simplest form of worshipping God, and it sounds well in a certain class of writers to praise the *severe* simplicity of this or that religion. But if we follow out their propositions to their legitimate consequences it will be found that this simplicity has a direct tendency to natural religion.

It is much to be regretted that so little taste prevails for the study of church history. Persons of good abilities and education, lawyers and doctors who are well up in all the leading topics of the day, are yet utterly deficient in ecclesiastical learning; in fact they despise it. The consequences are apparent everywhere. With the best intentions, people suffer themselves to be beguiled by every new religious theory. They can easily find fault with the ancient church whose origin is hidden from them; they cannot, at a glance, see the reasons for many of her practices, because these reasons are contained only in the past. The building which appears beautiful and perfect in the eyes of architects, who have scrutinized closely every stone from the foundation to the top, appears to the spectator, unacquainted with art, to differ very little from the surrounding edifices. But, although ignorant of what they undertake to criticise, many are unaware of their ignorance, and frequently imagine that they have dis-

covered breaches which have escaped the eyes of the world for centuries. The theological correspondents of the secular press in Canada, constantly remind us that there are quack theologians as well as quack physicians. Their effusions are generally so absurd, that no one takes the trouble to refute them; but from this circumstance, these quacks, like their brethren in the other profession, sometimes impose upon the ignorant and unwary. It would be well for the people if they would try and cultivate a taste for useful reading. There are abundance of sound manuals on theological subjects within the reach of all, and by devoting a small portion of their time to such intellectual improvement, many would be saved from the ridiculous position of endeavoring to force their crude ideas upon others.

“The Truth and Office of the English Church” ought to have a larger circulation amongst the laity. Although we are not prepared to endorse all its propositions, yet we think its persual cannot fail to be of service to any one who takes the trouble to read it through.

ALPHA.

PRAYER.

Prayer hath a two-fold pre-eminence above all other duties whatsoever, in regard of the universality of its influence and opportunity for its performance. The universality of its influence—as every sacrifice was to be seasoned with salt, so every undertaking, and every affliction of the creature, must be sanctified with prayer; nay, as it sheweth the excellency of gold that it is laid upon silver itself, so it speaketh the excellency of prayer that not only natural

and civil, but even religious and spiritual actions are overlaid with prayer. We pray not only before we eat or drink our bodily nourishment, but also before we feed on the bread of the word, and the bread in the sacrament. Prayer is requisite to make every providence and every ordinance blessed to us; prayer is needful to make our particular callings successful. Prayer is the guard to secure the fort-royal of the heart; prayer is the porter to keep the door of the lips; prayer is the strong hilt which defendeth the hands; prayer perfumes every relation; prayer helps us to profit by every condition; prayer is the chemist that turns all into gold; prayer is the master-workman—if that be out of the way, the whole trade stands still or goeth backward. What the key is to the watch, that prayer is to religion; it winds it up, and sets it a-going. It is before other duties in regard of opportunity for its performance. A Christian cannot always hear, or always read, or always communicate; but he may pray continually. No place, no company can deprive him of this privilege. If he be on the top of a house with Peter, he may pray; if he be in the bottom of the ocean with Jonah, he may pray; if he be walking in the field with Isaac, he may pray when no eye sees him; if he be waiting at table with Nehemiah, he may pray when no ear heareth him; if he be in the mountains with our Saviour, he may pray; if he be in the prison with Paul, he may pray; wherever he is, prayer will help him to find God out. Every saint is God's temple; and "he that carrieth his temple about him," saith Austin, "may go to prayer when he pleaseth." Indeed, to a Christian, every house is a house of prayer, every closet a chamber of presence, and every place he comes to an altar whereon he may offer the sacrifice of prayer.—GEORGE SWINNOCK, Chaplain to John Hampden, died Nov. 10, 1673.

"AS YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE ALSO TO THEM LIKEWISE."

Where the Grand River, through Canadian wood,
Towards Lake Eric, rolls its swelling floods,
Resided an old farmer, shrewd, and smart—
Hard was his visage; harder was his heart.
"Get all you can, and hold it" was his rule—
His golden maxim, learnt in Mammon's school.
The love wherewith he lov'd his precious self,
Was almost equal to his love for self;
And love of money, love of self, combined,
Took all his love—he cared not for mankind.
Yet was he liberal—for, he gave abuse
Unsparringly; the claims of country loose
He held; and was not bigoted (they said),
For, prayerless, he cared not how other's pray'd.

One stormy night, in winter, to his door
A stranger came, for shelter to implore.
The gusty wind hurled down the blinding snow,
And wrapped in funeral white the earth below.
Enter'd the open'd door the driving blast,
Telling of perils that the man had past.
He stept within—a tall and stately form!
Shook from his face the fragments of the storm;
And stood reveal'd, the forest's dusky son
Began his speech, and scarcely had begun
When the old farmer pointed to the road,
And said: "Make tracks, you cursed Indian toad."

Years pass'd—the farmer late one evening rode
In search of an acquaintance's abode;
And took, that he might 'scape a lengthen'd curve,
The path which spann'd the Indian Reserve.
But darkness overtook him, and his way
He lost, and wandered more and more astray.
Darker the sky, denser the forest, grew,
Chiller the downfall of the autumn dew.
And he, discourag'd, deem'd that he must stay
In cold and hunger till the dawn of day.
But, suddenly, there burst upon his sight
The ruddy flicker of a distant light.
He reach'd the house it came from, ask'd relief
From one who proved to be the Indian Chief.
'Twas freely given—the best seat by the fire,
And wholesome food—what more could man desire?
He thanked his entertainer as was fit;
Crack'd his hard jokes, and laugh'd at his own wit;
Then went to rest. He rose with early day;
And drew his pocket-book his host to pay.

The Indian repell'd the guerdon small
With which the man had sought to cancel all
His obligation—then drew up his form
To its full height, and answer'd him with scorn:
"Call you to mind, so many years ago,
An Indian sought shelter from the snow
Of you. Benighted—spurn'd from your abode—
I, stranger, was that 'cursed Indian toad.'
What you would not bestow, you have received;
By one whom you reliev'd not been relieved.
Now learn a lesson—For the future do
To men, as you would have men do to you."

T. W. F.

SONNET.

The first news brought us by the Atlantic Telegraph, is that peace has been declared amongst the belligerent nations of Europe. God grant that this fact may be significant, and that as this great marvel of modern science has marked its advent with a message of joy and gladness for the old world, so also may it be in our own fair land of promise; may the dark clouds that lately burst upon our Western horizon, be rolled away for ever, and the sunshine of perpetual peace dawn on our hearts and homes.

Oh dove of peace, fold soft thy wings o'er earth,
And usher in the dawn of happy day,
Sit, smiling down with science at our hearth,
And whisper us of tumult passed away.
Stay with thy touch on passion's pulse the throb,
Of fever-hate, till men as brothers dwell,
And women cease o'er new-made graves their sob.

Give back the world her hope in war's farewell,
Flash o'er th' electric lines in ocean's breast
The strain divine, till all the choir above
Shall join the Anthem, and from East to West,
Proclaim the dawn of universal love:
So shall our morning to that day increase,
When Christ shall reign with man, and sin
shall cease.

C. B. B. E.

"GATHER OUT THE STONES."

A TEMPERANCE ALLEGORY.

A King, who had many kingdoms, sent word unto one of them that he would shortly visit, and ordered that suitable preparations should be made, and this was the message he sent unto his *vice-generals*: "Prepare ye the way of the King, make his paths strait. Go through, go through the gates, *prepare ye the way of the people*; cast up the highway; *gather out the stones*; lift up a standard for the people."

Now the governor and his ministers consulted together how this proclamation should be best carried out, and appointed labourers to level hills, fill up valleys, and build bridges wheresoever they should be needed. But, lo! at the very gates of the chief city, they found a vast

accumulation of stones and rubbish, which would effectually obstruct the way of the King and his glittering suite of glorious attendants. So they immediately warned one Temperance, whose business it was to keep the thoroughfares open, to see to this particular business; but, alas! they found poor Temperance sick of a palsy, and languishing on his bed. Then they were quite at a stand, and knew not what to do, for the King himself had sent Temperance to that place, and appointed him to this very work. But while they waited and consulted, and looked one another in the face, puzzled and amazed, behold there came from the wilderness, where John the Baptist once preached, a stalwart man, strong and spare, and full of energy and cool deliberation, who spake thus unto the King's ministers:— "Appoint me unto this work, and I will soon gather me labourers, and clear away these stones and rubbish, that my Lord the King may enter in, and dwell in our land." Then some were glad, but many objected, and said, "not this man, but Temperance, was appointed to this work." So they waited for Temperance to get well, but instead of that he became worse and worse, so much so that many said he was dead. Then at last the governor and his ministers consented that he of the wilderness should be sent for, as the King's orders required haste, and he came, and gathered a great many of labourers, who soon made smooth the highway of the King, and he entered in to the land with much glory and joy. Banners flying, bells ringing, and trumpets sounding, and the King and those he brought with him came and dwelt there forever, to the great joy of the people. Then they sent for him of the wilderness who had helped them, to crown him with honours, but he had retired to the desert, there being no further need of him, for as he said, Can the children of the bride chamber fast when the Bridegroom is with them? While the Bridegroom tarried ye fasted, but now there is no need. For the name of their friend and helper was Total Abstinence. HOPE GOLDING.

ANGLICAN SYNOD.

The Anglican Synod met at Toronto, at nine o'clock on Thursday morning, 20th sept., in the school-house attached to St. George's Church. The Lord Bishop presided, and the proceedings were opened with prayer.

READING THE MINUTES.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

PEACEFUL INTENTIONS.

Rev. Dr. LETT said that in order to facilitate the business of the Synod, he, and the friends with whom he was acting, desired to withdraw any objections they had made to the certificates of lay delegates. (Applause.)

Mr. CUMBERLAND also stated that he had been instructed by the gentlemen on the other side of the house—(laughter)—to say that all objections had likewise been withdrawn by them, to the qualifications of delegates. He was desirous of conducting the business of the Synod in peace. (Applause.)

The Synod then adjourned to meet again in St. James' Cathedral, for the purpose of balloting.

MEETING IN THE CATHEDRAL.

At eleven o'clock the members of Synod assembled in the cathedral. The pulpit and reading desk were removed from their usual position, and tables for the use of the scrutineers were placed on the right and left of the chancel. The scrutineers appointed to take the clerical vote were the Rev. Mr. Dixon, the Rev. Mr. Brent, and Mr. C. J. Campbell; and for the lay vote the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. R. Armour, and Mr. F. Joseph. The clerical delegates having been requested to take their seats on the right-hand side of the church, and the lay delegates on the left; the Hon. J. B. Robinson, and the Rev. Mr. Flood, distributed folded paper to each delegate present, for the

purpose of inserting the name of the clergyman for whom he desired to vote, omitting the name of the party voting. All having been seated, his Lordship the Bishop entered the church in his black robes, attended by the venerable Archdeacon Bethune, and the Rev. H. J. Grasett, chaplain to the Bishop. The Rev. Mr. Baldwin, assistant minister of St. James', read the Litany of the church in a solemn and impressive manner. The following prayer was also used:—

“O most Gracious Lord God, who by Thine only begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, and by Thy Spirit in his holy Apostles, didst institute the sacred order of Bishops in Thy church, to feed, to build up, and to govern; we humbly pray Thee to be assisting to those who are appointed to choose out one to serve in the office of a Bishop in this Diocese; and so to cleanse their hearts from all earthly and partial motives, and so to guide and direct their judgment, and overrule their designs and operations, that he whom they shall choose may be best fitted, by piety, wisdom and charity, by singleness of heart, and earnestness of spirit, to enkindle amongst us a more living godliness, and to promote the extension, the purity, the unity and stability of Thy church, to the glory of Thy great Name, and the hastening of the perfect kingdom of our blessed Redeemer, through Him, who with Thee and the Holy Spirit, liveth and reigneth one God blessed for evermore. Amen.”

After prayer the hymn *Venite Creator* was sung, and then the Bishop took his seat in the centre of the chancel, having Archdeacon Bethune on his right, and the Rev. H. J. Grasett on his left. The Synod having been called to order, the Bishop, through the registrar of the diocese, Mr. S. B. Harman, requested that a few moments might be devoted to private prayer, and that during the balloting there should be no manifestation of feeling, but that all, by quiet and orderly demeanor, should pay the deepest respect to the solemnity of the sacred

duty in which they were engaged. This injunction was fully observed, and the proceedings were conducted with the utmost order, decorum, and solemnity. The idea of holding the election in the church, was a good one, inasmuch as it was one great means of keeping quiet those who might otherwise have been desirous of exhibiting their temper.

THE FIRST BALLOT.

After a short voluntary had been played by Mr. Carter on the organ, the balloting commenced. The scrutineers having taken their seats at the tables provided for them, and a ballot-box with a lock and a slit in the top, through which the envelope containing the name of the candidate voted for was dropped, was placed on each table; the registrar called out the names of the different parishes, with the names of the clergy and lay representatives entitled to vote in each parish. As soon as one parish had voted, the delegates retired to their seats; the next parish was then called, and so on to the end of the list. Each delegate handed the scrutineers a folded paper, with the name of the candidate for whom he voted. The several folded papers were then placed in an envelope, sealed, and dropped into the ballot box. The arrangements were good and excellently carried out. It was found in one case that the name of the Rev. Mr. Deacon was omitted on the list, but by the unanimous consent of the Synod, he was allowed to vote. It will be seen by the figures that the number of clergymen present was very large—only eleven out of the whole number in the diocese being absent, not, of course, including the candidates themselves, who did not vote. The number of lay delegates absent amounted to over fifty.

The process of taking the ballot occupied nearly an hour. When concluded, a short voluntary was again played on the organ, and the scrutineers retired to the vestry room, and after being absent about half an hour, returned, handing in to the Registrar the result of their scrutiny, which he declared to be as follows:—

	CLERICAL.	LAY.
Rev. Provost Whittaker	39	21
Rev. Dr. Fuller	27	29
Ven. Archdeacon Bethune	26	16
Rev. H. J. Grasett	14	14
Rev. Mr. Geddes	2	1
Rev. Dr. Bevan	1	1
Lost votes	0	12
	109	94

Mr. Harman stated that 109 clergymen had voted, and 4 had answered to their names but had not voted. He added that 57 clerical, and 49 lay votes were necessary to elect, and as no candidate had procured this double majority, another ballot would be requisite.

The Synod then adjourned for luncheon.

SECOND BALLOT.

The Synod resumed again at half-past two o'clock, and proceeded to ballot the second time. Forty-four laymen, qualified to vote, were absent. At the close of the ballot, which occupied till a quarter to four o'clock, Mr. Harman said he was desired to say that if another ballot were taken, it would commence at half-past four o'clock, unless his lordship the Bishop should see fit to make an alteration.

Mr. HARMAN then stated that his lordship wished him to declare the vote, which is as follows:—

	CLERICAL.	LAY.
Provost Whittaker	43	22
Rev. Dr. Fuller	27	35
Archdeacon	26	18
Rev. Mr. Grasett	11	11
Rev. Mr. Geddes	1	2
Rev. Mr. Palmer	0	1
Lost votes	0	8
	108	97

Mr. HARMAN then stated that 57 clerical, and 49 lay votes were required by a candidate to entitle him to election; and as the vote then stood it would be necessary to commence the next ballot at half-past four.

THIRD BALLOT.

	CLERICAL.	LAY.
Rev. Provost Whittaker - -	42	23
Ven. Archdeac'n Bethune, 24		17
Rev. Dr. Fuller - - - - -	28	37
Rev. H. J. Grasett - - - - -	13	9
Rev. Mr. Geddes - - - - -	1	1
Lost votes - - - - -	0	8
	108	95

This being again a lost vote, it was announced that another ballot would be taken at seven o'clock, to which hour the Synod adjourned.

FOURTH BALLOT.

In the evening the synod re-assembled at the appointed hour, and the fourth ballot was shortly afterwards taken. The attendance of clergymen and lay delegates was quite as numerous as during the afternoon, and the interest displayed in the proceedings through the day had not in the least abated, the friends of each candidate being determined to vigorously keep up the contest. The galleries of the church were filled with a large number of spectators, among whom were many ladies. Before the scrutineers retired on the fourth ballot, a question was raised by a member on the application of Mr. Parker, representing Streetsville, to hand in his ballot after his parish had been called. After some little discussion, the question was referred to the Hon. Mr. Cameron, as chancellor of the diocese, who gave it as his opinion that as the rule had been adopted not to allow a delegate to vote who had not answered to his name when called, he thought it was not desirable to depart from it in the present instance.

Hon. J. H. CAMERON rose to say that his Lordship the Bishop had desired him to intimate to the Synod that the Rev. Dr. Balche, secretary to the House of Bishops in the United States, and canon of Christ Church, Montreal, was present. He had come from Montreal to be present at the missionary meeting which was intended to be held that evening in the Music Hall, and as it was imperative on him to return to Montreal to-morrow, he could not possibly attend the meeting

which was postponed until to-morrow evening, so if it was the wish of the Synod he would address the house before the result of the fourth ballot was made known. Several voices resounded "no," and were understood to proceed from the "Trinity College men," they fearing that Dr. Balche, who is an able member of the Evangelical school, might refer to the election of the Bishop, and in some way prejudice the voting. Dr. Balche therefore declined to address the house.

The scrutineers then entered with the result of their scrutiny, as follows:

	CLERICAL.	LAY.
Rev. Provost Whittaker - -	42	22
Rev. Dr. Fuller - - - - -	27	42
Ven. Archdeac'n Bethune, 23		14
Rev. H. J. Grasett - - - - -	13	6
Lost votes - - - - -	0	8
	105	92

No candidate having received the required vote, made this also a lost vote, so it was necessary to have recourse to another ballot.

FIFTH BALLOT.

	CLERICAL.	LAY.
Rev. Provost Whittaker - -	44	22
Rev. Dr. Fuller - - - - -	28	42
Ven. Archde'cn Bethune, 23		13
Rev. H. J. Grasett - - - - -	12	7
Rev. J. G. Geddes - - - - -	1	0
Rev. J. W. Checkley - - -	0	2
Lost votes - - - - -	0	7
	108	93

The number necessary for a choice not being obtained, his Lordship adjourned the Synod at half-past ten o'clock until to-day at ten o'clock.

ELECTION OF ARCHDEACON BETHUNE.

The Synod met in St. James' Cathedral again at ten o'clock, yesterday, Friday morning, and after the usual opening service, proceeded to the sixth ballot for the election of an assistant bishop.

HIS LORDSHIP intimated his intention of closing the ballot at six o'clock in the

evening, in case a choice were not made by that time.

THE SIXTH BALLOT.

The first ballot yesterday morning resulted as follows:—

	CLERICAL.	LAY.
Rev. Provost Whittaker - -	44	25
Rev. Dr. Fuller - - - - -	26	36
Archdeacon Bethune - - -	25	14
Rev. Mr. Grasett - - - - -	11	8
Rev. Mr. Geddes - - - - -	1	0
Lost votes - - - - -	0	8
	—	—
	107	91

The above was also declared a lost vote, and consequently it was stated that the Synod would adjourn for luncheon, and resume at half-past one o'clock in the afternoon.

THE SEVENTH BALLOT.

Upon resuming at half-past one o'clock the Synod proceeded with the seventh ballot, which resulted as follows:

	CLERICAL.	LAY.
Rev. Provost Whittaker - -	42	25
Rev. Dr. Fuller - - - - -	23	37
Archdeacon Bethune - - -	24	14
Rev. Mr. Grasett - - - - -	11	7
Rev. Mr. Geddes - - - - -	1	0
Archdeacon Patton - - - -	1	0
Rev. Dr. Palmer - - - - -	0	1
Lost votes - - - - -	0	7
	—	—
	102	91

No decision being arrived at, the Bishop adjourned the Synod for an hour, in order that an arrangement might be effected between the respective candidates; and it is understood that the friends of the Provost made an offer for the support of the Archdeacon, on condition, that if the Provost were unsuccessful in the next ballot, his friends would vote for the Archdeacon on the succeeding ballot. The Archdeacon declined to enter into this arrangement, and the ballot was therefore proceeded with, and resulted as follows:—

EIGHTH BALLOT.

	CLERICAL.	LAY.
Rev. Provost Whittaker - -	37	28
Rev. Dr. Fuller - - - - -	21	34
Rev. Mr. Grasett - - - - -	13	7
Archdeacon Bethune - - -	27	18
Archdeacon Patton - - - -	1	0
Lost votes - - - - -	0	5
	—	—
	99	92

This being also a lost vote, the Synod adjourned until seven o'clock.

The Synod resumed again at seven o'clock, but as an effort was being made to come to an arrangement whereby one or more of the candidates might retire, the next and ninth ballot was not proceeded with till nine o'clock, when the registrar, Mr. Harman, made the following announcement to the Synod: "The Provost of Trinity college, rather than continue any longer even a passive occasion to the protracted struggle which this Synod has witnessed during the last two days, has begged the permission of his Lordship, the Bishop, to make known to the Synod, through the registrar of the diocese, his desire that no vote may hereafter be recorded in his favour."

The announcement was received with great satisfaction, and several attempted to applaud this most graceful and christian-like act of the Provost, but such a manifestation of approval was instantly suppressed.

THE NINTH BALLOT.

The ninth ballot was then proceeded with, and at ten o'clock the registrar stood up in his place and stated the result of it as follows:—

	CLERICAL.	LAY.
Archdeacon Bethune - - -	53	47
Rev Dr. Fuller - - - - -	22	32
Rev. Mr. Grasett - - - - -	8	5
Archdeacon Patton - - - -	7	1
Rev. Mr. Geddes - - - - -	1	0
Provost Whittaker - - - -	1	1
Lost votes - - - - -	0	5
	—	—
	92	91

The REGISTRAR stated that the num-

ber of clerical votes necessary to a choice was 47, and that of lay votes 46. The result of the ballot therefore gave the election in favour of the venerable Archdeacon of York.

His LORDSHIP then rose and said that he was greatly gratified to hear that the selection of a coadjutor bishop had been made. He congratulated the whole diocese, as well as the church, on the way in which the business had been conducted in that edifice; and it was with great gladness that he declared, in all their hearing, that the venerable Archdeacon Bethune had been elected coadjutor bishop of the diocese of Toronto, and he hoped that his future life would be what his past had been—just and holy and upright, and in every respect worthy of the high station to which he had been called. His lordship then pronounced the benediction, and the Synod adjourned.

THE COADJUTOR BISHOP OF TORONTO.

From the *Globe* we learn that the newly elected Bishop is a native of Canada, and is sixty-six years of age. He has been longer in orders than any other clergyman named in connection with the office of Coadjutor Bishop. He began his clerical career as a missionary at Grimsby, but removed to his present parish of Cobourg nearly forty years since. For many years he edited the *Church* newspaper, and for a number of years before the establishment of King's College, he conducted a theological institution, established in connection with the Church of England. His appointment as Archdeacon took place on the elevation of Bishop Strachan to the Bishopric of York, over a quarter of a century since. He had labored so long in the service of the Church, that many of the older clergymen adopted him as their candidate, and adhered to him throughout, until the withdrawal of one of the leading candidates paved the way of his success.

It is an observation, confirmed by

the experience of all ages, that when the Church flourished most in outward peace and wealth, it abated most of its spiritual lustre, which is its genuine and true beauty, *opibus major, virtutibus minor*; and when it seemed most miserable by persecutions and sufferings, it was most happy in sincerity, and zeal, and vigour. When the moon shines brightest towards the earth, it is dark heavenwards; and, on the contrary, when it appears not, it is nearest the sun, and clearest towards heaven.

Archbishop Leighton on 1 Pet., iii. 14.

VOX DEI.

The beautiful pyramid of harmless flame
Spelled G O D for Moses; but the thundered
law

Was needed for the wild, unruly crowd.
The awful test of swift-consuming fire
Alone showed Baal false to Baal's friends.
The "still, small voice" touched lone Elijah's
heart,

So God speaks variously to various men,
To some in nature's sternest parables;
To others, in the breath that woos the flowers,
Until they blush and pale and blush again.
To these the Decalogue were just as true
If uttered on a summer Sabbath-day
In village church—To those there is no God,
Till fiery rain has scarred the face of earth.

JOHN READE.

Sunday night, Aug. 12, 1866.

"AS A BIRD THAT WANDERETH FROM
HER NEST, SO IS A MAN THAT
WANDERETH FROM HIS PLACE"—
Proverbs xxvii, 8.

The soul's nest is in God, and, missing him,
It misseeth food and peace and everything,
And, lonely-restless, cannot even sing;
The very light of heaven seems strange and
dim.

And yet, like young birds, in ambitious whim,
The soul is prone to wander from its nest,
To flee the shelter of the warming Breast,
Where lean in glorious trust the Seraphim.
But, as a bird, with loving notes, recalls
Its foolish, truant darlings, so doth God,
With love that on the weary spirit falls,
"Poor wandering soul return, thy true abode.
Is here where I am, near thee; listen, come
Into the nest, which only is thy Home."

JOHN READE.

THE CHORISTER,

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAST CHANGE.

The moon had set and it was perfectly dark, save that a scanty glare came from the smouldering embers which remained in the ante-chapel, and fell on the slumbering figures of the troopers who lay scattered about it.

William started to his feet and stepped down into the centre of the choir. He trembled with anxiety lest he should be too late to escape. The cold dews stood on his brow as he listened long and eagerly to hear if the clock of St. Mary's would strike. He knelt down at the Altar and prayed—"O Father give me thy assistance, and shield me." Then clearly through the still air rung forth the bell of St. Mary's tolling midnight.

"They must now," said the boy to himself—"they must now be assembling, little conscious of the danger they are plunging into—O my God, give me help to save them!"

The Chorister stepped up to Henry Chesterfield—he was not awake—the boy brushed a tear from his eye, and then casting off his shoes began rapidly to climb the pillars of the stalls, and with little difficulty crept into the organ loft—here he paused and looked down upon the guards below. All slept, save the sentry and Hotwaythe, and these two were conversing in a low voice together, when suddenly the former stopped and pointing his pistol to the organ loft, said in a whisper—"There is some one moving there."

"Fool," replied Hotwaythe scornfully, striking up the pistol at the same time—"It is one of the horse boys who went up there to sleep." The man looked doubtfully up at the organ again, but all was still.

At that moment the north door of the chapel opened, and Zedediah Pluck-

over entered, followed by three men-at-arms.

"Corporal," said he in a harsh voice, "choose your men and follow me—there is small time to be lost; all have assembled, and we must destroy the whole nest."

William saw that this was his last chance, and he looked up at the splays of the windows, they were at a considerable height above him for a leap, and he incurred the danger of being seen if he stood on the book board. Taking a long breath he bent back, and then with a bound, like a cat, caught one of the mullions with both hands, and swinging himself out dropped upon one of the side chapels.

It did not take a moment now to leap down, and just as the door of the chapel opened and the band issued forth, he darted off, and e'er long was hurrying down the streets to the old house in Petty Cury. He was admitted directly, as he knew the password, and leaping up stairs, he rushed into the room where the cavaliers were assembled.

"In God's name fly!" he cried breathlessly. "You are betrayed; in three minutes you will all be seized, for the soldiers are now marching up to surround the house."

There were some dozen men there; they started to their feet directly the boy spoke, and now they looked upon one another with faces blank with dismay.

"Fly!" cried William, "There must be no delay, you can escape best by the roof, and so slip down into the back lanes, by St. Edward's, while the troopers are examining the house. There is a trap door in the roof; be speedy, I see them now turning cautiously into the street."

He was obeyed directly, and one by one they escaped on the roof. Just as the last mounted, blows were heard at the door, the boy without delay with-

drew the ladder which had been planted against the wall to creep out of the trap-door by, and as it was but a small one, threw it into a closet to hide it, seeing that this was the only chance, since if he had climbed up to the roof he could not have drawn the steps after him, and the whole party would have inevitably been discovered before they could make their escape: accordingly he took the other alternative, and determined to sacrifice himself for their safety. He hastily cast away everything in the now deserted room which might tend to give it the appearance of having been lately occupied, and then throwing himself down in a corner, lay quietly to await the consequence. The blows at the door were redoubled, and with a shout it was burst open, and a number of men rushed in and poured up stairs, filling the room.

"By Satan they are gone!" cried one of the men.

"What? What sayest thou?" cried Zedediah, pushing his way through with a fearful curse. "Gone!" he cried, grinding his teeth with rage—"Boy answer me," he shrieked, rushing up to William and dragging him to his feet—"Where are they gone? where in Satan's name have they escaped to? Hold! ho! a torch, by my soul it is thou again!" he exclaimed, shaking the boy furiously—"Thou hast warned them! and we will—tear thee limb from limb alive." The boy looked calmly into his face.

"Answer me—where are they?" shouted the corporal, shaking the hilt of his sword over William—"How the devil didst thou escape? and how darest thou come hither?"

"They are gone, curses on him," yelled the Divine half mad with vexation—"They were the best men on the side of that Baal-worshipping Ahab. Ho ye, search every corner of this house, the courts thereof and all that appertaineth thereto!"

Zedediah Pluckover fixed his glowing eyes on the Chorister—all the bad passions of the man (and their name

was legion) were worked to the highest pitch; he had been foiled again by that daring young heart, and now in a case which he thought involved the safety of the Round-head cause in those parts; he had watched all the first gentry of the country round, men of undoubted influence, enter that house—and when he fancied that he had them all under his thumb to crush them, a child had thwarted him—and as he gazed on him, he beheld his face as it were the face of an angel.

William had no fear for himself, he thanked his Father in heaven that he had been permitted to save the king's faithful servants from the grasp of their enemies; he knew that he had done his duty, and all the rest he resigned into the hand of God.

The search in the house had of course been fruitless, and the Chorister knew that by this time the rest of the party must have had ample time to escape.

Angry at their disappointment, the soldiers formed in rank sullenly in the street, and carrying William in the midst reconducted him to the chapel. Here he was again thrust through the screens, but this time a sentry was placed inside to watch him. But the boy thought not of that, he darted forward to Henry Chesterfield, who was standing by the Holy Altar, and throwing his arms round his neck, fell sobbing on his breast—all he could say was, "They are saved—they are saved."

"Willie," replied the young man, weeping and clasping the boy to his heart, "thou art faithful indeed—even unto death."

The Chorister looked up with a sweet smile on his face. "I know," said he, "Zedediah said that I need not think to live, they are all too maddened against me to suffer that—but I believe that my Saviour hath gone before to prepare a place for me."

Henry Chesterfield's tears rolled down his cheeks upon the pale forehead of the boy—he felt that there was little hope.

CHAPTER VIII

CROMWELL.

As soon as morning broke the prisoners heard an unusual disturbance in the ante-chapel, the doors of the screen were flung open, and Cromwell, followed by the corporal and a few men-at-arms, entered.

William was immediately brought before that stern hard-hearted soldier, who stood facing him, fixing his cold gray eyes upon him. But the Chorister, fearless in his innocence, returned the dark gaze with his calm look so full of sweetness and peace.

"Boy," said Cromwell, in a slow husky voice, "Thou hast done us much evil, there is a heavy charge at thy doors—answer for thyself—art thou guilty or not?"

"There can be no doubt," exclaimed Zedekiah, pushing past.

Cromwell glanced angrily at him, and the Divine's sallow countenance fell.

"Child, thou was't first intrusted with some secret correspondence, which, when thou was't by God's grace taken, thou did'st destroy."

"I did," replied the boy quietly.

"When we meditated ridding this place of its nest of hornets—when thou was't imprisoned in this temple of Belial, thou did'st escape and give timely warning to the traitors.

"With God's help I did so."

"Blaspheme not!" cried Cromwell, striking the marble floor with his sword. "It was with the help of Apollyon,"—and fixing his eyes coldly on the boy, he said, "Thou hast saved trouble by thy speedy confession—prepare for the consequences of thy rash act—as a malignant, a traitor, and a spy, I condemn thee to death."

The boy's countenance remained unmoved, save that a slight color like an evening cloud passed over it, brightening as it went.

"Thou hast a bold heart!" said Cromwell, as he turned on his heel, but stopping suddenly, he said, "I give thee a chance, tell me where I may lay my

hand on these arch rebels, that I may drag them by the very horns from their dens."

"And," cried Pluckover, thrusting his brutal face forward, "tell us where those windows are which thou hast hidden."

"Aye," said Cromwell, his dark brow contracting as he glanced sternly on the child, "shew us where they be that we may break them in pieces like a potter's vessel, then shalt thou have thy life awarded thee."

The Chorister indignantly waved him away; Cromwell's color rose, he felt that there was a superiority even in that child over him, which he could not account for.

"Thy moments are counted," he said gloomily; "I give thee ten minutes, no more." So saying he paced out of the chapel, followed by all except one soldier who watched the captives.

The boy flung himself on Henry's neck, he could not speak, but he hid his face in his breast, and wept—then falling on their knees, both prayed long and earnestly. At last rising, the boy unbuckled the little diamond cross from his breast, and gave it to Chesterfield—"Now it is my turn," he said with a smile, "to ask of you to keep that for my sake."

Just then the screen door opened, and Cromwell with half a dozen soldiers entered.

Zedekiah Pluckover had had time to summon Josias Everett, who had not been slow to answer the call—both therefore were present.

"Where art thou going to have him executed?" asked the Puritan with a diabolical grin.

"Before the door—yet hold—we shall have a concourse, and it were well that this be not blazed abroad."

"Here then?" asked Zedekiah, weaving his lean fingers into a knot.

Henry Chesterfield now approached—"Cromwell," he said, "I am surprised that you should think of this foul crime, spare him and take me in his place, that one is but a child—spare him in God's

name—have pity on his young head and God will have pity on you; think you that it is justice to murder this innocent? He hath done thee harm in troth, but it was by the dictates of his own conscience. Have mercy, for mercy is of heaven—shew that it hath not cast thee out.”

“Thy pleading is vain, I have spoken the word, and if this viper were permitted to live would he amend the error of his ways? would he join the side of the Parliament of England?”

“Now God forbend?” said William in a low voice.

“Hear him!” exclaimed Zedediah, “He prayeth that he may remain in the wickedness he hath conceived, and would return as a dog to his vomit!”

“Cromwell!” cried Henry, casting himself on his knees, “I never knelt to any, save my God and my king, till now, nor would I to save my own life, but for that child I would do more; spare him, spare him! and I swear never to draw sword from sheath again.”

“O Henry!” said the boy, the tears standing in his eyes, “Forget not your duty in your kindness to me.”

“Away!” thundered Cromwell, “We have had enough of this dallying, the boy shall die.”

“I forgot,” said Chesterfield, his whole countenance glowing with agony and indignation, “I forgot that the names of Cromwell and of mercy have never run in harness together.”

Cromwell’s gloomy brow flushed at the sarcasm, and in his cold bitter tone he replied, “Thou hast nothing to complain of our lack of mercy, we only destroy those who are dangerous.”

Chesterfield’s eye kindled at the taunt, and his hand glanced to where his sword should be, forgetting that he had been deprived of it. He would have replied, but that now the young martyr stepping forward, asked if his last request might be granted.

“If reasonable, for we are merciful,” said Cromwell.

“I would,” said the boy half hanging his head, “I would that I might die in my white surplice.”

Several of the soldiers ill-restrained

their mirth at the notion, to them ridiculous in the extreme. Little could they understand the sweet train of thought and memories connected with that garment, for they never had loved to count themselves children of the church of God, and they had never delighted in her offices: but this white robe served to remind the child that he had ministered in the service of God, and that on earth he had been employed in the work of the angels in heaven, and that he died in the communion of that church, into which he had been baptized, and under whose wing he had been cherished.

“Thy request is paltry,” said Cromwell, “Go and satisfy thy vanity.”

The child coloured slightly, and under an escort hurried to the sacristy, where he found that the garments used in the service had been torn and scattered, however he found his own which remained unblemished, and casting it over him, returned to the choir. He mounted the Altar steps, and stood facing his murderers. Suddenly there was a scuffle heard in the ante-chapel, and a man pushing past the organ screen, rushed up to where the boy was standing.

William with a cry of joy, darted to him—it was Fleetwood.

“My child,” said the priest, the tears streaming from his eyes, “That I should meet thee now! O Willie! O Willie! thou art true to thy standard and the victory is thine; Death has lost its sting to thee. Blessed art thou that thou art called so early to the bosom of Jesus, without having borne the burden and heat of the day. I rejoice me greatly that yon soldier,” said he inclining his head slightly to Hotwaythe, “Thought to warn me, and that I am come to thee in thy last hour, as thy twilight is closing in.” Suddenly turning to Cromwell, who stood looking on with a gloomy brow, he cried—“It were better that a millstone were fastened about thy neck, and that thou was’t cast into the sea, than that thou should’st hurt one of Christ’s little ones.”

“Oh! blasphemy,” cried Zedediah, recoiling as if in horror—“That he who pretends to have searched the Scriptures,

should thus misquote its language—stop him Cromwell.”

“Retire,” said he to the priest, “thou hast no lot here—our duty must be fulfilled.”

And Fleetwood was parted from the Chorister, who stood now alone before the Holy Altar, in his stainless white robes. His fair young face was turned to heaven and the shadow of angel’s wings seemed passing over it. He was perfectly calm, the fresh bloom was on his cheeks, he had nothing to fear in the advent of death—and now perhaps as he stood on the threshold of the dark unseen, the glories of heaven began to dawn upon him. There was a perfect silence, many of the soldiers trembled, even their hard hearts were touched—but Cromwell fearing this, without a moment’s delay gave the signal.

There was a dove fluttering in the chapel, its white wings glittering in the sun . . . The soldiers fired—and slowly the smoke curled away—

Henry had darted forward and caught the boy in his arms—the dove had disappeared, and the sun was behind a cloud. There issued from the child’s lips one low half drawn sigh and he fell asleep.

Fleetwood stooped over him, the Chorister’s light hair had fallen over the young cavalier’s breast, and the white surplice was stained with blood—he wrapped it around the child, and taking him in his arms laid him down before the Altar and crossed the hands over the breast.

Chesterfield was as pale as the boy’s face, still in the sleep of Death—he passed his hand hurriedly over his brow as if to collect his scattered senses, and then knelt down by that beautiful lifeless form, unconscious of everything save his own misery—he had loved that boy as if he had been his brother, and now that the child had left him he felt alone in the world.

At this moment a figure crept stealthily up, trembling from head to foot—“I did it! O hush—he is asleep. Yet no—it is Death,” said a voice half breathless

with terror; and James Fleetwood turned and saw Josias Everett.

“Oh master,” said he, his teeth chattering—“Say, I did not do it—yet I did. I did—I know I did; he might have escaped but for me”—and shivering with fear the boy tottered away—from that day onward an idiot.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCLUSION.

I have little more to say. Fleetwood after his release from prison, lived quietly through the civil wars and commonwealth, till the restoration of the Royal Family, when he was immediately made Provost of his College. All the windows of that glorious chapel were exhumed and replaced. In Gloucester, beneath the shadow of the ivy mantled church, sleepeth the Chorister, waiting for the Resurrection of the Dead. Henry Chesterfield having no regular charge laid against him, was soon released, when having joined the King, he fought for him to the last; and in the battle of Worcester, was again under the royal banner, and was found stretched upon its blood-sodden field, with a diamond cross glittering upon his heart,

King’s College Chapel is as it was then, the statues were destroyed on either side of the three doors, as well as those which stood above the Altar, but its windows still glow with their rich staining, and the voices of the Choristers still linger along its beautiful vault.

And now with a prayer to Almighty God, that He may ever preserve our Holy Church in her virgin purity, and our loved land from the scourge of civil war and its attendant miseries, Farewell.
S. B. G.

NOTE.—For the Foundation of the Story, see Treumann’s Historical Notices of Collegiate Buildings, viii. § 4 A very rare book.

A person whose life is full of good works, whose heart is devoted to God, whose faith and hope are pure and sincere, will never be surprised by death.

AN ANCIENT PENKNIFE.

JER. 36, 1—32.

His penknife he took, that ancient King,
 As he sat by his parlour fire,
 While lords and princes throng'd around,
 And waited his least desire.
 From his servant he took the Word of God,
 And cut it up, bit by bit,
 And threw it into the blazing fire
 As calmly he there did sit.

That warning to him, in mercy sent,
 He wilfully threw away,
 While his haughty servants looked smilingly on,
 Nor trembled for fear that day.
 He thought to destroy the Holy Word—
 Poor fool! he but drew down
 The sword of the Lord that cut from him
 His kingdom and life and crown.

There be many penknives at work, e'en now,
 On the Word of God, 'tis said;
 But let them beware lest they cut their names
 From the Book of Life instead.
 For, as in the days of that Ancient King
 The Word of the Lord did stand,
 Unharm'd our Bible shall still remain
 The glory of every land.

HOPE GOLDING.

CHILDHOOD.

A flower has secrets sages cannot spell,
 Though they may torture its sweet life to death.
 And yet the flower has lessons for the child,
 "He must be beautiful who made the flower."
 For children have the freshest breath of God;
 And so, the Pen that, wafted by His breath,
 Wrote simple, grand sublimities for men,
 The child knows best. The man forgets child-
 love,

And learns, instead, the art of looking wise,
 From innate memory of the tempting tree.
 (In childhood angels keep this memory dull),
 Yet he, who seeks Christ's kingdom, young or
 old,

Must enter as a child, and He Himself
 Was first hailed King in his Maid-Mother's
 arms.

JOHN READE.

MOSS-SIDE.

ANOTHER STORY OF THE QUEEN'S SELECTION.

Gilbert Ainslie was a poor man; and he had been a poor man all the days of his life, which were not few, for his thin hair was now waxing grey. He had been born and bred on the small moorland farm which he now occupied;

and he hoped to die there, as his father and grandfather had done before him, leaving a family just above the more bitter wants of this world. Labour, hard and unremitting, had been his lot in life; but, although sometimes severely tried, he had never repined, and through all the mist and gloom, and even the storms that had assailed him, he had lived on from year to year in that calm and resigned contentment which unconsciously cheers the hearth-stone of the blameless poor. With his own hands he had ploughed, sowed, and reaped his often scanty harvest, assisted, as they grew up, by three sons, who, even in boyhood, were happy to work along with their father in the fields. Out of doors or in, Gilbert Ainslie was never idle. The spade, the shears, the plough-shaft, the sickle, and the flail, all came readily to hands that grasped them well; and not a morsel of food was eaten under his roof, or a garment worn there, that was not honestly, severely, nobly earned. Gilbert Ainslie was a slave, but it was for them he loved with a sober and deep affection. The thralldom under which he lived God had imposed, and it only served to give his character a shade of silent gravity, but not austere; to make his smiles fewer, but more heartfelt; to calm his soul at grace before and after meals, and to kindle it in morning and evening prayer.

There is no need to tell the character of the wife of such a man. Meek and thoughtful, yet gladsome and gay withal, her heaven was in her house; and her gentler and weaker hands helped to bar the door against want. Of ten children that had been born to them, they had lost three; and as they had fed, clothed, and educated them respectably, so did they give them who died, a respectable funeral. The living did not grudge to give up, for a while, some of their daily comforts, for the sake of the dead; and bought, with the little sums which their industry had saved, decent mournings, worn on Sabbath, and then carefully laid by. Of the seven that survived, two sons and a daughter were farm-servants in the neighbourhood, while two

sons and two daughters remained at home, growing, or grown up, a small, happy, hard-working household.

Many cottages are there in Scotland like Moss-side, and many such humble and virtuous cottagers as were now beneath its roof of straw. The eye of the passing traveller may mark them, or mark them not, but they stand peacefully in thousands over all the land; and most beautiful do they make it, through all its wide valleys and narrow glens,—its low holms, encircled by the rocky walls of some bonny burn,—its green mounts elated with their little crowning groves of plane-trees,—its yellow corn-fields,—its bare pastoral hill-sides, and all its healthy moors, on whose black bosom lie shining or concealed glades of excessive verdure, inhabited by flowers, and visited only by the far-flying bees. Moss-side was not beautiful to a careless or hasty eye; but, when looked on and surveyed, it seemed a pleasant dwelling. Its roof, overgrown with grass and moss, was almost as green as the ground out of which its weather-stained walls appeared to grow. The moss behind it was separated from a little garden, by a narrow slip of arable land, the dark colour of which showed that it had been won from the wild by patient industry, and by patient industry retained. It required a bright sunny day to make Moss-side fair; but then it was fair indeed; and when the brown moor-land birds were singing their short songs among the rushes and the heather, or a lark, perhaps lured thither by some green barley field for its undisturbed rest, rose ringing all over the enlivened solitude, the little bleak farm smiled like the paradise of poverty, sad and affecting in its lone and extreme simplicity. The boys and girls had made some plots of flowers among the vegetables that the little garden supplied for their homely meals; pinks and carnations, brought from walled gardens of rich men further down the cultivated strath, grew here with somewhat diminished lustre; a bright show of tulips had a strange beauty in the midst of that moorland; and the

smell of roses mixed well with that of clover, the beautiful fair clover that loves the soil and the air of Scotland, and gives the rich and balmy milk to the poor man's lips.

In this cottage, Gilbert's youngest child, a girl about nine years of age, had been lying for a week in a fever. It was now Saturday evening, and the ninth day of the disease. Was she to live or die? It seemed as if a few hours were between the innocent creature and heaven. All the symptoms were those of approaching death. The parents knew well the change that comes over the human face, whether it be infancy, youth, or prime, just before the departure of the spirit; and as they stood together by Margaret's bed, it seemed to them that the fatal shadow had fallen upon her features. The surgeon of the parish lived some miles distant, but they expected him now every distant moment, and many a wistful look was directed by tearful eyes along the moor. The daughter who was out at service came anxiously home on this night, the only one that could be allowed her; for the poor must work in their grief, and servants must do their duty to those whose bread they eat, even when nature is sick—sick at heart. Another of the daughters came in from the potato-field beyond the brae, with what waste to be their frugal supper. The calm noiseless spirit of life was in and around the house, while death seemed dealing with one who, a few days ago, was like light upon the floor, and the sound of music, that always breathed up when most wanted; glad and joyous in common talk—sweet, silvery, and mournful, when it joined in hymn or psalm. One after the other, they all continued going up to the bedside, and then coming away sobbing or silent, to see their merry little sister, who used to keep dancing all day like a butterfly in meadow-field, or, like a butterfly with shut wings on a flower, trifling for a while in the silence of her joy, now tossing restlessly on her bed, and scarcely sensible to the words of endearment

whispered around her, or kisses dropped with tears, in spite of themselves, on her burning forehead.

Utter poverty often kills the affections; but a deep, constant, and common feeling of this world's hardships, and an equal participation in all those struggles by which they may be softened, unite husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, in thoughtful and subdued tenderness, making them happy indeed, while the circle round the fire is unbroken, and yet preparing them every day to bear the separation, when some one or other is taken slowly or suddenly away. Their souls are not moved by fits and starts, although, indeed, nature sometimes will wrestle with necessity; and there is a wise moderation both in the joy and the grief of the intelligent poor, which keeps lasting trouble away from their earthly lot, and prepares them silently and unconsciously for Heaven.

"Do you think the child is dying?" said Gilbert, with a calm voice, to the surgeon, who, on his wearied horse, had just arrived from another sick-bed, over the misty range of hills, and had been looking steadfastly for some minutes on the little patient. The humane man knew the family well, in the midst of whom he was standing, and replied, "While there is life there is hope; but my pretty little Margaret is, I fear, in the last extremity." There was no loud lamentation at these words—all had before known, though they would not confess it to themselves, what they now were told—and though the certainty that was in the words of the skilful man made their hearts beat for a little with sicker throbbings, made their pale faces paler, and brought out from some eyes a greater gush of tears, yet death had been before in this house, and in this case he came, as he always does, in awe, but not in terror. There were wandering and wavering and dreamy delirious fantasies in the brain of the innocent child; but the few words she indistinctly uttered were affecting, not rending to the heart, for it was plain that she thought herself

herding her sheep in the green silent pastures, and sitting wrapped in her plaid upon the low and sunny side of the Birkknove. She was too much exhausted—there was too little life—too little breath in her heart, to frame a tune; but some of her words seemed to be from favourite old songs; and at last her mother wept, and turned aside her face, when the child, whose blue eyes were shut, and her lips almost still, breathed out these lines of the beautiful twenty-third Psalm:—

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

The child was now left with none but her mother by the bedside, for it was said to be best so; and Gilbert and his family sat down round the kitchen fire, for a while, in silence. In about a quarter of an hour, they began to rise calmly, and to go each to his allotted work. One of the daughters went forth with a pail to milk the cow, and another began to set out the table in the middle of the floor for supper, covering it with a white cloth. Gilbert viewed the usual household arrangements with a solemn and untroubled eye; and there was almost the faint light of a grateful smile on his cheek, as he said to the worthy surgeon, "You will partake of our fare, after your day's travel and toil of humanity?" In a short silent half-hour the potatoes and oat-cakes, butter and milk, were on the board; and Gilbert, lifting up his toil-hardened but manly hand, with a slow motion, at which the room was as hushed as if it had been empty, closed his eyes in reverence, and asked a blessing. There was a little stool, on which no one sat, by the old man's side. It had been put there unwittingly, when the other seats were all placed in their usual order; but the golden head that was wont to rise at that part of the table was now wanting. There was silence—not a word was said—their meal was before them—God had been thanked, and they began to eat.

While they were at their silent meal, a horseman came galloping to the door,

and, with a loud voice, called out that he had been sent express with a letter to Gilbert Ainslie; at the same time rudely, and with an oath, demanding a dram for his trouble. The eldest son, a lad of eighteen, fiercely seized the bridle of his horse, and turned its head away from the door. The rider, somewhat alarmed at the flushed face of the powerful stripling, threw down the letter and rode off. Gilbert took the letter from his son's hand, casting, at the same time, a half-upbraiding look on his face, that was returning to its former colour. "I feared,"—said the youth, with a tear in his eye,—“I feared that the brute's voice, and the trampling of the horse's feet, would have disturbed her.” Gilbert held the letter hesitatingly in his hand, as if afraid at that moment to read it; at length he said aloud to the surgeon: “You know that I am a poor man, and debt, if justly incurred, and punctually paid when due, is no dishonour.” Both his hand and his voice shook slightly as he spoke, but he opened the letter from the lawyer, and read it in silence. At this moment his wife came from her child's bedside, and, looking anxiously at her husband, told him “not to mind about the money, that no man who knew him would arrest his goods, or put him into prison. Though, dear me, it is cruel to be put to thus, when our bairn is dying, and when, if so it be the Lord's will, she should have a decent burial, poor innocent, like them that went before her.” Gilbert continued reading the letter with a face on which no emotion could be discovered; and then, folding it up, he gave it to his wife, told her she might read it if she chose, and then put it into his desk in the room, beside the poor dear bairn. She took it from him, without reading it, and crushed it into her bosom: for she turned her ear towards her child, and thinking she heard it stir, ran out hastily to its bedside.

Another hour of trial passed, and the child was still swimming for its life. The very dogs knew there was grief in

the house, and lay without stirring, as if hiding themselves, below the long table at the window. One sister sat with an unfinished gown on her knees, that she had been sewing for the dear child, and still continued at the hopeless work, she scarcely knew why: and often, often, putting up her hand to wipe away a tear. “What is that?” said the old man to his eldest daughter, “what is that you are laying on the shelf?” She could scarcely reply that it was a ribbon and an ivory comb that she had brought for little Magaret, against the night of the dancing-school ball. And at these words the father could not restrain a long, deep, and bitter groan; at which the boy, nearest in age to his dying sister, looked up weeping in his face; and, letting the tattered book of old ballads, which he had been poring on, but not reading, fall out of his hands, he rose from his seat, and, going into his father's bosom, kissed him, and asked God to bless him; for the holy heart of the boy was moved within him; and the old man, as he embraced him, felt that, in his innocence and simplicity, he was indeed a comforter. “The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away,” said the old man; “blessed be the name of the Lord!”

The outer door gently opened, and he whose presence had in former years brought peace and resignation hither, when their hearts had been tried even as they now were tried, stood before them. On the night before the Sabbath, the minister of Auchindown never left his Manse, except, as now, to visit the sick or dying bed. Scarcely could Gilbert reply to his first question about his child, when the surgeon came from the bedroom, and said, “Magaret seems lifted up by God's hand above death and the grave: I think she will recover, she has fallen asleep, and, when she wakes, I hope—I—believe—that the danger will be past, and that your child will live.”

They were all prepared for death; but now they were found unprepared for life. One wept that had till then

locked up all her tears within her heart; another gave a short palpitating shriek; and the tender-hearted Isobel, who had nursed the child when it was a baby, fainted away. The youngest brother gave way to gladsome smiles; and calling out his dog Hector, who used to sport with him and his little sister on the moor, he told the tidings to the dumb irrational creature, whose eyes, it is certain, sparkled with a sort of joy. The clock for some days had been prevented from striking the hours; but the silent fingers pointed to the hour of nine; and that, in the cottage of Gilbert Ainslie, was the stated hour of family worship. His own honoured minister took the book;

"He waled a portion with judicious care;
And, Let us worship God, he said, with
solemn air."

A chapter was read—a prayer said; and so, too, was sung a psalm; but it was sung low, and with suppressed voices, lest the child's saving sleep might be broken; and now and then the female voices trembled, or some one of them ceased altogether; for there had been tribulation and anguish, and now hope and faith were tried in the joy of thanksgiving.

The child still slept; and its sleep seemed more sound and deep. It appeared almost certain that the crisis was over, and that the flower was not to fade. "Children," said Gilbert, "our happiness is in the love we bear to one another; and our duty is in submitting to and serving God. Gracious, indeed, has He been unto us. Is not the recovery of our little darling, dancing, singing Margaret, worth all the gold that ever was mined? If we had had thousands of thousands, would we not have filled up her grave with the worthless dross of gold, rather than that she should have gone down there with her sweet face and all her rosy smiles?" There was no reply; but a joyful sobbing all over the room.

"Never mind the letter, nor the debt, father," said the eldest daughter. "We have all some little things of our own—a few pounds—and we shall be

able to raise as much as will keep arrest and prison at a distance. Or if they do take our furniture out of the house, all except Margaret's bed, who cares? We will sleep on the floor; and there are potatoes in the field, and clear water in the spring. We need fear nothing, want nothing; blessed be God for all his mercies!"

Gilbert went into the sick-room, and got the letter from his wife, who was sitting at the head of the bed, watching with a heart blessed beyond all bliss, the calm and regular breathings of her child. "This letter," said he, mildly, "is not from a hard creditor. Come with me while I read it aloud to our children." The letter was read aloud, and it was well fitted to diffuse pleasure and satisfaction through the dwelling of poverty. It was from an executor to the will of a distant relative, who had left Gilbert Ainslie £1500.

"The sum," said Gilbert, "is a large one to folks like us, but not, I hope, large enough to turn our heads, or make us think ourselves all lords and ladies. It will do more, far more, than put me fairly above the world at last. I believe, that, with it, I may buy this very farm, on which my forefathers have toiled. But God, whose providence has sent this temporal blessing, may he send us wisdom and prudence how to use it, and humble and grateful hearts to us all."

"You will be able so send me to school all the year round now, father," said the youngest boy. "And you may leave the flail to your sons now, father," said the eldest. "You may hold the plough still, for you draw a straighter furrow than any of us; but hard work for young sinews; and you may sit now oftener in your arm-chair by the ingle. You will not need to rise now in the dark, cold, and snowy winter mornings, and keep thrashing corn in the barn for hours by candle-light, before the late dawing."

There was silence, gladness, and sorrow, and but little sleep in Moss-side, between the rising and the setting of the stars, that were now out in thousands,

clear, bright, and sparkling over the unclouded sky. Those who had laid down for an hour or two in bed, could scarcely be said to have slept; and when about morning little Margaret awoke, an altered creature, pale, languid, and unable to turn herself on her lowly bed, but with meaning in her eyes, memory in her mind, affection in her heart, and coolness in all her veins, a happy group were watching the first faint smile that broke over her features; and never did one who stood there forget that Sabbath morning, on which she seemed to look around upon them all with a gaze of fair and sweet bewilderment, like one half conscious of having been rescued from the power of the grave.

A DONKEY TEACHING PHILOSOPHY.

"Who'd be a donkey?" said a smart looking horse that was grazing in a meadow, under the hedge of which a heavily-laden donkey was picking up a thistle.

"Who'd be a donkey?" said a cow in the opposite meadow, looking at him through the gate.

"Who'd be a donkey?" said an elderly gentleman dressed in black, walking in a reflecting manner up the road, his arms crossed behind his back, and his cane under his arm.

"Friends," said the donkey, with a very long piece of bramble hanging from his mouth, "you'll excuse me speaking while I'm eating, which is not polite; but in order to set your benevolent hearts at rest, I beg to assure you that I'd be a donkey."

"Well," said the horse, "there's no accounting for tastes. I wouldn't. Do you mean to say that you prefer your ragged pasture out there to my delicious fare here?"

"I never tasted yours," said the donkey, "mine is very pleasant."

"Do you mean to say, friend," asked the cow, "that you prefer carrying that heavy load to living at ease, as I do?"

"I never lived at ease, I am used to my burden," said the donkey.

"I should think, my poor fellow," said the gentleman, "you would be glad to change places even with your master, vagabond that he is. You would certainly escape beating and starvation. I see the marks on your poor head where his blows have been, and your ribs plainly tell what your ordinary fare is."

"Sir," said the donkey, "I am greatly obliged to you for your pity, but I assure you it is misplaced; my master is more of a brute than I am, both when he gets intoxicated, and when he beats me. I don't like beating, especially about the head; but it is a part of my lot to bear it, and when the pain is past I forget it. As to starving, there are degrees in starvation; I am many points from the bottom of the scale, as you may see from the delicate piece of bramble I was finishing when you spoke. I believe my master, who cannot dine on a hedge, more frequently suffers from hunger than I do."

"Well, my friend," said the gentleman, "your philosophy is great; but that burden must be too much for you: it is twice too heavy for your size."

"It is heavy, sir; but who is without a burden? You, sir, for instance—pardon me; not for worlds of thistles would I bring you on a par with a poor donkey—you are, as I should judge, the clergyman of this parish."

"Yes," said the gentleman.

"And you have a family?"

"Yes, six children."

"And servants, of course?"

"Yes, three."

"Dear me," said the donkey, "Sir, excuse me again; but what is my burden to yours? A parish, six children, and three servants?"

"Oh, but my cares are such that I am constituted to bear them."

"Just so, sir," said the donkey, "and my burden fits my back. The truth is, sir, I believe—and I would recommend you (once more excuse me) to put into your next sermon—that half, and more than half, of our wants are created; half

and more than half, of our miseries are imaginary; half, and more than half, of our blessings are lost, for want of seeing them. I have learned this from my mother, who was a very sensible donkey, and my experience of life has shown me its truth. With neither of my friends over the hedges would I change places, scornful as they look, while I say it. As for you, sir, let me tell you that a thunder storm, which will not touch my old gray coat will spoil your new one; and I advise you to run for it, while I finish my dinner."

OUR BEST.

We never do our Best; we seldom try
To pass the barrier of comparison,
"As good as, better than, some other one,"
That is enough for such as you or I.
Or else "need we attempt to reach the sky
Where those stars shine?" and so, we seek the
ground,

And grovel, as though we our place had found;
Content, if now and then we gaze on high,
To do our best, *that is to work as blind*
To all but God, and let Him judge the work,
If worthy of his gifts, nor ever shirk
His work for any thought of human kind.
For as we best serve Him, we best serve man,
By doing, single-eyed, what good we can.

JOHN READE.

A PRAYER FOR THOSE WHO FEAR
CHOLERA.

Surrounded with disease and death,
Infection links in every breath;
Dear Lord thy people now preserve
From the sad plagues their sins deserve.
Thy glorious shield around us throw,
Where e'er we are, where e'er we go;
Tho' Death's dread shafts fly thick around,
Sheathe, sheathe them harmless in the ground.

Sweet be the air, and fill'd with good,
And pure the fountain, and the food,
That saints may live to praise thy name,
And sinners live to do the same.

Blow soft ye healthful breezes, now,
And touch with health each drooping brow;
Circle the world around, and raise
Our mournful hearts to joy and praise.

Thou art an emblem of the breath
Of God, that saves our souls from death;
Awake, O Heavenly wind, and bring
Salvation on thy healing wing!

HOPKINS GOLDING.

NOTES OF LESSONS ON THE APOSTLES'
CREED, FOR THE USE OF SUNDAY
SCHOOL TEACHERS.

LESSON No. 1.

The use of a Creed.

A formulary of this kind was adopted from a very early time for the convenience of new converts to Christ, to supply them with a concise form of words in which to make profession of faith in their baptism. Comp. 2 Tim. i., 13; Rom. vi., 17.

Traces of a Creed in the New Testament.

- (a.) Instance of the Eunuch. Acts viii. 37.
(b.) The Gospel delivered by St. Paul to the Corinthians. 1 Cor., xv., 3-4.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I.—Belief in God the Father.

- 1.—Belief in His existence.

Speak of

- (a.) The works of nature, their order and harmony, and especially *the evidence of design* which they afford, and which is the strongest external evidence we can have to the existence of God.
(b.) The universal consent of mankind.
(c.) Man's religious instincts. He requires an object of worship.

- 2.—Belief in the perfection of His nature.

Divine qualities.	}	Goodness. Justice. Mercy. Wisdom. Omnipotence.	}	Divine Essences.	}	Spiritual,—“God is a Spirit.”
						Invisible,—“No man hath seen God at any time.”
						Omnipresent,—“Whither shall I go from thy presence?”

- 3.—Belief in His relation to us.

Expressed by the term Father.

- (a.) The Father of the Only begotten Son.
(b.) The Father, by adoption, of all true believers in Christ.
(c.) The universal Father by Creation.

- 4.—Belief in His Love and Providence.

- (a.) He is our immediate Protector.
(b.) The promises made to us in His Word are sure.

THE TRUE NUN OF GOD'S NUNNERY.

A DIALOGUE.

Priest.—Miss Anna, I rejoice to see you after so long an absence, more especially as I have for some time wished to converse with you on the subject of becoming a nun, and devoting yourself to God.

Miss Anna.—Dear Sir, if to devote myself to God is to be a nun, I am one already, for I have done so from my childhood.

Priest.—I mean to say I should like to see you retire from the world.

Anna.—The world! I hardly know what it is. My own family and a few of the neighbors is the only world with which I am acquainted.

Priest.—I mean I should wish to see you take the veil, and go into a convent.

Anna.—The veil of which St. Paul speaks—“modesty and shame-facedness”—and of which I trust I am not destitute, is the only one of which I have seen mention in Scripture. As for a convent, my home is my convent; and, as St. Paul enjoins, “I am a keeper at home.”

Priest.—And do you never leave home?

Anna.—Only with the consent of the Lady Abbess—I mean my mother and *Superior* in all things.

Priest.—Ahem! but if you were a nun, you would be a bride of Christ, and would not that be an honour indeed?

Anna.—I am His already—as the Scripture says—I am my Beloved, and my Beloved is mine; and Christ says: “Whoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother.”

Priest.—You are a strange girl. Who is your Father confessor, and did he teach you all this?

Anna.—God is my confessor; and he absolves me from all sin through the blood of his son. He teaches me also by His Word and Spirit.

Priest.—But if you were a true nun you would have sister nuns to cheer, sustain and comfort you.

Anna.—I have—I have the very ones our good Lord in His Providence gave me; loving and tender sisters, and brothers also.

Priest.—You would have time also for prayers, fastings and vigils.

Anna.—I have been taught to watch and pray without ceasing, and sometimes fast also; but always in secret.

Priest.—Pray without ceasing! How can you do that, surrounded as you are by the world, and your attention taken up by worldly employments?

Anna.—I ask for God's blessing on all I do,

pray for all those I meet, and thank God for all I receive.

Priest.—And do you fast also?

Anna.—As I said before, I fast sometimes in secret, according to God's Word. I also fast from my own way, or wilfulness, the foolish pleasures of this world, and from all excess in food and dress.

Priest.—But why do you not dress as the nuns do; it is more becoming to women professing godliness, and devoted to holiness.

Anna.—Sir, I dress as Providence makes convenient, and as shall excite the least observation.

Priest.—And do you never pray to the Virgin?

Anna.—Dear Sir, if I pray to God without ceasing, as he commands me to do, I have no time to pray to the Virgin; neither did she at any time ask me to do so.

Priest.—Your Crucifix and Rosary are, I see, quite laid aside?

Anna.—Yes, reverend sir, Christ's cross and image are in my heart, and I need them not; and she that prays without ceasing has no need of a rosary. God's Providence will teach her suitable prayers, for “out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.”

Priest.—But holy nuns are full of pious and good works; what can you shew of these?

Anna.—I can say nothing except that I assist my dear mother to the utmost of my ability. I also nurse my poor sick father—which I could not do if I were a nun—I teach my little brothers and sisters, and the servants also. I have a class to instruct in the Sabbath School, and sing in the choir. My poor neighbours I visit and relieve to the utmost of my ability.

Priest.—But, my child, were you in a convent, the strictness of its rule would keep you constant to your duties without disturbance.

Anna.—Ah! dear sir, we have God's Word for our rule and guide; and if we mind not that, “neither would we hear if one rose from the dead.”

Priest.—In a convent you would be *obliged* to attend to your duties; it would not be left to your choice or discretion.

Anna.—True; but I have been taught that

“God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.”

St. Paul, also, in his epistles, says we should “shew piety at home, and requite our parents.”

Priest.—You have, my dear child, indeed, shewn me “a more excellent way.”

HOPE GOLDING.

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

The human mind is generally slow to believe that very great effects may be compassed by very simple means. In religion especially, in every branch of it, whether it be to understand it or to practise it, it is apt to conjure up difficulty, if only that it may better excuse to itself its own ignorance, or perplexity, or disobedience. It loves the darkness rather than the light, from instinctive conviction that there is much in men which the light shall rebuke. It scarce thanks the hand which offers to lift from it the veil that shrouds it and to show unto it the splendours and consolations and power of God's truth. But you may ask proof that the Spirit, if prayed so to do, and if obeyed in godly living, shall lead you, each of you, without any intervention whatever between the Spirit and each of you, unto such knowledge of saving truth as may be sufficient in the case of each of you. Then hear to this end what the Scripture saith, "The Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we know him that is true"—and again, "When the Spirit of Truth is come, he will guide you into all truth"—and more especially this passage, "The Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God. The things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God. The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. Now we have received the Spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God;—and yet this passage, as particularly, "Ye have an unction from the Holy One" (meaning, ye have the Holy Spirit poured out on you), "and ye know all things; but the anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any

man teach you; but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him." And thus prays Paul for the Ephesians, "I cease not to make mention of you in my prayers, that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Glory, may give unto you the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him, the eyes of your understanding being enlightened." And thus he prays for the Colossians, "We do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding, increasing in the knowledge of God." And thus if we pray, so will it be unto us; and if thus we pray not, so will it not be unto us. The Spirit given unto us will rest within us a grieved and a grieving Spirit, until we seek its aid; but seeking its aid, it will give it, and more than we ask. And it is God's Spirit, the Spirit of Wisdom and of Truth, and wisdom it will give, and unto truth it will guide. It will do this, for it is bound by God's promise to do this. It was because it could and should do this, that Christ won it from heaven, and sent it down to men. But not only by prayer must it be sought. Prayer may be hollow, the mere word of the lip. It must be the prayer of the true heart; and the heart shows its truth but in one way, the loving God's will, and the endeavour to do it. Therefore, it is not to the prayer only that the help and guidance of God's Spirit unto the attainment of truth, and the discerning of the truth amid the doctrines of men, are promised; but to the prayer of him who shows his love and sincerity by heartily endeavouring to do that will of God which his word reveals. Thus St. Paul says, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." And thus our Saviour saith, "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed, and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make ye free."—*Dean Elliot.*

THE CROSS AND FLOWERS.

"Set your affections on things above."—Col. 3, 2.

Some twine the Cross with flowers—

The fading flowers of earth—

Their transient grace and beauty,

Alas, are little worth.

Alas, are little worth ;

But peace and hope and love

Shall deck the Cross with beauty—

A beauty from above.

The Cross of pain and sorrow,

How holly it shines,

Entwined with sweet submission

And patience—tender vines.

Blossoms of joy and hope,

Buds of immortal bloom,

These deck the Cross with beauty,

And charm away its gloom.

Meekness the pure white lily,

O twine the Cross with this

Fairest of earthly flowers—

True harbinger of bliss.

True harbinger of bliss,

And Hearts-ease flower of peace,

O twine the Cross with flowers

From Paradise are these!

HOPE GOLDING.

A COMPLIMENT FROM VIRGINIA.

The Rev. George A. Smith, formerly editor of the *Southern Churchman*, and the *Episcopal Recorder*, of Virginia, a most accomplished writer, and able Divine, in a letter to his children in Montreal, mentions in the kindest terms the Editor of this Magazine, and his children, very dear to the Editor, permit the publication of them:—

"It was only the haste of writing too which prevented my replying to what you wrote of Col. McMillin. I have seldom read anything to affect me more. I am at Taylor Berry's, near Amhurst, C. H. On mentioning Col. McMillin to him, it appears that he was here on his way to escape from the country. Capt. B. says he was the bitterest man against the Yankees he ever met with. [The description is accurate.] I am much interested for him, and would be glad to know more of him. Is he a churchman and a pious man? I should

suppose so from his being editor of a religious magazine. Did he write the article "The Little Fountain" ? [yes,] and does it, in its thankful and humble spirit, represent his own feelings ? [At times only.] I think it is a lesson for us all, and I feel encouraged like him to be thankful, and rejoice in every beauty and blessing of nature. I read both your account, and the article referred to, to Mrs. G., and Mrs. M. and Mr. Martin were present, and said the latter 'was a gem.'

"Your affectionate father,

"G. A. SMITH."

The great trial that is not yet passed over the south, is our patent of nobility. The soldier who faithfully faced the foe, until from exhaustion his weapons fell from his hands, shall in the minds of all brave and honorable men forever rank as of gentle blood.

This noble patriarch, and guide of the church, the father of brave sons and patriotic daughters, stands as he always has done in defiance to the foe, but in humble submission to God.

TRINITY COLLEGE,

TORONTO, August 28th, 1866.

SIR,

We have been instructed by the Council of the Trinity College Literary Institute, in which is vested the control of the Reading Room for the benefit of the Students of the University, to solicit a copy of your Magazine, for the use of the Reading Room. Should you see fit to grant this request, it is believed that the members of the Institute will gladly and thankfully avail themselves of the advantages thus offered them, and will not be unmindful of the kindness which contributes to their gratification.

We have the honor to be,

Yours, most obediently,

G. RUSSELL LEE, *Secretary.*

E. HORACE MUSSEN, *Curator.*

To the Publisher of the *Church of Old England.*

We felt so much flattered and pleased at the reception of this note, that we had the first volume bound for their use, and sent it to the Reading Room.

Young gentlemen, one word of advice: The mantle of church and state will soon fall upon your shoulders,—loose no time in preparing for your places.—*Editor.*

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The Editor must be made acquainted with the real names of correspondents.

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NOTE.—In justice to "Hope Golding" we respectfully suggest to our readers the propriety of reading that portion of the Bible to which she refers in connection with her "Ancient Penknife;" and so of any other pieces that may appear.

The *Advertiser* believes that the Rev. Leicester I. ync, known as Father Ignatius, is to be ordained as a priest of the Church of England, the Primate and the Bishop of London having, it is reported, agreed to such a step, under certain conditions on the Reverend Father's part.