

The Theological Instructor.

No. 7.

TORONTO, MAY, 1874.

VOL. I.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

We publish with great pleasure the communication of the Rev. Mr. Ford, of Toronto, and that of our Reverend friend from the Diocese of Huron. Both communications are very timely and highly necessary. The statement of Mr. Ford is just what we had expected, and is simply unanswerable; it places the members of the Church Association before the public in a very unenviable light.

We beg to assure our readers that we have no desire to take any part in the squabbles of the day. If the gentlemen who wrote the articles for the Church Association had any truth on their side, in their avowed opposition to the clergy we would long since have been found with them fighting the battles of the Reformation, and contending for the truth of God's word against Popish innovations and Romish practices; but, on examining the subject, we cannot defend them, because we find their accusations against the brethren to be wicked untruths and destitute, of the slightest resemblance of facts.

If High Churchmen, or any other kind of churchmen, pursued the same line of misrepresentation as the parties in question, we would be just as free to condemn them as any others; so that sinners of their stamp need not take shelter inside the walls of the Low Church party, in order to screen themselves from the

charge of malice and wickedness. It is the "seed of the serpent" that we denounce so strongly; although we are to expect from them nothing but opposition to Christ. Let them give us the attested facts against the Clergy and we will not only publish them free of charge, but we will unite in exposing the Jesuistical trickery of the Papists in sending their agents to counteract the teaching of the Church of the blessed Reformation.

Because the Pope may have a few paid Ritualists in England to counteract the teaching of the Church, that is no reason why we should denounce every one we may desire to quarrel with as a Papist, Ritualist, and innovator. It is therefore neither one party nor the other we denounce, but sinners of both parties who seem to forget the ninth commandment, and who themselves prove that they are the generation of vipers described by St. John the Baptist (Mat. iii., 7): taking evident pleasure in works of mischief. The ringleader of the "Accusers," we understand, was not brought up a Churchman at all, but a Socinian; and whatever his virtues or excellencies may be, we are quite sure it is a piece of unsurpassed presumption in him to presume to teach Church Clergymen their own religion. With all respect to the gentleman referred to, we do not think him a competent teacher of religion.

Our readers must understand their duty towards those whose "rock is not our Rock, our enemies themselves being judges." Men who have been taught to deny the divinity of the Saviour of mankind and his precious atonement for sinners will feel no compunctions of conscience in calling the Ambassadors of Christ *liars*, and other such names so sweetly bestowed on them by the friends of the "other kingdom."

In relation to our Huron correspondent we would simply say, that the Orange Institution has done great service in the British Empire. For loyalty to the British Crown and fidelity to our Constitution it has no equal, and we are well convinced that we still need it as a very useful and important Association. It never was a religious society nor can it ever be. Its objects being, when and where necessary, to defend our political and religious rights as Protestants, and in the hour of peril to place a forest of Orange bayonets to guard the British throne. We can assure our friends that the large majority of

Orangemen in this Dominion are favourable to the Church of England. The mistaken brethren no doubt meant well in passing their resolutions, and they have simply given the world the evidence that they did not understand the subject at all; and while we cheerfully acknowledge them to be brave, courageous, and true, yet we feel that it is not their province to be teachers of religion; and they must leave that to competent persons who are both able and willing, and have Christ's authority to do it. The world around us is lying in wickedness, our families are influenced by our example; let us labour for their good and the good of our brethren, by inculcating temperance, sobriety, and religion among them. Let Orangemen and every one else be taught that it is simply heathenism to profane God's day, by habitually absenting ourselves from his house and table; while it is highly improper and out of place for those who manifestly neglect these duties to presume, popish-like, to tell us what to think, and how to think it.

THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of the Theological Instructor.

"Sed nonne tibi tales videntur isti, qui ea que non intelligunt, aut cur, aut omnino qualia sunt, quamvis jacentibus similia, subtilia tamen intelligentibus atque divina, magno impetu orationis maledictis que lacrimantes, quia eis imperiti plaudunt, aliquid se proficere existimant?"—S. Aug. Hippo. De utilitate credendi, Cap. 13.

DEAR SIR,—Pray allow me to make the following statement of facts, bearing on "Occasional Paper No. IV," of the Church Association:—

1. Many months before Paper No. III. was issued, the same man who took the "Path of Holiness" to the officers of the Association brought it to me, and afterwards to Mr. Darling in my presence. Mr. Darling then disclaimed all connection with the circulation of the book (which turns out to have been very limit-

ed),* and showed the parent and a friend who accompanied him that all responsibility in the matter rested with Mr. Goldsmith, whose name was signed in the book which was inscribed as a gift from him to the boy. The men who brought the book declared themselves satisfied, and glad to learn that it had not been issued "from the Church," as they expressed it; and the father spoke of joining a small association of mine, at that time on foot, and, if I remember, attended some of the meetings afterwards.

2. Mr. Goldsmith never was a teacher or superintendent in any Sunday School in Holy Trinity Parish.

3. He said, about the time that the Chestnut street Mission passed out of our hands, that he had never undertaken to teach there, because Mr. Darling would not like it.

4. He denies having instructed the children not to show the books to their parents.

5. The books were given as a memento of a deceased child of Mr. Goldsmith to a few children who had attended the funeral as a choir. It was done by himself on his own responsibility altogether.

6. The books given as prizes in the Schools in our parish are usually Bibles, prayer-books, hymn-books, or story-books, or occasionally such books as "The Christian Year," "The Imitation of Christ," or "Holy Living," but not books of the character that Papers Nos. III. and IV. of the Association would lead people to suppose.

* In consequence of the advertisement of the Church Association, it seems all the copies in town were bought up and others ordered, as they mention in Paper IV.

Now, Sir, I wish to state that after Paper No. III. had been issued, I called on the Secretary of the Church Association and told him the above facts, offering to substantiate them if required by the testimony of others; and I then said, "I suppose that on my doing so the Association would think it just to put forth a circular, stating that these were the facts of the case." His answer was that they only desired to elicit the truth, that the matter was now in the Bishop's hands, and, he hoped, for a full investigation. So he put off my question.

Any reasonable man can see the difference between the assertion that "ritualistic" books are sold in the shops, and the altogether different statement or insinuation that certain books are distributed among the Sunday School children, and that, too, in an underhand way.

Let any man bear this distinction in view, and remember the facts stated above, which had been communicated to the Secretary of the Church Association long before No. IV. was published; and then let him read No. IV., and see if he can help feeling that it shows little desire for fair play, and that yet there is a considerable amount of cleverness in the wording of it, so that it should create a suspicion against the conduct of the Sunday Schools of Holy Trinity parish without laying the writer open to a charge of direct misstatement. Read on page 3, of Paper IV., the quotation from the statement of the "parent":—"It was given to my sons, William and Thomas, at a Mission Sunday School of Holy Trinity Church, on Chestnut street, and both boys were instructed by a

Mr. W. F. Goldsmith, who at that time was in charge of the School, not to allow their parents to know said books were in their possession." Not a hint in the whole paper that the facts had been stated to them as I stated them. Would any person suppose that the writers of Paper No. IV. knew what Mr. Gillespie, the Church Association Secretary, heard from my own lips.

I do not desire to bring any accusation against the members of the Church Association: my only object in troubling you is to put the public in possession of the truth. I do not enter into the merits or demerits of the "Path of Holiness;" I simply state that such books are not used in or issued from our Sunday Schools. For their lessons our children, except the infant class and boys' Bible class, use the "Children's Paper" of the Committee of Synod.

I would add further that the words in Paper IV., "Chestnut St. Mission School" alias "The Guild Chapel of the Holy Cross," are misleading, and involve a departure from truth. They are not two names for the same thing, albeit the building once used for one purpose was afterwards bought by the Guild for their purposes.

One word more. Paper No. III. is worded so as to let the readers think that the "Path of Holiness" has the "Hail Mary!" for use with all prayers. This is another instance of careful perversion of the facts. The "Angelic Salutation to B. V. M." does not occur in the "Path of Holiness" otherwise than in St. Luke's Gospel. What occurs is a *meditation* in the form, "The angel said unto Mary, Hail!" &c., which is, whether right or wrong, an altogether

different thing, and is set in the book as a memorial of the incarnation.

And as to the formula, "May the Blessed Virgin, &c., pray for me," I believe it to be a *prayer to God* for the benefit of the intercession of the saints. This, again, be it right or wrong, was allowed by many of the great divines of the English Church in former days, and is parallel to the Prayer Book Collect for Michaelmas, which asks for the guardianship of the angels. Let us not exaggerate other people's views.

The question in my whole letter is not one of good or bad theology, but one of accuracy or inaccuracy of statement; and I should not trouble you had not a false impression been caused where the gravest interests are at stake.

With thanks for the space you have afforded me,

I remain,
faithfully yours,

OGDEN P. FORD.

Toronto, 28th May, 1874.

P.S.—Pray allow me to add a fragment of a dialogue that took place to-day between one of the two boys mentioned above and myself:—

Q. by me.—"What did Mr. Goldsmith say to you when he gave you the book" (*i. e.*, the Path of Holiness mentioned before.)

A. by boy.—"He did not say anything to me, but gave both books to my brother. I used to pick up the choir books after service."

Does this look like "instructing" the boys "not to allow their parents to know said books were in their possession?" Yet we are told *both* boys were so instructed by Mr. G.

O. P. F.

NOTE FROM MR. GOLDSMITH.

I have read Mr. Ford's letter to the THEOLOGICAL INSTRUCTOR, under date of to-day, and do hereby solemnly af-

firm the truth of those statements therein which refer to me, and more particularly as to the assertion in Paper No. IV., that "I instructed the boys not to allow their parents to know said books were in their possession." I declare that it is absolutely

false; and I further declare that I am not and never was a teacher in or in charge of any Sunday School in Toronto. In No. IV. my initials are incorrectly printed.

WM. T. GOLDSMITH.
Toronto, 28th May, 1874.

ORANGE LODGES AND CHURCH PARTIES.

To the Editor of the Theological Instructor.

DEAR SIR,—

I have never been an Orangeman, and for many reasons could not be; but regarding them as stout supporters of England's Church and Throne, I have been their friend, as is evident by my having regularly preached for them for eight or ten years, even when they were under the ban of the State, until I left the parish; defending them also against what I considered the Duke of Newcastle's unfair treatment, being in England at the time.

Nevertheless, I have often had to regret their unwise conduct, and seldom have they made a grosser mistake, as "Loyal and Independent Orangemen," than when at their recent lodge meetings, in Toronto and Ottawa, they took a Theological party stand, identifying themselves with the "Church Association" clique.

My reasons for thus thinking, are the following:—

1st. As a body banded together for the support of the British Throne and Constitution, they stultify their influence by thus associating themselves with any mere faction in either Church or State.

2ndly. In this particular instance, too, they have placed themselves in direct opposition to the Episcopal

authorities in their Dioceses, thereby flying in the face of their own professed principles of submission to "the powers that be."

3rdly. Every onslaught on *Ritualism* in the abstract, is an absurdity. The display of our principles, and the deepening of them in our minds and in those of others, and the effort to exalt those whom we delight to honour, by outward demonstrations, and ceremonial, such as Liturgical Forms, Official Dresses, Banners, Processions, and so forth,—in fact *Ritualism*, in one form or other, is one instinct of our nature. Thus, what would the Army and Navy be, without the pomp and circumstance of Naval and Military display? So, how long would such bodies as Orange Associations, Freemasonry, or Temperance Lodges last, if prohibited the use of their badges and dresses, or their processions and lodge ceremonials? And though, thank God, His Church is not dependent upon such display, yet as a religious ardour and reverence admit, perhaps, of even a fuller manifestation of the ameliorating and elevating tastes of our purified manhood, in our approaches to the Divine footstool, than do such secular associations; seeing that He whom we worship "is the Saviour of the

body and mind," no less than of the soul and spirit. Hence, we see that both the Jewish Ritual, and our Lord's teaching respecting the box of precious ointment, and also those glimpses of the grandeur of the New Jerusalem and its gorgeous Evangelic Worship, which St. John was permitted to record, do all show that our Infinitely Wise and Gracious God adapts all His relations to us so as to accord with that two fold nature of an immortal body and soul with which he created us: and that He is therefore well pleased that we should gratify our own holy tastes, and *openly* demonstrate our grateful love to Himself by the outward beauty of our Holy Temples, and joyous harmony and reverent magnificence of our worship.

Those therefore who fight against the reasonable exercise of such holy desires, may rely upon it that they are simply "running their heads against a stone wall," as the history of the vast majority of all earnest religionism, whether Pagan, Jewish, or Christian, sufficiently proves;—but, what is yet more important, let such persons also beware that they are not found "fighting against God;" His will, His honour, and his glory.

When, however, ritualistic displays, whether amongst Orangemen, Freemasons, Temperance Lodges, "Church Associations," or so called "Ritualists," are used to propagate unscriptural principles, as I fear they are sometimes more or less, by them all, then indeed they should be fearlessly opposed.

4thly. *Orangemen*, the *Church Association* and such like, are again singularly at fault in their blind opposition

to what they esteem as High Church earnestness; even though it may occasionally degenerate into undesirable ritualistic extravagances; inasmuch as they should remember that for *one* whom Ultra-ritualism has deluded into Papal errors; the principles which *they* and low Churchmen generally, hold of individual spiritual independence and of what is, practically, personal infallibility,—resulting, as they do, in the absence of all certainty as to what is Faith, and in the most chilling baldness of Worship,—have sent their *thousands* into dissent, or driven them to the lowest phases of absolute unbelief. Moreover our low Church friends should not forget, that it was simply the unbridled carrying out of the very principles which they themselves hold, that, in the days of Oliver Cromwell did all that man could do, to stamp out the Church of Christ and His Apostles, treating both the Holy Places and the Sacraments of the Redeemer Himself with blasphemous contempt.

Believe me, Sir, the history of Puritanic Self-Righteousness and Intolerance and of its having logically opened the way to errors even more deadly than its own is too deeply written in the hearts of men, through the miseries and degrading heresies it has caused from the days of the Fifth Monarchy Men, down to the Plymouth Brethrenism, the Mormonism, the Spiritualism, and the filthy Free Love of our own times, for all the mistaken Orange Lodges or Church Associations in the world to receive it. And yet, alas, their unwise proceedings are however unwittingly to themselves, filling the sails of the Papacy, and

digging the pit-fall of a cursed Rationalism.

5. Again, judging from the extravagant fears expressed in their late manifestoes, it would really seem that Orangemen and those who agree with them have strangely forgotten the priceless value of an *open Bible*, a primitive liturgy, and a preaching clergy. Rome to this day has practically none of these. Now, if the English Church, in this her day of revived earnestness, and with these unspeakable advantages—her Bible, her liturgy, and her liberally educated clergy—needs to tremble either before Rome, or the most ultra and unsound of her own ritualists, I must confess “so much the worse for the Church of England;” for in such case the weakness must be so deeply-seated in herself that no unhallowed attempts of the Uzzah-like hands of either Orangemen or Church Associations will be able to prevent our Anglican Ark from falling!

But, thank God, all such fears are groundless. So long as the Inspired Volume is the heritage of every English-speaking man, woman, and child, I could about as soon think of their turning Mahomedans, because a few erratic scholarly men in India are said to have done so; as I could fear lest any great numbers of our people, who have been instructed in the Bible and trained by its “keeper and witness,” the Church, should turn Papists. A few scores of individuals of unsound, impulsive, or fanciful minds, both amongst the gentle and simple—a class of persons for whom no one can answer—may cower before the Papacy or sink into the lap of Plymouth Brethrenism, or some other mere human religionism, but such persons do in no wise affect the permanent security of the Faith, as ever held by the pure and Apostolic Church of Christ.

And when the follies of the comparative handful of our Romanizing Ritualists have had their day and disappeared (and they are the merest “handful” as compared with, say, the 40,000 clergy of the Anglican and American Church), the zeal, reverence, and Gospel Faith, which, it is not to be denied, they, in common with their wiser Evangelical High Church brethren, have been the means, under God, of reviving, shall flourish as the cedar of Lebanon until churches ever open for the privilege of private devotion within their hallowed precincts; the unceasing daily sacrifice of praise and prayer; with at least a *weekly* rejoicing to flock around the sacred altar-table in “remembrance” of the “amb newly slain,” and to “feed upon him by faith,” shall be the common heritage of the members of our Reformed Holy Catholic Church.

And here, let me assure my Orange and Church Association friends, that when this is the happy condition of the Church we all so much love, but not until then, the Papacy they so much dread will assuredly bow to its fall; our separated dissenting brethren will rejoice once more to find a home in the Evangelic Ark of our Lord's own building; and then, too, shall the scoffing Scientism of this shallow age be compelled to stop the babbling of its boastful ignorance.

6th. But finally, I would, with all kindness, ask these earnest Orangemen, and also the members of the Church Association, which they appear to have taken under their patronage, whether they honestly think that they are in a position to act as individual judges concerning the deep mysteries of Christ's doctrine and worship, His “sent” ambassadors, and the ordering of His Church? Have they, with painful care, searched the “entire Scriptures,” diligently comparing one portion with another; at the same time humbly seeking the guidance of the Church thereupon, as the Master Himself directs? And, above all, have they fervently sought that Divine illumination of their fallen intellects,

without which not even a Locke or a Newton could comprehend aright, either the letter of Holy Writ or the instructions of the Church, since, as "it is written," "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, because they are spiritually discerned?"

Alas! I remember that, very unlike all this, my constant complaint to the

Orangemen at whose celebrations I have officiated has been, that I seldom saw the majority of them at church, excepting on the 12th of July, or at an Orange funeral!

Yours truly,
A. T.

Diocese of Huron, }
20th May, 1874. }

FREE AND OPEN CHURCHES.

The Rev. Dr. Farrar, Head Master of Marlborough, made an eloquent speech at a meeting of the *Free and Open Church Association* at Pewsey. If, he said, there was one principle laid down in the Bible more emphatic than another, it was that "God is no respecter of persons," and that if we had respect unto persons we committed sin:—

One of our greatest poets has said—

There's not a man for being simply man
Hath any honour, but honour for those
honours
That are without him, as place, riches,
favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit."

It ought not to be so in the Church of God: when we go there we go there as equal brethren in the great family of God. We go there as all equally guilty and all equally redeemed, and what we feel or ought to feel is this, not only that the temporary or illusory distinctions of rank or wealth, educated or uneducated, noble or obscure, are in themselves transient, that when we pass through the narrow gate of death, one second, and the angels alter all that—but we ought to feel that even in this life here they become altogether infinitesimal in the presence of our God, and the only thing He re-

gards is whether we are kneeling before Him clad in the white wedding garment of unselfishness, and innocence, and prayer.

The strength of the Church of Rome lay in the fact that whilst she had been false to many of the greatest traditions of her religion, she had been true to the principle that she was specially created to preach the Gospel to the poor:—

One winter evening I visited that vast amphitheatre called the Coliseum, an enclosure now regarded as sacred because its floor has been bedewed with the blood of so many Christian martyrs. There, quite alone, I mounted to the top of the ruins, and was sitting there in solitude, when there entered a procession for a service which is called in the Romish Church, *Via Crucis*. There, as the voices of the worshippers and the sweet music of the hymns floated up to me on the quiet evening air, I saw the labourer as he came in put down his burden, and I saw the market girl put down her basket, and I saw kneeling side by side with these many ladies of the noblest and highest families in Europe. There were the Princess Corsini and the Borghese Princess entirely undistinguished and unnoticed,

God, and that the only thing He ren-
not by any means degraded, but rather
honoured by kneeling side by side with
artisans where rank was no distinction,
and united by the mysteries of a com-
mon mortality and a common redemp-
tion. I only wish I could see more of
those scenes in the Church of England,

and I believe I shall see it when the
churches become, as I believe they will
be, free and open churches, but I
should like to ask why it is that the
Church of England seems to me to have
become false to the great principle of
being in reality the Church of the
people?

PROTESTANT.

Striking example of a usage once
universal, but now becoming rare, viz.
the application of the term Protestant
to the Church by way of distinction
from denominations:—

Perhaps one of the most extraordi-
nary cases of extravagance and utter
waste of public money in Ireland was
exhibited by a return recently obtained
by an Irish member—Mr. Bruen---re-
specting a prison in Ireland:—

In the Four Courts Marshalsea Prison
last year there were thirty prisoners,
and this year (1873) there were nine-
teen. A prison in Scotland of that
size would have a principal man, a
doctor, a male turnkey and a female
turnkey, and would cost something
like 200*l.* or 250*l.*; but this prison in
Ireland had more officers than prisoners
(Laughter.) The chief man, called a
marshall, got a salary of 742*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*,
besides a house, coals, and gas, worth
120*l.* Then there was a deputy-mar-
shal who received 170*l.*, with a similar
allowance of 80*l.* The nineteen pris-
oners had no fewer than three chaplains
—(laughter)—a *Protestant* chaplain at
50*l.*, a *Presbyterian* chaplain at 36*l.*,
and a *Roman Catholic* chaplain at 60*l.*
Then they had a physician and surgeon
at 114*l.*, an apothecary at 30*l.*, and a
storekeeper at 100*l.*, with coals, gas,
and clothing—50*l.* They had got three
hatchmen—he did not know what they

were—(laughter)—at 52*l.* each, besides
their clothing; a night watchman at
40*l.*; a messenger, 40*l.*; a hospital
matron, 30*l.*, with apartments, coal,
gas, and milk, 30*l.*; a female searcher,
27*l.*; and five prison servants—it would
appear that there were domestic ser-
vants over and above officers, probably
to wait upon the officers. (Laughter.)
It would appear that the public paid
for the maintenance of these prisoners
1,346*l.* The salaries given amounted
to 1,918*l.*, and there was 330*l.* of al-
lowances, so that those nineteen pris-
oners cost the country 1,594*l.*, or
about 170*l.* each.—*Guardian*, January
7th, 1874.

SPEAKING LIES IN HYPOCRISY.

It is curious to note the propensity
which the supporters of religious error
have for positive falsehood. Thus a
Dutch Ultramontane paper gravely as-
serts that the congregations of the Old
Catholic churches in Germany are
mainly composed of Protestants and
Jews who are paid a groschen a-head
for attending, and that the Old Cath-
olics themselves have sent a petition to
Bishop Reinkens for permission to
smoke during Divine Worship! From
what has lately come to pass in the
Diocese, and especially the City of
Toronto, it will be seen that people at
the opposite pole exhibit quite as re-
markable an alacrity in the way of
“unhistorical statement.”

PIUS IX.

One more point I must mention. Pius IX. says, without any softening down of languages, that the Bishop of the Old Catholics "calls down upon his head the damnation of Jesus Christ like a thief and a robber who has entered in by another way, and not through the door." This is a reference to St. John x. 1—18. There Jesus describes Himself as the door and also as the Good Shepherd. The Apostle Paul was instituted as he testifies in Gal. i. and ii., into the Apostolic office by Jesus, and not by Peter, and it has never yet occurred to any one to assert that St. Paul must be a thief and a robber. But Pius IX. simply places his own person in the stead of the Person of Jesus Christ, and preaches himself to the people as the door. Has he never heard the seducing voice of the religious fanatics in England and France, bepraised by the so called ecclesiastical clergy, which glorifies him, the Pope as the third incarnation of the Godhead? Yea, did he not hear during the Vatican Council, that a Bishop in Rome itself preached this idolatrous doctrine to the people from the pulpit? Does Pius IX. not know that these fanatics—that is, "pious priests" and "monastic clergy"—preach and write that the Pope can say, "I am the Holy Ghost;" "I am the way, the truth and the Life;" "I am the Eucharist"? Has not the Pope's own official organ, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, proclaimed him

to be the possessor of the "Charismata," and asserted that "when he thinks, it is God who thinks in him;" that he is everything to Christians that Jesus Christ himself would be to them, if he had remained visibly upon earth"? And when has Pius IX. at such idolatrising speeches rent his garments, as Paul and Barnabas did at Lystra, rushing in amongst the people with the cry, "Sirs, why do ye these things? I am also, like you, a mortal man"? (Acts xiv. 14, 15). Or, when has the Pope stirred himself to punish this idolatry of his person? *Bp. Reinken's Pastore*, 14 Dec. 1873.

Not for a long time as may be seen from the "Confessio Romano-Catholica in Hungariâ Evangelicis publice præcet proposita," i. e. to Protestants on their reception into the Church of Rome.

"III. We confess and are certain that the Pope of Rome is Vicar of Christ, and has plenary power of remitting and retaining sins according to his will, and of thrusting men down into hell.

IV. We confess that whatever new thing the Pope of Rome may have instituted, (quicquid Papa instituerit novi), whether it be in Scripture or out of Scripture is true, divine, and salvific; and therefore ought to be regarded as of higher value by lay people than the precepts of the living God, (ideogue a laicis majoris estimari debere Dei Viva præceptis)!"

Whether Catholic teaching and worship are, after all, so distasteful to Churchmen may be gathered to some extent from Mr. Mackeson's *Guide* for 1874. The number of London churches as to which he now reports is 745, or 15 more than last year, but the number in which there is Weekly Communion is greater by 20; daily Celebration by 1; early ditto, by 15; choral ditto, by 13; Eucharistic vestments, by 5; incense, by 6; and surpliced choirs by 44. It is remarkable that mere choral service, has made very

little progress—only from 189 to 196, and partial choral service from 196 to 204. Churches with evening Communion we are thankful to say, have only advanced from 178 to 179, the addition being apparently due to a returned Colonial Bishop Beckles. It will thus be seen that Catholic movement tested by the treatment which the Divine Liturgy receives, has far more than absorbed the Church building of the past year; whilst the profane suggestion of the Church Association, that the Holy Eucharist should be

treated as much as possible like an ordinary supper, has met with absolutely no response. It may be added that the churches which use the Gregorian Tones have increased during the past year from 95 to 124.

The N. Y. *Journal and Messenger* says:—"When any man is tempted to repeat a stale joke about 'New York fashionable churches and 'the extravagant choirs' of some of them, or the 'exclusiveness' of others, or the 'high-salaried clergy of still others, we will ask him to consider a few figures which we give below taken from the Reports in the Journal of last Convention:—"

Calvary Church (Dr. Washburn) reports charities, \$71,700 (we omit the cents); St. George's, \$60,374; St. Thomas's (including new chapel), \$48,288; Trinity Church, \$57,465; Transfiguration, \$14,084; St. Marks \$11,799; Incarnation (Dr. Montgomery), \$37,780—of which, however, \$5,000 was spent on the church; Holy Communion, \$20,500—of which \$7,000 is put down, however, as "parish purposes"; and Grace Church (Rev. Dr. Potter), the neat little sum. of \$215,314! Of this last as far as we can make out, only \$8,644. the cost of the chimes is for "parish purposes,"

while \$40,000 are for Domestic and Foreign Missions. We have given only a few of the larger amounts as reported Parishes not reported, and those whose gifts are only \$10,000 or below, we omit.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND—LOW CHURCH.

FROM a very strong Protestant paper the following lines are copied, as we are decidedly of opinion that the poetry and theology of them are exactly on a par. We present spelling and all:—

THE third division calling for review
Is the Low Church or Evangelical;
So named because avoiding ritual
They seek to preach the Gospel pure
and true.

The strict and copious ritual of the Jew
Was chiefly type that hath long been
fulfilled;

We have no temple now no blood is
spilled:

The Church's form is altogether new.
Our temple is in heaven, our High
Priest there;

The mission of the Lord's disciples now
Is to proclaim salvation everywhere,
And lead believers to baptismal vow.

Let nothing in religion ever please us
Beyond accordance with the lowly
Jesus.

HAPPY NANCY—THE TRUE SECRET.

There once lived in an old brown cottage, so small that it looked like a chicken-coop, a solitary old woman. She tended her little garden, knit and spun for a living. She was known everywhere, from village to village, by the cognomen of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relations; she was half blind, quite lame, and very crooked. There was no comeliness in her; and yet there, in that homely, deformed body, the great God, who loves to bring strength out of weakness, had set His royal seal.

"Well, Nancy, singing again?" would the chance visitor say, as he lounged at her door.

"La! yes, I'm forever at it. I don't know what people will think, she would say, with a sunny smile.

"Why, they'll think as they always do, that you are very happy."

"La! well, that's a fact. I'm just as happy as the day is long."

"I wish you'd tell me your secret, Nancy; you are all alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant

surrounding you—what is the reason you are so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't got anybody but God," replied the good creature, looking up. "You see, rich folks like you depend upon their families and their houses; they've got to keep thinking of their business, of their wives and children, and then they're always mighty afraid of troubles ahead. I ain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think, well, if He can keep this great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, the stars shining night after night, makes the garden things come

up the same, season after season, He can sartinly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am; and so, you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but Nancy, suppose a frost *should* come after your fruit trees are all in blossom, and your little plants out—"

"But I don't suppose; I never can suppose; I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people unhappy, you're all the time supposing. Now why can't you wait till the suppose *comes*, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

"Father, will have done the great chimney to-night, won't he, mother?" said little Tommy Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast which he carried to him at his work every morning.

"He said that he hoped that all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered the mother, "and that'll be a fine sight; for I never like the ending of those great chimneys; it is so risky for father to be last up."

"Oh! then, but I'll go and seek him; and help 'em to give a shout before he comes down," said Tom.

"And then," continued the mother, "if all goes on right, we are to have a frolick to-morrow, and go into the country, and take our dinner, and spend all the day in the woods."

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in the other. His mother stood

at the door watching him, as he went merrily whistling down the street, and she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in; and then her heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasures.

Tom, with a light heart, pursued his way to his father, and leaving him his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance. In the evening, on his way home, he went round to see how his father was getting on.

James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been building one of those lofty chimneys which, in our manufacturing towns, almost supply the place of other architectural beauty. The chimney was one of the highest and most tapering that ever had been erected; and as Tom had shaded his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, and

looked up in search of his father, his heart sank within him at the appalling sight. The scaffold was almost down, the men at the bottom were removing the beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone on the top.

He then looked around to see that everything was right, and then, waving his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a long, loud cheer, little Tom shouting as loud as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a different sound, a cry of horror and alarm from above. The men looked around, and coiled upon the ground lay the rope, which before the scaffolding was removed should have been fastened to the chimney for Tom's father to come down by! The scaffolding had been taken down without remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough to reach the top of the chimney, or even, if possible, it would hardly be safe. They stood in silent dismay, unable to give any help, or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father! He walked round and round the little circle, the dizzy height seeming more and more fearful, and the solid earth further and further from him. In the sudden panic he lost his presence of mind, his senses failed him. He shut his eyes; he felt as if the next moment he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The day passed as industrious as usual with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her husband and children in some way or other, and to-day she had been

harder at work than usual, getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. She had just finished her arrangements, and her thoughts were silently thanking God for the happy home, and for all these blessings, when Tom ran in.

His face was white as ashes, as he could hardly get his words out:

"Mother! mother! he cannot get down!"

"Who, lad—thy father?" asked the mother.

"They have forgotten to leave him the rope," answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak. The mother started up, horror struck, and stood for a moment as if paralyzed, then pressing her hand over her face, as if to shut out the terrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help, she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd had gathered round the foot of the chimney, and stood quite helpless, gazing up with faces full of sorrow.

"He says he'll throw himself down!"

"The munna do that lad," cried the wife, with a clear, hopeful voice: "thee munna do that—wait a bit. Take off thy stocking, lad, and unravel it; let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Dost thou hear me, Jem?"

The man made a sign of assent; for it seemed as if he could not speak, and taking off his stocking, unravelled the worsted yarn, row after row. The people stood round in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother could be thinking of, and why she sent him in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit of stone, and keep fast hold of the other," cried she to her husband. The little thread came waiving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither by the wind, but it reached the outstretched hands that were waiting it. Tom held the ball of twine, while the mother tied one end of it to the thread.

"Now, pull it slowly," cried she to her husband, and she gradually unwound the string until it reached her husband.

"Now, hold the string fast, and pull it up," cried she, and the string grew heavy and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened a thick rope to it. They had it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground, and the string was drawn higher.

There was but one coil left. It had reached the top. "Thank God!" exclaimed the wife. She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer, and tremblingly rejoiced.

The iron to which it should be fastened was there all right! but would her husband be able to make use of it? Would not the terror of the past have so unnerved him as to prevent him from taking the necessary measures for safety? She did not know the magic influence which her few words exercised over him. She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm and steadfast, had filled him—as if the little

thread that carried to him the hope of life once more, had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God, which nothing ever destroyed or shook in her pure heart. She did not know that, as she waited there, the words came over him.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God."

She lifted her heart to God for hope and strength, but could do nothing more for her husband, and her heart turned to God, and rested on him as on a rock.

There was a great shout. "He's safe, mother, he's safe?" cried Tom.

"Thou hast saved my life, my Mary," said her husband, folding her in his arms.

"But what ails thee? thou seemest more sorrow than glad about it."

But Mary could not speak, and if the strong arm of her husband had not held her up she would have fallen to the ground—the sudden joy after such fear, had overcome her.

"Tom, let thy mother lean on thy shoulder," said his father, "and we will take her home."

And in their happy home they poured forth thanks to God for his great goodness, and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril it had been in, and the nearness of the danger had brought them unto God. And the holiday next day—was it not indeed a thanksgiving day?

THE WELLAND HOUSE, ST. CATHARINES.—We take pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the above hotel, in St.

Catharines. The proprietors are sparing no pains to make the House second to none in Canada. Give them a call.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF MR. BOWER, ONE OF THE INQUISITORS AT MACERATA, INTO ENGLAND, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE INQUISITION IN ITALY.

Mr. Archibald Bower, (author of the history of the Lives of the Popes) was born in Scotland, and at five years of age was sent over by his parents, (who were Roman Catholics) to an uncle in Italy, where he was educated, and became so great a proficient in learning, that he was appointed professor of rhetoric and logic in the College of Macerata. At this place there is an office of the inquisition, called the Holy Tribunal, which consists of an Inquisitor General, (who is president thereof) and twelve counsellors who are chosen by him indifferently from the ecclesiastics or the laity. Each of these has a salary of about 200*l.* sterling per annum, and an apartment in the house of the Inquisition, which is a grand building, and the residence of the Inquisitor General who provides a table for them. Much honour and many great privileges, besides certainty of good preferment, are attached to the situation. One privilege is, that if they commit ever such enormous or flagitious crimes against the law, even murder, they cannot be apprehended, without leave from the Inquisitor General; which gives them opportunity to escape.

The counsellors cannot be absent a single night without leave from the Inquisitor. Offences against the faith or practices of the church alone come under the cognizance of this court; and these are generally very trifling—such as saying or doing any thing disrespectful, with regard to their saints, images, relics, or the like.

When a person is accused, the Inquisitor General summons the council, which always meets in the night, and if any member should happen to be

absent, his place is supplied by a notary, for all trials must be in full court. The president then notifies the crimes, without naming the informer or the criminal.

Any of the council may object to the information; and if the number of objectors amount to four, the Inquisitor is obliged to disclose the evidence, or more properly, the informer: after which, if the objections are still persisted in, the cause must be carried to the high court at Rome: otherwise their opinions are taken whether or not the offence be such as the Holy Tribunal ought to notice. If it is determined to proceed against the criminal, the Inquisitor General orders any one of the council, whom he pleases, to apprehend him at the dead hour of the night. A proper guard is assigned for that purpose, who with dark lanterns and arms, attend him to the poor wretch's abode; where, with the utmost silence and secrecy; for nobody dare to make any noise or resistance on pain of excommunication, he is seized and conveyed into one of the dismal dungeons under the Inquisition house. There the poor creature is confined seven or eight days, without the least glimpse of light, uninformed of the crime of which he is accused, and without other sustenance than a little bread and water once a day. The key of the dungeon is given to the counsellor who makes the arrest, and is delivered up by him the next morning to the Inquisitor General.

The term of seven days being expired, the court is summoned for the trial, when a notary attends to write down what the criminal says, and a surgeon to feel his pulse, and to tell them how much he can bear. The machines or engines for torture being fixed, the accused is brought in; and without being told either his offence or his accuser, and denied the liberty of expostulating, he is exhorted to confess what crimes he has been guilty

of; and though he make immediate confession, even of the offence with which he is charged, yet he must ratify it on the torture, that being as they term it, "a witness," if he cannot recollect, or refuse to confess, he is put to the torture, for not exceeding one hour.

A counsellor is placed close to him on one side, to observe that all be done according to their rules, and the surgeon on the other, to ascertain the degree of torture he is able to support. If the accused survive this hour and does not confess, he is carried back to prison for another week, and then tortured again. Should he appear to make any effort to confess, he is borne up a little to relieve him while speaking; but at whatever time he confesses he is nevertheless tortured afterwards to confirm it, and must likewise undergo such punishment as the Inquisition please to inflict for the supposed crime. This is generally imprisonment in one of their horrid dungeons, for one, two, or three years, or more frequently for life; for few, very few, that are so unfortunate as to get into the Inquisition, live to come out. Numbers, notwithstanding the barbarous assiduity used to preserve them for further misery, expiring under the torture, or in a few days, sometimes only hours after.

Mr. Bower mentions three different kinds of torture:—

1st. That which they reckon the most exquisite, and therefore call it the queen of tortures. In this the criminal's hands are tied behind his back and fastened to a rope, which by means of four cords, drawn over pulleys at each corner of the lofty room, enables them to hoist him up to the ceiling in an instant, when he is let down again within a few inches of the ground. This process is thrice repeated; and by the sudden jerk all his bones are dislocated. The wretch is suffered to hang so disjoined until the hour is expired, or he confesses.

2nd torture. The second instrument is something like a smith's anvil, fixed in the middle of the floor, with a spike

not very sharp at the top. Ropes are attached to either corner of the room, as in the former instance, to which the criminal's legs and arms are fastened, and he is drawn up a little, and then he is let down with his back-bone exactly on the spike of iron where his whole weight rests.

3rd torture. Is that which they term a slight torture, and applied only to women. Matches of tow and pitch are wrapped round their hands and then set on fire, until the flesh is consumed.

While Mr. Bower was professor in the college, the Inquisitor General contracted a great intimacy with him. One day, as they were in conversation he said, "Mr. Bower, I have a design upon you,"—a speech, which, from an Inquisitor General, notwithstanding his avowed friendship, carried some terror in it. But he soon explained himself by stating that one of the members of the council was so ill, that he daily expected his death; and whenever it happened he intended him the honour of filling the place; Mr. Bower received this declaration with high satisfaction and proper acknowledgements. Soon after the sick member died, when the Inquisitor General sent for Mr. Bower, who though he had so much reason to guess the occasion, was somewhat alarmed, but went immediately. On his arrival the Inquisitor General informed him that he had sent for him to perform his promise, and embracing him said, "you are now one of us." A council was convened on the same night, and Mr. Bower was received and presented with the usual forms. After taking the oath of secrecy, a book called the directory was delivered to him, containing rules for the decision and conduct of the Inquisitor, and which, for greater caution, was in manuscript. When any member is dangerously indisposed, or is appointed to a higher office, he is obliged to seal his copy with the Inquisition seal; after which it is death to open or retain it.

(To be continued.)