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CHURCH CHRONICLE.

FOR THE

DIOCESE OF MONTREAL.

"Men speak not with the instruments of writing, neither write with the instruments of speech, and yet things recorded with the one and uttered with the other may be preached well enough with both."

HOOKER. Bk. V. c. 21.

VOL. II.—No. 2.]

JUNE, 1861.

[2s. 6d. PER AN.

DIOCESAN SYNOD.

On Tuesday, 18th June, there will be Divine Service at the Cathedral with the Holy Communion at 11 o'clock and the Synod will afterwards assemble in the Cathedral School-room for the transaction of business at 2 o'clock.

The collection for the purpose of defraying the expenses of Synod is arranged to be made on the 16th of June and it is requested that a return of such collections may be sent to the Secretary previous to the opening of the present session.

CHURCH SOCIETY OFFICE.

MAY, 23rd, 1861.

The quarterly meeting of the Central Board of the Church Society will be held at this office on the conclusion of the business of the Diocesan Synod.

DIVISIONS OF CHRISTIANS.*

The *rev. F. C. Massingberd* then rose and said, the resolution which I propose now to submit is this:—

Humbly to represent to his Grace and their lordships that it appears to this house to be a subject which might fitly occupy the attention of this Convocation, whether it might not lead under the Divine blessing, towards the accomplishment of an object so earnestly to be desired and so anxiously to be sought as the reunion of the divided members of Christ's body in our country, if their lordships would be pleased to commend the subject in some definite and formal way, to the prayers of the faithful members of the Church.

* According to the promise in our last number we print the speech of Mr. Massingberd, delivered in the last meeting of the Convocation of the Province Canterbury. Our readers will not we think object to its length as the subject with which it deals of is one of so much importance and of such great interest.

I beg leave before I proceed to point out any particular course by which I think it possible that some steps towards this great object of the reconciliation and reunion of the divided members of Christ's body in this country might be accomplished, to say that I do not ask you to adopt any course whatever to that end; and I take special care to name that circumstance, in order that no views of mine may interfere with your adopting the resolution which I desire to place before you, namely, to promote the object which I have specially in view in this motion, of making it the subject of general prayer throughout the Church of England. I believe, sir, I need not dwell here upon the evils resulting from this separation. I have, almost to my surprise, found reason to know that there are indeed some in the present day who have come even to think that there is good in separation; to think that each time another sect arises, it is as it were another instance of the formation of another of those societies which are engaged in the cause of truth. But amongst ourselves I say that there can be none who think so; not, indeed, that it is for a moment to be thought that we deplore, as we must and do deplore those miserable divisions which distract the cause of religion and of Divine truth in this land, from any selfish motives; not that it is because it may be thought to tend to any loss to ourselves, or to any disadvantage to ourselves, or that we have regard to any personal matters;—and I say this only because some observations of the kind have formerly been made when the subject has been mentioned, in some of the journals of the day. I speak with the utmost confidence when I say that it is from no such feelings and no such motives that the clergy and I believe also a very large proportion of the religious laity of the Church of England are anxiously desirous to take such steps towards the accomplishment of so great an object as that which I am bringing before you; but it is on account of its obstruction to true piety—it is on account of the way in which these miserable divisions occupy men's minds and thoughts at a time when they should be devoted to higher and holier causes—it is, above all, on account of its tendency to the promotion of infidelity. I hope it will not be supposed that I charge any particular party with a desire to promote infidelity. I am not here to accuse others; on the contrary, I believe we ought all to admit that *Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extrâ*, and to confess that there are faults on both sides, and if we are anxious for reconciliation we must be ready to acknowledge faults. But infidelity is promoted even by the circumstance of men seeing how little agreement there is, and how much less there seems to be than should be apparent in a religious country. This we cannot doubt; and we cannot doubt, at the same time, that the energies of many highly religious men, which are now distracted in these miserable controversies, might be devoted to a much better purpose in refuting existing heresies, or in promoting the cause of truth. Nor can we doubt that the existence of these dissensions reacts in a most disadvantageous way upon the minds of all engaged in them. We cannot doubt that a higher state of piety might be obtained by men if they were not engaged in these dissensions which now engage their minds. Above all, we cannot forget, and I hope we never shall, the words of our Divine Master himself, that “by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have charity—if ye have love one to another.” And it is not only at home that this feeling assails us—it is felt also abroad. We boast of our power, we boast of our commerce, and we boast of our importance, till I cannot but think that many good men must tremble, while they hear the boast, to remember whose it is to raise and whose to destroy that power, and that it is as easy to destroy that greatness and that importance which had been granted, and might expect them to be destroyed if they were not used for the purpose for which they were given. But while this empire flourishes, while in our colonies and wherever our flag with the banner of the cross upon it is held to view,

we are in our humble way endeavouring to plant along with our power the truth of the religion of Jesus Christ, what an obstacle must it not be when these poor heathens, whom we invite to accept the blessings we offer them of Christian truth, are taught by ourselves that they are to come into one community which we teach to be the true body of Christ, and are taught by others that there are other bodies equally or even more claiming to be the true body! What an obstacle it must be in their minds—this teaching of the truth itself in so many various ways! It must show them that we are not agreed among ourselves as to what is the truth, or what is the acceptable form in which we should worship God. But if we turn from that view we may be consoled by seeing in various ways and on various occasions a manifestation of the tendency of men's minds towards the recovery of Christian union, and I think we can hardly fail in observing this, to remember that it has been according to almost all history that when the time has come at which it has pleased God that any great movement should take place, it has generally been found that men's minds have been stirred towards it individually in many directions at the same time. It has been found so even in regard to physical discoveries, and that is probably the cause of the disputes which from time to time have arisen in reference to the origin of such discoveries. It has also been found so with regard to great changes in men's minds respecting moral and religious truths. If then, it be so, we have proofs that it is even now the pleasure of Almighty God to stir men's minds towards the recovery of unity in various quarters and in various ways. I need not dwell upon many of those ways, but they are not confined to our own community alone. Perhaps, sir, I may be allowed to read a few words from a pamphlet entitled *Hints on Christian Union*, by the Rev. John Paul, B.A., incumbent of Twigworth, Gloucestershire. He says, "by persons of all stations—prelates, beneficed clergymen, ministers of various dissident communions, and laymen, yes even artisans, this sentiment has been reiterated—'The attempt to promote Christian union must be dear to every Christian man.' A distinguished clergyman who gave himself much trouble to ascertain the general tone of feeling on the subject, writes—'I am quite astonished to find how very widely spread is the desire for unity.' A Professor in an Independent college thus expresses himself—'For my own part I would willingly make great sacrifices to attain so desirable a result.' And, not to multiply extracts, one more may suffice. A labouring man offers this encouragement—'I have long expected some movement like that now proposed; it may be a hard task, but it must succeed, for it is God's work.'" These opinions are not confined to this country. In America the same thing has been attempted. In the Episcopal Church of that country great efforts have been made towards enlarging the boundaries of that Church. I am not going to ask you to undertake anything similar to the proposal submitted by a committee of presbyters of that Church, which is an offset of our own Church in the United States of America; but here is a pamphlet, entitled *The Catholic Work of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America*, from the pen of Dr. Muhlenberg, who was in England a few years ago. He says, "If this be of men it will die; if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it. We claim it as the work of the Church to make America a Christian nation. We have an empire in our grasp if we have courage to put forth the hand; we must accept the task, or with its rejection reject also our Catholic profession. But we have no fears. Whatever the immediate issue of the movement, it will awaken the heart of the Church; it will teach a truth which they who follow us shall not willingly let die; its results, though partial now, will be sure at the last; and with such faith in principles, such faith in the living kingdom of Christ and in Him who abides in her, we commit the cause of Catholic unity to the brave soldiers and servants who 'work together with God.'" But, sir, in speak-

ing upon this subject, it is impossible altogether to pass over what we know and what we are told respecting the relative numbers in this country of those who are separated from our community. In the first place, taking the Census returns and the statistics, as they are pleased to call them, which are said to have been derived therefrom, I have here a pamphlet by the Rev. George Venables upon this and other subjects, and from it I learn that under any circumstances, the majority in attendance upon divine worship in the churches and chapels of England, exclusive of the principality of Wales, was much in favour of the Established Church over all other sects whatever, who were present on the day the census was taken. But not only was this the fact; but taking, as we ought to do, England and Wales together, there was a large majority of the Church of England at the morning services. There was also a majority of the Church of England in attendance at the afternoon service, and the alleged minority is made out on the other side merely by taking those who attended at the evening service, when it is perfectly well known that in a large proportion of our churches in country places there is no evening service at all. Perhaps, Mr. Prolocutor, I had better mention what the figures are. The total number of attendants in the Church of England at the morning service was 2,541,244; the total of all other sects was 2,106,233, giving a majority in favour of the Church of 435,006. The total afternoon attendance at church was 1,890,764; the total of all other sects was 1,293,371, giving a majority of 597,393 in favour of the Church. At the evening service there was a different result: The total number in attendance at church was 860,543, against 2,203,906 from all other sects, giving a preponderance of 1,343,363 in favour of the latter. But when we know, as I know, and as all must know who live in those parts of the country where the Wesleyans prevail, how very large a proportion of those who attend the chapel service where no evening service is provided by the Church of England, are those who most undoubtedly would have attended the morning service of the Church, I would ask how we can fairly reckon them among the Dissenters, being in point of fact the same persons who were in attendance at the church in the early part of the day? They may be wrong in claiming for themselves the privilege of attending these places of worship as well as the church; but the fact is notorious, as we all have reason to know. I come now to the relative number of the different bodies, which I will state, in order to show how great a matter it would be if even one of these bodies should in any respect be induced to return into any state in which they might be recognized as members of the Church. The number of congregations of the Church of England was, according to the Census returns, 14,077. The number of congregations of all branches of Wesleyan Methodists—I believe there are nine branches in all—was 11,944, making altogether 26,021 between the Church of England and the Wesleyan Methodists, who are an offset from the Church of England. Now, what is the number of the congregations of all other sects whatsoever? According to the returns it was—Independents, 3,244; of Baptists, 2,789; and of all other sects, including Roman Catholics, about 1,000; making a total of 7,033 congregations of all other sects whatsoever, against 26,021 of the Church of England. I have derived this information from a lecture delivered before the Blackburn Protestant Association by the Rev. C. Robinson, LL.D., Incumbent of Holy Trinity Church, Blackburn, upon "A Scheme for the Restoration of Dissenters to the Church." This pamphlet is altogether a valuable one, and I would recommend it to any one who wishes to inquire more minutely into these details. Let me, however, impress upon you the fact I have just stated to you, that there are 26,021 congregations of members of the Church of England and Wesleyan Methodists against 7,033 congregations of all other sects whatever, including Roman Catholics. Of this latter number there are

six different bodies of Baptists, nine different forms of Methodism, three or four bodies of Presbyterians. No doubt a considerable extent of schism and dissension prevails among these different sects, but some of them are offsets of the same branches, and others have only single congregations. Then again, there are no less than seven different denominations of foreign Christians, such as foreign Protestants, members of the Greek Church, &c. Now, there have been proposed at various times and there have been adopted, or at least attempted, various plans for unity. Two especially have been tried. The first of these is the principle of coercion, and the second, of comprehension. Of coercion there is very little to be said. I believe we are all now agreed that coercion and persecution are synonymous terms, and that such a principle ought never to be applied, and can never succeed. I believe we are all agreed also in deploring that it ever should have been attempted, though perhaps there may be some excuse for those who in the outset may have thought before the experiment was made, that it was the duty of those who professed Christian principles, and of Christian Governments, to try and make their subjects do what they themselves believed to be right. The discovery, however, has been made by experience that the principle was wrong, and in that respect we are all agreed. But there is another thing in which I think we ought also to be agreed, which is not so well understood, and that is with regard to comprehension. The chief schemes of comprehension also partake of the same principle as schemes of coercion, and for this reason—you give up the attempt to coerce those who are separate from you, and then, in the hope of conciliating them, you try to coerce your brethren and your friends. That is comprehension; at least these are the only principles upon which comprehension ever yet has been attempted. Endeavours have been made to coerce those within the Church into an admission of principles which they repudiate, in the hope that thereby we may be able to conciliate those who are without the Church. If there is an evil principle in the one case, how is it that the same principle is not equally wrong when applied in the other? If you have no right to coerce those beyond the pale of your communion, what right have you to coerce those within the pale? Upon that principle I am bound to assert that no scheme of comprehension, carried in the face of any considerable body of members of the Church, ever can or ought to succeed in the objects that its promoters have in view. Let us see, then, if there be any other possible way by which reconciliation might, if it should please God, be brought about. In the first place, allow me to remind you of one circumstance which, if ever any such matter should again, in the good providence of God, stir and move men's minds towards a desire to return to us—let me remind you of the circumstances which in that case could not fail, I think, to exercise a strong influence on the matter—I refer to the opinions of Wesley, and the influence those opinions could not fail to have upon his followers. These are Wesley's words—“The chief design of His providence in sending us out, is undoubtedly to quicken our brethren, and the first message of all our preachers is to the lost sheep of the Church of England. Now, would it not be a flat contradiction to their design to separate from the Church?” But further, even a short time before his death, to show that he had not changed his sentiments, in the month of Dec., 1789, he wrote as follows, and signed it with his own name:—

“I never had any design of separating from the Church. I have no such design now. I do not believe the Methodists in general design it when I am no more seen. I do, and will do, all that is in my power to prevent such an event. I declare once more that I live and die a member of the Church of England: and that none who regard my judgment or advice will ever separate from it—JOHN WESLEY.”

The *Rev. R. Seymour*—How long was that before his death?

The *Rev. F. C. Massingberd*—About fifteen months. I am unable to name the authority, but the passage here bears the date "Dec., 1789." He says further, in the *Arminian Magazine*, 1790:—

"Two young men sowed the word of God, not only in the churches, but literally by the highway side. They were members of the Church of England, and had no design of separating from it, and they advised all that were in it to continue therein, although they joined the Methodist Society; for this did not imply leaving their former congregation, but only leaving their sins. As long as the Methodists keep to this plan they cannot separate from the Church, and this is our peculiar glory. It is new upon the earth. Revolve all the histories of the Church from the earliest ages, and you will find that whenever there was a great work of God in any particular city or nation, the subjects of that work soon said to their neighbours, "Stand by yourselves, for we are holier than you." But with the Methodists it is quite otherwise; they are not a sect or party. They do not separate from the religious community to which they at first belonged. They are still members of the Church, such as they desire to live and die. I believe one reason why God is pleased to continue my life so long is, to confirm them in their present purpose not to separate from the Church."

These were the words of John Wesley in 1790, certainly but a short time before his death. Before I conclude this part of the subject, I may mention one other circumstance which is, I believe, very little known generally, and perhaps not even by the Wesleyan body. It appears that Wesley a short time before his death was induced to "lay hands" on a friend of his, Dr. Coke, a clergyman of the Church of England, and to give him a kind of commission to exercise a sort of superintendence over the Wesleyan body in America. From that circumstance the Wesleyan body in America derive what they consider their Episcopal government. They have now in America as many as eight or nine superintendents, whom they call Bishops. I have myself seen an account of a session of their body held in the most formal manner in the Senate-house at Cincinnati, from which it appears the Bishops sat round in a circle, as the Bishops in ancient times may have 'done, in a very imposing manner, with the preachers below. But all these forms have been derived from the circumstance of Wesley having "laid hands" upon Dr. Coke and given him a commission to exercise a superintendence over the Wesleyan Societies in America, empowering him to appoint Mr. Francis Ashbury, a resident in America, as another superintendent. Now, what I wish to state is the remarkable fact that after receiving this commission, this same Dr. Coke actually upon two occasions sought the Episcopate from English Bishops, and pledged himself that if he might receive from them Episcopal consecration, he would bring back to the Church of England the whole of the Wesleyan body in the American colonies. That circumstance is shown in a pamphlet which is very rare and difficult to obtain, but which a clergyman of the United States has been kind enough to send me from America. The pamphlet contains the copy of a letter, the original of which is in the possession of Dr. Seabury, the editor of the *Churchman*, New York. It is addressed by Dr. Coke to Bishop Seabury, who as we all know, was the first Bishop in America, consecrated by the Scotch Bishops. He says—

"But if the two Houses of the Convention of the clergy would consent to your consecration of Mr. Ashbury and me as Bishops of the Methodist Society in the Protestant Episcopal Church in these United States (or by any other title, if that be not proper,) on the supposition of the reunion of the two Churches, under proper mutual stipulations; and engage that the Methodist Society shall have a regular supply, on the death of their Bishops, and so, *ad perpetuum*, the grand difficulty in respect to the preachers would be removed. They would have the same

men to confide in whom they have at present, and all other mutual stipulations would soon be settled."

What is more remarkable is, that the same person applied to Mr. Wilberforce to get him to recommend to the Crown that he should be consecrated himself as the first Bishop of the Church of England at Calcutta, at the time Bishop Middleton was appointed. In his letter to Mr. Wilberforce, Dr. Coke said—

"The prominent desire of my soul, even from my infancy, (I may almost say,) has been to be useful. Even when I was a deist for part of my time at Oxford, (what a miracle of grace!) usefulness was my most darling object. The Lord has been pleased to fix me for about thirty-seven years on a point of great usefulness. My influence in the large Wesleyan connection, the introduction and superintendence of our missions in different parts of the globe, &c., the wide sphere opened to me for the preaching of the Gospel to almost innumerable, large, and attentive congregations, have opened to me a very extensive field for usefulness. And yet I could give up all for India. Could I but close my life in being the means of raising a spiritual Church in India, it would satisfy the utmost ambition of my soul here below."

This circumstance is sufficient to show how little ground they have to profess to have any real Episcopate, and at the same time may possibly indicate something—but upon that I am afraid to touch—as to what they might be contented with. But when we turn to what they might now be contented with, I must take leave to mention the opinions of one worthy of all respect, and which cannot but command attention—I mean the opinions of Robert Southey. He concludes his *Life of Wesley* in these words:—

"Nor is it beyond the bounds of reasonable hope that, conforming itself to the original intention of its founders, it (Methodism) may again draw towards the Establishment from which it has seceded, and desire to be recognized as an auxiliary institution, its ministers being analogous to the regulars and its members to the tertiaries and various fraternities of the Romish Church. The obstacles to this are surely not insuperable, perhaps not so difficult as they may appear. And were this effected, John Wesley would then be ranked, not only among the most remarkable and influential men of his age, but among the great benefactors of his country and his kind."

I beg to say that I am not propounding this plan, but am endeavoring to show that there have been those of high authority whose opinions are worthy of all regard, who may have thought that there may be means by which a reconciliation might be attempted. I am not asking you to adopt this plan or to recommend it to the Bishops, but I am endeavoring to show that reconciliation is not altogether so hopeless as perhaps it has sometimes been supposed. Then there is another thing which Southey here refers to—namely, the various fraternities of the Romish Church. A most remarkable circumstance is the similarity between the opinions of Wesley and the institutions he founded, and those which were held by St. Francis and his followers, and the institution of the Franciscan friars in the middle ages. In a *Life of St. Francis—Vita di San Francisco, dal P. Candido Chalippe, Recolletto*—published at Assisi, in the year 1801—I have translated these words from the Italian—the writer says—

"Being one day in prayer in a deserted hermitage, and calling to mind all his years in the bitterness of his soul, he became assured by means of a new effusion of the Holy Spirit, by which he felt himself filled with joy, that his sins were pardoned. It cannot be doubted but that he had already received the remission of his sins by means of a lively grief and of the Sacrament of Penance, when he was converted. But in this happy moment he knew it for certain by revelation, and at the same

time understood that the remission was total—that is with all the punishments due to his sins were remitted to him.

Compare that with the words of John Wesley in his life of his friend the Rev. John Fletcher, of whom he says—

“So far we have Mr. Fletcher's own account under his own hand. From this time he had the witness in himself: he knew that he had redemption through the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of sins. But he still continued pleading with the Lord to take a fuller possession of his heart: till one day as he was in earnest prayer, lying prostrate on his face before God, he saw, as it were, our blessed Lord hanging and bleeding on the cross. And at the same time these words were spoken with power to his heart [quoting some words from a hymn.]

“I believe this was in January, 1754, in the second year after he removed to Tern. Now, all his bonds were broken; he breathed a purer air, and was able to say with confidence, “The life I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.” By means of this faith sin was under his feet. Knowing in whom he had believed, he could continually triumph in the Lord, and praise the God of his salvation. From this time he walked cheerfully as well as valiantly in the ways of God. He closely followed his Master, denying himself and taking up his cross daily.”

I do not wish to detain the house, or I would say a word or two respecting the possibility of a drawing together of the hearts of other separatists besides the Wesleyans. It seems to me, for example, that the Independents and Presbyterians, and in fact the older sectaries in England, are chiefly influenced and have been, apart from the question of the Episcopacy, which perhaps would not be an insuperable objection with them by mistaken notions of Church government. I mention this because it appears to me that the restoration of the Synodical functions of the Church of England may be, under the divine providence of God, one of the most effectual means of exhibiting before the nation the true principles of the government of the Church of England, so as to disabuse Dissenters of that error in which the generations before us have lived and grown up; as if our religion was merely part of an Act of Parliament, and as if we were confined and controlled by the will of the State alone. I might have quoted from the writing of some anti-State Church tracts, in which, before the revival of these Synods, something to this effect is said—that the most irreligious among the State govern our forms, our services, and our prayers; that we could not alter any single word without their permission, and in fact that they dictated what we should say, and placed their words in our mouths. There was some excuse for the persons who made these assertions while they saw nothing practical exhibited before their eyes except an Act of Parliament framed in an assembly composed of all sorts of sectaries, all being laymen, except a few Bishops. There may, I say, have been some excuse for them while they saw no other Church Government exhibited before their eyes. But in proportion as it becomes manifest that responsibility and influence are restored to those to whom these matters should be left, it appears to me possible—nay, almost certain—that the Dissenters will be disabused of that misconception, and that we shall no longer be obliged to have recourse to former ages—to have recourse to books and history, to show what ought to be; but that we shall be able, under the good providence of God, to point at once to the actual constitution of our Church. I think that one of the most blessed and one of the happiest results of the revival of these Synods may be expected to be the removal of these obstacles, and the disabusing of the minds of the general mass of the laity in England in regard to the misconceptions they now entertain respecting the government of the Church. One thing more I must be permitted to say. I think it would not be right altogether to pass over, in such a matter as this, the question of Roman

Catholics. I need hardly say that I am not going to propose any union with them. But at the same time I may mention that when I first placed a notice of my wish to call your attention to this subject upon the paper, I received from a person describing himself as a foreign Protestant converted to what he called the Catholic faith, and having devoted himself to the task of showing what that faith was, a note entreating me to allow him an interview in order that he might instruct me as to his views upon the subject. I did not think it worth while to see him, because, as I told him, I could see at once from the papers he had sent me that his notions of the Catholic Church differed very essentially from my own, and that by "the Catholic Church" he understood merely the supremacy of the Pope. I said—

"I have no wish to enter into a controversy with you, and would much rather express my concurrence in the desire that all Christians might be one in Christ. But your proposal is not for a reconciliation of Christians with one another, but for the submission of all who are not in communion with Rome to her authority. And it is by confounding the communion of the Church of Rome with the one Catholic Church that you are led into so many and so great mistakes (you will pardon my saying it) concerning the Catholic Church in England."

And there it ended; but in order to show what seems to me the principal way in which, if ever it should please God—for we may in the course of ages hope that all evil may be mitigated under His good providence—if ever it please God that that evil should be allayed, may be the principle upon which it will be allayed, I will take the liberty of reading, not my own opinion upon the subject, but the opinions of a great Primate and prelate of the Church of England—Archbishop Wake. Our Prolocutor, whose absence we all regret, but whose absence we have less reason to regret from the admirable manner in which his place has been filled, in a recent publication describes—and I am not disposed to dispute his words—Archbishop Wake as having been "incomparably the most learned writer on the subject of Convocation." I will read a few words from the correspondence of Archbishop Wake with Mr. de Beauvoir, chaplain to the British Ambassador, the Earl of Stair. Archbishop Wake was brought by Mr. de Beauvoir into communication with some of the chief members of the Gallican Church, Dr. Dupin, Dr. Piers de Girardin, and others who had talked of holding a national council of the Gallican Church to appeal against the bull Unigenitus, and expressed a wish for union with the Anglican Church. Archbishop Wake wrote as follows on the 18th November, 1718:—

"At present my more particular curiosity leads me to know the sentiments of the leading men in France with regard to the Court of Rome, from which, if we could once divide the Gallican Church, a reformation in other matters would follow of course. The scheme that seems to me most likely to prevail is, to agree in the independence (as to all matters of authority) of every national Church on any others; and in their right to determine all matters that arise within themselves; and for points of doctrine, to agree as far as possible in all articles of any moment (as in effect we either already do or easily may)—[I beg to observe that these words are Archbishop Wake's, and not my own]—and for other matters, to allow a difference till God shall bring us to a union in this also. One only thing should be provided for, to purge out of the public Offices of the Church such things as hinder a perfect communion in the service of the Church, that so whenever any come from us to them, or from them to us, we may all join together in prayers and in the holy sacraments with each other. In our liturgy there is nothing but what they allow of, save the single rubric relating to the Eucharist; in theirs nothing but what they agree may be laid aside, and yet the public Offices be never the worse or more imperfect for the want of it. Such a scheme as this I take to be a more proper ground of peace at the

beginning than to go to more particulars; if on such a foundation we could once agree the rest would the more easily be built upon it."

It does seem to me that it is in that way that it might be probable, if at all, that union might be brought about—not by seeking union with those who here in England usurp the place of our own Bishops, and even violate the laws of the country by assuming to themselves titles which the laws of the country do not give them, but by prevailing, if we can, with national Churches elsewhere to recognise and vindicate to themselves—*revendiquer* is a favourite term just now with the French—their national independence as a national Church. If that were done, those who oppose us here at home would soon find themselves reduced to the position of a very insignificant sect. And now, having thus ventured very imperfectly to sketch the manner in which it seems to be possible that a way may perhaps be opened in the good providence of God, if He should be pleased to stir up in all our hearts—the hearts of the members of this Church and the hearts of those who at present are in separation from the Church—a desire for union, it only remains for me to point out the way in which I think we ought, in the first instance, to undertake the subject. We have in our Prayer-book that exquisite prayer for unity in the service for the Queen's Accession. I was delighted to hear Mr. Seymour give notice yesterday of a motion calculated to bring that service into more common use, by making that day a national holiday, for this among other reasons—because, if it were so made, then at least one day in the year we should all together join in praying that prayer.

What a blessed happy thing it would be if we could see the members of our congregations, when they take their seats, instead of spending their time until the service begins in looking around them and waiting to see what goes on, spend their time in silent prayer before the throne of God for this great blessing to their Church and their country. I think they would gladly do so if the suggestion were but made to them. And then, as to the Queen's accession service, I sincerely trust that my Rev. friend's motion will soon come on, and that we shall unanimously adopt it. But if we shall have that happiness there is one thing I venture to mention. We could not recommend it, but I think our congregations should not be forbidden to do it, because I once had experience of the remarkable effect of suggesting to my small rural flock, when we met to celebrate the Queen's Coronation, that they should when we went to church, as we did before our little rural festival, of their own accord break out with their own voices and join aloud in saying the Prayer for the Queen. I assure the effect was beyond almost words to tell. It was so great that I could hardly go on with the service, it was so touching and was infinitely beyond any sermon that could have been given. In fact, I did not think it necessary, and there are many occasions when I think it is not necessary to add any words of our own. The same kind of involuntary outburst of feeling on such an occasion might well be used, and used with good effect, in reference to the Prayer for Unity. Probably that would be all that could be attempted at the present time, but if it should be found that such an effort as this was crowned with any degree of success—if it should be found that God had so far answered our prayer as to revive not only in our own minds but in the hearts of others the stretching forth of their minds towards the desire for the blessed gift of unity, then I think it might be possible to ask for and obtain an authorisation of a day of public humiliation and fast to be held, it may be once in every year, to deplore before the throne of God our unhappy divisions and to implore of him who alone can put such things into our minds, that He would be pleased in His mercy to restore to us that which we have lost. Then I should be confident of the result, and I think it ought to be so completely and absolutely a matter of faith that my apprehension would almost be lest we should be too eager in

our anxiety for the recovery of what we sought—lest we should be too ready to compromise even what we ought not to give up; not that I think we need fear, or that we ought to be withheld on any such ground, but the fear, if there is any ground of fear, would rather be that way than any other. I have only to beg you once again to remember that in what I have said I propound no plan whatever except the plan of prayer. I desire not to be understood as recommending any of these plans I have hinted at. I have put them before you merely as tending to show that a way of union is not impossible, though it might not be by these means, and we might not be able now to know the means by which it might be brought about. But that which I ask you to do is simply to concur with me in asking their lordships to recommend the matter to the prayers of the Church, considering us not to be bound by any plan at all, but merely to do that which it is our duty to do—namely, to ask of Him who alone can give so great a blessing, to redeem His promise, that when we agree to ask He will not fail to grant. It will be a matter of faith; it ought to be a matter of faith; and when it becomes so I am sure—probably by means as yet undeveloped—that we shall gain what we seek. And how great would be the blessedness of that gift! I am almost overwhelmed at the thought of my own presumption in venturing to undertake to submit the matter to your notice, and still more at the sense of the inadequate way in which I have been enabled to fulfil the duty. Those men who are now separated from us are nevertheless fellow-labourers with ourselves, and if we have, as, by God's blessing we have, some victories to show—if we have cause to hope that we in our labour and our sphere are not altogether without some fruits, some result of our labour, no more are they. Who that has read them can forget those glowing and beautiful words of the great moral and religious poet of the age that has but just closed—Wordsworth—which his representative and biographer, if he were present, would forgive me if I quote. Describing the result of simple preaching in a wayside chapel in a lonely district, the poet says—

“ Though clamorous as a hunter's horn
 Re-echoed from a naked rock,
 'Tis from that tabernacle—List!
 Within a fervent Methodist
 Is preaching to no heedless flock!
 Repent! Repent!” he cries aloud,
 ‘ While yet ye may find mercy—strive
 To love the Lord with all your might;
 Turn to Him, seek Him day and night,
 And save your souls alive!’ ”

And then the effect of those simple words upon the heart of the hitherto reckless and desperate outcast on whose ears they fell:—

“ Even as he passed the door, these words
 Did plainly fall upon his ears,
 And they such joyful tidings were,
 The joy was more than he could bear—
 He melted into tears.”

Sir, we may emulate such triumphs, but we cannot surpass them. And why, oh! why, when such things are around us—why, oh! why may we not call these men our brothers who are already our fellow-labourers in the greatest of all causes on earth?

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

In my last I sent you an account of the arrival of the Venerable Arch-deacon Mackenzie and part of his band of missionaries, together with

some account of the news from Dr. Livingstone, the sad fate of the missionaries of the London Society, &c. I now proceed to give you a brief account of an event which has been looked forward to with deep interest by the English Church in all parts of the world. After some little delay in consequence of the difficulty of bringing Suffragan Bishops together from their distant dioceses, the Feast of the Circumcision was decided upon as the day upon which the consecration of the first Missionary Bishop to the tribes of South Africa should take place. It was at first decided that the Feast of the Epiphany should be the day, as it was thought that would be about the time the Bishop of St. Helena might be expected to arrive, but the vessel made an unprecedented short passage, and so the arrangements were altered. The Bishop of Grahams-town was expected; he was waiting at Algoa Bay when the mail left, having made his arrangements to come by the steamer, but he unfortunately lost his passage, and having had a fall from his horse was not able to stand the jolting involved by a ride some 600 miles in the post cart. The consecration, therefore, unavoidably took place without his presence. Although the first two or three days of the new year are exclusively devoted to holiday-making, all business being suspended, and the panting inhabitants of Table valley being only too glad to escape from the boiling heat and dust to breathe the pure fresh air of the country, still the great interest taken in the forthcoming ceremony attracted a large congregation to the cathedral. At half-past ten the bells of the cathedral chimed out merrily, St. George's being the only church in the colony possessing a peal, and, though imperfect, sufficient to remind one of home. The regular attendants of the cathedral were admitted by the south door, and at a quarter to eleven the great doors were thrown open at the western porch, and the church was soon filled. The order of ceremony observed followed as closely as possible that of the use of Westminster Abbey. The Dean, Canons, and clergy met the Metropolitan and his assistants in the vestry at the right of the vestibule at the western entrance; the choristers and gentlemen of the choir in the baptistry on the opposite side. The procession formed in the following order, and proceeded down the church to the chancel:—

A Verger.

The Choristers in surplices.

Gentlemen of the Choir.

Eighteen Parochial Clergy of Capetown and neighbourhood.

Canons and Cathedral Clergy.

A Verger.

The Very Rev. the Dean of Capetown.

The Registrar of the Diocese.

The Venerable F. C. Mackenzie, Bishop-elect and Chaplain.

Bishop of Natal.

Bishop of St. Helena.

The Metropolitan's Verger, bearing mitre-staff.

Rev. Albert Wood, bearing the crozier.

The Right Rev. the Metropolitan Bishop.

His Lordship's Chaplain, the Rev. E. Glover, bearing the pastoral staff.

Arrived at the chancel the procession opened right and left. The Metropolitan proceeded to his throne on the north side; the Bishops of St. Helena and Natal to seats on the other side. The Dean, Canons Precentor, and Bishop's chaplain also passed into their respective seats, and the other cathedral clergy to their stalls; the parochial clergy to the daily service chapel on the south side of the altar behind the parclose, the Bishop-elect, vested in surplice, kneeling at a faldstool at the entrance of the chancel, the Revs. A. Wood, W. F. H. Curtis, and the Bishop's-elect chaplain, occupying seats immediately behind. The Voluntary being finished and the congregation provided with seats, a hymn was given out as introtit, during the singing of which the Metropolitan

moved to his place at the altar, and the Bishops of Natal and St. Helena to their places, north and south below the footpace, as Epistoler and Gospeller. Morning prayer had been read at half-past eight.

The Nicene Creed ended, the Dean was conducted to the pulpit, and preached from Ephesians ii. 19—22. I shall not make extracts, but shall send you a copy of the sermon, as you will doubtless like to notice it in another column.

The Dean was suffering from a severe cold, but his earnestness soon overcame the physical weakness of his voice, and he was heard throughout with the deepest attention. His impressive concluding address awakened very deep emotion throughout the congregation.

After the sermon the Dean returned to his place, and whilst the hymn, "Christ is made the sure foundation," was being sung, the Bishop-designate, accompanied by the Revs. Albert Wood, W. Fitz-Harry Curtis, and his acting chaplain, F. Procter, retired to the vestry, where he put on his rochet. Returning down the central passage, he was met at the chancel steps by the assistant Bishops, and each taking him by the hand led him towards the Metropolitan seated on the faldstool or seat placed in front of the altar, and the following words were spoken by the Bishop of Natal:—

Right Reverend Father in God, we present unto you this godly and well-learned man to be ordained and consecrated Bishop.

The rubric demanding the Queen's mandate of course was not observed. The word *charge* was substituted for *diocese*. The oath of supremacy was administered by the Registrar, and then the oath following by the Metropolitan:—

The Oath of Obedience to the Metropolitan Bishop.

In the name of God, Amen. I, Charles Frederick Mackenzie, chosen Bishop of the Mission to the tribes dwelling in the neighbourhood of the Lake Nyassa and River Shire, do profess and promise all due reverence and obedience to the Metropolitan Bishop and Metropolitan Church of Capetown, and to their successors. So help me God, through Jesus Christ.

After the invitation to prayer, the Metropolitan knelt down at his seat, with the precentor on his right hand, Chaplain on his left, the Bishop-elect and Bishops-assistant a few steps lower, and the Litany was sung; after which, and the interrogations being put, the Bishop-elect was conducted as before to the vestry, where he assumed the customary Episcopal vestments. During his absence, the anthem, "O, pray for the peace of Jerusalem," was sung; and on his return, kneeling at the feet of the Metropolitan, Palæstrina's *Veni Creator Spiritus* was sung. The imposition of hands followed, in which the three Bishops joined. A large and beautifully bound copy of the Holy Scriptures was then presented by the Metropolitan, which the new Bishop delivered to the care of his chaplain, and was then conducted to his seat next that of the junior Suffragan.

The Offertory was then collected. The clergy from the stalls and from the south chapel came forward and made their offerings, and remained at the altar-rails till they had communicated. The Dean received the alms, and then brought the elements of bread and wine to the Metropolitan. The four Bishops administered the Communion. About 100 of the laity remained and communicated. The service concluded, the Dean preceded by the vergers, conducted the Metropolitan, and the rest, to the vestry, the procession following, returning in reverse order to that in which it entered the church.

Thus concluded one of the most memorable services ever celebrated in South Africa. Thus ended the consecration of the first Missionary Bishop of England's Church since the Reformation. Let us hope it will be but the beginning of great and glorious things, that this "*little one may become a thousand*," till, in the words of the Bishop of Natal, a

"chain of Bishops, missionary and colonial, may extend from Cape Point to the Abyssinian Church in Northern Africa."—*Correspondent of London Guardian.*

A LESSON OF HOPE.

"Oh, yet we trust that, somehow, good
Will be the final goal of ill!"

From TENNYSON'S "In Memoriam."

"How the rising blast is driving through the ancient forest! What a dismal roaring there is among the pine-trees! What a sharp clattering among the half-dried poplar-leaves! What a sighing among the beeches! A wild mysterious hour, and full of strange fantastic types of mortal life!"

It was thus I spoke, when, having wandered out one gloomy autumn night to muse on Nature and her laws, I found myself contemplating, in the deep recesses of a wood, the progress of a violent storm. And as I paused, I leant back, in sad reflections lost, against an oak, and, looking upwards to the sky, tried to gaze into the depths of those black vapoury masses that had arisen, one knew not how or whence, to darken over the expanse of heaven, when all at once there shone down upon me, from an opening in the clouds, the full rays of a bright October moon.

The light was sudden, and a sudden revulsion took place within my heart. I had been thinking that, like the cruel storm, and like the heavy clouds, were the troubles and the trials of human existence: and now, when that sweet radiance broke upon my eyes, I heard a voice exclaim, as if in echo to my thoughts—"It is the moon that shone in Paradise!" It was the Bird of Night, quite near me, in the hollow of a tree. Looking to see from whence the sound had come, I met his large, grave, meditative eyes fixed on my moonlit face, and then I heard the voice exclaim again—"The moon that shone in Paradise!"

Oh, what a thought to come across the tumult of that hour! *The moon that shone in Paradise!*—up to whose radiant orb, the eyes of countless generations have been turned—from the first glance of spotless innocence, to the last yearning gaze of sorrow-stricken manhood! And why?—but that in the calm, unchanging glory there shines forth a promise of eternal, everlasting peace. But now another voice was heard, despite the howling of the storm. It was a croaking Raven, swinging on a branch beside me. He came between me and the light, and ever and anon his coal-black wings seemed spreading for a flight.

"Deluded fool," he muttered, "with your endless myths! This comes of living in the dark all day, and spending all your time in guess-work! See! your precious moon is gone!"

"Not gone, though hidden," was the answer. But I heard no more than this, for here the frightful wind grew louder still? He roared in fury all around, scattering the last leaves from the bending trees, as if he hated the very relics of the gentle summer. And many bowed their heads, and others moaned in grief.

"Hast thou come with mighty news from distant lands," shouted the Pine-tree scornfully, as he tossed his branches to the storm, "that thou bringest such confusion in thy path? Ambassador of evil, who has sent thee here?"

"Cannot yonder moon teach thee milder thoughts?" cried the Elm-tree, as he stood majestic in his sorrow and despair.

"Our hour is come," exclaimed the softer Beech. "My leaves lie scattered all around. Our life is closing fast. Naked and forlorn we stand amid the ruins of the past."

"What mockery of existence," stormed the black-leaved Poplar in his

wrath, "to be placed here, and clothed in such sweet beauty, nurtured by gentle dews and tender sunshine, and then be left at last the victims of reckless fury, with all our glories torn by force away! Would I had never risen from the ground!"

"Oh, my aspiring friend," the ill-mouthed Raven cried, "the few months' splendour does not satisfy your heart! You aim too high, methinks. Well, well! aspiring thoughts are very fine; but were I you, I would accommodate myself to facts. A short spring, a shorter summer, and then to perish. Ha! here you are again, my ancient worthy friend!"

And then another gust broke in with savage fury on the forest, and many a stalwart branch crashed down upon the ground. The wailings of afflicted nature rose amidst the storm.

"Is there no refuge from this end?" inquired the Oak. "Why have I lived at all?"

"Because destruction is the law of life," the Raven uttered, with his fiercest croak. "Where would destruction be, were there no life to be destroyed? It is a glorious law."

"No law, but only an exception," cried the Bird of Night.

And as he spoke, there streamed once more from out the clouds, that type of peace that passeth not away—the moon that shone in Paradise. Oh, what a silver mantle she let fall upon the disrobed branches of those trees! Wet they were with rain-drops, and waving in the vale, it seemed as if they shone in robes of starlight glory. What gracious promises seemed streaming down with that sweet light!

"Lift up your heads, ye forest trees, once more;" so sang the mild-eyed Bird of Night. "Fury is short-lived—love alone enduring. All that destroys is transitory, but order is everlasting. The unbridled powers of cruelty may rage—it is but for a time! And ye may darken over the blue heavens, ye vapoury masses in the sky. It matters not! Beyond the howling of that wrath, beyond the blackness of those clouds, there shines, unaltered and serene, the moon that shone in Paradise."

"Your myth again, detested Bird of Night! Here to the rescue, ancient friend!"

And louder than ever came that cruel, cruel wind.

"It matters not," once more the Owl exclaimed. "The stormy winds must cease, the clouds must pass away, and yonder sails the light that tells of harmony restored."

"Infatuated fool, to live on hope, with death around you and before you?" growled the Raven—and then a crash like thunder rent the air. The Oak had fallen to the ground. I started at the shock.

"Will the day ever come," I cried aloud, as if addressing some mysterious friend, "will the day ever come, when storms and woe shall cease? Order and peace seem meant, but death and ruin come to pass."

"Oh, miserable doubter, do you ask? Must the brute beasts and mute creation rise to give an answer to your fears? Look in the heaven above, and in the earth below, and in the water deep beneath the earth. One law is given—the law of order, harmony, and joy."

"Alas, how often broken!" I exclaimed.

"Ay, but disturbance is no law, and therefore cannot last. Disorder, death, destruction: by their own nature they are transitory—rebellious powers that struggle for a time, and frustrate here and there the gracious purposes ordained. But they exist not of themselves; have neither law nor being in themselves; exist but as disturbers of a scheme whose deep foundations cannot be overthrown. Life, order, harmony, and peace: means duly fitting ends; the object universal joy. This is the law. Believe in it, and live!"

And as the voice grew silent, from the sky beamed over all the scene, the placid moon once more. The wind had lulled or passed away to

other regions of the earth, and over all the forest streamed the brilliant light. Once more the lit-up trees shone spangled o'er with rays; and happy murmurs broke upon my ear, instead of loud complaints.

"We have been wild and foolish, gracious moon!" exclaimed the tender Beech. "We doubted all the promises and hopes you shed so freely down. In pity to the terrors of the night, forgive us once again!"

"You have said right my sister," said the Oak. "That heavenly power, whom neither winds nor storms can reach, will view with tenderness our troubled lot, who live amid the tempests of the earth. She will forgive, she hath forgiven us all. Hath she not clothed us now with robes more brilliant than the summer ones we love?"

"The robes of hope and promise," wept the Poplar, as he spoke, for all his branches trembled with delight, and stars seemed dropping all around.

"I mourn my dark despair," bewailed the Elm. "I should have called the past to memory! We never are deserted in our need. The winter tempests rage, and terrible they are, but always the bright moon from time to time returns, to shed down rays of hope and promises of glory on our heads, and still we doubt and fear, and still the patient moon repeats her tale. And then the spring and summer time return, and life, and joy, and all our beautiful robes. Oh, what weak tremblers we must be!"

And so, through all the rest of that strange night, murmurs of comfort sounded through the wood, and I returned at last to the poor lonely cottage that I called my home, and wept mixed tears of sorrow and of joy. Father and mother lost, swept suddenly away, and I, with straitened means, left alone to struggle through the world! Did I not stand before my desolate hearth, like one awakened from a dream, a vision—(surely such it was!)—exclaiming in despair, as did the weeping Beech, "Naked and forlorn I stand amid the ruins of the past." But through the casement glided in on me, me also, as I stood, the blessed rays of that eternal moon—the moon that shone in Paradise—the moon that promises a Paradise restored.

And ever and anon, throughout the struggle of my life, I would return for wisdom and for hope to the old forest where I dreamt the dream. As time passed on, and winter snows came down, a cold unmeaning sleep seemed to bind up the trees—but still, at her appointed time, the moon came out, and lit up even snow with robes of light and hope. And then the spring-time burst the cruel bonds that held all nature in a stagnant state. Verdure and beauty came again; and, as I listened to the gales that breathed soft music through the trees, I thought, "If I could dream again, I should hear songs of exquisite delight." But that was not to be. Still, I could revel in the comfort of the sight, and watch the moonbeams glittering in triumphant joy through the now verdant bowers of those woods, playing in happy sport amid the shadows of the leaves.

And to me also came a spring! From me, too, passed away the winter and its chill! And now I take the children of my love, and the sweet mother who has borne them, to those woods, and ever and anon we tell long tales of Nature and her ways, and how the poor trees moan, when storms and tempests come, and how the wise Owl talks to heedless ears his deep philosophy of laws of order that must one day certainly prevail, and how the patient moon is never weary of her task of shedding rays of hope and promise on the world, and even while we speak, the children clap their hands for joy, and say they never will despair for any thing that comes, for, lo! above their heads there suddenly shines out—THE MOON THAT SHONE IN PARADISE!—*Parables from Nature.*