

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
							✓				

THE CHURCH OF OLD ENGLAND.

AUGUST, 1866.

CIRCULAR TO THE CLERGY OF THE DIOCESE OF MONTREAL.

SEE HOUSE, Montreal,
August 1st, 1866.

REV. AND DEAR BRETHERN :

On Friday next it is my intention, accompanied by Mrs. Fulford, to leave this city on my way to England, taking our passage from Quebec to Liverpool, in the *Hibernian*. During my absence I shall once more avail myself of the services of the Venerable the Dean of Montreal, who has kindly consented to act as my Commissary ; and the Lord Bishop of Quebec has promised his assistance should any occasion arise requiring special Episcopal ministrations.

The present aspect of public affairs generally, and the good feeling subsisting amongst the Clergy, lead me to hope that no difficulties will arise to cause trouble while I am away ; and there are many subjects of grave importance, whether to the Church generally, or to the Colonial branches in particular, now under discussion in England, in which we must all be deeply interested, and in some of which I may be able to take a part. In this and other ways I feel that I may still be serving the Church, while temporarily absent from my own Diocese ; and it will also be a great satisfaction, both to myself and Mrs. Fulford, to see once more in this world many of our oldest friends and nearest relatives ; while, if it please God to spare

our lives, we may look forward, with renewed strength and improved health, to resuming our place and duties amongst you on our return. In the meantime I earnestly commend you and your work, and your families, to the mercy and grace of God, for Jesus Christ's sake. Remember how largely the welfare of the Church and the salvation of souls depend, under God, on the faithful and consistent discharge of your duties, as ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God.

The Deputations, in connection with the Diocesan Church Society in the several Rural-Deaneries, and which were so successful in the early part of this year, will no doubt be carefully arranged for the ensuing one ; and I hope that due exertions will everywhere be made to increase the funds of the Society, so as to enable it to meet the larger demands made upon it, and supply the increasing deficiency caused by the annual diminution in the grant from the S. P. G.

Considering the general prosperity of the country during the past year, and the fair prospects for the coming harvest, we may reasonably expect from the members of the Church, some willing Thank-offerings to God for His mercy and goodness. And we are also bound to give special thanks

to Him for the deliverance vouchsafed to us from the perils and miseries of war and rapine, with which we were not long since threatened; and up to the present time, also, for preservation from the fearful visitation of the *cholera*, which was apprehended as so imminent; and which has been and is still prevalent in various places, on this and the other side of the Atlantic Ocean.

At our Diocesan Synod for 1865, there was a Resolution carried: "That the Lord Bishop be requested to draw up a *permanent* Form of Thanksgiving after Harvest, to be printed and circulated among the Clergy of the Diocese, and used on occasions specified by the Bishop." Such a Form was drawn up by the Bishops who were present at the subsequent Provincial Synod last September; and I consider that it should be used by us as a regular Annual Service. Whenever a day is appointed by Proclamation of the Governor General, I should always wish that we should observe the same; but as it is only occasionally, in case of some more than ordinarily abundant harvest, that such an appointment is made, and as it is our desire to have an Annual Day of Thanksgiving, provision having been made in our Service for the occurrence of either ordinary harvests or abundance, I have to desire that, in this and subsequent years, the second Wednesday in October, shall be observed in this Diocese, as "a Day of Thanksgiving for the In-gathering of the Harvest;" unless any other day shall in any year have been previously fixed by Proclamation. And I further desire that you will urge upon your several congregations at such service,

the duty of making free and liberal offerings to God, for some special work of piety or charity; and I consider that there can be none more worthy of support, or more requiring instant help, than "the Mission Fund of the Diocesan Church Society."

Copies of the Form of Prayer to be used on the occasion, will be forwarded to you by my Secretary, the Rev. Canon Loosemore, Acting Secretary of the Church Society; who will also be ready to receive any communications intended for me during my absence, and will forward them to me in England.

Asking to be remembered in your prayers to the Throne of Grace,

I remain,

Rev'd. and dear Brethren,
Your faithful Brother in Christ,
F. MONTREAL.

DIOCESE OF MONTREAL.

On Saturday, the 7th ult., the Most Reverend the Metropolitan, accompanied by the Rev. Canon Loosemore, His Lordship's Examining Chaplain and Secretary, and the Rev. Canon Bond, Rural Dean, left Montreal for the purpose of holding an Ordination in the Church at Sabrevois in his Diocese. Sabrevois was chosen for the Ordination owing to the circumstance that two of the candidates received their education in the institution established at that place. The hospitality of W. McGinnis, Esq., of Christieville, was enjoyed for the night, and the following morning the candidates were met at Sabrevois, having undergone the necessary examination during the previous week in Montreal. Notwithstanding the very unfavorable state of the weather, the church

was filled with an attentive congregation from the country parts adjacent.

Many French speaking people being present, and most of the congregation understanding French, morning prayer was said in French by the Rev. B. P. Lewis, of Brandon, the responses to the service being well made by the aid of prayer books in that language. The Rev. Canon Bond read the lessons in English. After morning prayer the Bishop delivered an able and impressive sermon from St. John vii., 40-44, setting forth the happy results of "not despising the day of small things," as evidenced by the history of the Church in every age, and the promise which ever attends her onward march, that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against her."

The candidates presented were: For Priest's Orders, Rev. Alfred Louis Fortin, Missionary at Ely; Rev. Octave Fortin, B. A., Assistant Missionary at Sorel and Missionary to the Indians on the River St. Francis, both formerly students in the College at Sabrevois; for Deacon's Orders, William Ross Brown and Charles Faunce Thorndike, both Theological Students of Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

WAR IN THE OLD WORLD.

The papers of Canada have discussed, with much ability and feeling, the probable and improbable phases of the European war, so that it is entirely needless for this magazine to make a monthly remark or two on the skill of their generals, the gallantry of their troops, or the result of their battles. Besides, the complications are many, and the cause of quarrel of such a nature as to take away from us most of the interest which others feel in the late battles. All we know of war, and bloodshed, and burning, comes of painful experience.

When one nation invades another,

as the Fenians did Canada a few weeks ago, for the purpose of robbery, murder, and subjugation, we feel quite sure that we understand that kind of evil. May a merciful and omnipotent God keep the Canadians for ever ignorant of such a war!

The war in the old world will be conducted on principles of Christian civilization. As far as any accounts come to us, no cities have been burned, no old men have been torn from their peaceful homes and executed, and no women, much less ladies of refinement, have been assaulted by drunken or fiendish officers and an insubordinate hireling soldiery.

THE PROVINCIAL CHURCH.

As far as we can judge from many letters received there is a very encouraging state of feeling in Canada, and the different Dioceses seem equally determined to strengthen and consolidate her Episcopal authority. All the unhappy differences in the Mother Country are plainly referable to a want of dutiful respect which is due to the authority of our Bishops or to a feeble or indifferent exercise of it on the part of their Lordships. Their Lordships in Canada we have no doubt, although it is not for us to say, will hold a steady hand while they stand on deck and pilot their own ships. We hail every sign of unity as an omen of good. It prostrates to the ground all attempts at party organizations, and will very soon teach those who encourage dissent that the safest place is near the heart of the church. We can accomplish much good by uniting all our strength, but the evils that follow in the train of party are untold and incalculable.

CORRESPONDENCE.

QUEBEC, July, 1866.

To the Editor of the Church of Old England.

DEAR SIR,—Some men are deeply interested watching the different stages in the ritual controversy in England, and some are alarmed by the possible consequences that may result from the present position of the Colonial churches, while many hundreds of thousands of pious and devoted Christians have their hearts full of the reunion of all Christendom. But while I try to take a deep interest in all these questions, I must thank your laconic correspondent "Theophilus" for pointing out the stumbling block that lies most in my way, namely: the mischief making desire to organise parties and propagate creeds differing from the only church Episcopalians ought to know, and that too under the eye of Diocesan authority and embraced by as complete a synodical union as can exist any where. Why these men desire, so soon after the ordination obligations, to perjure themselves and distract the church, is to me a perfect mystery, and can only be accounted for by supposing that the good angels that should watch over them slumber while the wicked one sleeps not.

It would seem that the freedom and glorious independence of the Church would forever prevent the growth of party feelings and absolutely secure that harmonious action and unity of feeling which is so well devised to give lasting peace to a free people.

It seems incredible to me that people (Christians) can hope for a reunion of all Christendom, while the fragments of the Church lie around

as if scattered by an earthquake. Apart from the various and painful dissensions in Catholic Churches, it is said that there are one thousand sectarian Churches, and still multiplying with a rapidity never before equaled. With this state of things it is not easy to determine at what point the reunion will take place.

Some one may say that it is not just to attribute in any degree this hideous mass of schismatic putrefaction to the sins of the Church. At this day, perhaps not—but who can deny that the first schismatics built their habitations of materials belonging to the Church, and not used as it should have been by her own builders? And in many instances it was very good material

I must, therefore, think with "Theophilus," that if you go on as you have begun, and work unceasingly for the union of the Church, that you must succeed.

* * * * *

I do not wish to blame with needless severity those who seek to divide the Church by means of party papers, but for myself I would not like to have such a responsibility on my soul.

I see from the Magazine that your Synod and Church Society have united, and will hereafter work together. It is generally thought to be a good arrangement in this city, and I hope you will reap benefits therefrom.

If you desire it I will sometimes drop you a few lines, to let you know how we manage our affairs and to enquire about your own.

Very respectfully,

A CITIZEN,

RITUALISM.

To the Editor of The Church of Old England.

DEAR SIR,—On a former occasion you were kind enough, at my request, to publish a considerable portion of the Reverend Provost Whittaker's very able sermon on the above subject. I would now, with your permission, call public attention to an opinion recently given to several Archbishops and Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland, by the Attorney General of England (Sir Roundell Palmer,) Sir Hugh M. Cairns, and Messrs. Mellish and Barrow, on the same subject.

As the matter at issue is so important, and is presently engaging the attention of all Christendom, I must ask you to publish the questions submitted and the opinion *in extenso*. They are as follows:—

QUESTIONS.

I. Suppose a Clergyman of the Established Church of England to administer the Holy Communion in a Parish Church, habited in the vestments prescribed by King Edward the Sixth's first Prayer Book (1549), does he infringe the law, and commit an offence cognizable by any legal tribunal?

II. Suppose him to introduce into the Communion Service, the use of two or more lights on the Communion-table, not burnt for the sake of giving light, but as an ingredient in the service itself; or the use of incense burnt in thuribles or censers for censuring persons or things; or the ceremonial mixing of water with the sacramental wine; or the use of wafers instead of bread, such as is usual to be eaten; or the use of hymns before or after the prayer of consecration, or at the time of administering the elements, does he thereby infringe the law and commit

an offence cognizable by any legal tribunal?

III. What would be the best way in which to raise these questions so as to obtain a decision upon them?

OPINION.

I. We are of opinion that the first question should be answered in the affirmative.

A careful consideration of the language of the Act of Uniformity of 1662, and the rubric of the Prayer Book, and a comparison of that language with the previous rubrics and enactments applicable to the question, leads us to the conclusion that the intention of the legislature was not to revive or restore the use of any ornaments which had become obsolete. The statute of Elizabeth, as altered by the Advertisements, had been recognized both by the liturgy and canons of James, in 1604, and appears unquestionably to have been in force down to 1662; and since there is nothing in the statute of that year (except so far as it establishes the rubric) which touches the point, it is by the rubric alone that the practice which had been established by the Advertisements can have been altered or repealed—we do not think that the rubric has, or was intended to have this object. On the contrary, it would seem to apply only to such ornaments of the minister as are common to all times of his ministration, and to point to a retention of such as were then in use, rather than to a revival of such as had been displaced by the Advertisements. This interpretation is supported by the universal practice which has prevailed from 1662 down to the present time, and which affords a "contemporaneous exposition" of the rubric to which great weight would be attached by every court of law in England.

II. We are of opinion that the second question should also be answered in the affirmative.

We think that the use of lights, in

the manner indicated in the question is illegal. The point is, in fact, *res judicata*, having been settled by Dr. Lushington's Judgment, to which we have been referred.

We think the use of incense in the way suggested clearly unauthorized and illegal.

The ceremonial mixing of water with the wine as a significant act in the course of the service, appears to us to be illegal.

We think that wafers would not be considered to be bread within the meaning of the rubric referred to.

The introduction of hymns, either immediately before or after the prayer of consecration, or during the administration of elements, appears to us to be unauthorized and illegal, since it would interfere with the unbroken continuity of the service.

III. In answer to the third question, we consider that a proceeding under the Church Discipline Act of 1840, would be the only way to raise these questions so as to obtain a decision upon them.

(Signed)

ROUNDELL PALMER,
H. M. CAIRNS.
GEORGE MELLISH,
FRANCIS BARROW.

LINCOLN'S INN, May 29th, 1866.

At the risk of being deemed presumptuous, I must ask your further permission to add a few remarks of my own, in amplification and corroboration of the first branch of the foregoing opinion.

The rubric referred to is worded as follows:—"And here it is to be noted, that such ornaments of the Church, and of the Ministers thereof, at all times of their ministration, shall be retained and be in use, as were in this Church of England, by the authority of Parliament, in the second year of the reign of King Edward the Sixth."

There can be no doubt, that at the period referred to, the Priest, "by the authority of Parliament," was vested in "a white albe plain, with a vestment or cope," whilst administering the Holy Communion. And, if this rubric be still of binding force in law, and we are to be governed by its strictly literal meaning, there can also be no doubt, that the "white albe plain, with a vestment or cope," is the proper vesture for the Priest, during the administration of the Holy Communion.

When, however, we look back to the period immediately succeeding the Reformation, we find, in the Prayer Book then in use, the same rubrical provision as to the character of the ornaments to be used by the Minister in the Church, namely, "such as were in use by authority of Parliament, in the second year of the reign of King Edward the Sixth," and yet, the Queen (Elizabeth) as head of the Church, declared, in her famous "Advertisements" of the year 1564, (composed by Matthew Parker, then Archbishop of Canterbury, and other Bishops) that the vesture to be used on all occasions should be "*a comely surples with sleeves*," except during the administration of the Holy Communion "*in the Cathedrall and Collegiate Churches*," when the principall Minister was to "use a cope with gospeller and espistoler agreeably."

Then again, whilst the same rubrical provision was in the Prayer Book, the Canons (24 and 58) of the year 1603 enacted, that the vestments to be used by the Clergy should be such as the Queen's "Advertisements" had previously defined.

In these "Advertisements" and Canons, then, we have an authoritative declaration of the highest character (the technical objections urged as to the strictly legal character of the "Advertisements" not needing discussion, seeing that they are fully confirmed by the Canons of 1603), that the "system" (if I may use the expression) of the "second year of the reign of King Edward the Sixth" was opposed to any more florid ritualism than the plain white surplice in all Churches, except Cathedrals and Collegiate Churches, in which the cope might be added during the celebration of the Holy Communion.

Let us now turn to "The Act of Uniformity," passed in the reign of King Charles the Second, under which our present Book of Common Prayer was established. It is therein enacted, that no "*rites or ceremonies shall be openly used * * * other than what is prescribed and appointed to be used in and by the said Book,*" and "that the several "*good laws, * * * formerly made and now in force for the uniformity of prayer, * * * shall stand in full force and strength, to all intents and purposes whatsoever,* for the establishing and confirming of the said "Book."

The "*good laws*" here referred to are doubtless the "Advertisements" and Canons, and we cannot but conclude, therefore, that the mere adoption of the same rubric as prevailed when these "good laws" were enacted by way of interpretation of the precise character of the "ornaments" that might legitimately be used by the officiating Minister, in no way revived or was intended to revive any exces-

sive ritualism really prevalent "in the second year of the reign of King Edward the Sixth." As matter of history, too, it is recorded (*vide* Cardwell's Conferences, p. 314) that when the present Book of Common Prayer was under discussion, exception was taken by the Ministers at the Savoy Conference to the very rubric in question, on the ground that it "seemeth to bring back the cope, albe, &c., forbidden by the Common Prayer Book 5 and 6 Edward the Sixth." But the English Bishops, after consideration, decided, "that the rubric continue as it is." Feeling, no doubt, that the objection raised by these Ministers was more to the surplice itself, under then existing circumstances, than to the cope, albe, &c., and that with the authoritative declaration of the "Advertisements" and Canons which still legally subsisted, no serious apprehensions could be entertained that the rubric in question would legally revive the use of the ornaments objected to.

That the surplice *alone*, during the entire period from the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth until the recent attempts at innovation, has been used as the vesture of officiating Priests and Ministers in *all* Churches other than Cathedrals and Collegiate Churches, is conceded on all hands, and that the use of the cope in Cathedrals and Collegiate Churches (where alone it could be legitimately used) has been discontinued for a very considerable period seems almost to be beyond controversy. How long the cope was really in use in Cathedrals and Collegiate Churches, I have been

unable accurately to ascertain; but the Bishop of Oxford, in a recent discussion in convocation on the question of ritualism, related that "in Durham Cathedral the Holy Eucharist was never celebrated without the vestments until the time of Warburton, whose robes were torn as he went into the Cathedral, and he proceeded to the administration without them."

On the whole, therefore, apart from the "contemporaneous exposition" derived from the universal practice of the Church of England since 1564, it seems to me to be beyond doubt, that the use of any other vesture or ornament than the surplice, in the performance of divine service in a Parish Church, is illegal.

A CHURCHMAN.

Montreal, 9th July, 1866.

THE LITTLE FOUNTAIN.

There stands a beautiful fountain near the English Cathedral, in Montreal, which originates and recalls many sensations of the heart that we hope may remain with us forever.

The bosom, rent by sorrow, finds consolation in small blessings. The man who has felt the desolation of his household, and still lives after the fall of his country, should have grace to be thankful for a ray of sun-light, the beauty of a star, or the voice of a fountain

That dear little fountain cools the atmosphere around it, inspiring the grass and flowers with vigorous life, and soothes the suffering of a heart that once bounded to the delights of a happy home.

We know an old man who often looks in upon that little fountain of

comfort, and draws strength and hope from the lessons it teaches. It tells him that it is an emblem of the blessed rains that cover the earth and reward the husbandman with the ripe fruits of the fields. It tells him to remember the goodness of God who supplies the nations with streams of blessings, and has provided for his people fountains of "living waters."

That little fountain is a blessing to us, and when we become sinful and rebellious we stop and try to think of the goodness of God in placing it there, and would be thankful for all the comforts it bestows. Many a wandering exile has not that happiness left, and we should be thankful that we are in the divine favor of that God whose hands are full of blessings and who in his own good time will give the exile a home in heaven.

EXTRACT.

The following beautiful and impressive extract is from the opening sermon of the Rev. Canon White, at the late Synod of the Diocese of Montreal. Unity is of all things most desirable, and wherever it exists in the greatest force, there will the Church expand and enlarge with the greatest rapidity. Unity is always the destroyer of party and contentions, and will produce in the minds of churchmen a calm rational enjoyment not to be obtained in any other way:—

"The growing desire to produce greater unity and communion between the different members of the body of Christ, is one of the hopeful signs of the times in which we live. Unity is one of the greatest blessings of which the Church stands in need.

Let us be thankful for every indication of an approach to it, for every aspiration, every effort towards it; and blessed be God, there are even in the midst of the present divisions signs of improvement. From different quarters come tokens of kindlier thoughts, and desires of reunion, feelings which have their foundation in a deeper sense of our common needs, a better respect for goodness as a divine thing wherever it is found, and a truer knowledge of the difficulties of revelation. The promotion of unity is in itself a sacred duty, binding upon all who regard the words of Christ and His apostles, and a duty which all can fulfil by walking in meekness and forbearance and charity and by prayer to God. So far, at least, all can endeavour to keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace. The unity of the Church should be the unceasing prayer of all God's people. Let it be ours more and more, and with ever increasing warmth."

The Rev. John McLean has been appointed, by the Lord Bishop of Rupert's Land, to the honorable and responsible position of Archdeacon of Assiniboia, Warden of St. John's College, and Rector of the Cathedral. The onerous duties which will thus be laid upon him, I feel assured he will discharge with the same zeal and ability which he has exhibited since his ordination in this diocese. When the time arrives for saying farewell to Mr. McLean—which I am sorry to say is near at hand—I shall take leave of him with feelings of deep regret and much Christian affection. Were it in my power to induce Mr. McLean to remain in the Diocese, I would gladly do it, for I feel that in losing him the Diocese will be deprived of one of its most talented and efficient ministers, and our Church Society of its most eloquent and successful advocate; and that I, who have been so long associated with him, not only officially but in the closest bonds of Christian friendship and confidence, will find it extremely difficult to

supply the void which his removal from the Diocese will occasion. The memorial in his favour, signed by one hundred and sixty-four members of the Cathedral congregation, proves that he was as highly esteemed by them as he was valued by me. Our earnest prayers will accompany him in his new and extensive field of labour; and we trust, by the Divine blessing, that he may be enabled so to discharge the duties of the several offices to which he has been called, that he may prove an able assistant to our dear brother of Rupert's Land in building up the church in the vast and most important region to which he is about to remove.—*Bishop of Huron.*

ARABIC PROVERBS.

My children, in your intercourse and speech be guiltless before God and his creatures. Know that, by humility and the fear of God, are tranquillity, riches, honour and life.

Be ever grateful to the benevolent who bestowed good upon thee, and unceasingly bless the kindness of his deed. If thy hand be too short to requite his goodness, at least lengthen thy tongue in his praise.

He who is satisfied with little, is as rich as a king. The greatest king, who is not contented with his kingdom, is but a beggar.

Speak the truth, and spare not even the ancient and venerable; for truth is more ancient than he. It is the most ancient in the world, the strongest and most venerable in years.

The duties towards thy neighbour are twofold, observe them and graft them on thy heart: incline thy mercy to him, and beware of doing him evil, lest he be thy enemy.

He who diminisheth his benevolent gifts and decreaseth his charity, is like one that receiveth and gathereth for the treasures of others.

The sons of God inquire at man's death, what good he hath done before and brought with him; but the inhabitants of the earth ask one another, how much he hath left his children.

HYMN.

Great God ! may we thy children prove,
Obedient to the law of love,
Which in Thy holy book we find,
Be ever gentle, good and kind.

With meek and lowly heart would we,
Jesus, Thy steadfast followers be ;
Thy law our rule and chief delight,
Easy its yoke, its burden light.

While through this life's uneven road,
We keep the path marked out by God ;
Thou bid'st us hope, our sins forgiven,
To find our rest and home in heaven.

A. M. A.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL SUPREMACY
OF CHRISTIAN RULERS, by *Arch-
deacon Wordsworth*, and arranged
for the CHURCH OF OLD ENGLAND
by the *Rev. E. Slade*.

In Christian Kingdoms or States
the Sovereign Power, whatever that
Power be, is ordinarily the Supreme
Governor over all persons, in all
causes, in the community, as a
Church as well as a State.

"But that the supreme power in a
Christian State belongs by right to
the rulers does not even seem to be
doubted."

Casaubon, de Lib., Eccl. c. v.

"Of those four Books which remain and are bestowed about the specialities of that cause which lieth in controversy, the first examineth the causes by you alleged, wherefore the public duties of Christian Religion, as our prayers, our sacraments, and the rest, should not be ordered in such sort as with us they are ; nor that power, whereby the persons of men are consecrated unto the Ministry, be disposed of in such manner as the laws of this Church do allow. The second and third are concerning the power of jurisdiction: the one, whether laymen . . . ought in all congregations for ever to be invested with that power ; the other, whether Bishops may have that power over other pastors, and therewithal

that honour which with us they have. And because, besides the power of order which all consecrated persons have, and the power of jurisdiction which neither they all nor they only have,—there is a third power : a power of ecclesiastical dominion, communicable, as we think, unto persons not ecclesiastical, and most fit to be restrained unto the Prince or Sovereign, commander over the whole body politic. The eighth book we have allotted unto this question, and have sifted therein your objections against those pre-eminences royal which thereunto appertain."

HOOKER, Pref. Eccl. Polit., ch. vii., 6.
(See also Archdeacon POTT "On the Rights of Sovereignty in Christian States," pages 31, 33, 34, 143, 227 ; Archbishop WAKE, "Authority of Christian Princes," page 1697 ; and PALMER "On the Church," ii. page 340.)

In reply, however, to the objection that this ecclesiastical supremacy of princes or chief rulers is inconsistent with Christ's headship of the Church, we answer that Christ's headship differs from that of kings or chief rulers in *objects*, in *order*, in *measure*, and in *kind*. It differs in *objects*,—for Christ is the Head over all *things* to the *universal* Church ; kings or chief rulers are heads over all *persons* in the churches of *their own kingdoms or states*. It differs in *order*, for Christ ruleth over kings and princes ; they rule under Him. In *measure*,—for His power is universal and absolute ; theirs is special and restrained. In *kind*,—for He is the one invisible source of *inward* life to His body, the Church ; kings or chief rulers exercise an *external* rule over those visible members of it who live in their times and realms. Kings or chief rulers are Christ's servants, for the promotion of His glory, and the advancement of His kingdom. The ecclesiastical headship of kings or chief rulers is, therefore, far from being inconsistent with that of Christ ; on the contrary, it is subordinate and ministerial to it.

HOOKER IV., 1.—S. BRAMHALL II., 218

If princes were first ordained of God for those things only which are

needful to maintain this *temporal* life, the power and charge of princes would consist in meats, drinks, and apparel; and princes would have no further care of their people than they have of their hounds and horses,—to see them well fed and smooth kept, which is a very wicked and brutish opinion.

Prayers (1 Tim., ii, 2) must be made for kings, and for all that are in authority, in order that they may discharge their duties according to God's ordinance, which is, that their subjects, by their help and means, may lead an *honest, godly, and quiet* life, *godliness* and *honesty* being the *chiefest ends of our prayers, and effects of their powers.*

If their *duties* stretch so far, their *authority* must stretch as far. Their charge ceaseth where their power endeth. God never requireth princes to do what He permitteth them not to do. If their godliness and honesty be the chiefest part of their charge, therefore (*ergo*) they be likewise the chiefest end of their power.

Bishop BILSON, "Christian Subjection," p. p. 339, 343.

A gross error it is to think that regal power ought to serve for the good of the body and not of the soul, for men's temporal peace, and not for their eternal safety,—as if God had ordained kings for no other end and purpose but only to fat up men like hogs, and to see that they have their most.

HOOKER, viii. iii., 2, v., lxxvi., 4, viii., vi., 2.

It is the duty of princes, who are *custodes utriusque tabulae*,—keepers of both tables,—seeing they cannot perform the work of sanctification themselves, to take care that fit persons be provided and encouraged in this work. It is true, if a prince were only *tanquam subulcus*, like a herdsman that keepeth cattle, to take care of men's *bodies*, and of their outward estate only, and that they wrong not one another by fraud or force, and had *no* charge of men's *souls*, nor of religion, he might neglect

this work; but seeing it is otherwise, and that the care of the church is committed unto him, and that the *soul* is the *principal part*, therefore it is his duty to see that fit and able persons be provided for this work, such as may be *doctores gentium*, teachers of the orations.

Bishop ANDREWS, "Catechet. Doct.," p. 301.

O that princes would consider that it is one thing to execute the office of the priesthood, by reason of this shield to interpret the Scriptures, to administer the Sacraments in the name of Christ, to bind and loose; and another thing, to take care, by their own authority, that the priest does those duties which pertain to the priesthood. These offices in the Church of God the pious princes themselves have always upheld. That theology is new, wicked, and execrable, the care of the subordinate things of which it teaches to pertain to the prince only: and as far as they (that is, princes) are *men*, not as far as they are *Christian men*.

CASAVVON, *Dedcat. Exerc. Baron.*

(See also *Saravia de Imperandi Auctoritate et Christiana Obedientia*, ii., c. 52, iii. c. 35.

(To be continued.)

It is but folly for a man to flatter himself as though he were a Christian man, when his heart and soul are not turned unto the Lord. He shall never feed in the pastures of life, but be a hypocrite all the days of his life. Men say, they are converted from the world to God, when there is nothing within the pastures of God's word but what they will contemn, rather than have so much as an evil look of the world for it. . . . O Lord, are these men turned to Thee? Are these the men that "shall stand in Thy holy place?" Nay, doubtless, they are not turned to Thee, and are not with Thee, but against Thee. They speak with Thee, and yet their deeds dishonour Thee; they talk of truth, and practice lies.—*Bishop Hooper.*

“LO! I COME.” Ps. xl., 7.—BEHOLD, HE COMETH!—REV. i., 7.

BY THE REV. E. SLADE.

- I.
Lo! He comes an infant stranger,
Of a lowly mother born—
Comes, Jehovah, God-man, Jesus,
Of eternal glory shorn.
- II.
Lo! He comes, Redeemer, Saviour,
“Peace on earth, good will to men”—
Comes, to save the lost, the wretched,
Angels, sing that song again.
- III.
Lo! He comes, the Son of Mary,
And the workshop is His home—
Comes, to teach the young, the youth-
ful,
How His Father’s work is done.
- IV.
Lo! He comes, the Son of David,
David’s Son, and David’s Lord—
Comes, the Great Desire of nations,
Long’d for, lov’d, and then ador’d.
- V.
Lo! He comes, the Prophet, Teacher,
Spoken of by men of yore—
Comes, the Seed, the Star, the Shiloh:
Type and shadow are no more.
- VI.
Lo! He comes, the Law Fulfiller,
Curse Remover, Paschal Lamb—
Comes, the Great Physician, Healer:
Raise the song, the lofty psalm.
- VII.
Lo! He comes, the Tried, the Tempted
In the wilderness of old—
Comes, the Homeless, the Rejected,
Scorned by wicked sinners bold.
- VIII.
Lo! He comes, the Good, the Holy,
Meek and gentle, and resigned—
Comes, the Scape-Goat, Burden-
Bearer,
By the Father’s will design’d.
- IX.
Lo! He comes, the Agonizer,
See Him in Gethsemane—
Comes, to institute the Supper,
That Divine, great Mystery.
- X.
Lo! He comes, betrayed, forsaken,
Mock’d, insulted, and revil’d—
Comes, arraign’d, condemn’d and
scourged,
Yet He is the Meek and Mild.
- XI.
Lo! He comes, and on to Calv’ry
See Him bending ’neath His Cross—
- Comes, the God-forsaken, murder’d,
That He might redeem our loss.
- XII.
Lo! He comes, the stone sepulchral,
From His tomb is rolled away—
Comes, the Conqueror, triumphant,
And stern Death bows to His sway.
- XIII.
Lo! He comes, the Peace Restorer,
Blessed boon ’mid war and strife—
Comes, the God-man Reconciler,
“The Resurrection and the Life.”
- XIV.
Lo! He comes, and to His lov’d ones
Soon He makes Himself well
known—
Comes, and gives them THE com-
mission
That the world might be His own.
- XV.
Lo! He comes, angelic legions
Bear him upward through the sky—
Comes, and Heaven all exultantly
Alleluias to Him cry.
- XVI.
Lo! He comes, and by His Spirit,
Falls upon the Apostle-band—
Comes, that He the world may ’herit,
As they preach from land to land.
- XVII.
Lo! He comes, the heart that loves
Him
Is His dearest, best abode—
Comes, and with His Church is pre-
sent,
As on Olivet He vow’d.
- XVIII.
Lo! He comes, rejected Saviour,
Sinners call to rocks in vain—
Comes, and all who crucified Him
Writhe in everlasting pain.
- XIX.
Lo! He comes in pomp and glory,
Graves to life their dead restore—
Comes, with all the host of Heaven,
Satan’s kingdom is no more.
- XX.
Lo! He comes, and at the Judgment,
On His right hand are His own—
Comes, that all His Father’s blessed
Might into His kingdom come.
- XXI.
Lo! He comes, Angelic legions
Gain receive their mighty King—
With loud acclaims and alleluias,
The ’bodes of bliss for ever ring.

RITUALISM IN THE CHURCH.

DEPUTATIONS TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Yesterday afternoon deputations waited upon the Archbishops of Canterbury and of York for the purpose of presenting memorials in reference to alleged ritualistic innovations in the Church of England.

DEPUTATION TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The archbishop received the deputation in the Library of Lambeth Palace. There were present the Marquis of Westmeath, Lord Cranmore, Lieut. Gen. Lawrence, Lieut. Col. Crespiigny, the Dean of Derry, the Archdeacon of Waterford, Sir Nicholas Chinnery, Colonel Elphinstone, the Rev. C. T. Astley, M.A., vicar of Brasted; the Rev. R. H. Killick, M.A., rector of St. Clement Danes; Major General Nuttall, Dr. James, the Rev. Thomas Sykes, M.A., vicar of Chevening; the Rev. W. D. Veitch, M.A., incumbent of St. Saviour's, Paddington; the Rev. J. S. Jenkinson, M.A., vicar of Battersea; Captain Hill, the Rev. W. Pennefather, M.A., incumbent of St. Jude's, Islington; and about a hundred other gentlemen.

Mr. Colquhoun read an address to his grace, which, he said, was signed by 2499 clergymen, 3010 churchwardens, and other laymen. Seven other memorials were presented, signed by 24 clergy and 1815 laymen. He said the deputation did not understand the memorialists to ask for any restriction in the constitutional liberty and diversity of sentiment which were wisely permitted within the National Church. Accepting the Liturgy as it stood, the memorialists had to complain of an unconstitutional departure from the orders of the Church, unsanctioned by authority, and of the introduction of Romish practices into the services of the Church. They complained of communion tables superseded by altars

covered with drapery and strange ornaments, accompanied by illegal lights, incense, and genuflexions; processions with banners, priestly vestments being exact copies of those of the Church of Rome; novel prayers interpolated in the services—all of which they considered to be outward signs of a violent change. Unbecoming or frivolous as such exhibitions might appear, they became grave and significant when used to convey new doctrines connected with Romish superstitions. After advert- ing at some length to the doctrines supposed to be involved in these new practices, the memorial proceeded to say that it would be a mistake to suppose that the party within the Church now united to undo the work of the Reformation were either small in numbers or influence, or that they were to be restrained by authority or persuasion. Within the metropolis episcopal authority had been exercised in reference to the matter both by the late and the present Bishop of London, but their efforts to restrain the practices complained of had been of no avail. The council of the English Church Union, now the acknowledged head of the new party, had within the last few days announced the policy which they intended hereafter to pursue. They made no secret of their determination resolutely to oppose even a bishop if he should commit an unjust aggression on any person in spiritual matters, and that they should regard as an unjust aggression every attempt to restrain a clergyman from those peculiar practices and doctrines which were repudiated by the Church of England at the Reformation. That such practices should have been declared illegal as soon as they were examined could excite no surprise, for if they were legal the reformation of the Church would have had no existence, and the history of the last 300 years would have been a delusion. The memorialists, in conclusion, prayed that steps might be

taken to maintain intact the integrity of the Church.

Mr. Lefroy, M.P., presented a vast number of memorials, which, with those presented by Mr. Colquhoun, made the total number of signatures 57,383.

The Archbishop of Canterbury said—My lords and gentlemen, I have already expressed, on a recent occasion, and I hope with sufficient distinctness, my strong disapproval of the introduction, in several places, of novel vestments, incense, and other Romish observances, into the services of our Church. In that disapproval a very large number of the bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland have signified their concurrence, and I am not aware of one who has dissented from it. A very decided opinion has also been given by some of those most learned in the law to the effect that these practices are inconsistent with the existing law of the Church. Under these circumstances I will not allow myself to doubt that those ministers of our Church who, with an unwise precipitation, and without taking any counsel of those set over them in the Lord, have chosen of their own mere mind and will to adopt such practices, will feel themselves morally, if not legally bound to abandon them, and thus remove this cause of scandal to our Church. It is strongly felt that these innovations are but a mimicry of the Church of Rome, and involve in some instances the adoption of her erroneous teaching. It will be my duty to pursue such a course as I may deem most effectual for the discouragement and suppression of them (loud cheers.) At the same time, advertng to some expressions in the address which follows the petition you have presented to me, I cannot refrain from stating that the doctrine of the Real Presence, as rightly understood, is one which the Church of England has ever held, and which it will be always my duty to uphold.

But it is a Real Presence as distinguished from a Carnal Presence, which our Church distinctly denies—a Real Presence that is spiritual—than which indeed nothing can be more real, because it is effectual for those purposes for which Christ's body was taken and His blood shed upon the cross, in the case of all who come faithfully to receive Him according to His own institution in the holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. To the Real Presence our Church bears abundant testimony in declaring that if with a true, penitent heart and lively faith we receive the holy Sacrament, then we dwell in Christ, and Christ in us; we are one with Christ, and Christ with us. Expressing as you do your earnest desire that the order of the Church should not be violated in the instances to which you have alluded, you will each doubtless feel yourselves under obligation to see that in your respective spheres the directions of the Church are faithfully observed. The diminution of external differences will tend under the blessing of God to promote that uniformity which it must be the anxious wish of us all to see established, that both the clergy and laity of our Church may combine with one heart and one mind in the unity of the spirit and in the bond of peace to advance the glory of God and the extension of Christ's kingdom on earth.

The Marquis of Westmeath, on the part of the deputation, thanked the Archbishop for the hopes he had held out, but could not help saying that, considering the length of time this conspiracy had been going on against the Protestant religion, he could not expect that any remonstrances would be of any avail with those misguided persons who were adopting the practices complained of. He knew that in some dioceses there were people with more money than brains, and less honesty than either, who had expressed their determination to resist any bishop who should interfere. He

thought, however, that it was unfair to the bishops that they should be asked to bear the expenses of these proceedings in the ecclesiastical courts, for the incomes of many of the bishops were not equal to protracted litigation in the ecclesiastical courts. Considering that the Church and the State were united, and that the Queen was at the head of both, he thought her Majesty's ministers ought to be called upon to come forward to arrest the course of these refractory persons who were now destroying the very heart of the Protestant faith (hear).

Mr. Colquhoun said that, judging from a meeting of the English Church Union, held a few days ago, it was idle to suppose that anything would come from kindness, and he must venture, on behalf of the deputation present, as well as on behalf of large bodies of people out of doors, to express their opinion that the present was a great crisis in the history of the English Church. He believed that the Church of England was strongly rooted in the confidence of the people, and would continue to be so as long as she remained faithful to primitive order and to apostolic truth.

The Archbishop of Canterbury would merely say before they parted that he was deeply sensible of the critical position of the Church, and no one could be more earnestly desirous of adopting such measures as would effectually check and suppress the movement complained of. It had been suggested that legislative measures should be taken. That was a grave question, and it was not for him to commit himself at present to any particular plan; but his heart was entirely with the deputation in his desire to maintain in their integrity the doctrines of the Church.

The deputation then withdrew.

DEPUTATION TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

The Archbishop of York received the deputation in Queen Ann's Bounty Office, Dean's-yard, Westminster, the

members of it being pretty nearly the same as in the other case. The Archbishop of York wore his full episcopal robes. The Archbishop of Canterbury was in plain attire.

Mr. Colquhoun presented to his grace a memorial signed by 2124 clergymen and 2610 churchwardens; also four other memorials, signed by 9 clergymen and 299 laymen. These were independent of other memorials which had been forwarded to the Archbishop from other sources.

The Archbishop of York in acknowledging them, expressed a hope that the clergy and laity would strive to obey the law of the Church with alacrity. The practices complained of had been spoken of as childish and frivolous, but he believed they had been adopted with a deliberate intention of affecting the doctrinal position of the English Church. That was not the place for him to give any pledges, but he felt quite sure that a remedy would soon be found for the difficulties which were now perplexing the Church. Recent researches in the province of York had shown that there was nothing in the usages of the Church since the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth to justify the innovations now being introduced.

Mr. Colquhoun thanked the Archbishop for his answer, and said he felt sure the laity would rally round the bishops if they would resist the introduction of Romish practices.

The deputation then retired.—*London Standard*, June 22.

“The only certain way to die well, is to live well * * * God doth not just watch how men die, but He will judge every man according to His works, and the deeds he hath done in the flesh; and those dispositions we have nourished, loved, and delighted in all our life, will follow and attend us to another world; and an evil nature, however loath we are to it, or sorry for it, will sink us down to the deepest hell.”—*Calamy*.

STEPS TOWARDS LOVE.

JOHN xxi. 15-19.—“So, when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto Him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs. He saith to him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep. He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto Him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep. Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not. This spake he, signifying by what death he should glorify God. And when he had spoken this, he saith unto him, Follow me.”

We have no information as to what became of Simon Peter from the moment when the cock having crowed for the second time, the disciple, touched to the heart by the look his Master turned upon him, left the hall of the high priest weeping bitterly. Alone, in the middle of the night, in the streets of Jerusalem, where, we wonder, did he wander to in his misery? Did he understand, we ask ourselves, the full meaning of that sad and loving look? And when, lifted up on the cross, the Saviour prayed for His friends and His foes, was Peter standing near? had he come there to catch one other last look of that well-beloved Master? He is not indeed named among those who surrounded the cross. All that we know is that, on the morning of the resurrection, “while it was yet dark,” Simon Peter was running to the sepulchre with that other disciple whom Jesus loved. The sepulchre was empty. Peter found not what he sought, but Jesus had not forgotten His apostle. It is by the sea of Tiberias that Peter shall have his heart’s desire satisfied. There he will see again, as the Prince of life and of the resurrection, that Master whom he loved and yet denied. It is this appearance, this interview of Jesus with His fallen disciple, that St. John describes in chap. xxi., 15-19, of his Gospel. The miraculous draught of fishes that the

disciples had succeeded in bringing in, thanks to the Stranger who, standing on the shores of the lake, desired them to cast their nets on the right side of their boat, this it was that opened John’s eyes, and he was the first to exclaim, “It is the Lord.” All at once Peter, as though the Saviour were there on his account alone, casts himself into the sea, and he is the first to reach the shore, and to throw himself, before any of the rest, at the feet of Jesus. And then begins an interrogation which bears the stamp of divine origin, which is evidently no human invention. “Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?” Such is the solemn question to which Peter was to reply, and which is recorded for our profit, and has its application to us also. “Simon, son of Jonas.” Why Simon? Had not the Master himself changed the disciple’s name? Had He not said to him, “Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church?” Yes, but it was to the disciple confessing his Lord, not to the natural man, that Jesus then spoke. A new name belongs only to a new man, and Peter’s threefold fall proved how much of the old man remained within him still. It is with these three falls, three denials, that the three questions correspond. “Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?” Thou didst believe thyself more strong and steadfast than any of the rest. Dost thou not see that thou art weakest of all, and that “he that trusteth in his own heart is a fool?” But when Jesus humbles the soul He does so only to exalt it. He does not cast away His poor disciple, He takes him back into His service, and saith unto him, “Feed my lambs, feed my sheep.” But to be meet for this high office it is necessary that Peter should renounce himself, that he should no longer walk in his own ways, that he should “stretch forth his hands,” and give himself to the Lord. Thus prepared, he will glorify Jesus both in life and death, and the Lord will be able to say to him, “Follow me.”

Peter, we find, readily answers his Master, “Yea, Lord; thou knowest that

I love thee ;” not at first understanding, but at last fully perceiving the intention of Jesus in thus questioning him. Peter, through his humiliation, had acquired feelings which might well seem to be love, and it was this love he desired to lay at the feet of Jesus ; and as the Saviour still seems to doubt, and repeats the self-same question for the third time, the grieved disciple exclaims, “ Lord, thou knowest all things ; thou knowest that I love thee.”

But it is no longer Peter with whom we have to do ; it is with our own selves. Have we made any advance in love ? We have already anticipated that this inquiry of the Lord is indeed the one momentous, one vitæ question ; that all our Christianity, all the self-examinations of our consciences, are embodied in these few words, “ Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me ?” Jesus Christ is now at the door ; He stands there and knocks, and requires an answer. He is about to search into the very thoughts and intents of our hearts. When He has laid them all bare, will we be able to say, “ Lord, thou knowest all things ; thou knowest that I love thee ?”

The subject of our present meditation is a very simple one ; it is all included in one question that it deeply concerns us to put—What are we to do to love Christ ?

Now, we must not begin by suggesting certain methods, or laying down certain rules ; for human rules and methods, do very little in this case. The Lord himself must come to us and work in us ; for love is the one thing that we can least inspire our own hearts with. Let us look narrowly at ourselves, we are nothing but coldness and egotism ; but if we submit ourselves to the Lord’s discipline, He will take us in hand.

It was thus He dealt with the son of Jonas, and the same treatment will change the old man within us into the new nature. Jesus Christ will repeat His three questions ; and these include three spiritual processes. We will see in what manner the Lord draws near to our intimate individual life, and how He

who puts the question is He who gives the answer.

To make some advances in love, this is what we desire above all things to learn. Well, then, how will Jesus proceed to satisfy our desire ?

The first proceeding of the Lord will be this : He will give us the full remembrance of our faults. “ Before I was afflicted I went astray,” says the Psalmist ; “ but now have I kept thy word.” A father of the church has well observed that “ the recollection of our sins is more profitable for us than the recollection of our virtues.” The three grievous falls of Peter had a more favourable result upon his character than three successes would have had. Of all our enemies the greatest is self-confidence ; and before this enemy can be slain, we must have many a humiliation. Peter depended upon his constitutional courage and prowess ; but true love is something more than this. It is not in the heroism of nature that the Lord will dwell, but in humble and contrite hearts. Have we any distinct recollection of past faults ? If we have, let us pray the Lord to quicken and intensify it. In the lives of God’s people there is but one thing that, more than any other, ought to grieve and humble them, and that is, their cold hearts. Are we happy with these hearts of ice ? Are we contented to keep them unchanged ? But, apart from this general condition, the more we search for our faults, the more of them we will discover. It is true that people are not fond of recalling what in them is amiss. What is the attitude of most men in this particular ? Do they not resemble sentinels, armed at all points, and mounting guard over their honour, ready to fire upon any one who shall venture near ? Where is there a man who is ready to make a definite confession of unworthiness ? Oh, there is nothing so painful as to be driven to say, “ I have sinned in this matter,” and to return again and again to that positive consciousness. Just as a spider wraps itself in its web, so does the old man ensconce himself in subtle justifications.

There may be a thousand apparent humiliations, and scarcely one that is frank, genuine, unqualified, and profound.

There are, indeed, certain people who are comparatively prone to confession, but who yet seem to derive no benefit from the recollection of their sins. It only serves to disgust them with themselves, and thus they are rendered gloomy, capricious, and spritless. The reason of this is that they are alone with their faults, and this we must never venture to be; we must take them all to Jesus, and pour them out in His gracious presence. If the remembrance of our own misdeeds is ever to be of use to us, we must place ourselves beneath His questioning, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Then, indeed, we will be struck to the heart; but it will only be our old nature that will suffer—the new man will remain unhurt. When Jesus humbles us, the effect is very different from that produced upon us by self-reproaches, or by the lectures and rebukes of other men. The humiliations inflicted by Jesus are surrounded by peace, and where peace is, there is freedom, joy, life eternal.

Therefore, "my son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him: for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every one whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons: for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons." It was thus that St Peter's character was formed,—thus that his heart was brought into fellowship with that of his Divine Master. Let us submit ourselves to the same discipline, and we too shall be able to say, "Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee."

And now comes the second step that Jesus takes towards us. He shows us that we have sheep to feed, and those sheep are His. "What sheep?" we inquire. Let us open our eyes wide, and we will discover souls that have

been confided to our care, and toward's whom we may be a blessing. These souls are the Lord's, and we may judge of their preciousness in His sight by the price He paid for their ransom. To create the world we live in, God employed only six successive fiat's; but to save the souls that He had created, it was necessary that He should not spare "His only-begotten Son,"—that He should make Him "a curse for us." The most deeply-fallen soul is still more precious than earth or sky, for sin is no part of man's essential substance. Sin is only the fall of man, and in the most guilty polluted souls God still sees His own image. That soul is still a sheep, to be brought home to the fold; and it is to us perhaps that the rescue is confided. That beggar that we chance to meet,—that poor man in his garret,—that sufferer on his litter,—that prisoner, unapproachable till now,—that savage feasting on the blood of his enemy,—degraded as they may be, each of these men have a soul, and that soul was "created in the image of God." The Father created it, the Son died for it, the Holy Spirit desires to sanctify it. Do we understand now the full force of the appeal, "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep?" We need not go far to find such of these as are our personal care. Let us begin beneath our own roof: do we esteem each of the souls collected there according to their value in God's sight, and not in proportion as they tend to increase our carnal satisfaction? And, besides these, do we not daily come in contact with other souls? Have we nothing for these sheep?—nothing for these lambs? Think of our own last hour—we will retain nothing then but what we have given. "It is better to give than to receive;" and of all regrets the most acute will be, "I might perhaps have been of some benefit to one or other of my brethren, and I failed to be so, and to-day it is too late." For love of ourselves, oh let us spare ourselves that regret. There is a whole hell in selfishness indulged; there is a whole eternity of glory in a heart ready to de-

vote itself ; and there is no one on earth so poor, so meanly endowed, as to be able to assert, "I have received from the Lord no lamb in charge, no sheep to feed."

What is meant by this feeding of the sheep ? It signifies the exertion of a salutary influence over a human soul. We ought to show that soul that we ourselves have peace with God, and that this peace may be had "without money and without price." What we have received for ourselves, have we not also received for our fellow-creatures ? When thou art converted," says the Lord to Peter, "strengthen thy brethren." But let it be conceded that we have no souls at hand to care for ; have we no calling of any kind ? The sheep of Christ are not only persons, but things. The smallest work becomes worship, if we do it in the love of Christ. The poorest employment, the dullest occupation, assumes a celestial character if we say to ourselves the while, "The Master is here, and calleth for me." To feed His sheep is to be "faithful in small things," when no one sees us, and no one rewards us. Let us ask ourselves every evening, "For whom have I been living during the day past ?—in what spirit have I worked ?" The cause of our unhappiness, our discontent, does not lie in the nature of our vocations, but in our heart being turned earthwards,—in our spirit of bondage,—in our will not being where our treasure is. But wheresoever Jesus may be, His reward is with Him. We will no more "labour in vain," and "spend our strength for nought, if whatsoever we do, we do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men." That which the right hand doeth without the left hand knowing it, our Father, who seeth in secret, shall recompense openly. This will be a sign that we have understood the injunction, "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep." And Jesus has only now one last word to speak to us.

This is the third approach of the Lord to our souls. Stretch forth thy hand, let thyself be carried, walk whither thou wouldest not.

When Peter was young he girded himself, he walked whither he would ; later, he stretched out his hands, and another girded him, carried him whither in his youth he would not.

Youth is the age of illusions. One sees before one a long future, and fancy decks it with brilliant colours ; one has strength to spend and to spare, a heart to bestow, a will to act and overcome ; one runs to meet obstacles and opposition like a hero sure beforehand of victory. But later on in life everything changes ; the world grows pale, hope dies away, one's own energy no longer suffices, heart and will grow full of sadness and depression. The fact is, one had not understood the meaning of life, one had been so taken up in hewing out "cisterns that held no water," that the fountain of living water had remained unseen. Such had Peter been, such has been many a one amongst us. If we turn and look at the course of our past years, what is it we see ? A time we walked according to the course of this world, as it pleased our self-will, without knowledge of "the things that were for our peace." Well, then, how is it with us now ? Has He who came for Peter come for us also ? Has He asked us that searching question, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me ?" Are we at length satiated with the world, weary of self ? Oh, it is indeed a solemn hour when the will at last gives way, when the heart begins to understand, and a new world opens out above our heads ! Another was to come for Peter, to stretch out his hands, to gird him, and carry him whither he would not. That other was the executioner ; that predicted way was the way of the cross. And if we ask the worldly man to sacrifice his idolatrous will, we too will be an executioner in his eyes. The new way that we propose to him will be a torture and a cross. But let that man once begin to love, and he will feel that the cross and the Saviour are only one and the same. It is no longer the dread executioner that summons him, it is the living God who asks, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me ?" Standing be-

tween two worlds, two wills, two ways, a soul that grace has effectually touched will no longer hesitate; it will say to itself, "When I was young, I girded myself, and walked whither I would; but since another is come, and since it is towards Him that I stretch forth my hands, it is He that girds me and carries me whither before I would not go." Thus all resistance ceases, the will has grown docile, the heart is won for ever. The influence of grace has prevailed over the impulse of nature, the man is determined to know nothing else but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Oh, my soul, who hast thyself come to Him, who art no more thine own "but bought with a price," say, dost thou regretfully look back to the liberty of thy youth since that Other is come and thou hast submitted thyself to His dominion? Those lost years, that time past, when thou followedst after shadows, wouldst thou, if thou couldst, recall them, now that thou art able to say, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee?"

Lastly, we read, "And when he had spoken this, Jesus said unto Peter, Follow me."

We who hear this saying of the Master's, whom have we followed hitherto? Life is a journey. This is a trite expression, but we do not ponder it enough. But whither have we been travelling up to this moment? What is the habitual tendency of our soul and our leading interest in life? Is it indeed Jesus, Jesus alone, Jesus always and everywhere? Are we at length thoroughly convinced of the deceitfulness of all other guides? Do we at length realize how much we are beloved, and that a heavenly Friend has laid down His life for us? There is a historical Jesus Christ in the Gospels, but this same Saviour is in our daily life. We may, as it were, handle Him and see. Is it thus intimately, practically, that we know Him, for to know Him thus is life eternal? And we do know Him if He has brought our sins to remembrance, if He has shown us that we have sheep to feed, if He has inclined

our thoughts and desires towards Himself. "One thing is needful." Jesus says, "Follow me." Let us enter, then, the narrow way, and we shall have life, yea, we shall have it more abundantly. "Faithful is he that hath called us;" "His ways are not our ways, neither are His thoughts our thoughts;" but "all the ways of the Lord are mercy and truth for such as keep His covenant and His testimonies." Let us walk on boldly, "be strong, and very courageous;" we are not alone; "our shoes shall be iron and brass; and as our day, so shall our strength be." We are so poor, alas! so poor still, and we might be so rich! Let us look only upon Him who asks us, "Simon, son of Jonas," poor, weak disciple that has denied Me thrice,—"lovest thou me?" Let us submit ourselves to His work in us, and we will find the answer. Peter, in the way of the cross, was already able to say, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee;" but the true answer is the one we shall only give when we know even as we are known. We now know in part, and our heart does not always experimentally say, "Lord, Thou art love." But when we shall see the Lord face to face, and look back on our life as a whole,—when what now seems confusion shall be recognised as harmony, and from the centre of light and life eternal, Jesus shall once more ask us, "Simon, son of Jonas," art thou satisfied with me? "lovest thou me?" ah, then we shall have eyes to see and a heart to answer! Meanwhile, my soul, press onward, silently, with steady gaze fixed upon thy crown. There is a fulness that can never be exhausted. We may well fight when we are assured of victory, and after the toil and the sweat of a day of battle, we shall have a whole eternity to rest in.

Let us strengthen our minds, let us brace up our soul, let us prepare our heart; the race is for life; the hope is for everlasting things.—*St. Cyril.*

CHRISTIAN RESOLUTIONS.

(Continued.)

4th. Observe the providence of God in all things, and put thy trust, in him, who will not fail to take care of thee in adversity, whether internal or external; submit to the hand that afflicts thee, and assure thyself it is for thy good. Bear thy condition with patience and equanimity, be it never so unhappy, giving thanks to God for all his dispensations. Be not offended or affronted at injuries nor impatiently complain of them, but reflect on thy own faults and unworthiness. Depend upon God, and in holy silence preserve thy peace of mind, consider with what patience thy innocent Saviour suffered the indignities of men, and thou wilt be prepared to bear the utmost contempt of men.

5th. Think meanly of thyself, considering thy own vileness, who art but dust and ashes, and hast nothing thou canst call thine own. The less thou thinkest of thyself, the more God will think of thee; and in seeking applause for a good work, thou wilt loose thy reward. Whatsoever of good there is in thee look upon it as God's and not thine own; and usurp not that to thyself which belongs to him.

6th. Deny thyself to oblige others, in all things lawful. Let thy obedience be ready and cheerful, which is acceptable to God; and consider how he curseth the rebellious and undutiful.

7th In imitation of thy blessed Saviour, be content with a little. Shun excess in apparel, and luxury in diet. If poor, ever trust in God for the common necessities of life, who will never forsake his servants.

8th. Love all people as brethren. Pray for the salvation of all. Be kind to all, especially thine enemies, and let universal charity extinguish all bitterness of spirit in thee. Assist and comfort the distressed, especially if they have offended thee.

Rejoice at the prosperity of good deeds of others, as if they were thine own; and deplore their calamities as if they had befallen thee.

9th. Despise nobody. Avoid rash judgments and uncharitable censures. Think well of all men, and interpret their words and actions to the best meaning. Cheerfully obey God in all things, and be serviceable in thy generation. Wouldst thou imitate thy blessed Lord and adorable Saviour? Consider His meekness and humility, how He took upon Himself the form of a servant, and condescended to wash His disciples' feet.

10th. Indulge holy, chaste and pious thoughts, considering that God is always present. Converse frequently with Him in thy mind, and endeavor to preserve the memory of Him in thy thoughts, that thou mayest never be absent from Him.

11th. Presume not upon thy own performances, but rely wholly upon God's goodness and mercy, by whose help alone thou art able to do thy duty in the station of life He has placed thee.

12th. Have fervent faith in thy Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

S. C.

COME TO JESUS, UNTO WHOM
THOU WAS BAPTIZED.

Baptized one, do you know yourself? If you do, your burden is felt to be mighty. How much daily sin, how dark a mind, how much trouble about many things, how deep sorrow in many instances, how many and how various calamities have you to bear! Whatever your other burdens may be, sin is certainly one of them, aye, and a heavy one. The God-man calls aloud. He begs you affectionately to approach him. He is meek and lowly, and he will not turn a deaf ear to the worst sinner that comes looking for his rest only.

How gentle was Jesus on earth! how gentle still! how kind a face he bears to the eye of trusting faith!

All is Yea; and there is no Nay with him. His yoke is easy, his burden light; while that of the devil is uneasy and heavy. If you have a single eye to Jesus, you will find all difficulties cleared away. Questions of no profit will vanish from your mind, which will only care to cultivate habits of obedience in love for the feeling of rest given by him to the once affrighted soul whose sins were more and worse than he dared think of, while the judgment, the just judgment of God stared him in the face.

Come to him, every baptized one; for you are all under an agreement with him, and he with you; sweet is his rest that he will give you. Joyful hope, and at last assurance, will take the place of fear; and loving obedience, sweetly running through all your ways, will take the place of a slavery as galling as it was ruinous. Come, lay down your load, cling to Christ, the power and wisdom of God, and you will find true happiness. This is no vision of the brain, but a calm reality,—the work of God the Holy Ghost.

Delay not. Let no minutest point of time stand between you and the first real happiness you ever felt. Pray for the Holy Spirit of Christ, and through Christ let your prayer be sent up to God the Father, and my soul for yours, Christ's rest, which he has promised, shall be yours. Pardoned, accepted, sanctified, and hopeful, your life will be happy, your end peace, and your resurrection glory.

J. D. HILL.

THE DEVIL IN DRY PLACES.

A popular Welch preacher, in his own graphic way, describes the influence of divine truth in the heart as a means of resisting temptation. 'I see the unclean spirit rising like a winged dragon, circling in the air, and seeking for a resting place. Casting his fiery glances towards a certain neighbourhood, he spies a young man in the bloom of life,

and rejoicing in his strength, seated on the front of his cart, going for lime. "There he is," said the old dragon, "his veins are full of blood, and his bones of marrow; I will throw into his bosom sparks from hell, I will set all his passions on fire, I will lead him from bad to worse, until he shall perpetrate every sin; I will make him a murderer, and his soul shall sink, never again to rise, in the lake of fire."

By this time I see it descend with a fell swoop towards the earth, but nearing the youth, the dragon heard him sing:—

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield."

"A dry, dry place this," says the dragon, and away he goes. But I see him again hovering about in the air, and casting about for a suitable resting place. Beneath his eye there is a flowery meadow, watered by a crystal stream, and he descries among the kine a maiden about eighteen years of age, picking up here and there a beautiful flower. "There she is," says Apollyon, intent upon her soul; "I will poison her thoughts; she shall stray from the paths of virtue, she shall think evil thoughts, and become impure; she shall become a lost creature in the great city, and at last I will cast her down from the precipice into everlasting burnings." Again he took his downward flight; but he no sooner came near the maiden, than he heard her sing the following words, with a voice that might have melted the rocks:

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me."

"This place is too dry for me," says the dragon, and off he flies. Now he ascends from the meadow like some great balloon, but very much enraged, and breathing forth "smoke and fire," and threatening ruin and

damnation to all created things. "I will have a place to dwell in," he says, in spite of decree, covenant or grace." As he was thus speaking, he beheld a woman stricken in years, busy with her spinning wheel at her cottage door. "Ah, I see," says the dragon, "she is ripe for destruction; she shall know the bitterness of the wail which ascends from the burning moil of hell." He forthwith alights on the roof of the cot, where he hears the old woman repeat with trembling voice, but with heavenly feeling, the words, "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee." "This place is too dry for me," says the dragon, and away he goes again. "In yonder cottage lies old William, slowly wasting away. He has borne the heat and the burden, and altogether has had a hard life of it, he has very little reason to be thankful for the mercies he has received, and has not found serving God a very profitable business. I know I can get him to 'curse God and die.'" Thus musing, away he flew to the sick man's bedside, but as he listened he heard the words, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Mortified and enraged the dragon took his flight, saying I will return to the place from whence I came.

God will drive and force no man to heaven: the Gospel dispensation is the trial and discipline of ingenious spirits; and if the certain hopes and fears of another world, and the uncertainty of our living here, will not conquer these flattering temptations, and make men seriously religious, as those who must certainly die, and go into another world, and they know not how soon, God will not try whether the certain knowledge of the time of their death will make them religious. That they may die young, and that thousands do so, is reason enough to

engage young men to expect death, and prepare for it; if they will venture, they must take their chance, and not say they had no warning of dying young, if they eternally miscarry by their wilful delays. And besides this, God expects our youthful service and obedience, though we were to live on till old age: that we may die young, is not the proper, much less the only reason, why we should "remember our Creator in the days of our youth," but because God has a right to our youthful strength and vigour; and if this will not oblige us to an early piety, we must not expect that God will set death in our view, to fright and terrify us: as if the only design God had in requiring our obedience was, not that we might live like reasonable creatures, to the glory of their Maker and Redeemer, but that we might repent of our sins time enough to escape hell. God is so merciful as to accept of returning prodigals, but does not think fit to encourage us in sin, by giving us notice when we shall die, and when it is time to think of repentance.—
Dr. William Sherlock.

EXCUSES FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH.—Overslept myself; could not dress in time; too cold; too hot; don't feel disposed; no other time to myself; put my papers to rights; letters to write; tied to business six days in the week, no fresh air but on Sundays, mean to take a little necessary exercise; new bonnet not come home; don't like a liturgy always praying for the same thing; don't like extemporary prayer; don't like an organ, it is too noisy; don't like singing without instrumental music—makes me nervous; can't bear a written sermon—too prosy; dislike an extemporary sermon—too fro; nobody to-day but our own cull ministers; don't like a strange one; can't keep awake when at church, fell asleep last time I was there, shant risk it again; and so on *ad infinitum*.

"I AM THINE."

Psalm 119,—94.*

Whate'er my length of days,
I'll cleave to this dear line,
And cry in every case :
"Lord, help me ! I am Thine."

At morn, when I arise,
At ev'n, when I recline,
To God I'll lift mine eyes,
"Lord, help me ! I am Thine."

When earthly callings need,
More skill and strength than mine,
For strength and skill I'll plead ;
"Lord, help me ! I am Thine."

When my weak flesh would fall,
Betrayed by snare of sin,
My heart and lips on God shall call,
"Lord, save me ! I am Thine."

If ill sore vex and brave me,
No other thought be mine,
Than He who died to save me,
"Lord, help me ! I am thine."

And when to pray I'm weak,
And slow of faith repine,
The Spirit's love I'll seek,
"Lord save me ! I am Thine."

In hours of pain and grief,
When chastenings are mine,
Childlike I'll ask relief,
"Lord, help me ! I am Thine."

Should Satan strive and quail me,
And the world's frown combine,
Still shall my faith not fail me,
"Lord, save me ! I am Thine."

If my faint heart should say :
"He is no longer mine,"
Still will I trust and pray,
"Lord, help me ! I am Thine."

And when my last hour sounds,
A spotless robe is mine,
Made white by His dear wounds ;
"Blest Saviour ! I am Thine."

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

In uttering the Lord's Prayer, we profess to come before our God, "as children, Our Father ; as worshippers, Hallowed be thy name ; as subjects, Thy kingdom come ; as servants, Thy will be done ; as beggars, Give us ; as sinners, Forgive us ; as weak and erring, Lead us not into temptation ; as helpless and in danger, Deliver us from evil ; as fully trusting in his all sufficiency for time and eternity, For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever ; as faithful or true, Amen.

The consideration of human frailty and the insufficiency of our corrupted nature require that we address ourselves to this work with the greatest dependence upon God ; that we beg His blessing on our studies, the aids of His grace to forward and the comforts of His spirit to support us. If we proceed in this pious way, the God, who approves, will guide and influence our labours ; will either lead us into the knowledge of truth, or preserve us from all dangerous errors ; will carry us on in the successful discharge of our duty, and at length reward us with eminent degrees of glory.—*Bishop Conybeare.*

"My son, if ever thou look for sound comfort on earth and salvation in heaven, single thyself from the world and the vanities of it ; put thyself upon thy Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ ; leave not till thou findest thyself firmly united to Him : so as thou art become a limb of that body whereof He is head, a spouse of that husband, a branch of that stem, a stone laid upon that foundation. Look not, therefore, for any blessing out of Him, and in Him, and by Him, and from Him, look for all blessings. Let Him be thy life ; and wish not to live longer than thou art quickened by Him. Find Him thy wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, redemption, thy riches, thy strength, thy glory."—*Bishop Hall.*

H. S.

* From the German of Hiller.

THE OMEN.

There was a cheerful and even noisy evening party in the parlour of Croft-head, the humble residence of a Scottish Laird, who inherited a small estate from a long line of obscure ancestors. The family consisted of himself, wife, and only daughter, and about half-a-dozen servants belonging to the house, the dairy, and the farm. A good many neighbours had now been gathered together at a tea-drinking; and the table, on this occasion, exhibited various other liquors, in tall green bottles, and creaked on its old legs under the weight of a world of viands. Not a few pretty girls and good-looking young men were judiciously distributed round the board; and from the frequent titterings and occasional hearty bursts of laughter, it could not be doubted that much delicate wit and no little broad humour were sported during the festive hour. The young ladies from the manse were in excellent spirits, and the comely daughter of Mr. M'Fadyen, a retired Glasgow manufacturer, lent themselves both to the jammed cookies and the jocularities of the evening with even more than their usual animation. But though she was somewhat more silent than her wont, and had even a slight shade of sadness on her face not quite congenial with the scene of merriment, not one of them all looked so well as the daughter of the good old people; and her simply braided auburn hair, with no other ornament than a pink ribbon, had an appearance that might well be called elegant, when gently moving among the richly adorned love-locks and ringlets that waved so seducingly round the brows and cheeks of the other more ambitious and unmerciful young ladies. There was not one in the whole parish, high or low, rich or poor, that could for a moment be compared with "sweet Jane Nasmyth;" this was so universally allowed, that she had even no rivals; and indeed had her beauty excited the envy of her companions, her unpretending manners, and the simplicity of her whole character, would have extinguished that feeling, and converted

it into willing admiration and affectionate regard. "Sweet Jane Nasmyth" she was always called; and that expression, although at first hearing it may not seem to denote much, was indeed just the one she deserved in her loveliness that courted not the eyes which it won, and in her goodness which flowed on uninterruptedly in its own calm and unconscious course of homeborn happiness.

It was now a beautiful moonlight night, and Jane Nasmyth contrived to leave the merry party, whether unobserved or not is uncertain, and glide away through the budding lilacs into a small arbour in the garden. It could not be supposed that she went there to sit alone and read the stars; a friend joined her in the bower, and she allowed herself to be taken into his bosom. For two years had she been tenderly and truly beloved by Arthur Crawford, a young man of an ancient but decayed family, and now a lieutenant in the navy. He was to join his ship next day—and as the frigate to which he belonged had a fighting character, poor Jane, although it was not the first time she had parted from him, was now, more than she had ever been, depressed and disturbed. The dim of merriment came from the bright uncurtained windows of the Cottage-parlour to the lovers in their arbour; and the Sailor gaily said, "How could you leave so joyful a party to come and weep here? In a few minutes Jane Nasmyth dried her tears, for she was not one who gave way needlessly to desponding thoughts; and the manly tenderness and respectful affection of her lover restored her heart almost to its usual serenity, so that they were both again quite cheerful and happy. He had often sailed away, and often returned; he had been spared both in battle and in shipwreck; and while that remembrance comforted her heart, it need not be said that it likewise sent through all its strings a vibration of more thrilling and profounder love.

It was a mild night in spring, and the leaves yet upfolded might almost be

heard budding in the bower, as the dews descended upon them with genial influence. A slight twittering of the birds in their new-built nests was audible, as if the happy creatures were lying awake in the bright breathless night; and here and there a moth that enjoys the darkened light, went by on its noiseless wings. All was serenity and peace below, and not a stain was round the moon—no dimness over the stars.

“We shall have fair weather for a fortnight at least, Jane, for there is no halo yonder;” and as she looked up at these words, her head continued to rest upon her sailor’s bosom. To think on waves and storms at such a moment was natural, but to fear them was impossible; her soul was strong in the undisturbed quiet of nature, and all her accustomed feelings of trust in Providence now gathered upon it, and she knew her sailor would return well and happy to her arms—and that she would then become his wife.

“I will cut two little branches off this Rose-tree, and plant them side by side on yonder bank that first catches the morning light. Look at them, now and then, when I am away, and let them be even as ourselves, united where they grow.” The cuttings from the Rose-bush were accordingly placed in the ground. Nor did these Lovers think, that in this *half playful, half serious mood*, there was anything foolish in persons at their time of life. To be sure they were rather too old for such trifling; for Arthur was twenty-two years of age, and Jane wanted but a few months of nineteen. But we all become wiser as we get old; and perhaps the time came when these rose-plants were suffered to blossom unheeded, and to cover the ground about them with a snow-shower of fragrance, enjoyed only by the working-bees. At present they were put into the mould as carefully as if on their lives had depended the lives of those who planted them; and Jane watered them, unnecessarily, in a vernal night of dew, with a shower of tears. “If they grow, bud, and blossom, that will be a good OMEN

—if not, I must not allow myself to have any foolish fears!”

The parting kiss was given, and the last mutual benedictions, and then Arthur Crawford, clearing his voice, said, “I hear the fun and frolic is not yet over, nor likely to be so soon. Why don’t you ask me to join the party?” It was well known that they were betrothed, and that the marriage was to take place on his return from this cruise, so, with a blush, Jane introduced him into the parlour. “I presume, Lieutenant,” said one, “you have come here in a balloon?”

“Well, Jane,” said another, “I declare that I never missed you out of the room;—were you giving orders about supper—or have you been in the garden to see if the crosses are fit to be cut?”

The sailor was, during this time, shaking the old man by the hand so firmly, that the water stood in his eyes, and he exclaimed, “Why, Arthur, your fist is like a vice. It would not do for you to shake hands with any of the young lasses there—you would make the blood tingle in their fingers. Sit down, my dear son, and while the youngers are busy among themselves, let us hear what the French and Spaniards are about, and if it be true that Lord Nelson is going to give them a settling again.” So passed the evening by—charades and songs lent their aid, and after a breaking up of the party, which lasted about half an hour in finding and fitting on straw bonnets, shawls, and shoes, the laughter and voices of one and all, as they receded from the cottage up the hill, or down the vale, died away, and Crofthead was buried in silence and in sleep.

Days and weeks passed on, while Jane Nasmyth sat in her cottage, or walked about the adjacent fields, and her lover was sailing far and wide upon the seas. There were many rumours of an expected engagement, and her heart fluttered at the sight of every stranger. But her lover’s letters came, if not regularly, yet in pleasant numbers, and their glad and cheerful tone infused confidence into her heart. When he was last away, they

were lovers; but now their marriage was fixed, and his letters now were written as to his bride, overflowing with gratitude and delighted affection. When she was reading them, he seemed to be talking before her—the great distance of land and sea between them vanished—and as he spoke of his ship, of which he was so proud, she almost expected, on lifting up her eyes, to see its masts towering up before her, with all their glorious flags and ensigns. But they were streaming to the wind above the foam of the ocean, and her eyes saw only the green shade of the sheltering Sycamore—her ears heard only the deep murmur of the working-bees, as if a whole hive had been in that tentlike Tree.

Nor did Jane Nasmyth forget to visit, many times every day, the two roses which her lover had planted, and to which he had told her to look as an OMEN of his state when far at sea. To the bank on which they grew she paid her earliest visit along with the beams of the morning sun; and there, too, she marked the first diamonds of the evening dew. They grew to her heart's desire; and now that the year was advanced, they showed a few flower buds, and seemed about to break out into roses, slender as were their bending stems. That one which bore her lover's name hung over her own, as if sheltering it with its flexile arch, and when weighed down by the rain-drops, or by the breeze, it touched gently the leaves of its companion, and seemed to intertwine with it in a balmy embrace. The heart can accumulate love and delight upon any object whatever; but these plants were in themselves beautiful, and every leaf swarmed, not with poetic visions, but with thoughts of such deep human tenderness, that they were seldom looked at without a gush of tears. They were perfectly unlike all the other shrubs and flowers in that garden; and had they been dug up it would have been felt as sacrilege; had they withered the OMEN would have struck through her very life. But they did not wither; and nothing

touched them but the bee or the butterfly, or haply for a moment the green linnet, the chaffinch, or the red-cap, half balanced on the pending spray, and half supported by his fluttering wings.

Crofthead was a cottage in a sheltered vale—but it was not far inland, and by ascending a green hill behind it, Jane Nasmyth could, on clear days, get a glimpse of the blue ocean. The sight even of the element on which her lover now dwelt was delightful to her eyes, and if a white sail shone forth through the sunlight, her heart felt a touch of dear emotion. Sometimes, too, when walking in the vale, she would gaze with love on the beautiful white sea-mew, that came floating on the sea-born air into the fields of the quiet earth. As the creature alighted on the green turf, and folding its wings, sat there motionless, or walked as if pleased with the soft pressure of the grass beneath its feet, she viewed it as a silent messenger from the sea, that perhaps might have flown round her lover's ship. Its soft plumes bore no marks of the dashing waves; its eyes, although wild, were gentle; its movement was calm, as if it had never drifted with the rapid tides, or been driven through the howling tempest; and as it again rose up from the herbage and the wild-flowers, and hovering over her head for a little while, winged its way down the vale over the peaceful woods, she sent her whole soul with it to the ocean, and heaved a deep sigh unconsciously as it disappeared.

The summer was now over, and the autumn at hand. The hayfields were once more green with springing herbage—and bands of reapers were waiting for a few sunny days till they might be let loose in joyful labour upon the ripened grain. Was the Amethyst-frigate never to finish her cruise? September surely would not pass away without seeing her in harbour, and Arthur Crawford at Crofthead. Poor Jane was beginning to pine now for her lover's return; and one afternoon, on visiting, almost unhappy, the Rose-trees, she thought that they both were drooping. She forgot

that September mornings have often their frost in Scotland; and on seeing a few withered leaves near the now wasted blossoms, she remembered Arthur's words about the OMEN, and turned away from the bank with a shudder of foolish fear. But a trifle will agitate a wiser and older heart than that of Jane Nasmyth, and reason neither awakens nor lulls to sleep the passions of human beings, which obey, in the darkness of their mystery, many unknown and incomprehensible laws. "What if he be dead!" thought she, with a sick pang tugging at her heart—and she hastened out of the garden, as if a beast of prey had been seen by her, or an adder lying couched among the bushes.

She entered the house in a sort of panic, of which she was ashamed as soon as she saw the cheerful and happy faces of her parents, who were sitting together listening, according to their usual custom, to an old spectacled neighbour busy at a newspaper, the Edinburgh Evening Courant, a copy of which made visits to about a dozen of the most respectable families in the parish. The old worthy was Emeritus Schoolmaster, and was justly proud of his elocution, which was distinct and precise, each syllable being made to stand well out by itself, while it was generally admitted that Mr. Peacock had a good deal of the English accent, which he had acquired about forty years ago at Inverness. He did not think it worth while to stop very long at the end of a paragraph, or article, but went on in a good business-like style, right through politics, stocks, extraordinary accidents, state of the weather, births, deaths, and marriages, a pleasing and instructive medley. Just as Jane had taken her seat, the good old proser had got to ship-news, and he announced, without being in the least aware of what he was about, "FOUNDERED IN THE LATE TREMENDOUS GALE, OFF THE LIZARD, HIS MAJESTY'S FRIGATE AMETHYST. ALL THE CREW PERISHED!"

After the first shock of horror, the old people rose from their seats and tried

to lift up their daughter, who had fallen down, as if stonedead, with great violence on the floor. The schoolmaster, petrified and rooted to his chair, struck his forehead in agony, and could only ejaculate—"God forgive me—God forgive me!" After many longdrawn sighs, and many alarming relapses into that deadly swoon, Jane opened her eyes, and looking round with a ghastly wildness, saw the newspaper lying on the floor where it had dropped from the old man's trembling hands. Crawling with a livid face towards the object of her horror, she clutched it convulsively with her feeble fingers, and, with glazed eyes, instinctively seizing on the spot, she read, as if to herself, the dreadful words over and over again—and then, as if her intellect was affected, kept repeating a few of them: "Foundered"—"Tremendous gale"—"Every soul perished." "Oh! great and dreadful God—my Arthur is drowned at last!"

Some of the kind domestics now came into the room, and with their care—for their parents were nearly helpless—the poor girl was restored to her senses. She alone wept not—for her heart was hardened, and she felt a band of cold iron drawn tight round her bosom. There was weeping and sobbing, loud and unrestrained, with all others; for Arthur Crawford, the beautiful and brave, was beloved by every one in the parish, from the child of six years to old people of fourscore. Several young men, too, belonging to the parish, had served on board that ship, and they were not now forgotten, although it was for the young lieutenant, more than for them of their own rank, that now all the servants wept.

Jane Nasmyth was a maiden of a truly pious mind; but no piety can prevent nature from shrieking aloud at the first blow of a great calamity. She wished herself dead—and that wish she expressed as she found her voice. Her old father knelt down on the floor at one side of his child, and her old mother at another, while the latter had just strength to say—"Our father which art in heaven

—hallowed be Thy name—Thy kingdom come—Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.”

The poor girl shut her eyes with a groan; but she could not repeat a single one of these words. Then was the floor, indeed, drenched with tears. They fell down in big drops—in plashing showers from old eyes, that had not seemed before to contain so much moisture. And in that mortal silence no sound was now heard but one low quivering voice, saying at intervals—“All the crew perished—all the crew perished! Woe is me—woe is me—Arthur is drowned at last!”

They lifted her from the floor—and, to her own wonder, she fell not down, but could stand unsupported on her feet. “Take me upstairs to my bed, mother, let me lie down there—and perhaps I may be better. I said that I wished to die. Oh! these were wicked words. May I live to do my duty to my dear parents in their old age. But, oh! this sickness is mortal—mortal indeed. But let me put my trust in God and my Redeemer, and pray to them—my parents—to forgive my impious words!”

They supported her steps—and she asked to go to the window just to take one look out into the calm and beautiful afternoon—for not a breath was stirring—and the western sun diffused over the scene a bright but softened repose. “Oh, merciful God!—there is Arthur’s ghost—I saw it pass by—it waved its hand—bright and smiling were its eyes—take me away, for I feel that visions beset my brain!” They half lifted her in their arms towards the door—while she continued to say, faintly, “It smiled—yes, it smiled—but Arthur’s body is mangled, and bruised, and crushed by timber, and stones, and rocks—lying on the sand somewhere, while I was singing or laughing in my miserable delusion—his face gnawed by sea-monsters!” and then her voice was choked, and she could speak no more.

The door burst open; and there entered no ghost, but the bold, glad, joyful, living sailor himself, who clasped Jane

to his bosom. So sudden was his entrance, that he had not time to observe the dismay and grief that had been trampling on all now beside him—nor did he, during the blest embrace, feel that his betrothed maiden was insensible to his endearments. Joy had taken possession of all his being—all his perceptions; and he saw nothing—felt nothing but his Jane and her bosom pressed closely to his own. “Have I broken in upon a dish of gossip?—Well, no rival in the room—so far good. What, all silent—pale faces—tears—what is the matter? Is this a welcome?”

But so many death-like or agitated countenances soon told him that some strong passion pervaded the party—and he began to have his own undefined fears—for he had not yet visited his own father’s house. All was soon explained; and Jane having been revived into tolerable composure, the servants retired, but not before shaking hands, one and all, with the Lieutenant: and the old Schoolmaster, too, who felt himself to blame, although sent for on purpose to read aloud the news, and certainly not answerable for erroneous nautical intelligence, feeling rather uneasy in the room, promised to call next evening, took up his old-fashioned chapeau, and making a bow worthy of a distinguished padagogue, made the best of his way out and beyond the premises.

Arthur Crawford, coming in upon them in the transport of his joy, could not easily bring home to his heart a perfect understanding of the scene that just preceded his arrival. He never perhaps knew the full terror that had nearly deprived his sweet Jane of life; but he knew enough to lay an eternal obligation of tenderness towards her upon his inmost soul.

“Instead of foundering, the Amethyst is in as good trim as any frigate in the fleet; but she had to scud for some leagues under bare poles, for the squall came upon us like a sheet of iron. A large ship, name unknown, went down near our stern.”

“And all on board perished!” ex-

claimed Jane, in a dewy voice of pity.

"They did indeed!"

"Oh! many eyes now are weeping, or doomed to weep, for that ship, while mine are dried. Her name will be known soon enough!"

And, as she looked on her lover, once more did the maiden give way to the strong imagination of the doom which she felt he had narrowly escaped.

"Come, cheer up, Jane—my life is in God's hand; and with Him it rests, whethe. I die on my bed in the cottage at last, or, like many a better man, in battle or wreck. But you are willing to marry a sailor—for better or worse—a longer or shorter date—and no doubt I shall be as happy as any of my mess-mates. Not one of them all has such a sweetheart as thou art—a dutiful daughter makes a loving wife."

After an hour's talk and silence, during which Jane Nasmyth had scarcely recovered from a slight hysteric, her father proposed returning thanks to God for Arthur's return. The sailor was a man of gay and joyous character, but in religion he was not only a firm but impassioned believer. He had not allowed the temptations of a life, which with too many is often wild and dissipated, to shake his faith in Christianity; the many hardships and dangers which he had encountered and escaped had served to deepen all his religious impressions; so that a weak person would have called him methodistical or superstitious. He was neither; but he had heard God in the great deep, and he did not forget the voice in the silence of the green and steadfast earth. So he knelt down to prayer with a humble and grateful spirit, and as he felt his own Jane breathing by his side, on her knees, and knew that she was at the same time weeping for joy at his return, neither was he ashamed also to weep; for there are times, and this was one of them, when a brave man need not seek to hide his tears either before his fellow-creatures or his Creator.

After they had risen from their fervent prayer, and a short silent pause had ensued, "How," said the sailor, "are our two Rose-bushes? Did they hang

their heads, do you think, because false rumour sank the good ship Amethyst? Come, Jane, let us go and see." And as some hundreds of swallows were twittering on the house-top in the evening sunshine, collected there with a view either of flying across seas to some distant country, or of plunging down to the bottom of some loch near at hand (probably the former), the lovers walked out into the open air—unlatched the little white gate canopied with an arch of hunesuckle, that guarded a garden into which there were no intruders, and arm-in-arm proceeded to the "Bank of the Two Roses." They had nothing now of that sickly and dying appearance which they had showed to Jane's eyes a few hours ago; no evil OMEN was there now—but they seemed likely to live for many years, and every season to put forth their flowers in greater number and in richer beauty.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand:
I stopped and wrote upon the sand

My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast:
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me:
A wave of dark oblivion's sea

Will sweep across the place,
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more,
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet with Him who counts the
sands,
And holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands

Subscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought;
Of all this thinking soul has thought;
And from their fleeting moments
caught,

For glory or for shame.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

DIOCESE OF MONTREAL.

CONFIRMATIONS:—On Sunday, the 10th of June, the Lord Bishop of this Diocese held a Confirmation in the afternoon in St. George's Church, in this city,—and on the following day, being the Festival of St. Barnabas, at afternoon service in the Cathedral. Large numbers of candidates from the various city Churches were in attendance; but in consequence of the volunteers being then, so many of them, on duty at the frontier, and from other causes, several of those whose names had been sent in were unable to be present at this time; and, therefore, His Lordship held an additional service at the Cathedral on the 25th of July, being the Festival of St. James the Apostle, and the anniversary of his own Consecration as Bishop of Montreal in 1850. Altogether, the numbers of the candidates at the different services were as follows:—

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Cathedral - -	29	48	77
St. George's -	29	63	92
St. Stephen's -	6	18	24
St. Luke's - -	5	13	18
St. John the Evg't	11	32	43
St. James the Aps't	8	8	16
Hocheiaga - -	3	2	5
The Garrison -	0	4	4
	91	188	279

There were no candidates presented from Trinity Church on this occasion, as the Incumbent wished to wait until the Bishop's return from England, when his Lordship hopes to hold another Confirmation for the city.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

F. Montreal, Metropolitan	\$1.00	Miss Moule	1.00
J. T. Ontario	1.00	Julian Green	1.00
The Lord Bishop of Rupert's Land	4.00	Florence Green	1.00
John Toronto	1.00	Mary Wilkinson	1.00
The Very Rev. Dean of Montreal	1.00	Jean Galt	1.00
J. W. Quebec	1.00	Frances Galt	1.00
The Very Rev. Dean of Ontario	1.00	Senator Galt	1.00
Rev. Canon Boud	1.00	Capt. Howard, 5 copies	5.00
M. Mussen	1.00	General R. E. Lee	1.00
E. Stade, 7 copies	7.00	Brigadier-General Lee	1.00
Mr. Balfour	1.00	Gen. Wm. F. Johnston	1.00
Rev. Mr. Bower	1.00	General J. E. Johnston	1.00
Fletcher	1.00	Major B. W. Green	1.00
Armstrong	1.00	Captain B. W. Green	1.00
Jameson	1.00	Dr. Reddy	1.00
Chase	1.00	Louis Auldjo	1.00
Hodgskin	1.00	Judge Aylwin	1.00
Bartlett	1.00	C. J. Brydges	1.00
Neues	1.00	John Taylor	1.00
Faquer	1.00	Mr. C. Stratton	1.00
Hughes	1.00	J. Doran	1.00
Green	1.00	H. Shackell	1.00
Cook	1.00	A. Davidson	1.00
Starmage	1.00	William Hobbs	1.00
Abbott	1.00	William Cook	1.00
Keys	1.00	John Lowe, 5 copies	5.00
Petry	1.00	E. H. Parsons, 5 copies	5.00
Osler	1.00	E. G. Penny	1.00
Godfrey	2.00	Thomas Jubb	1.00
Nicholls	1.00	Thomas Cocker	1.00
D. Townley	1.00	W. K. Farnell	1.00
Sterne Tighe	1.00	William H. VanVliet	1.00
J. Rollit	1.00	Charles Penton	1.00
R. L. Stevenson	1.00	Wm. Porte	1.00
F. A. Despard	1.00	Rev. C. P. Reid	1.00
Henry D. Shaw	1.00	Rev. R. J. Roberts	1.00
Wm. Butler	1.00	Rev. T. E. Sanders	1.00
Mrs. Wm. M. Shaw	1.00	Rev. A. Spencer	1.00
Mrs. Seeley	1.00	Mrs. E. H. Skinker	1.00
Wm. Hicks	1.00	Miss J. D. Taylor	1.00
James Hicks	1.00	Col. Taylor	1.00
Geo. Develin	1.00	Benj. Tettle	1.00
J. T. Henderson	1.00	James Ward	1.00
D. W. Urquhart	1.00	Canon White	1.00
John Wood	1.00	Wm. Armitage	1.00
U. C. Lee	1.00	Thos. Bradley, M.D.	1.00
Stratchan Bethune, Q. C., Chancellor	1.00	Rev. G. A. Bull	1.00
Professor Wright	1.00	J. T. Clayton	1.00
Dr. Bessey	1.00	Rev. H. F. Darnell	1.00
H. Hogan	1.00	Thomas Duffy	1.00
Robert Anderson	1.00	John Deavitt	1.00
C. Brewster	1.00	Rev. W. B. Evans	1.00
Mrs. Ben. E. Gray	1.00	Robert Fox	1.00
M. W. Kendall	1.00	W. Frank	1.00
W. J. Buchanan	1.00	Rev. W. Fleming	1.00
S. E. Dawson, 5 copies	5.00	Thos. Frizzell	1.00
Thomas Riddell	1.00	Rev. John Fletcher	1.00
C. Hill	1.00	H. M. Giles	1.00
George Moffatt	1.00	Rev. Mr. Godden	1.00
John Porterfield	1.00	Rev. Richard Garrett	1.00
J. L. Corse	1.00	R. Henderson	1.00
T. K. Ramsay	1.00	Minchin Jackson	1.00
M. H. Sanborn	1.00	Polk G. Johnson	1.00
F. D. Fulford	1.00	J. A. Leheup	1.00
W. H. Brehaut	1.00	J. K. Labatt	1.00
Major Newdegate	1.00	David Lindsay	1.00
S. Cranwill, 2 copies	2.00	Canon Loosemore	1.00
Mrs. Mason	1.00	Rev. John A. Mulock	1.00
Miss Badgley	1.00	Rev. J. McLean	1.00
		Mr. McIntyre	1.00
		Robt. Moffatt	1.00
		John Miller	1.00
		George Milne	1.00
		Rev. W. B. Ralley	1.00
		George Hallam	1.00
		Rev. T. W. Fyles	1.00
		E. M. Palmer	1.00
		Mrs. David	1.00
		Mrs. Kiog	1.00
		Mr. Cook Allens	1.00
		Dr. Craik	1.00
		Mr. Hill	1.00
		Mr. Sherman	1.00
		Rev. Canon Townsend	1.00
		M. A. Spurr	1.00
		Rev. John Fletcher	1.00
		Wm. Logan	1.00

NOTE.—Besides the above, three persons have subscribed for ten copies each, who do not wish to have their names published.