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Quod Semper, quod
Ubique, quod ab Omnibus
Credendum est teneamus

Her Foundations are upon the Holy Hills.



An necessariis Tutas,
In dubiis Libertas,
An omnibus Caritas.

THE CHURCHMAN'S FRIEND,

FOR THE DIFFUSION OF INFORMATION RELATIVE TO THE

United Church of England and Ireland Her Doctrine and Her Ordinances.

EDITED BY CLERGYMEN.

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WINDSOR, C. W., NOV., 1856.

[Published Monthly.]

Calendar of the Anglican Church.

NOV. 1856.

1	S	All Saints.	1. On this great Festival the Church commemorates ALL Saints; Saints, not those only, whose names are known to the world, whose light has shone before men, but all who in sincerity and truth have loved and served God, and have by Him been knit together in one communion and fellowship in the mystical body of His Son.
2	S	24th Sun. aft. Trin.	
3	M		
4	T		
5	W	Gunpowder Treason.	
6	T	Leonard, Conf.	5. A Form of Prayer with Thanksgiving is appointed by Act of Parliament to be used on this day for the deliverance of King James I. from massacre by gunpowder. Also for the happy arrival of King William on this day.
7	F		
8	S		
9	S	25th Sun. aft. Trin.	
10	M		
11	T	S. Martin, Bp.	6. St. Leonard, Confessor, A. D., 559. A French nobleman at the court of Clovis I., and afterwards Bishop of Limosin. He led, for some time before his death, the life of a hermit.
12	W		
13	T	Britius, Bp.	11. St. Martin, Bishop, A. D., 397, was born in Hungary. He was chosen Bishop of Tours about 374.
14	F		
15	S	Machutus, Bp.	13. St. Britius was successor to St. Martin in the Bishopric of Tours.
16	S	26th Sun. aft. Trin.	
17	M	Hugh, Bp.	15. St. Machutus, otherwise Maclovius, was a Bishop in Bretagne, about A. D., 560. St. Malo is named after him.
18	T		
19	W		
20	T	Edmund, King.	17. St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, and founder of that Cathedral, A. D., 1200. He was buried in the Cathedral, his body being carried by two kings, John of England and William of Scotland, assisted by some of their nobles.
21	F		
22	S	Cecilia, V. and M.	20. St. Edmund, King and Martyr, A. D., 870. He was seized by the Danes, and, refusing to renounce his religion, was put to death with the most cruel tortures. Bury St. Edmunds is called after him.
23	S	{ Sunday bef. Advent S. Clement, B.	22. St. Cecilia, Martyr, A. D., 230, a Roman lady, is regarded as the patroness of music.
24	M		
25	T	Catherine, V.	23. St. Clement, Bishop of Rome, A. D., 81, was the author of some excellent and very valuable epistles. He suffered martyrdom by drowning.
26	W		
27	T		
28	F		
29	S		
30	S	{ 1st Sun. in Advent St. Andrew, Ap.	25. St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr, being convicted of making converts to Christianity, was tortured by means of wheels in which were saws and knives, by which her body was torn. 30. St. Andrew was a younger brother of St. Peter. He was crucified on a cross in the form of the letter X.

The Benefits of Church Teaching—The Church in Buffalo.

THE man who charges us with being Romanizers must lack either clear perceptions or high principles. We claim to ourselves the high praise of being emphatically—the men of the Prayer-Book! Nor are we chargeable with vanity in making this assertion; we simply follow the dictates of mother-wit, or, may we venture to say, of holy simplicity, in following honestly the teaching of Christ's Holy Catholic Church as enunciated by the wise and Holy Fathers of the Anglican Reformation; hence we are not men of the Articles, or of the Ordinary, as separate from each other, but of them both as a blessed whole.

We confess that to us the composition of our Book of Common Prayer often appears to be little less than miraculous. The high principled yet almost cold caution of its Articles being illuminated by the holy fervour of its primitive and truthful services. The yearning for vital alterations, which occasionally leaks out from extreme individuals in both the parties in the Church, is indeed amongst the most striking indications of its framers having been graciously guided in the true *via media* between Rome and Geneva. Thus, despite of the painful error manifested, we could not but feel amused the other day, with a professedly earnest member of the Church, who, when we were endeavouring to convince him, from the teaching of the Prayer-Book, of the erroneous character of certain Calvinistic dogmas, told us, that the Prayer-Book needed considerable amendment, as "it was written during the dark ages!"

Another strong evidence of the scriptural and catholic verity of the Prayer-Book, as a whole, is this, that in proportion as its principles are faithfully taught, and its practice earnestly and loyally carried out, there the Church is found most steadily to flourish. Popular preaching and a bland adaptation of principle to the fashionable theology of the day, may be the readiest way to personal distinction and a crowded church during the few years of a talented and accommodating incumbent;—but for the spread of the Church in a city, and the planting of its foundations deep and broad, irrespective of the talent or presence of its earthly agents, commend us to a Paul-like, earnest, loving, yet fearless, enunciation of the *whole* truth of Christ,

as set forth in our Prayer-Book; accompanied, as far as possible, with the primitive practice therein inculcated.

We could bring many mournful evidences of the truth of the principle here laid down; by pointing to clergymen, worthy men in their personalities, but whose lax church principles seem to have sapped the very foundation of their holier energies, until the church in their towns or cities has barely maintained a decent existence; again we could lay our finger upon individuals holding similarly unsound church-principles, but whose talent, in unison perhaps with personal energy and devotion, has enabled them to crowd their churches, and perhaps make the church the fashion in their own localities; but beyond all is "thick darkness", the masses are unreached; and, with the death of the incumbent—the popular divine—the glory of the Church may, in that place, be said to depart! Surely these things ought not to be. We repeat, however, that we could give many such instances of the present unsatisfactory results, or future desolation of unsound Anglican church principles—in doctrine and practice. But this would be a most unpleasant, and perhaps an invidious task; and, it is the less necessary, as we happen just now to have it in our power to point our readers to the particulars of a much pleasanter picture; and yet one which will equally well vindicate the truth of the principle we have asserted, namely, the necessity of sound Prayer-Book-ism, if we may be permitted to invent a phrase, in order to permanent evangelical usefulness.

The name of the able and catholic-minded Rector of -St. Paul's, Buffalo, the Rev. Wm. Shelton, D.D., is to many of our readers, "familiar as household words;" and it is to the success with which it has pleased the great Head of the Church, to crown his labours, and those of the like-minded faithful Priests of the Sanctuary who have come, one after another, to share his holy toils, that we refer, as tending to show the happy results of sincerely endeavouring, quietly and earnestly, to carry out the teaching and spirit of the entire Prayer-Book.

Very recently our reverend friend completed his twenty-seventh year in Buffalo. Since he first set his foot in that city, "what hath God wrought"? We are perhaps too fond of complaining; the Church has unquestionably to en-

duro much positive persecution, and many sorely perplexing trials; but let us not forget thankfully to acknowledge her triumphs, and they are not few;—perhaps this term is not too strong a one to use with respect to her progress, during the period alluded to, in Buffalo. When in 1829 Dr. Shelton arrived there, there were in that city 7000 people; a small, but neat church, with a congregation of perhaps 200; 35 families and 35 communicants. Now, the original church of St. Pauls is replaced by a magnificent edifice, unequalled, we believe, by anything west of New York; and for which any of our largest cities or towns at home might be exultingly thankful, as compared with most of our modern ecclesiastical edifices;—the families connected therewith are 150, and the communicants 250. There are *five* offsets; two of them being large and flourishing parishes, with large churches, one of them very handsome, the other (the Rev. C. Ingersoll's), already large and seemly, is, we understand, ere long to be replaced by a holy temple almost rivalling St. Paul's; the three young parishes are struggling into being under favorable auspices, and destined to be valuable and useful organizations, being in all now six distinct parishes!

Another blessed feature in the progress of the Church in Buffalo is its *UNITY*. Says a friend, "The peace of the city, so far as the church is concerned, has been preserved—sound church doctrine has always been taught—divisions have been avoided; so that there is not a city in the Union in which the Church is more thoroughly respected, more essentially flourishing, or in which there are fewer dissensions and divisions." To God be all the honour; yet, as He is pleased to use instruments, we see nothing improper in adding our conviction that this unity is to be greatly attributed to the sound principles and determined character of Dr. Shelton himself; this is evident from the fact that the congregations which first separated had, of course, been instructed by himself; and, in the United States, having the right of electing their own ministers, would naturally choose men of like principles with those which had already been faithfully instilled into them. But here we wish particularly to note, that hereditary unity, so to speak, cannot, with equal confidence, be looked for, where the precursor has been of Genevan, or, what are commonly called, low-

church views; and for this reason—that men of thoughtful minds and clear heads, find out that such principles are not in accordance with the genuine teaching of the Prayer-Book, and their feelings and principles alike revolt from an inconsistency scarcely to be reconciled with the high integrity of the Gospel; hence, they seek for the pastoral care of truer churchmen, and the city becomes divided. Another reason is, that earnest-minded men feel the need of sensuous aid in devotion;—that the body, purified by its union with Christ, shall become a help-mate to the soul in its strivings after holiness; therefore they cleave to those scriptural pastors who, treading in the steps of St. Paul and his Divine Master, teach them that the outward, bodily institutions of Ordinances, Sacraments and Priesthood are not barren forms, but, to the faithful, channels of grace and salvation. Hence it is that clergymen who do not plainly and truly adhere, in their principles and teaching, to the entire Prayer-Book, will look in vain for long-continued unity. As lovers of our Holy Catholic Church, wherever she is found, we desire to be humbly thankful that it has been otherwise in Buffalo.

And we may remark, by the way, that it is the awful importance of this primary influence that makes us so tremblingly desirous that our first bishop in this our new western diocese should be a man of thorough Prayer-Book, Anglican principles. Let our readers unweariedly unite with us in fervent prayer to the Great Head of the Church that He would graciously interfere on our behalf, and send us the man of His own appointment.

Such, then, have already been the holy results of sound church principles in Buffalo; may they go on yet more abundantly until, over the whole continent, "the little one shall become a thousand and the small one a great nation." As for our valued friend himself, he will need no other memorial upon earth, so long as the noble temple shall stand which he has been such a principal means of erecting to the honour of his Master, and as the ark of his people; and yet we trust a still richer triumph awaits him, in Christ Jesus, as the reward of those works of truth, grace and unity which have already gone before him, and, as we doubt not, shall continue to follow after him until the Books themselves shall be opened!

In conclusion, we cannot but congratulate Dr. Shelton upon one fact, which, to our minds, is a greater glory to his church than even its beautiful architecture; we mean the larger amount of *free room* which it contains than is usual in American churches. We wish in our hearts that he and his liberal and energetic flock had seen their way clear to make it altogether a "free church"; that had indeed been a holy joy. The church in the United States is already the home of probably a preponderance of their intellect and no small portion of their piety; God grant it may soon be the haven of their room. In the mean time we will thank God, and take courage, for the large amount of scriptural and catholic truth which is found within her holy borders; believing, as an English Wesleyan minister of high standing, who had travelled extensively in the United States, told us many years ago, "that the Protestant Episcopal Church was doing decidedly more good than any other denomination therein"; his own Methodism not excepted.

Church Matters at Clackington in 1875.

CHAPTER XV.

THE evening service on the Sunday of the bishop's visit to Clackington was even more fully attended than the morning service had been, and long before the last bell had rung there was not a vestige of standing room in any corner of the church. The bishop had proposed that Mr. Stowton should preach and that he himself should read the prayers. Our worthy friend, however, had so earnestly entreated that the proposed arrangement should be reversed, that the bishop seemed almost disposed to give way; and when Mr. Stowton had slightly opened the vestry door, and saw the mass of people who were wedged into the church, he called the bishop's attention to it, and with such an imploring look and tone besought him not to disappoint them, that resistance to his wish seemed impossible. Accordingly the old sermon was pocketed with a degree of satisfaction and relief that it is not very easy to describe—the prayers were read with unwonted life and animation, and the choir, having practised between the services for three mortal hours without intermission, fairly out-did themselves.

The bishop on ascending the pulpit opened

the Bible, and, without any notes, expounded in an exceedingly clear, simple, yet striking manner, a portion of the second lesson; his style in the explanatory part of his observations was almost conversational, and his illustrations, while of the most familiar kind, were at the same time so well chosen and appropriate, that they left the most vivid impression upon the mind. Having explained the truths contained in the words he had read, and pointed out the duties resulting from them, he gradually relinquished the comparatively familiar tone in which he had been speaking, and as he passed on to exhortation to the performance of those duties, and set forth the love of our Lord to His elect people as the high and generous motive to obedience, his words became more choice and his sentences more flowing; his eye grew brighter, his action more animated, and his whole soul was breathing in every look and word. Thoughts of beauty came gushing up—now that he was untrammelled by any manuscript—as though they sprung irrepressibly from an overflowing fountain within, and they came clothed in words of power and pathos, such as he would probably never have put down upon paper in the quietude of his study; yet all was chastened by perfect taste and reverent feeling, and deep solicitude for the spiritual well-being of those to whom he spoke. He was eloquent indeed, and that in no ordinary degree; but all felt, that instead of being the result of studied oratory, it was the unrestrained and almost unconscious outpouring of an eloquence that was natural, prompted by a high and earnest spirit.

The good people of Clackington were completely taken by storm, and nothing was heard on every side but commendations of the bishop's sermon. Preaching, especially during the nineteenth century, had been exalted and almost idolized, too frequently at the expense of the more important ordinances of the church, and now it was made the means of gaining influence for one who was bent on using it for the purpose of promoting his people's welfare, by recalling to their minds high and holy doctrines which they had forgotten or disbelieved, and christian duties which they neglected and disliked; it was a sort of poetic justice that an ordinance unduly magnified should become the instrument of restoring others as unduly depreciated.

After service the churchwardens were introduced to the bishop, and both went home declaring that he was not only the most eloquent, but the most kind and courteous person they had ever met with. Mr. Slowton was in immense spirits, and as the bishop had expressed himself as really pleased on the whole with what he had seen, the worthy rector retired to rest in a condition of wonderful pleasure and placidity as compared with the previous evening.

The bishop had taken an opportunity of intimating to the congregation his intention of remaining for a day or two in Clackington; and at as early an hour as conventionality would allow a tide of visitors flowed without intermission towards the parsonage. They all returned with that pleasing impression which the unaffectedly kind and cordial manner of their chief pastor never failed to convey, and, for the time at all events, the bishop was decidedly the rage in Clackington—every attention that could be devised was lavished upon him—Mr. Sharply, the lawyer, headed a deputation and read a magnificent address, in which he praised the bishop's eloquence in language which in his heart he believed to be more eloquent than that which he so highly eulogized. Invitations to breakfast, dinner, and tea poured in upon him as if the whole community was seized with a panic lest he should be starved. Some enthusiasts spoke about bon-fires, which led to some ravings about possible illuminations; and fears began to be entertained by the more sober-minded, that the Clackington brass band meant to take the shine out of the church choir by giving the bishop another musical treat, in the shape of a serenade, made up of "See the conquering Hero comes", with variations. Even Mr. Jeremiah Cryson was in some measure mollified, and Mrs. Slowton had hard work to resist a feeling of confidence which kept stealing over her, notwithstanding her suspicions of the bishop's "protestantism", and Miss Tibbins asseverated that she thought him "a delightful man"; and Mrs. Glumpington said he was "a dear". As for Mrs. Brown, she had quite made up her mind that he was the most gentlemanly and distinguished person that had ever appeared in Clackington, and accordingly she was perfectly determined, whatever might be his doctrines, that he should grace with his presence an

evening party, which she resolved to extemporize for the occasion; a *l'ave "lord"*, even though he was an ecclesiastical one, was not to be met with in the colonies every day, and Mrs. Brown had a great idea of conscientiously improving her opportunities.

It was with some difficulty that the bishop managed, under the multitude of civilities which were pressed upon him, to carry out the object of his visit to Clackington. He explained that, much as he wished to make the acquaintance of the people, and grateful as he was for the opportunities afforded for that purpose by the kind attentions which he had met with upon all sides, he also wished to see something of that class who, from their position, instead of seeking him, must be sought for by him. He wished, from such brief personal examination as his time allowed, to inform himself of the prospects of so important a place, and the spiritual wants that were likely to arise within it and around it. His time therefore (as his visit must be brief) would be much occupied during the day; but he should be very happy to accept the hospitalities so kindly offered to him, during the evening, as it would afford him an opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with those who had kindly called upon him.

Accompanied by Mr. Slowton and Mr. Crampton, to whom, as an old friend, he felt that he showed more marked attention than to others, he first of all sallied forth and closely examined the town, calling upon those officials who were most likely to afford him precise information as to its population and the rate of its progress. He examined also with an acute eye the direction in which the buildings were advancing, and the causes which would tend to concentrate population round particular centres. Crampton, who had already a high estimate of his ability and judgment, was much struck with the clear-sightedness of his views, and the rapidity of decisions which further thought only proved to be sound and far-reaching. Poor Mr. Slowton was well nigh lost in amazement as he listened to the bishop talking of the future, for he did not exactly realize at what distance the bishop understood that future to be. There should be parishes laid out here, and churches built there; and he heard of schools and almshouses and colleges and refuges, and a host of other things, till his head was in a perfect whirl.

and he thought the good bishop must either have taken leave of his senses or Clackington must be a much more wonderful place than he had ever supposed it to be.

The thought, however, that was most dwelt upon by the bishop, as the first step towards securing the future carrying out of what good Mr. Slowton verily thought to be castles in the air, was the present acquisition of land. On visiting the portion of the town that lay across the river, where the station and workshops of the railway were situated, and which was rapidly growing, his principal regret was that no land seemed likely to be easily obtained as a site for the church and other buildings, which, the bishop very quietly observed, must very soon be erected in that place.

Poor Mr. Slowton! Here was confirmation strong indeed of his worst fears about the division of the parish: he thought it prudent, however, to say little beyond the remark that, considering the enormous price which was asked for building lots in that neighborhood, he thought it would be long before the people in that part of the town would be in a position to secure the ground which would be requisite for a church, much less to erect the building itself.

"The more reason, my dear sir," replied the bishop, "that those in other parts of the town and other parts of the country too should help them. Depend upon it that, from the very unusual advantages which this town enjoys, 'waiting' wont make the land cheaper."

"No, indeed," observed Crampton; "it is rising steadily in value every year; and I think it must certainly continue to do so."

"There can be no question upon the subject," said the bishop, "for it is plain to any one who will examine the place, that the land must rise, not from the mere excitement of unhealthy speculation, but from the real and positive advantages which the town holds out to commercial enterprise. This *must* become a large place—immensely larger than it is—and though it is to be regretted that the foundations of the church have not been laid broad and deep before, still we may be thankful that it is not altogether too late now."

At this moment a messenger came for Mr. Slowton, saying that a child of one of the parishioners was at the point of death, and apologizing for interrupting him, at a time when he

was engaged with the bishop, asked him to come and baptize it without delay.

While Mr. Slowton was gone upon this duty, the bishop continued the conversation with Mr. Crampton in a more unreserved tone.

"It is a true nineteenth century idea of christianity," he observed, "to suppose that a church, especially in towns, needs no larger a space of ground than enough to hold it. Men have to a sad extent forgotten that the Church is and has always been the great fountain head of all the charities of life, and that around the material Temple of God should ever be seen clustering those institutions of mercy in which the devout love and worship offered within the sanctuary, should find its outward expression and embodiment."

"That is a subject on which I should much like to have some conversation with your lordship," said Crampton thoughtfully. "I have long had a vague feeling that we are sadly wanting in some evidence of our faith as a church, and that while as a church we fail to do Our Lord's works, we shall not be acknowledged to be Our Lord's body."

"The subject is one of great importance and interest," answered the bishop; "and I should be glad to talk it over with you when I have leisure, but about the site for this church—it is unfortunate that land is so very expensive; we shall find our energies a good deal crippled, I am afraid, by this great want. What would you suggest as the best mode of proceeding?"

"I think I can relieve your lordship's anxiety on this point, by telling you what has hitherto been known only to myself and my rather odd but very worthy friend Mr. Jackson; there is about an acre of land, occupying one of the very best positions in this part of the town, and which stands in my name. It has, however, been purchased by the united offerings of Jackson and myself, and we purpose at the proper time to present the title-deed of it on God's altar as a thank-offering for the many mercies which we have both received."

The bishop was silent for a few moments, and then pressing his hand warmly, and with a glistening in his eye, he thanked him earnestly for his intended gift, and thanked God yet more fervently for putting into the heart of his servants such true love and care for His Holy Church.

"I have not mentioned this for many reasons," said Mr. Crampton, "and one of them is simply to avoid causing annoyance to Mr. Slowton. He, I know, is very much opposed to the idea of subdividing the parish, and until we saw some prospect of our wishes in this particular being fulfilled we saw no benefit to be obtained from vexing him. I trust, therefore, that you will not mention the matter until the proper time, and when he sees the necessity of setting off another parish he will thank us for the foresight that will render possible, what all must soon acknowledge to be desirable."

"Of course," answered the bishop, "you may rely upon me on that point; and really from what I have seen of Mr. Slowton I have good hope that he will soon be brought from his own conscientious conviction of what is right, to see the urgency which already exists for subdivision."

Mr. Crampton shook his head doubtfully—"I'm afraid," he said, "that he will be disposed to stand upon his rectorial rights."

"Oh no!" exclaimed the bishop, "he will rather surrender those rights than in any way hinder the salvation of the souls of men."

It may be difficult to convince him that the maintenance of them involves any such consequence."

"I hardly think it possible," said the bishop; but if, unfortunately, such should be the case, I shall then be compelled, though very unwillingly, to remind him that there are such things as *Episcopal* rights;" but, after all, I trust there will be no need on either side to talk about *rights*. We can at bottom have but one object in view."

Dr. Johnson on the Catholic Doctrine.

I had hired a Bohemian as my servant while I remained in London, and being much pleased with him, I asked Dr. Johnson whether his being a Roman Catholic should prevent my taking him with me to Scotland.

Johnson—Why, no, sir; if he has no objections you can have none.

Boswell—So, sir, you are no great enemy to the Roman Catholic religion?

Johnson—No more, sir, than to the Presbyterian religion.

Boswell—You are joking.

Johnson—No, sir, I really think so. Nay, sir, of the two, I prefer the Popish.

Boswell—How so, sir?

Johnson—Why, sir, the Presbyterians have no Church—no Apostolic Ordination.

Boswell—And do you think that absolutely essential, sir?

Johnson—Why, sir, as it was an apostolic institution, I think it dangerous to be without it. And, sir, the Presbyterians have no public worship; they have no form of prayer in which they know they are to join; they go to hear a man pray, and are to judge whether they will join with him.

Boswell—But, sir, the doctrine is the same with that of the Church of England. Their Confession of Faith and the Thirty-nine Articles contain the same points—and the doctrine of predestination.

Johnson—Why, yes, sir; predestination was a part of the clamour of the times, so it is mentioned in our article, but with as little positiveness as could be.

Boswell—Is it necessary, sir, to believe all the *Thirty-nine Articles*?

Johnson—Why, sir, that is a question which has been much agitated. Some have thought it necessary that they should be all believed, others have considered them to be only articles, that is to say, you are not to preach against them.—Boswell.

A PRAYER OF THOMAS AQUINAS, BEFORE STUDY.—O Creator, Ineffable God, Who in Thy wisdom hast ordained and constituted the services of angels in a wonderful order, and arranged all things in beauty; Thou, Who art the true fount of light and knowledge, vouchsafe to infuse into my understanding a ray of thy brightness, and so disperse that twofold darkness, of sin and ignorance, in which we were born.

Thou Who makest the tongues of infants eloquent, instruct likewise my tongue with the Divine science, and pour upon my lips the sweet graces of Thy heavenly benediction.

Give me a quickness of understanding, keenness of perception, facility of acquisition, a capacity of retention, and a copious grace of eloquence; direct my entrance in the path of knowledge, guide me on my way, and lead me safely to the end: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

DYING RICH.—Who is he that dies rich? That man dies rich, and *only* that man, who when he leaves behind him a little, or more, or nothing, has *before him* a treasure laid up in heaven. He dies rich.

Who dies poor? He that, whatever he leaves behind him, has nothing laid up in heaven. He dies poor.

Beware of speaking except on occasions when thy speaking may be useful.—From the Persian.

Church News.

ENGLAND.—The Bishopric of Durham has been filled up by the translation of the Bishop of Ripon (Dr. Longley), and that of London by the preferment of the Very Reverend Archibald C. Tait, Dean of Carlisle. These appointments are calculated to give satisfaction to all Churchmen, who are not prejudiced by exclusiveness or bigotry. There is reason to hope that the diocese of London is to be divided, and a diocese of Westminster created out of it. The vacancy of the Deanery of Westminster affords facilities, which may never occur again, for carrying out this desirable object, and it is understood that the new Bishop of London accepted his appointment on these conditions.

The Archdeacon of Taunton has formally stated that he did not intend to retract his alleged errors; so that on the 21st of October the Primate would pass sentence upon Mr. Denison, depriving him of all his clerical appointments. But the opinion seems to be gaining ground that the whole proceedings against him will be vitiated by the discovery that the statute of Elizabeth under which he was tried, cannot be allowed to inflict its extreme penalties upon the Archdeacon of Taunton. It is well known that although in our Prayer-book there are thirty-nine Articles, which are said to have been agreed upon by the Archbishops and Bishops and the whole clergy in 1562, there were in fact only thirty-eight until 1571, the year in which the statute referred to received the royal sanction. The twenty-ninth article had in fact no legal existence when that statute became law; and it appears to be very uncertain by what authority it was afterwards added.

There has been considerable excitement in London with regard to out-of-doors preaching. Some well-disposed persons undertook to preach to the crowds who resort to Victoria-park. But others followed the example and preached blasphemy and infidelity. The result was that Sir B. Hall interfered, and put a stop to the preaching altogether. The "ministers" are indignant, and pour forth their wrath upon the devoted head of that model of "unsectarian" Liberal politicians. He is reviled as a "patron of immorality," and "a ring-leader of sedition and sin." He is "a Jesuit and a smooth-tongued villain." The "infidels and blasphemers" are,

in reality, his tools and confederates, as are also the Tractarians, who are, of course, at the bottom of everything that is bad. He is implored not to add to his other sins that of hypocrisy, and the grand *finale* is a threat that all the "ministers" and "earnest Protestants" in London will unite to convert him, or, if he is too irredeemably bad for that, then to convert all his colleagues in order to get him ignominiously turned out of office. Seriously, we have here one of the inconveniences of the modern theory of religious liberty. That out-of-doors preaching may reach thousands in such a city as London, who can never be brought to enter a church, will hardly be denied. But then, in accordance with modern liberality, to deny the same privilege to infidel lecturers and spouters of blasphemy, would be a heinous breach of the fundamental laws of religious equality. If the office of preacher could, as formerly, be confined to those who have a license to preach from the bishop, or the parish-priest, great good might result from the revival of out-of-doors preaching; but the very mention of so intolerant a limitation would be tumultuously denounced. Religious liberty and the First Commissioner of Works know no distinction of creeds or unbelief. And so the preachers of atheism and vice can only be stopped by shutting the mouths of all preachers in one comprehensive edict.

The most popular preacher in England at the present moment is said to be the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, a minister of we really do not know what denomination. A volume of sermons from his pen has been published, and we have seen an American edition of the same, which is puffed with their accustomed liberality by our friends on the other side of the line. The London Daily News, a paper of extremely "liberal" tendencies in matters of religion, recently contained a leading article on the subject of his preaching, from which it appears that the great secret of his success is the violence of his manner and the utter recklessness of his language, which frequently amounts to positive profanity. He does not scruple to invent dramatic scenes, in which God and Christ and Adam and Mary Magdalen and himself are the leading characters. The Daily News speaks of his utter ignorance of any theology except that current among the sect to which he belongs, and of his ludicrous misinterpretations of Scripture, and sums up in

these words: "It is not want of knowledge for which we condemn Mr. Spurgeon; it is the daring assumption which he makes of exclusive knowledge; the cunning flattery by which he insinuates that his hearers are almost the only proper persons to share this knowledge with him; his reckless denunciations of all who differ from himself; and lastly, his audacious violations of propriety in his dramatic representations. We have a right to reproach him with these things, because they have the worst effects upon his hearers. A congregation that constantly listens to the spiritual dram-drinking that Mr. Spurgeon encourages, will become not only bigoted, but greedy after stronger doses of excitement. What excited them once will fall flat upon their palate. The preacher will be obliged to become more and more extravagant, as his audience becomes more and more exacting, and the end may be an extensive development of dangerous fanaticism.

SCOTLAND.—The annual Synod and episcopal Visitation of the Diocese of St. Andrew's was recently held at Perth. The bishop delivered a very able and learned charge on the sentiments of Calvin, Luther, and the other reformers on the subject of Episcopacy, contrasting the successive modifications of their views with the perfectly consistent course of the Church of England during that eventful period. The consideration of a report of a committee, appointed to draw up a model constitution for churches—the object of which had been to devise some remedy for the tyranny exercised over the clergy in Scotland by the lay vestries—was postponed.

FRANCE.—The French clergy have converted themselves almost universally to Ultramontanism, but a violent quarrel has been for a long time going on between the two sections of this school, represented by the *Univers* and the *Ami de la Religion*. The former is the organ of the extreme Ultramontane party, and has obtained the approval of all the leading Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops. But the result, of the contest and of the tone and temper in which it has been conducted appears to have disposed the great mass of the laity to regard Ultramontanism with less favour than ever. The sarcas-

tic tone of even the most respectable portion of the French press may be taken as an index of the general feeling of its readers. This state of feeling, though right in itself, must be considered a misfortune, as everything must be which creates a breach between a whole people and their national clergy.

UNITED STATES.—The General Convention of the Church of the United States assembled at Philadelphia on the first of October. The Bishop of New Jersey, the energetic and fearless Bishop Doane, preached the opening sermon, and it is a cause for congratulation that all men who have read this striking discourse, are agreed in the high estimate which they put upon it.

The discussions on the various topics which have been brought before the Convention have been marked by the usual ability and earnestness, but are not invested with much interest to us, inasmuch as they are chiefly of local importance. The principal debates have been upon new canons for the "Trial of Bishops," and the "Trial of the Clergy." With regard to the latter it was proposed to transfer the jurisdiction from the separate dioceses, to whom it now belongs, to the General Convention, so as to procure uniformity in the mode of procedure. This proposition was however rejected, chiefly, it would seem, on account of the strong dislike which the Americans entertain to any centralization of power. The "Trial of Bishops," it might have been hoped, would be a subject of no great practical moment, but we were startled into a different opinion by reading the remark of Dr. Evans, that ten per cent of the American bishops have been subjected to trial. The chief difficulty appears to be to secure fairness and impartiality to the accused party.

A canon has been reported by which the Morning Prayer, Litany, Communion Office, and Evening Prayer are declared to be four distinct services. We have not yet seen what action has been taken upon it.

Canons have been enacted by which the residence of a bishop in his diocese and the visitation of every church at least once in three years are rendered compulsory.

California has been admitted into the number of the dioceses.

The Dark Ages—The Worker in Gold.

SOME people are very fond of talking about the "Dark Ages," as though then all was hypocrisy and crime. Now we grant that superstition soon began to creep into the church, for the opportunities of knowledge were then very few; but yet we often feel disposed to fear that their superstition was far better than our terrible worldly-mindedness, and disputatious self-righteousness. At all events, while it is our duty to be deeply thankful for that blaze of Gospel light which has enabled us to escape from those religious errors into which their ignorance betrayed them, our readers may rely upon it that very many are the lessons which their earnest simple devotion, and fervent, self-denying labours would teach us, if we had only the grace of humility sufficient to receive them.

We will go back, therefore, to the seventh century, which is thought by many to be a most gloomy and terrible period of religious corruption.

Christianity had now spread very widely over the world. The glad tidings had been carried from the Hill of Judea, along the shores of the Great Sea (the Mediterranean sea). On the coasts of Asia and the shores of Africa, the Church had taken root—bishops had been chosen, and temples raised to the true God. Among the mountains of Italy, and the villages of Switzerland, the woody heights of Spain, and on the sunny plains of France, the name of Christ had been heard, and welcomed with joy. Even in Persia, Syria, and far-off India, the truth was spreading; while in Britain, the lonely island in the North Sea, the King of Kent, with ten thousand of his Anglo-Saxons, had been baptized, and Theodore of Tarsus made Archbishop of Canterbury. An Irish missionary, Columbanus, with holy zeal, had brought light and cheer to the Pagans of Gaul, and then had passed over to labour amongst the Swiss and Germans. It is in the Gaul of this seventh century that we will take our first picture of what living Christians were actually doing.

It happened that the King of a certain part of France, towards the end of the sixth century, fancied that he should like to have made for him a throne of gold. He was a rich and powerful king, but he could meet with no workmen able to make what he wanted. The gold and jewels were ready, but the skill to fashion

them was not to be found amongst his people. So at least thought the king.

Meanwhile the king's treasurer, who knew what his master was searching for, sought diligently amongst the trades of the city for some one who could execute the sovereign's order. And at last he found what he sought.

He heard of a young craftsman who had travelled from a neighbouring country to the royal city, and seemed as if in search of work, or, what was more likely, to improve himself in the knowledge of his craft. All that the treasurer heard of the young man pleased him. He was not only a very clever workman, but beloved by all his companions, and all who knew him, as a kind and single-hearted man, of gentle manners, and of a godly life. In short, he was a real Christian, working hard at his trade, cheerfully and contentedly, as God had appointed.

In his own country he had been a worker in gold, sometimes under his master in the mint, at other times engaged at other kinds of work in silver and gold.

As soon as the young craftsman heard what the king had so long wished for, he undertook at once to make the golden throne, and that it should be fashioned exactly as the king desired.

This was good news for the king, who at once ordered the proper quantity of gold to be given to the young craftsman, and begged that the work might be instantly commenced. Perhaps it is as well here to say that the craftsman's name was Eloi, or Eligius.

Eloi, then, worked with all diligence at the throne of gold, and soon found that the king had entrusted to him sufficient metal to form two thrones instead of one. Instead of falsely secreting this share of gold, as he might have done, he with great skill and diligence formed a second throne. When both were finished he went at once to the palace, and produced one of the thrones for the king's approval. The sovereign was much pleased with the work of Eligius, praised his skill and diligence, and commanded a reward to be bestowed upon him.

Great indeed was his surprise when the faithful workman produced a second throne equally beautiful and well wrought as the first. It seemed impossible that both could have been formed out of the quantity of gold the craftsman had received, and yet such was the ease.

From this time, as you may imagine, the worker in gold prospered in all his ways. He had proved himself wise, skilful and honest; and soon grew to be a great favorite with the king.

He became very famous through all that region as a clever craftsman, but still more famous as a man of high and noble principle. The lords and ladies of the land all showed honour to the favourite of the king, who himself esteemed Eligius very highly. It would have been but natural if Eligius had grown somewhat vain and conceited of all this favour, but it was not so. He never forgot his own station or that of the king, while he neglected not his duty to God and his sovereign.

Not long afterwards, therefore, we find the king wishing to promote him to some honour, or to appoint him to some office of confidence at court. But before he entered on the duties of his office, he was required to take an oath on the reliques of the saints. The king himself was present, but Eligius, to the surprise of every one, refused to take the oath. He did not fully declare his reason for refusing, but seemed to have some scruple about the matter, which prevented his taking any oath in that form.

The king pressed him earnestly, but for some time in vain; until, at last, Eligius burst into tears. His tears said more for him than words, and the king at once relented; the goldsmith was sent home, with a few cheerful, kindly words, his sovereign assuring him at last, that from this time he should rather trust him than if he had sworn oaths of all kinds. Upon this Eligius went away to his own home, where he still worked on honestly and faithfully at his craft.

But about this time a change seems to have come over him; he grew more thoughtful and intent at his work; pondering in his heart on many things, and above all, his own state before God. He had formerly ruffled amongst the gayest at court, in showy dress, but now his clothes were of a most humble kind. He grew pale with fasting, thinking less of earth and more of heaven; but still worked on in hope, joy, and content, in the station ordained for him by God.

By industry and faithful living, he grew rich, and his wealth was to him a great blessing. He laid up treasure in heaven, gave all his substance

to the poor, was rich towards God, and, having nothing, possessed all things.

What wonder, then, that his life was serene and peaceful?

He was ever actively at work among men for the good of others, and still neglected not his own daily toil.

Let us take one look into his workshop. He used to make, says the old chronicle, many vessels for the use of the kings, wrought in gold and gems; he laboured unweariably, sitting at his task, and opposite to him his household servant, who followed in the steps of his master, and afterwards led a life worthy of all respect. Sitting thus at his work, he had ready before him an open book, so that labouring in both ways he might fulfil the Divine command.

In his bed-chamber he had many a memorial of holy men, as well as many holy books, which after singing a psalm, and prayer, he used, by means of a circular frame, to bring before him in turn, and meditating thereon, like a most prudent bee, gathering diverse stores from diverse flowers, laid up in his own breast the choicest stores.

Such was the life he led, so simple, so Christian-like, so full of peace and content. While he lived, his sovereign was a good friend and patron to Eligius, and after his death the goldsmith found an equally good friend in his son. But whatever bounties he enjoyed at the hands of his sovereign, all were bestowed on his poorer brethren. Wherever was poverty or distress, there the good Eligius was to be found, until at last people used to say, "Go into such a quarter of the city, and where you see a crowd of poor people you will find him."

Many a poor slave owed his liberty to the worker in gold. Nothing, in fact, gave him a purer joy than to redeem some fifty or a hundred of these poor creatures from bondage.

All these good deeds he did in the quietest, gentlest manner (for there was no list of subscriptions or other good deed in newspapers then), but the memory of them still lingers sweetly on among us in this age of mammon, as that of her who cast but a mite into the treasury.

Far and wide among that nation spread the fame of the good Eligius; his words of wisdom and gentleness had cheered thousands, and led them, by the blessing of Christ their Saviour

and God, to choose the narrow way, which leads unto life.

Thus he lived and worked on in faith. Let us hope that there were many others like him, even then, in those dark ages; many who strove to follow his bright example, to live as he lived, to die as he afterwards died. We have not space now to say more of friend Eligius, or those "Dark Ages," over which some are so fond of lamenting. Perhaps we may glance at him again next month. Meanwhile let us take for our motto some holy words of his, which he spoke as an old man.

Even in this our age of light and knowledge we may find no better ones.

"Love God with all your soul, and all your mind. Keep your hearts clean from wicked and impure thoughts; keep brotherly love among yourselves, and love not the world. Do not think about what you have, but what you are."

So shall we be living and not dead members of Christ's Holy Church.—*Penny Post.*

Letters from England.

iv.

Steamship Anglo-Saxon, at Sea, July 1856.

THE remaining portion of our voyage to England may be described in a few sentences. The sea once clear of icebergs our ship made rapid way in her course across the Atlantic. The distance run each day was from 250 to 280 miles. To some of your readers it may be interesting to know that the rate of speed obtained by means of the screw alone, is about ten nautical miles an hour. A favorable breeze increases this to eleven or twelve miles, and at the same time very much eases the machinery and reduces the consumption of coal, which, under ordinary circumstances, is about forty tons per day.

As a passenger vessel our ship is provided with everything necessary for comfort. The table is abundantly supplied, and the provisions are of the best quality and admirably cooked. One of our first inquiries on reaching Quebec had been, "Is there a cow on board?" and the answer being in the negative, an exclamation of surprise and disappointment had been called forth, for which, however, as it afterwards appeared, there was no occasion. There was an ample supply of good milk, of which we par-

took last when breakfasting alongside the quay at Liverpool, and which was preserved in ice. The breakfast hour is half-past eight; luncheon is provided at noon; the ceremonial of dinner commences at four, and is protracted through an hour and a half, and tea comes off at seven. Many of the passengers find it altogether too arduous a duty to "answer the bell" so frequently, and, happily for our digestive organs, there is no obligation to do so.

There is no lack of amusement on board: what with conversation, books, exercise on deck, and the quick succession of meals, the time passes rapidly and pleasantly enough. - One gentleman on board is taking to England some geological specimens of singular value, with a sight of which he favored the curious in such matters; and a collection of curiosities from Sebastopol, procured by another from soldiers lately arrived at Halifax, excited the interest of many. There is no piano on board, but there are a couple of flutes and some very musical voices, and the evening has more than once concluded with a concert of miscellaneous music. One very calm evening afforded the young ladies the novel amusement of some dancing on the quarter-deck, nor was there any lack of beaux on the occasion.

Under such favorable circumstances, a voyage is rather an agreeable episode than otherwise, especially in the life of one who has passed several years in remote seclusion in Canada; and if to any of your readers his pen has seemed tedious, he would remind such that he is writing principally for those of them who will recognize in these letters the hand of a friend, and will be pleased to know that they were not forgotten by their absent pastor.

It is again the Lord's Day, and I resume my pen at an hour at which some of these dear friends are assembling their families in order to celebrate, in their own dwellings, the morning service of the Church, the opportunity of public worship being, for this day, denied them by my absence. It is assuredly no small comfort for a pastor to know that, on such an occasion, his people will be occupied, many of them at least, in a manner so profitable to themselves and their families, and so consistent with their calling as members of the Church. And both minister and people may mutually rejoice in the possession of that valued Liturgy, in the use of

which, alike with all the solemnities of worship, in the turreted Minster, or on the deck of a lonely ship in the midst of the ocean, or within the walls of the humblest cottage that graces the clearings of Western America, the Communion of Saints is vividly felt and realized. Wherever we are, we feel that we are not worshipping alone. We belong to a national church that has extended its ramifications throughout the various dependencies of the British Empire, which now encircles the globe. Of our own fellow-subjects, there are tens of thousands, of every color, and almost every race, and in every clime, who not only bow with ourselves at the Name of Jesus and own his sway, but who offer the very same prayers, and unite in the same praises as those which ascend from our lips.

But we likewise belong to a more extended community, the Catholic Church, which embraces not subjects of the Queen of England alone, but all, of every nation under Heaven, who have been admitted into "the Apostle's doctrine and fellowship," and continue therein. With this vast multitude we are one; one in *the Faith* which all profess; one in *Hope* of the "glory which shall be revealed;" one in *Charity*, which is "the bond of perfectness;" one in our mutual participation in the sacrifice of adoration and homage paid to the Eternal and undivided Trinity, by the "Holy Church throughout all the world." It is the consciousness of this which is nourished in us by the constant use of the Liturgy of our own Church, that gives to our acts of united worship, under whatever circumstances of privation they may be performed, their peculiar sweetness and value.

Let a tribute of acknowledgment be paid in these lines to Captain McMaster, the commander of our vessel. He is not only felt to be well qualified for his post by his experience as a navigator, having crossed the Atlantic no less than eighty-six times; his gentlemanly manner and agreeable humor have won for him the esteem of all on board. Himself an Episcopalian, it was at his suggestion that the ship was furnished with Prayer Books in addition to the Bibles which had been provided by the Company; and, with his concurrence, the principal meal of the day was invariably prefaced with the asking of a blessing, a public testimony to religion which one would be thankful to see more generally borne.

In less than seven days from the Straits of Belle Isle, we sighted the coast of Ireland; and in ten days and eighteen hours from the time we left Quebec we were at anchor in the Mersey. The "Atlantic," which had sailed from New York on the same day that we had sailed from Quebec, arrived in Liverpool about an hour before us, and had it not been for a violent head wind which met us in going down the North Channel, and made it necessary for us to go outside the Isle of Man, we should have beaten her by some hours. So much for the first trip of the Canadian Mail Steamer Anglo-Saxon.

Gold and the Gospel.

WE have before us a remarkable volume bearing this title. Of the contents we do not propose to speak on this occasion, although it is gratifying to us to find that it bears strong testimony in favor of a principle which "THE CHURCHMAN'S FRIEND" has not hesitated to advocate. It is, however, to the circumstances under which this volume is published that we design to call attention. It appears that a number of gentlemen, members of "different churches," combined to offer prizes for the best Essays on a certain subject. Fifty-one essays were submitted to the adjudicators, and they selected five as of equal merits, which are now published under the above title. The authors "belong to different Christian communities. One is an Episcopalian Clergyman; the second is a Presbyterian minister, the third is a Scotch Dissenter, the fourth is an English Nonconformist, and the fifth is a layman. And as the scheme in the first instance originated with Baptists and Wesleyan Methodists, it may so far be regarded as combining the suffrage and sympathy of the largest evangelic denominations in the United Kingdom." And further, of the authors "two are Englishmen, two are Irishmen, and one is a Scotchman." Through the action of the Evangelical Alliance the volume is published at a price almost unprecedentedly low. "A Presbyterian, a Congregationalist, a Baptist, and a Wesleyan gentleman have each ordered a thousand copies for gratuitous distribution;" and it has reached us bearing the inscription, "Presented by a few Members of the Church of England" in Montreal. It is almost startling to find in these days of division such har-

mony and unanimity on any subject; but most of our readers will be yet more surprised, as we confess ourselves to have been, when they learn what is the principle advocated in this volume. It is the same which has been so strikingly presented to the Church in Canada by the Rev. A. Townley, in his "Sacerdotal Tithes:" the principle as stated in the Advertisement prefixed to the volume before us, that "no one believing the Scripture can consistently give less than a tenth of his income annually to the cause of God, however much more he may give." We have not time now to enter into an examination of the contents, but we fully agree in the opinion expressed by the "Free Church of Scotland Magazine:" "The general adoption of the principles of the volume before us would change the condition of the Church and the world. The discovery of the law of gravitation and the application of steam to its manifold uses in modern Society, have not produced a greater change on the philosophy and physical condition of mankind, than the practice of the views of pecuniary contribution here submitted to the public would effect on the life energy and usefulness of the Church of Christ."

Miss Nightingale.

It is needless here to recount Miss Nightingale's labours; their record is deeply, we should hope indelibly, impressed upon the national heart. Hard, rough men, while boasting of their prowess of venting maledictions on opponents, pause to invoke, with trembling voice, a blessing on the English Maiden at Scutari. The latter, speaking of one of her fellow-workers who fell a victim to her toilsome trials, writes, "It has been my endeavor, in the sight of God, to do as she has done. I will not speak of reward when permitted to do our country's work. It is what we live for." Such language, the sublime of womanly gentleness, carries with it an earnest truthfulness of purpose, equally removed from cant as from self-righteousness. There is no egotism, no sectarianism, no sycophancy, no presumption. Words enunciating high, unselfish principles, fall on the mere money-getter like leaves on the wind, he neither knows whence they come, whither they go, nor hardly what they are. They typify ideas which are strangers in Downing street, myths in Cheap-side, absurdities on 'Change. The notion of a person living for any earthly being but self; the bare possibility of a five-pound note not being the *primum mobile* of life; the supposition of anybody, when the moon is not at the full, running into quagmires of self-denial after that

ignis fatuus (to the world) called duty! The thing is incredible, or, if true, gains the conscientious lunatic admission into bedlam, in the opinion of every worldly wiseman out of it. Duty, forsooth! What did she get by it? Ay! that's the practical question!

No stars, no swords, no titles: she was invested with no order but that of the good Samaritan; she was not *feled*, beplastered with adulation, nor invited to talk herself hoarse in her own praise. So far as the absence of the three last are concerned, she was a gainer. Her heart was its own spontaneous arbiter of action and reward; it prompted her what others, practised in official bungling, could not perform; it saved lives when hazarded by mad-cap heedlessness or insane stupidity; and when she had rendered the sick-wards proper receptacles for the suffering soldiers, active intelligent compassion brought its own return. The presence of the same spirit which carried her through her duty, irradiated the scene wherein she moved, and the sick and dying caught a ray of comfort from the heaven which she illuminated as their ministering angel. The mercy was, indeed, twice blessed.

Very strangely also Miss Nightingale seems content with the wages of self-approval. Imitating the unworldly flower which blows at night, but closes its petals during the day, she sheds the lustre of her benevolence in the darkness of her country's perils, but shrinks from the gaudy glare of its triumphant noon. The sympathy of affectionate hearts is the true atmosphere of moral greatness, and this she recognizes; but things closest to the soul are best expressed by silence, and it is not the province of language to break the seal heroism on itself imposes. Let, therefore, this life episode of unselfish devotion stand in the nation's annals, a solitary monument of greatness in the midst of wide deserts of strife and folly. Let it mark the spot where woman's patriotism repaired or ameliorated the sufferings caused by misgovernment and incompetence; and when we hail the return of the long-absent, or mourn the brave man's fall, let us recall her whose spirit, like the sun, exhilarated thousands, yet drew its radiance from itself alone.—John Bull.

The Fruit Tree and its Boats.

Polydorus, a heathen youth, had left the errors of Idolatry, and received the Word of Truth with a believing heart. As he condemned his former wanderings amidst the lusts of heathenism, he took refuge in solitude, and closed his heart to every enjoyment of nature, and of life. For he said, "the flesh lusteth against the spirit, therefore I will destroy the power of the senses, and close the entrance to all outward temptations."

Then came Justus his master, who had converted him, and leading him to a tree which,

planted by a rippling stream, bore blossoms and fruit, spake to him thus: "Behold this tree, Polydorus! God has set it before us an example that we should be rich in good fruits." And the youth beheld the tree, and said, "Happy is the tree! Without any struggles with the flesh, it silently fulfils its important mission, and brings forth in its time, blossoms and fruit."

The old man smiled, and replied, "Would it not have been more perfect without the humble roots? They creep in the dark earth, and drink their muddy food from the brook."

"But," answered the youth, "they support the trunk of the tree, and provide it with sap for the blossoms and fruit."

Then the sage lifted up his voice, and spake "So do thou the same! Dispise not the senses, the humble roots of life, but let them continue humble. Transform what they convey to thee, into the blossoms and fruits of the Spirit. As the branches and twigs of the tree, so will thy thoughts and endeavour all turn towards Heaven, and thou wilt be perfected with the Light of Truth."

Thus spake the aged Justus, and Polydorus forsook his hermitage, and wandered amidst nature, and amongst men, instructing many by his word and his example.—Crummacher.

Poetry.

"Oh, let me Ring the Bell."

A Missionary far away,
Beyond the Southern Sea,
Was sitting in his home one day
With Bible on his knee.

When suddenly he heard a rap
Upon the chamber door,
And opening, there stood a boy
Of some ten years or more.

He was a bright and happy child,
With cheeks of ruddy hue,
And eyes that 'neath their lashes smiled,
And glittered like the dew.

He held his little form erect,
In boyish sturdiness,
But on his lip you could detect,
Traces of gentleness.

"Dear sir," he said, in native tongue,
"I do so want to know,
If something for the house of God,
You'd kindly let me do."

"What can you do, my little boy?"
The missionary said,
And as he spoke he laid his hand
Upon the youthful head.

Then bashfully, as if afraid
His secret wish to tell,
The boy in eager accents cried,
"Oh, let me ring the bell!"

"Oh, please to let me ring the bell,
For our dear house of prayer;
I'm sure I'll ring it loud and well,
And I'll be always there!"

The missionary kindly looked
Upon that upturned face,
Where hope and fear and wistfulness,
United—left their trace.

And gladly did he grant the boon;
The boy had pleaded well,
And to the eager child he said,
"Yes, you shall ring the bell!"

Oh, what a proud and happy heart
He carried to his home,
And how impatiently he longed
For the Sabbath day to come!

He rang the bell: he went to school,
The Bible learned to read,
And in his youthful heart they sowed
The Gospel's precious seed.

And now to other heathen lands,
He's gone of Christ to tell;
And yet his first young mission was
To ring the Sabbath bell.

Miscellany.

CHURCH MUSIC.—The truth is, in our churches we want *heart music*; not so much soul-stirring music, as *music from the soul*; music in which all the voices, and hearts, and emotions of the great congregation are effectively united and engaged. We want to witness the fulfilment of the Psalmist's declaration, "Praise the Lord, all ye people."

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.—It is strange that the experience of so many ages should not make us judge more solidly of the present and the future, so as to take proper measures in the one for the other. We doat upon this world as if it were never to have a beginning.—Fenelon.

PRINCES AND MINISTERS.—"Kings, princes, lords," says Martin Luther, "will needs understand the gospel far better than I, Martin Luther, aye, or even than St. Paul, for they deem themselves wise and full of policy. But herein they scorn and condemn, not us, poor preachers and ministers, but the Lord and Governor of all who has sent us to preach and teach, and who would scorn and condemn them in such sort that they shall smart again; even He that says: 'Whoso heareth you, heareth me; and whoso toucheth you toucheth the apple of mine eye.' The great ones would govern (i. e. the Church) but they know not how."

NOBLE EMBASSY FROM THE GREEK CHURCH.—(Extracted from a letter in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.)—The patriarchs of Greece

hearing of the unparalleled murder of our late King (Charles I.), by his own subjects, sent one of their own-body as an Envoy over here into England, and his errand was this: *To know of Oliver Cromwell, and the rest, by what Law, either of God or MAN, they had put their king to death?* But the Patriarch, speaking no language but the common Greek, and roaming without an interpreter, no one understood him; and though there were many good Grecians (whose names I have forgot) brought to him, yet they could not understand his Greek. Thereupon Lentale, who was Speaker to the House of Commons, told them that there was in prison one of the King's party,* that understood the common Greek, who would interpret to them what the Patriarch said, if they would set him at liberty, and withal, promise not to punish him, if what he interpreted out of the Patriarch's word reflected on them; which, at last, they were forced to do, though much against their will. At last the day was set for hearing, when were present Cromwell, Bradshaw, and most of the late king's judges, if not all. When the Patriarch came, he wrote in the common Greek the aforesaid sentence, and signed it with his own hand; after which my father turned it into our Greek, which, when it was written, he (the Patriarch) did (though with much ado) understand and set his hand to it. Then my father turned it into Latin and English, and delivered it under his hand to Cromwell, stating that that was the business of the Patriarch embassy; who (Cromwell and the others) then returned him this answer, that they would consider of it, and in a short time send him their answer: but after a long stay, and many delays, the Patriarch was forced to return as wise as he came. Upon the Patriarch's departure, they would have sent my father to prison again, but Lentale would not let them, saying that it was their promise that he should be at liberty; whereupon they sent for him and commanded him to keep the Patriarch's embassy private, and not to divulge it upon pain of imprisonment, if not of death. This is the relation which I have heard my father oftentimes tell; and, to the best of my knowledge, I have neither added nor diminished anything.

"Anger in dispute is like an unquiet horse in a dusty way:—it raises so much dust in the eyes of the understanding, that it blinds it, and puts it out."—Earl of Bedford's Advice to his Son.

A BISHOP PREACHING IN THE OPEN AIR.—On Sunday the Bishop of Sodor and Man was announced to preach on behalf of the schools connected with the church of Kirk Braddan, situated nearly two miles from Douglas, in the

* The father of the person who writes the above letter; he was domestic Chaplain to the loyal Earl of Derby.

Isle, of Man. Such a congregation met that a great number could not gain admittance, and at the close of the Communion Service an adjournment took place to the church yard, where the Bishop, duly robed, mounted upon a chair on a tombstone, and addressed the assembly. The people were delighted....

OPEN-AIR SERVICES.—The clergy of the Camden District, Cambridge, have recommenced this form of ministerial labour. On Sunday, May 25th, the Rev. D. More went out with the intention of holding a service, but was prevented by the rain from doing so. On the two last Sabbath evenings, however, service has been conducted by the Rev. J. Thompson Smith, the senior curate. The subjects selected on each occasion were John iii. 16, and Psalm cxvi. 12—14. The attendance and behaviour of the assembly were satisfactory. It is proposed to continue these services during the summer, by which means it is hoped that the "Word of life" may be proclaimed to the otherwise almost entirely unapproachable class, viz., the working men of the neighbourhood.

THE VICTORY.—One day Robert's uncle gave him an English halfpenny. "Now," said he, "I'll have a stick of candy; for I have been wanting some for a long while." His mother asked him if that was the best use he could make of his halfpenny. "Why, I want candy very badly;" and he put on his cap, and ran off in great haste. His mother was sitting at the window, and saw him running along; then he stopped. She thought he had dropped his halfpenny; but soon started off again, and soon reached the confectioner's shop. When he stood there a while, with his hand on the latch, and his eye on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for. But she was more surprised to see him come off the step, and run home again without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlor, with a bright glow upon his cheek, and brighter glance in his eye, and exclaimed, "Mother! the heathen have beat! The heathen have beat!" "What do you mean, Robert?" "Why, mother, as I went along, I kept hearing the heathen say, 'Give us your halfpenny, to help to send us good missionaries. We want Bibles and tracts. Help us, little boy. Won't you?' And I kept saying, 'Oh, I want the candy; I do want the candy.' At last the heathen beat, and I am going to put my halfpenny into the missionary-box. It shall go to the heathen."

SUPERSTITION.—Henry IV., of France, used to say of superstition, that it was "merely the rust of religion, the moss that grows on the stock of piety." This is only true when superstition is the consequence of ignorant sincerity, and not the result of fleshly lusts, spiritual pride, or of a bitter spirit.