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THE CHURCH OF OLD ENGLAND.

DECEMBER, 1866.

TO THE CLERGY OF THE DIOCESE OF
MONTREAL.

DEAR BRETHREN,—I beg to remind you that during the absence from the Province of His Excellency the Governor-General, the words "*Administrator of the Government*" should be substituted for "*Governor General*" in the Prayer for the Governor.

I am very faithfully yours,

JOHN BETHUNE,

Ecclesiastical Commissary.

Montreal, Dec. 19, 1866.

HIS LORDSHIP OF TORONTO,
CANADA WEST.

According to promise, we present our patrons with a most accurate and admirable likeness of the Lord Bishop of the Diocese of Toronto. It is a source now of much pleasure to the Editor, that he made choice of the lithograph in preference to the photograph.

The success of Gentlemen Roberts & Reynolds in their line is complete. The two Lord Bishops presented in this Magazine will bear comparison with any work of the kind done in Her Majesty's Colonies, and, in our judgment, carry off the premium.

His Lordship of Toronto is within a few months of his four score and ten, and, contrary to His Lordship's opinion and wish, will, we hope and believe, reach his fivescore and ten.

His mind is as actively employed on the pressing affairs of his See as at any previous time of his life. Like a noble war-horse, he will champ the bit to the last, and fall in the harness of a prelate. The solicism in His Lordship's title is the fault of the Editor alone, and not that of the Artist. It should have been the "Right Reverend," and not "Most Reverend."

While on lithographs, we might as well say a few words which we respectfully ask all our subscribers to ponder and understand. In the last number we stated that "if each delinquent would pay promptly, and send us one other subscription, we would go on with the lithographs." And, reader, how many came forward to meet this strain upon the liberality of our Church? We beg you, reader, not to leave the subject without guessing often; the rush amounted to exactly ONE! You will find his own reference to it in our correspondence.

After due deliberation we offered our Magazine at the price of one dollar per year, and promised to double the reading matter, if the list could be raised to the trifling number of two thousand; and for four thousand we offered to publish weekly—all the time at *one dollar*. These offers were made through a chastened ambition to raise a small monument in the

Church, by which the Stranger might be remembered, and to show the enemies of his country, that while Providence smiles, there is one Confederate soldier they cannot totally ruin. No response, however, has ever been given to these propositions.

It is also our duty to correct a false impression as to the book we have pledged ourselves to publish. All these lithographs and the music have been offered upon the condition that three thousand dollars should be raised.

You see, then, how the matter stands. A full set of these lithographs for the Magazine costs \$45; the two already given to our patrons cost \$90; receipts from friends of the enterprise, \$1; clear profits to the Editor of \$89—over the left shoulder. We have already fifty odd subscribers for this book of Bishops, which no one will be compelled to take unless the book be better than the advertisement.

All these offers are still open and will remain open to the end of the first year, if three thousand dollars be raised to sustain the Magazine for the *second year*. We shall then begin with lithographs of our lady contributors.

REV. DR. BALCH.

Throughout the Province, when travelling to sustain our little enterprise, enquiries have been made concerning the antecedents of the Rev. Canon Balch, D.D. and it gives us pleasure to gratify an interest quite natural under the circumstances.

We happen to know that he was born in the State of Virginia in 1814; was a cadet in the U. S.

Military Academy, West Point; took his degree A.M. at Nassau Hall, and D.D. at the University of N.Y. Was ordained Deacon by the late Bishop of Virginia, Dec., 1837; Priest by the Bishop of Pennsylvania, 1838, and was Rector of St. Bartholomews, N. Y., from 1838 to 1851. Many years an active member of the Domestic Committee and Board of Missions of the Church in the U. S.; Secretary of the House of Bishops from 1853 to the time of his removal to Canada.

Dr. Balch was elected President of St. John's College, Maryland, on the death of the late Dr. Humphreys, and was appointed by the American Colonization Society Commissioner to visit the Governments of Europe which had recognized the independence of the Colony of Liberia in Africa. These latter appointments Dr. Balch declined.

After leaving N. Y., Dr. Balch devoted himself to the work of aiding feeble parishes and other missionary labours, and has been an earnest, diligent pastor.

The Metropolitan invited him to speak at the anniversary of the Church Society in 1865 and 1866; and the Dean of Montreal tendered him the appointment of Assistant Minister of the Cathedral.

As to his personal appearance and preaching, we cannot do better than to republish the following article from the *Transcript*, which was evidently written by a man of high culture, large views, and much travel, and moreover an entire stranger to the Rev. Canon Balch:—

“REV. DR. BALCH.—It is somewhat out of the beaten path of a lay journalist to turn aside into the theological field,

and discuss the actors therein, but exceptional cases excuse a deviation, when one's attention is arrested by a more than usually gifted preacher, whom, perchance, many of our readers have never seen or heard. It has been our luck to listen, in Europe, to theologians esteemed beyond their class for those attributes which draw to the foot of the pulpit the educated and intellectual representatives of society. We can recall the brilliant and impassioned Jesuit in Notre Dame de Paris, where thousands congregated, whose loud demonstrations of applause shocked one's previous notions of the proprieties incumbent in a sacred building. Nevertheless, Dr. Balch ranks high, even when compared with the most effective and polished orators of other lands. We had never seen him previously, neither had we at second-hand any sketch of his appearance. A man of medium height, inclining to stoutness, wearing glasses, which always mar the expression of the face,—an ample, massive forehead, relieved and softened by the mild expression stamped on his features. When he came into view, we felt that there stood before us the self-conscious possessor of intellectual power. The veriest novice in a gallery of paintings, ignorant of art and its devices, to whom the name of Ruskin would be a riddle, instinctively pauses and pays homage to the work of a great master; there is an innate conviction of excellence which he cannot unravel or describe,—that rivets his attention, and chains him to the spot. It is thus when one endowed with great qualities by his Creator stands forth a prominent figure, that the mass feel they are faced with one of a superior order, and the dullest and keenest intellects alike are roused by the first sentences he utters. The accomplished orator, master of all the little accessories of gesticulation and action, infuses a soothing harmony which disarms the criticism of the generality of listeners; but Dr. Balch might, without weakening the effect of his address, dispense with the subdued action—not the least of his attractions; his arms might be manacled, yet the flow of his language and the force

of his utterances are unimpaired. One feels, when listening to him, as if his graceful, and impressive gesture was but a vibration of the words,—as if some chord was struck, and quivered responsive to the touch. There is nothing exaggerated, nothing to distract the attention of the auditor: all is in perfect harmony—voice and manner,—and adds inexpressibly to the zest with which the listener drinks in the flowing periods,—the brilliant and unbroken utterances. We would not venture to assert that his sermons are extempore, yet he delivers them with seeming facility, a continuous, even, and unchecked stream of sonorous periods, sentences, each perfect, polished and complete in themselves, full of argument, cogent reasoning, and logically developing the theme in hand. Hence we are half inclined to suspect they are prepared in advance and committed to memory. It is one of the most saddening reflections of the sincere believer in the truths of christianity, that if any one characteristic more than another looms into view in the nineteenth century, it is the studied and systematic rejection by the school to which Strauss, Renan, and the Westminster reviewers belong, of those dogmas and landmarks of the christian's faith in which he has been nurtured. And it has always struck us as singular that so few of our preachers closed with these sceptics, and dissected and demolished the seductive sophistries they propagate. We must award Dr. Balch the credit that on Sunday last his sermon was a model of excellence in this respect. He did not shirk the issue raised. He fairly stated his antagonist's case. His manner of setting forth the adverse doctrine left nothing for the sceptic to carp at, and what was more to the purpose, and his real object, he upheld, by apt illustration, by appropriate texts and subtle reasoning, the doctrines of the church of which he is so distinguished an ornament. There are some few surviving members of the English Cathedral who can recall the memory of Dr. Stephens, a singularly gifted extempore preacher, eloquent and fluent. His polished sentences fell like words of com-

mand on his military audience. The personification of what a military chaplain should be, his rare oratorical powers attracted admiring crowds; but Dr. Balch has, even in a higher degree, the excellency which distinguished Dr. Stephens, added to a grace of manner and a melodious voice, and approaches more nearly the level of the celebrated Dr. Adamson than any one we can call to mind. What puzzles us is, how the opulent and cultivated classes in the United States could have consented to allow a preacher of Dr. Balch's eminent abilities to leave their country. With this, however, we have nothing to do. We can only trust that Dr. Balch will be so appreciated here that he will make up his mind to remain permanently with us."

While we feel the truth of the sentiments so beautifully expressed, the point in the eloquent preacher's character which we most admire is the courage and coolness with which he grapples the obstacles that stand in our way, as a Church in the Diocese of Montréal. He shrinks from no labor that a man of his physical ability can perform, and will prove a great blessing, we devoutly pray, to the Church in Montreal, in the Diocese, and in the Province generally.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF UPPER CANADA.

That the system of education adopted in Canada and the United States is a bad system, is now generally admitted by all whose opinions on such a subject are of any value. The trouble is, however, that it appears to be impossible, in the present state of society, to fix education on any sounder basis. The grand object to be aimed at in the instruction of the people, is to make them better citizens than they would otherwise be, or to raise their moral character. If

this is not accomplished, education has failed. Our present system has not accomplished this, nor is it calculated to do so. The chief cause of this failure is that religion is altogether ignored, and next to that the democratic element in the constitution of the schools. America is the first, perhaps the only country, in ancient or modern times, which practically banishes religion out of all her institutions. She stands before the world, a community without a religion—people of the same kindred, nation and language, divided into petty sects and hostile parties, as to the form and manner in which they ought to worship the God of their fathers. Better far would it have been, if some religion had been established by law; for although such establishments are liable to abuse, and to be abused, yet they impart a stability to governments which, without them, can never be obtained.

If we had an established church in this country, to that church would be committed the charge of educating the people. They would be taught not only to "read and write," but also to respect "the powers that be," and to reverence the institutions of the state. Who can tell all the disorders that are likely to arise in any country, or in any community, where lawful authority is held in contempt by the people, and those who wield the government are a byword and a jest! However, we need not dwell upon these things now. The present institutions will have their day, and will, no doubt, bring forth bitter fruit in due time.

Taking the present system of education as it prevails in Upper Canada (for in Lower Canada the system is different), it is quite evident that it is set forth in a very bad form. Even without chang-

ing the chief features of the plan, it might be much improved. The following is an outline of the practical working of the school system. Each common school is administered by three trustees chosen by the inhabitants of each school section. As a general thing, I believe, there is a tacit understanding that the trustees ought to be able to read large print, and not to be incapable of signing their names. Beyond this, no higher qualification is necessary. Even in large towns, persons possessing these qualifications, and no more, are the guardians of the schools. Upon the three trustees devolves the duty of providing a teacher. One of them has a son, a relation, or a friend, whom he wishes to get the appointment. The candidate may be utterly incapable of filling the position; he may not know what grammar means, nor be able to spell a word of one syllable, although he may hold a second or third-class certificate from some County Board of Education; yet, the chances are very strong that this candidate will get the situation. Or, again, a trustee may be desirous of taking in a lodger, who would be so little trouble as a schoolmaster. With this view he makes his arrangements beforehand with a certain candidate, and then hastens to secure the vote of another of the said trustees. The cause of this is, that the important position of managing the schools has been allowed to be entrusted to ignorant and incapable persons, with whom self-interest is the ruling passion.

The law appoints that there shall be a superintendent over the schools in each township. This officer is to be appointed by the County Council. The County Council consists of the Reeves of each township. These, by a tacit understanding, leave to each other the appoint-

ment of the Superintendents of their several townships, and thus, in fact, the Superintendent is appointed by the Reeve of the township. And what appointments these men frequently make! Persons who could not pass the examination which the law requires for a third-class certificate as a teacher, are not uncommonly appointed to superintend schools and to grant licenses to teachers. In many cases the office is a mere sinecure, as the Superintendents seldom or never visit the schools.

Some may be inclined to consider the above an exaggerated picture. The writer has observed the working of the school system in different parts of Upper Canada. He has taken a deep interest in watching its development. He is a member of a Board of Public Instruction, and a school trustee. It is not pretended that abuses such as above described prevail universally, but they certainly prevail to a wide extent. And what can be said of a system where such things can be practised with impunity? Does it not make education a mere mockery—a deception on the people?

The Grammar Schools come next to the Common Schools in the scale of ascent. They are intended to give a superior education, such as will fit the youth of Canada to matriculate at the University, if they should feel so disposed; but, as in the case of the Common Schools, a pernicious system of administration mars their usefulness. The Board of School Trustees is their bane. The masters of the Grammar Schools are the slaves of these petty tyrants, and if the Grammar School be united with the Common School, as is too often the case, the local tyrants vary from six to a dozen. The Board is composed of most heterogeneous ele-

ments: ministers of all denominations, and men of all grades and characters. It is easy to see, that although the salary offered is often fair enough, yet the prospect is so repulsive as to repel those who are best fitted to be the instructors of youth. Necessity alone causes an educated man to take charge of a Grammar School in Canada. These posts, as a general thing, are filled by young men who merely intend to hold them until they can save enough to enable them to get into other professions. It is only one in ten who is able to hold the same school for three years together. Scripture tells us that "No man can serve two masters"; how, then, can the public teacher serve a dozen or more? It has been found necessary to punish Ephraim Golightly, because said Ephraim would not desist from certain practices highly detrimental to school discipline. Now, Ephraim's highly-respectable mother is quite sure that her child, being well brought up, (much better, indeed, for that matter, than certain others who attend said school,) has been wronged—vilely wronged. Nor is she the woman to sit down quietly under such an indignity. She will go at once to Mr. Sneaksby, the school trustee, and if he does not see that the teacher is brought to his proper bearing, she will complain to the Board; she will put the matter into the public prints; she will be righted. The school trustees must yield to popular clamour, and thus it is that the interests of education suffer throughout the country. Any man who wishes to obtain a liberal education for his child must send him to some private establishment for that purpose. The number and success of private schools speak volumes against the present wretched system. Supported by the

State, puffed by a venial press, private schools could never compete with them, except there was something radically wrong with the government schools. No man wishes to trust the training of his children to a system where there is no certainty that the same teacher may preside two years consecutively, or that some incapable youth may not be elevated, by popular favour, into the chair of the sage.

These things might be improved by entirely destroying the popular voice, doing away with trustees *et hoc genus omne*, and vesting the entire management of the school system in one Provincial Board of Commissioners, composed of educated men appointed by the Government. From such men we might naturally expect some good teachers, who could enter upon their duties unshackled by the fear of popular clamour—men who would be likely to remain in the same posts, unless dismissed for improper conduct.

We are aware that such a plan is open to objection, (what plan is not?) but surely it would work better than the present system. We are sure that the intelligence of the community would rejoice in any system which took the power out of the hands of those who hold it at present. We don't think that it would raise any insuperable bar to collecting the amount of taxes required from each school section towards the teachers' salaries. Canadians have too much respect for law, to make any great grievance out of such a proceeding. Of course, we might look for some democratic trash in the newspapers, but they will have their grievances, any way, to harp upon, because it is "by this craft they have their wealth."

The Grammar Schools, we are told,

were intended to be feeders to the universities ; it would be interesting to know how many candidates they annually send up, and what sort of candidates they are. It would be very suggestive, if it was found out that the most and the best-prepared candidates come from private institutions. Be it understood that by private institutions we mean all that are not under the control of the State. We would venture to say that a greater number, and better-prepared youths, have entered the various universities in Upper and Lower Canada, during the last four years, from the Lennoxville Grammar School, than from all the public Grammar Schools in Upper Canada put together. If this be the case, or anything like it, what volume does it speak for our newspaper puffed Ryerson-lauded school system !

ALPHA.

THOUGHTS OF A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

Among the many serious subjects in religious, as well as secular education, occupying men's minds, and the zeal displayed in the sometimes fanciful duty (?) of setting our neighbours' opinions right, even on very minor matters, there is one of very vital importance, which is sadly overlooked, namely, Irreverence—that general want of reverence, and especially that of children towards their parents, which has already obtained a fearful hold among us,—a matter of as deep importance to us about to leave this earth, as to our children following us in its possession : to us all as a people, as much as to any individual or family of that people ; and not only for the present time, but for generations to come.

The command to honour our parents is to all mankind. It is the first neces-

sary step in the social life of man—in the first family formed. It is the only commandment with a distinct promise of reward attached to obedience to it ; and the first published to the Israelites on Mount Sinai, is, nevertheless, an ordinance of God from the beginning. As early as the family of Noah, breach of the command entailed that fearful curse on the progeny of the disobedient son, which stands not only as a miracle to this day—one of the many proclaiming the truth of God's holy word, but also a loud, clear-voiced warning to us all, and I fear but little attended to by many.

I do think that in this present enlightened age of ours, when pride of learning and reverence to man's intellect are rapidly taking place of reverence to the Almighty, it would be well for us all to ponder well where the growing evil may land us ; and one most glaring proof of growing irreverence is the small share of respect generally paid by children to their parents. I think now of what is going on amongst us here ; it is too notorious to be denied, and too obvious to be concealed. It would be easy to point out many causes, arising out of the circumstances of a new country, which lay us more open to the evil. Among them, I think, may be mentioned the very act of Emigration, breaking up old ties and associations, combined with the want of a higher rank or grade in society—something above us, and to look up to. Time may remedy this, but in the meantime the evil is here, and the more need of immediate attention to it. How is it possible that there can be a sound feeling of reverence towards holy things, towards our God, when it is so tainted at the fountain head—when the child begins with dis-

obedience and irreverence towards its parents! Do not those plain words of Scripture—words of the purest everyday common sense—apply as fully here? How shall they reverence God, whom they have not seen, when they do not reverence their parents, whom they do not only see, but are immediately nurtured by?

And, surely, the consequence of obedience or disobedience to this command of the Almighty, is as palpably set before us, and on as grand a scale, as any other of His dealings with men; and that, too, in a most remarkable manner, showing the literal fulfilment of His word, even where the recipients of the reward promised to the people obedient to His commandment deride the Gospel of our Saviour, or are sunk in all the sin and filth of a degraded idolatry. We see the punishment inflicted on the descendants of Ham, even more fearful than that inflicted on the Jews for their rejection of the Saviour. The Jews have been dispersed, driven from their country, and are even now, although their condition is of late years much ameliorated, an outcast and degraded people. But what is their state, compared to that of the negro? The misery and degradation of the negro tribes, under their own rulers, and among their own people, are frightful beyond all imagination. The description given by Barthe, Speke, and others, is absolutely sickening: so terrible is it, that nothing but the simplest and plainest English can convey an idea of the horrible reality.

It may be urged, that this punishment inflicted on the children of Ham, although the sin was unquestionably a breach of God's ordinance, yet it was a special one, awarded to a specific crime.

And I think this is a proper distinction, and necessary to the clear understanding of the fulfilment of the prophecy; for there is no special punishment awarded to the breach of the fifth commandment. Yet, it is impossible to separate the breach of the commandment from the punishment which followed the crime. But the recompense awarded to obedience to the law at its final promulgation on Mount Sinai, is specific; and among the nations of the world, two memorable instances of its literal fulfilment are before us. One is the well-known, but often sadly misunderstood story of the Rechabites. Praised for their keeping the precepts of their earthly father, in contradistinction to the Jews, who were disobedient to their Heavenly Ruler, 600 years before the birth of the Saviour, it was promised to them, that "Jonadab, the son of Rechab, should not want a man to stand before the Almighty for ever." And now, after a lapse of above 2,400 years, the Rechabites are found a small independent tribe, remarkable alike for their high bearing, and the fearlessness with which they maintain their place among the more numerous tribes around them; and yet they have fallen from the worship of the true God to be followers of Mohammed.

The other instance is that of the Chinese. In no other nation that I know of, is obedience to parents, father and mother, carried so far; and in no other possessing a history and records, have the people so long dwelt in the land which the Lord their God gave them. Intensely cruel, dishonest and cowardly, they have yet, in the eye of the Almighty, one redeeming point. They adhere in obedience to one of His great commandments; and though wal-

lowing in the filth of an utterly debased, pagan civilization, yet, patient and industrious, the reward promised to that obedience has not been withheld. The ruling dynasty has been changed, as in other countries; they have been conquered, and their country has been overrun by the Tartars, but they have never been dispossessed—scarcely even disturbed in their possessions; and their conquerors have settled down among them, as of them, adopting their customs, habits, laws, languages and vices. Their records are now traced back even to within the patriarchal ages; and clearly and authentically so, to such a remote period, as to forbid the possibility of any serious disturbance as to the possession of the country ever having taken place. What an amount of wretchedness and misery must such mercy have saved them from! Compare their condition with that of the irreverent descendants of Ham.

I think it behoves us to consider very seriously of these matters. God's commandment is too plain; the consequences of obedience or disobedience are too clearly set forth in the history of the world; the story of God's dealing with man, to permit the idea that anything is to interfere with the honour which children are commanded to pay to their parents. God first requires, as our Heavenly Father, the first honour to be paid to Himself; and in like manner, and as a type of it—the foundation, as it were, of all earthly reverence,—He requires that next to Him, shall be the honour which the child is to pay to its earthly father. The sin of disobedience among us here is acknowledged by all; its increase is asserted by the wisest and best among us; its evil consequences are pressing all around us.

It is a case utterly and hopelessly beyond the reach or remedy of human law. The teaching of God's holy word can alone reach it; God's grace alone can remedy or lessen it. And to this all and each one will readily agree; but do we do so with any practical view? Not often, I fear. An old man now, in the habit all my life of attending Divine service, and that in many a distant part of the world, I have never yet heard a sermon on the subject of children's disobedience to their parents, notwithstanding its intimate connexion with our daily life, our daily comfort, our social being, and, above all, our reverence to our Almighty and Most Merciful Father. Is it because, not being a controverted point, particularly in these intellectual times, it need not be descanted upon, and that such a plain matter does not require explanation? Or might not an indifferent observer of what is passing before him come to the conclusion that the essence of Christianity was, correcting your neighbours' opinions, and that it was much more necessary to think right than to do right? But I am not a teacher, and should not set myself up as a judge. All I can do, is to call attention to the subject, and humbly pray that we may be a people so trained, that our days may be long in the new land which a merciful God has given us. For that training we must look chiefly to the teaching of an ordained ministry; and the especial duty of such as I am, is to make provision to secure it.

PSALMS.

To the Editor of the Church of Old England.

SIR: In return for your truly cheerful and cheering publication, I will, if you shall think them worthy of acceptance, submit to your opinion a few

papers—one now and then,—in the hope of contributing to the edification, or, at least, the not unprofitable pastime of your readers. MAG.

I.—SING YE PRAISES WITH UNDERSTANDING.

Of all the delightful features of our Common Prayer, so widely esteemed as to be closely followed by many of the most pious Non-conformists, I know of none so charming as the sweet Songs of David. It makes an old heart rejoice when the voices of praise ring out; and well I remember, in the days that are gone,—whether privileged to stand among them that kept holy-day in some old Gothic pile of Old England, or rising up with merry heart in after-life in humble school or college chapel,—how subdued and right-minded it made one feel, even to hear the prelude which brought back some dear old chant which had been known to be loved.

Occasionally, however, a shadow fell across the path; and I am now going to introduce you to one of those shadows—black shadows—which, with thankfulness be it spoken, I have come now to understand, as one gets acquainted at last with unwelcome dreams.

Ps. 109 contains a string of maledictory sentences (there's no denying it) which men, women, and children, who are commanded "bless your enemies and curse not," cannot appropriate to themselves in the way in which, I am afraid, they seem to some only capable of being understood. The P. B. version is, of course, before us; the other being wholly unused in the services of the Church.

Though the word *thus* at v. 4, which should be read emphatically, and so as to reach forward to all that follows up to v. 19, is happily introduced, yet am

I convinced hardly one in a hundred does not feel—"Ah! well, in David's time the tone of religion was different;" whereas every one ought to feel and know that this 5—19 is David's description of the malice and ill-will toward himself *of his enemies*. The heading (no part of the inspired word) introduced in our Bibles, says erroneously: "David, complaining of his slanderous enemies, under the person of Judas, devoteth them."

You have only to read the sentences, to feel instinctively that no child of God, under any dispensation, could have uttered them. His "slanderous enemies," who were heathen in mind and temper, if not in nationality, might say:—"Let his prayer be turned into sin—no man to have compassion on his fatherless children; let not the sin of his mother be done away." But Christianity, nay Judaism, or any earlier form or channel of faith, would utterly eschew such dismal, nay, such demoniac imprecations.

Well, but what of v. 19:—"Let it thus happen from the Lord unto mine enemies, and to those that speak evil against my soul"? Well, can you suppose it possible for such a sentiment to come out of the heart which breathes the next sweet sentences: "But deal Thou with me, O Lord God! according unto Thy name, for sweet is Thy mercy; O deliver me, for I am helpless and poor, and my heart is wounded within me!" "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet (water) and bitter?"

This 19th v. is unfortunately a misrepresentation—at all events, of the Septuagint version, from which it is more than likely our translators derived their version. If any of your readers

will favour us with the Hebrew in English, it will indeed be a boon beyond my power to afford.

The Greek (*i. e.*, this Septuagint) before me says, word for word: "This (*is*) the work of them that slander me before the Lord, and of them that speak evil things against my soul." You may not have any Greek type, but soon I hope you will have all things needful for both soul and body, because you are doing a good work—"Peace on earth, good-will to men." Well, this is the Greek *in sound*, and the boys from the High School will tell their mothers and their sisters that I have not much mistranslated it. It is *v. 20*, in my copy: "Τουτο εργον τον ενδιαballonton με παρα Kuriou, kai ton laloun-ton ponera kata tes psuches mou."

I observe your papers are short—short and something else, I would say, but I don't wish to appear mawkish (if the word have my meaning); and, therefore, I will only just add, that the last *v.* of this Ps. receives an important light from the same source. There it is: "For (after a semi-colon) He *hath stood* (or *stood* only) at the right hand of the poor (meaning himself) to save (me) from them that persecute my soul."

—There is another Psalm (144) in which you will observe a want of connection, which cannot but discourage the diligent worshipper who wishes to sing the praises of God with understanding.

Vs. 12, 13, 14 comprehend a series of prayers which are not wanting in the extent of the desires expressed; but what connection have they with the preceding? In fact, what has *v. 11*—"save me, and deliver me from the hand of strange children, whose mouth

talketh of vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of iniquity"—what has "save me, and deliver me," to do with this, as a consequence, "that our sons, our daughters, our garners, &c.," may be so abundantly blessed?

The whole drift of this Psalm of David, which seems to have been composed on the subject of his single combat with Goliath, is an humble prayer for deliverance from powerful enemies; and closes with a declaration that, however much the world may consider earthly prosperity a sign of blessing, the only true blessing to any people is to *have the Lord for their God*. Goliath was a mighty man, and his weapons were terrible, but the triumph was decreed to an unarmed boy, with a ruddy countenance, because this fair youth had the Lord for his God—the Lord was to him all that he could need (1, 2).

Now, the whole Psalm is, with great fidelity, translated from the Septuagint, till we come to *v. 12*. At this point we are constrained to go on with the Septuagint, though it be very materially to differ from our version.

You must carry *v. 11* in your mind, close it with a semi-colon, and go on—

(12) "Whose sons grow up as the young plants; their daughters as the polished corners of the temple."

(13) "Their garners are full and plenteous—their sheep—their streets" (rather *outgoings* to pasture);

(14) "Their oxen are—there is no breaking down of a fence, nor escape (of cattle), nor outcry in their (say) folding-places."

That is, all their property, in cattle, is kept in perfect safety. Then, the last verse is:—

(15) "They consider the people blessed that are in such a case: *but*,

(if you like, certainly not *yea*) blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God?"

This alteration destroys the whole tone of the Psalm, so it does; but it alters it according to the truth, I am persuaded, of the original. Goliath was a mighty man of valor, but he had not the Lord for his God. His people were powerful too—those strange children, the Philistines—for a time; but there came against them a people who had the Lord for their God; and where were their sons and daughters, their flocks and herds innumerable? Read 1 Sam. xvii., 52—xxiii., 7.

I have, unjustly, thought it hardly worth while to note that the Greek is (1) "Blessed be the Lord my God," not "strength," making the Psalm open in the same spirit in which it closes; but here follows a poor attempt at the greater alteration, after the manner of Brady and Tate, and taking up their strain in our new metrical version.

Down to v. 12, they have beautifully adapted the P. B. version; but it is manifest that, if we are to follow the Septuagint as faithfully to the end, we must say something like this, in conclusion:—

12. *Whose sons like prosperous trees do grow,
Well planted in their youthful place;
Their daughters in full beauty glow,
Adorned with all the temple's grace.*
13. *Their garners, fill'd with various store,
For them and theirs all goods contain;
Their sheep, increasing more and more,
Go forth in flocks to graze the plain.*
14. *Strong do their lab'ring oxen grow,
Nor doth their wall with pressure break;
Not one astray, their herdsmen know
No robber's cry asleep or wake.*
15. *Happy, say they, that people's case,
Whose various blessings thus abound;
Happy, say I, are they whose God
The Lord of heaven and earth is found.*

ECCE HOMO.

Ecce Homo has now been published long enough to lead thousands to ask what it means? How is it to be taken? is it the stab of an enemy or the work of a friend? It has been lauded and stigmatized, spoken of by some as a blessing and by others as a curse; a gift of God to the church, a gift of the arch-enemy to the church. Never, perhaps, has any work gathered about it such a variety of opinions. In this play of opinion we would now take our part from an earnest desire to do good to the Church and the cause of Jesus Christ. We would write as we have felt after reading the work with care and attention, and at a time when the excitement caused by the sudden appearance of the volume has passed away.

Putting aside for the present the style and language of the work, and dealing solely with its tendency, we feel constrained to say, that Ecce Homo aims a blow at Christianity as received by the Church of God for the last 1800 years. The work was written, according to the admission of the writer, to make a fresh start in Christian sentiment. Church Doctors had modelled and moulded a structure based on the word of God. This labor of centuries the author of Ecce Homo desires his readers to cast aside as useless and worn out, and with a wild and reckless haste to follow him in his unaided efforts to find a new and better Jesus, and a more compact and holier church. So bold a design ought surely to make men pause on the threshold of the scheme. The best, the holiest and purest, the gifted scholar, the laborious divine, have all aided in the adornment of the structure. Our dead, the dead of centuries fell to sleep in its

chambers; if nothing else should make it sacred, *their* resting there should make us careful how we tread and speak or even think. But all this is disposed of without one word by the author. Are you dissatisfied (he asks) with the old school of thought? then down with it, down with it to the ground, follow me, I have found the Messiah which is called Christ.

This following to any one who receives God's word as inspired is an impossibility. No Christian can follow the author, the road on which he runs is the diversity of Jesus, and at every step he tramples it under foot. He asks christian people to do what they dare not do. "To place themselves in imagination at the time when he whom we call Christ bore no such name, but was simply, as St. Luke describes him, a young man of promise, popular with those who knew him, and appearing to enjoy the divine favour." Dare any Christian do this? Nay more, is it honest to do it? Is it honest, fair, scholarlike, to wrench from a character one half of its leading characteristics, and present us with the other half as the man of full and perfect stature? Yet this is what the author asks us to do. As christians we receive this invitation with horror, and as honest men we should reject it with disdain on account of its dishonesty.

For who, taking the word of God as his guide, as the only record we possess of the life of Jesus, dare shut his eyes to the fact that Jesus claimed to be divine. When John said that "the word was God," he only reiterated Christ's own statement of his divinity, when he asked for a renewal "of that glory which He had with the Father before the world was." He was indeed Jesus of Naza-

areth, the son of Mary and Joseph, but the same volume that informs us of the fact, styles him Saviour; Prince, God blessed forever, the Lord our Righteousness. Luke may have spoken of him as a young man, but the same Luke invests him with all the attributes of God, Omnipotence, Omniscience and Omnipresence. Peter styles Him "The Son of the living God." Thomas, his Lord and his God, and Stephen prayed to Jesus to receive his Spirit in almost the same words that Jesus prayed the Father to receive his. Nor must we forget, that Jesus was crucified because he claimed to be divine; that by those claims he made himself amenable to Jewish law, and suffered on account of them. "We have a law, (said his accusers) and by that law, he ought to die because he made himself the Son of God." He had called "God his Father, making himself equal with God."

Knowing then that Jesus claimed to be God, that his disciples looked on him as God, that the Bible declares Him to be God, and that the church is built up on Peter's confession of his divinity. We say that it is unfair to ask any mind to look on him as mere man. It is unfair to the character of Jesus, unfair to the anxious student. Before the author of *Ecce Homo* could expect such an invitation to be accepted, he should have done one of three things: either have explained away all Biblical evidence on the subject of Christ's divinity, or else proved that he was imposed upon; or on the other hand, that he was an imposter. To leave undisturbed Christ's own words, the words of his Apostles, on the subject of his divinity, to ignore them, as if they had never been uttered, and to ask others to follow his example, is a mode of proceeding so unfair, un scholar

like, and unchristian, that we little wonder the author of the scheme has withheld his name from the public.

How such a scheme could fill the void of that "dissatisfaction with the current conceptions of Christ" must of necessity make, we are at a loss to account for. Surely those current conceptions must in some way form the basis of the newer line of thought. To reject current opinions as if they never existed, and publish in their place unfounded assertion, and demand a niche for these assertions in the theological temple, may appear very wise to fools, and may ease *their* spiritual anxieties, but surely there is no balm in such teaching for the thoughtful mind that longs for light on the character of Jesus. Of course, if an anxious enquirer can act so unfairly towards an historical character, as to divest it of its claims, and of the evidence by which those claims are substantiated, then the following of the author of *Ecce Homo* becomes an easy matter. The blind leads the blind, and the ditch receives its occupants. Christ can only be undefied by tampering with the inspiration of the Bible, and this the author does in the most reckless and indecent manner.

He denies the personality of the Holy Spirit, calls the Lord's Supper "a club-dinner," speaks of the miracles at the baptism of Jesus as unsubstantiated statements, asserts that the gospels are a mixture of invention, exaggerations and genuine facts, and that prophecy was an art that could die out for lack of cultivation. We do not, of course, wonder at this, the author carried away by his own loved "Enthusiasm," allows no barrier to stop him. Evidence, logic, honest criticism, past conceptions, reverence for a volume that some still believe

to be inspired, all such petty things are pushed out of the way. The blind man abandons his dog and throws aside his stick; and walks or strives to walk as if he saw. But dare Christians follow him? Nay would any thoughtful, scholarlike sceptic accept him as a guide.

Whether the author has done anything to aid Christianity is a question therefore not worth answering. Those who believe that he has are most awfully deceived, perhaps as much as the author himself. The pretensions preface which heralds his book as a panacea for all religious anxiety is by no means a truthful one. He does not make a fresh start in Christian sentiment. He does not cast any new light on the character of Jesus. He runs like a madman on the road that Arius laid out and Socinus graded. The author himself is deceived. He is not the new light he fancies himself to be; he is not the tearer down and builder up he apes to be. Faustus Socinus is the sun of his system, taken at his best, he shines with a borrowed light.

As to the literary pretensions of the work we cannot join in the enthusiastic cry of admiration which was raised at its appearance. It became fashionable to ask, Have you read *Ecce Homo*? and *Ecce Homo* became the fashion. As a general rule the style is stilted and insufferably egotistical. Here and there we come across some exquisitively descriptive pieces, such as the woman taken in adultery, and many moral axioms clothed in a dress of no ordinary texture. But the work is not without passages of a very inferior grade indeed. We do not believe that Mr. Spurgeon ever wrote anything grosser or more nonsensical than the following.—"The Christian Communion is a club-dinner, (then

“comes the Spurgeonic flight) but the club is the new Jerusalem, God and Christ are members of it, death makes no vacancies in its lists, but at its banquet table the perfected spirits of just men, with an innumerable company of angels sit down beside those who have not yet surrendered their bodies to the grave.” We cannot remember reading anything in Mr. Spurgeon’s works as paltry as this flight, you almost expect to hear something about the bill of fare, and whether black or white servants attended on the members.

We close our remarks on this book with an expression of sorrow that it was ever penned. We look on it as perhaps the long cherished yet sad production of a very conceited mind. The heart wearied with doubts will never bury them in *Ecce Homo*, there will always be a sad resurrection from its pages, a pining and a longing for the quiet rest that it does not afford. Better the old light, better the old and warm conception, the “face marred more than any man’s,” the hands held out in love, and the voice of deity and man combined telling us of peace and rest for the weary. No, we will not drink this new wine, the old is better.

J. C.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

From time immemorial it has been the custom to place over the resting-place of the dead some distinctive mark to show that mortal ashes were interred there; and, generally, these graves were guarded and protected with reverend care and watchfulness. The magnificent sepulchres of Cheops and Amasis in Egypt attest the remote antiquity of the custom, race after race having passed away since these wonderful pyramids were built. Coming nearer home, we

find that our ancestors generally deposited their dead in barrows, which were round or coped, and it was the Scandinavian custom for each survivor to bring a helmetful of earth to cover the bones of his comrade. In Wiltshire, these tumuli are very common, frequently they were ditched round, or environed with stones five or six feet high. As a general thing, there is no inscription on them; in rare cases, however, Runic characters have been found.

To those who can find sermons in stones, there is very much to instruct and ponder over in rambling through an English Church yard, and Tithonus-like, viewing “the grassy barrows of the happier dead.” And one can enter into the feeling so beautifully expressed by the elegist:

“Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.”

Doubtless in *God’s acre* a sensation of euthanasia comes over us, that we could thoughtfully cast down our burden of toil and sorrow, and gladly fall asleep in the arms of that mother who holds so many of our race in her embrace, feeling that

“Graves are the sheltering wimples
Against Life’s rain;
Graves are the sovereign simples
Against Life’s pain;
Graves are a mother’s dimples
When we complain!”

when some touching memorial instinct with pathos and resignation meets our glance, but the trite homily to fleeting man is marred in its effect by what should be instructive turning out simply ridiculous or profane. “Records on tombstones,” said Leigh Hunt, “are introducers of the living to the dead; makers of mortal acquaintances; and ‘one touch of nature’ in making the whole world kin,” gives them the right of speaking like kindred to, and of, one

another." There is no doubt that much may be learned from the pious aspirations which primitive Christianity employed, as shown in the catacombs; the inscription on the tomb of a martyr thus simply narrates a touching story of his victory over the grave:

"In the time of the Emperor Adrian, Marius, a young military officer, who had lived long enough, when with his blood he gave up his life for Christ, at length rested in peace. The well-deserving set this up with tears and in fear. On the 6th of the Ides of December." The common inscriptions in those days appeal more to the heart from their simplicity than the more florid style of later times, thus:—

"Virginius remained but a short time with us."

"Hodie mihi, cras tibi."

"Death is certain, the hour unseen."

"Death the Gate to Life."

"There is rest in Heaven."

"Requiescat in pace."

"A cruce salus."

With the short touching inscription, there was also a less elaborate monumental display, merely a simple cross, or a slab with a delineation of the sacred emblem; or a circle, the emblem of eternity; the olive branch, dove, or other sign of the Christian faith. And it is a sad reflection on both the taste and correct religious feeling of the present age, that the heathen urn should be so conspicuous in our cemeteries, and the cross, the common emblem of our salvation, generally absent, or else allowed, by tacit consent, to be appropriated by the Church of Rome. The "storied urn, or animated bust" may tell of worldly greatness; for, as a quaint writer remarks, "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing natiivities and

deaths with equal lustre, not omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature," but they are not suggestive of eternal peace. The recumbent crusader, with his legs crossed, speaks of a good fight accomplished, but the meaningless blocks of marble of the present day are destructive of the beautiful idea: "Sit tibi terra levis." A marked deterioration in epitaphs followed the Reformation, and the same spirit which filled our cathedrals with heathen deities and periwigged beaux, also introduced profane and ridiculous inscriptions in our church-yards. Vulgar puns, bombastic effusions, wretched doggerel in praise of beer or the good things of the table, alliterations, anagrams, acrostics, chronograms, and enigmas, deface the tombs in place of something to point a moral. An industrious antiquary has collected many of these inscriptions, and as some of them may be new to Canadian churchmen, specimens of diverse kinds are given from his valuable work. The common burden of the older inscriptions is the uncertainty of life and the equality of the grave. Hence, a very common epitaph is taken from an old poem, "The Messenger of Mortality," the following lines being found in almost every part of England:—

"The grave's the market place where all men meet,

Both rich and poor, as well as small and great.
If life were merchandise that gold could buy,
The rich would live, the poor alone would die!"

The following in the same strain are very common among admonitory inscriptions:—

"The bitter cup that Death gave me,
Is passing round to come to thee."

Under a niche in the wall, where a

skull is placed, at St. Giles, South Mimms, Herts:—

“Oulde look on, why turn away thine eyne,
This is no stranger's face, the phesnamey is
thine.”

At Gunwallow, near Helstone:—

Shall we all die
We shall die all
All die shall we
Die all we shal.

“The life of man is a perpetual warre,
In misery and sorrow circular.”

At Sittingbourne, on Elizabeth Poodde:

“I was as yee be, now in dust and clay,
Have mercy on my sowle yat wght it hit wit y
bloodde;

For Elisabeth of chorite a Pater Noster say.
Sumtymes I was the wyff of Edmond Poodde.”

At Edmondton, on John and Ann Kirton:—

“Erth goyth upon erth as mold upon mold,
Erth goyth upon Erth all glystering in gold;
As though Erth to Erth ner turne shold,
And yet must Erth to Erth sooner than he
wolde.”

At St. Margaret's, Lynn, on William and John May:—

“Two brethren much endeared, who us'd to have
In life one heart and purse, have now one grave.”

The following is very common, and is
found under different forms:—

“Quod expendo habui
Quod negavi potueror
Quod donavi habeo
Quod servavi perdidit.”

“What I spent, I had
What I have, I have,
What I kept I lost.”

On a brass plate in St. Peter's Church,
St. Albans, under the figure of a priest:

“lo al yt j sp't yt, su' tyme had i
al yt i gaf j'g'd e ic't yt no w haf I
yt I night gaf no let' yt now abides I
yt y kepe til I wet yt lost y”

Rendered thus:

To all that e'er I spent that sometime had I:
All that I gave in good intent that now have I;
That I neither gave nor lent that now abides I;
That I kept till I went that lost I.

There is a great deal of bombast and
very little religion in the following:—

“Ask not who is buried here,
Go ask the Commons, ask the Shire,
Go ask the Church, they'll tell thee who,
As well as blubbered eyes can do;
Go ask the Herald, ask the poor,
Then Ears should have enough to ask no more,
Then if thine Eye bedew this sad urn,
Each drop a pearl will turn;
To adorn his Tomb of, if thou canst vent.
Thou bringst more marble to his monument.”

At Saragossa:—

“Here lies the body of John Quebecca, pre-
centor to my lord the King. When his spirit
shall enter the kingdom of Heaven, the Al-
mighty will sa: to the Angelic Choir: ‘Silence!
silence ye eaves!’ and let me hear John Que-
becca, precentor to my Lord the King.”

In the following instances the friends
of the deceased have tried to assauge
their grief by perpetrating puns on his
tombstone:

At St. Bennett. Paul's wharf:—

“Hic jacet Plus, plus non est hic,
Plus et non plus, quomodo quis?”

Here lies More, no more is he,
More and no more, how can that be?”

On Stephen Remnant:—

“Here's a Remnant of life, and a Remnant of
death,

Taken off both at once, in a Remnant of breath,
So mortality thus gives a happy release,
For what was the Remnant, proves now the
whole piece.”

On a farmer's daughter named Let-
tice:

“Grim Death, to please his liquorish palate,
Has taken my Lettice to put into his sallat.”

Denunciatory epitaphs are uncommon
in England; two examples are here given.

In Knaresdale Church, Northumber-
land, on Robert Baxter, 1796:

“All you that please these lines to read,
It will cause a tender heart to bleed:
I murdered was upon the fell,
And by the man I knew full well;
By bread and butter, which hee'd laid,
I being harmless, was betrayed.
I hope he will rewarded be,
That laid the poison there for me.”

In Glasgow Churchyard:

"Here lies Mass Andrew Gray,
Of whom ne muckle good can I say,
He was ne Quaker, for he had ne spirit;
He was ne Papist, for he had ne merit.
He was ne Turk, for he drank muckle wine;
He was ne Jew, for he eat muckle swine;
Full forty years he preached and lee'd,
For which God doomed him when he died."

Shakespeare's is an instance of a denunciatory epitaph:

"GOOD FRENDE FOR IESVS SAKÉ FOR-
BEARE
TO DIGG THE LVST ENCLOSED IHEARE
BLESTE BE ye MAN yt SPARES THES
STONES
AND CURST BE HE yt MOVES MY BONES."

The following are very ridiculous:

At Jedstone-de-la-mere, Frances Bate-
man, ob 1678:

"Heaven tooke her soule; the earth her corpse
did seise,
Yet not in fee; she only holds by lease,
With this proviso—when the Judge shall call,
Earth shall give up her share, and Heaven take
all."

At Gateshead, on Robert Trollop,
Architect of the Exchange, and Town
Court of Newcastle:

"Here lies Robert Trollop,
Who made yon stones roll up,
When death took his soul up,
His body filled this hole up."

In Edmonton Churchyard,—on Wil-
liam Newberry, who was poisoned acci-
dentally through the ignorance of a
fellow servant:

"Hic jacet Newberry Will,
Vitam finivit cum cochia pill,
Quis administravit? Bellamy Sue;
Quantam quantitas? nescio—
Scisne tu?
Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

At Dymoch, Gloucestershire:

"Two sweetur babes you nare did see,
Than God Amity geed to wee,
But they were oertaken wee agur fitts,
And hear they lys has dead as nitts."

On Elizabeth Ireland, at Ashburton
Church, ob. 1777:

"Here I lie, at the Chancel door,
Here I lie, because I am poor.
The farther in, the more you pay;
Here lie I, as warm as they."

At Micklehurst Churchyard:

"Life is an Inn where all men bait,
The Waiter Time, the landlord Fate;
Death is the score by all men due,
I've paid my shot—and so mure you."

On Thomas Alleyn and his two wives,
at Witchingham, ob. 1650:

"Death here advantage hath of life I spye,
One husband with two wives atonce may lye."

At Peterborough Cathedral, ob. 1653.

Jane Parker:

"Here lyeth a midwife brought to bed,
Deliveresse Delivered;
Her body being churched here,
Her soule gives thanks in yonder sphere."

At Ockham, on a woodcutters, ob.
1736:

"The Lord saw good, I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so death lopp'd off ire."

At Monknewton, near Drogheda, ob.
1844:

"Erected by Patrick Kelly
Of the Town of Drogheda,
In memory of his posterity."

In Oxfordshire:

"Here lies the body of John Eldred,
At least he will be when he is dead,
But now at this time he's alive
The 14th of August, sixty-five."

"Here lie the remains of Thomas Nichols, who
died in Philadelphia March 1753. Had he lived
he would have been buried here."

At King Stanley Churchyard, Glou-
cestershire, on brass:

Ann Collins died 11th Sept., 1804,
aet 49.

"'Twas as she tript from cask to cask,
In at a bung-hole quickly fell,
Suffocation was her task
She had no time to say farewell."

In Guilsfield Churchyard, ob. 1709,
David Williams :

" Under this Yew-Tree
Buried would he be,
Because his Father—he
Planted this Yew Tree."

In Wolverhampton Churchyard, ob.
1690 :

" Here lie the bones of Joseph Jones,
Who eat whilst he was able;
But once o'er fed, he dropt down dead,
And fell beneath the table.
When from the tomb to meet his doom
He rises amidst sinners,
Since he must dwell in heaven or hell,
Take him— which gives best dinners."

" Gentle Reader, Gentle Reader
Look on the spot where I do lie
I was always a very good feeder
But now the worms do feed on I."

At Wood Ditton, near Newmarket;
on a gravestone, on which is fixed an
iron dish, according to the instructions
of the deceased.

On William Symons, ob. 1753, aet 80 :

" Here lies my corpse who was the man
That loved a sop in the dripping pan
But now believe me I am dead,
See here the pan stands at my head;
Still for sops till the last I cried,
But could not eat and so I died.
My neighbors, they perhaps will laugh
When they do read my epitaph."

At Watferd Magna Churchyard, on
John Randall :

" Here old John Randall lies, who counting by
his sale,
Lived three score years and ten, such virtue
was in ale,
Ale was his meat, ale was his drink, ale did his
heart revive,
And could he still have drank his ale, he still
had been alive."

In Winchester Cathedral Churchyard,
on Thomas Fletcher, a grenadier in the
North Hants Militia, died May 12th
1764, aged 26 years :

" Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier
Who caught his death from drinking cold small
beer
Soldiers be wise, from his untimely fall
And when youre hot drink strong or not at all."

Restored by the Garrison, 1781 :

" An honest soldier, never is forgot,
Whether he die by musket, or pot."

As I have given sufficient examples
of ridiculous and *outré* inscriptions, I
will in closing this article add a few very
beautiful lines on the graves of children,
although they do not come under the
caption of " Curious Epitaphs." I also
give two, one on a maid, and the other
a most touching tribute from a husband;
as they both seem to me to be inimitable :

" Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there."

" Beneath a sleeping infant lies,
To earth whose body lent;
More glorious shall hereafter rise,
But not more innocent.
When the Archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join;
Millions will wish their lives below,
Had been as short as thine."

" The baby wept;
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And soothed its grief, and still'd its vain alarms;
And baby slept.

" Again it weeps;
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
From present pain and future unknown harms;
And baby sleeps."

" This lovely bud, so young, so fair,
Called hence by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flow'r
In Paradise would bloom."

In Bristol Cathedral : to Mrs. Mason.

" Take, holy earth ! all that my soul holds dear :
Take that best gift which Heaven so lately
gave;
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care,
Her faded form, she bow'd to taste the wave,
And died. Does Youth, does Beauty read the
line ?

Does sympathetic fear their hearts alarm ?
Speak, dead Maria ! breathe a strain divine;
Even from the grave thou shalt have power
to charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee,
Bid them in Duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity so free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.

Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die
('Twas even so to thee), yet the dread path
once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high.
And bids the pure in heart behold their God."

W. MASON

Miss Brougham. Ob 1839, Oct. 17 :
"Blanda anima e cunis heu! longo exercita
morbo
Inter maternas heu! lacrymasque patris,
Quas risu lenire tuo juvenda solebas,
Et levis, et propro vix memor ipsa mali ;
I pete cœlestes ubi nulla est cura recessus !
Et tibi sit nullo mista dolore quies !

HENRY MARTEN GILES.

St. Catharines, Nov. 24, 1866.

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

LESSON No. 2.

Belief in God the Son.

I.—The person in whom we profess to believe is Jesus Christ, who was born of the Virgin Mary.

(a.) His human nature.

Assumed to enable him to save his people from their sins.
Its reality was shown—

Christ's human nature proved.	}	1. He felt the ordinary events of human nature—hunger, thirst, fatigue.
		2. He manifested the affections of the human heart.

(b.) His divine nature.

The reality of his divine nature is shewn—

Christ's Divine nature proved.	}	1. By the fact that divine attributes are attributed to him. Omniscience—John II., 24, 25. Creative power—John VI., 1—14. Control over the passions of nature—Matt. VIII., 26.
		2. By claims which he put forth himself. He claims equal honor with God.—John V., 23. He claims the honor of having dwelt with God from all eternity.—John XVII., 5. He was expressly called God in Scripture. "The word was God."—John I. "Unto the Son he saith: Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever."—Heb. I. 8.

II.—The offices which that Person fills they are included under the name *Christ*.

This name was given to him because he was *anointed* of God.
He was commissioned to be

- (a.) A Prophet—a teacher of revealed truth
- (b.) A Priest—One who offers sacrifice.
- (c.) A King—The kingdoms of the world will all merge into the kingdom of Christ.

III.—The great facts in the life of Christ

1. Incarnation.
2. Passion.
 - (a.) His agony in the garden.
 - (b.) His Crucifixion.
 - (c.) His death.
 - (d.) His burial.
 - (e.) His descent into hell.

Hell is derived from the *Saxon*—*Helan*; to cover, and means a secret or covered place—the Greek *Hades*.

The clause about descent refers to the condition of the *human soul* during the three days.

That soul, being sinless could not go into the place of torment. Hell, then, does not here mean a place of torment. The soul of Christ then went into the place of departed spirits, the place where the good and evil await with different feelings, the resurrection of the body.

This place is in reference to good spirits called Paradise. Luke xxiii. 43.

It is also called generally the prison, or place of safe keeping.

3. Resurrection.
 - (a.) Its reality.
 - (b.) Its importance.
4. Ascension.
 - (a.) Its reality.
 - (b.) Its importance.
5. His second advent.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL ON LAY AGENCY.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, in a meeting of the rural deaneries of Fairford and the Forest of Dean, a day or two ago, spoke on the question of lay agency. He said:—"No doubt we have all observed of late years a very growing feeling on the part of our Christian laity to help Church work by all means within their power; and not to help merely by good feeling and good wishes, but to help also practically, and with some degree of sanction, in the work of a parish. But a desire is now expressed for some fuller and fitter sanction than that at present given. Some good country gentleman felt, perhaps, in the isolated portion of the parish

where he resides, how very thankful he would be to God to have a kind of authority for going in among his poor tenantry and sitting down perhaps by the poor widow, and not only speaking to her words of Christian sympathy, but reading to her words out of the Book of Life, and making these comments which a good English Christian gentleman would very profitably make. That feeling has shown itself in many ways and in many quarters. Well, three or four years ago—it is not very well known, but it did certainly happen, that the Episcopal Church of Scotland, in the person of one of its bishops, took steps towards satisfying this sort of a desire of a rightminded Christian of doing what he did do with some sort of authority. A friend of mine, if I may venture to call him such,—for it is an honor to do so, he is so thoroughly good a young man—Lord Rollo, a Scotch proprietor near Perth, expressing the desire to a Scotch Bishop, he agreed to give him publicly, in the face of the Church, a Bible, and in a few simple words, authority to read the Word of God to the people on his estates. Lord Rollo gave me a short account of the ceremony. It was very simple. He advanced to the rails of the Communion table in the face of the congregation, and the Bishop gave him the Bible and the authority. The feeling since has been growing, it has been alluded to in the convocation, and there have been excellent reports, and one or two good discussions; and it may be said that Convocation has expressed, as strongly as such a body could, its opinion of the desirableness of a lay agency in the Church in spiritual things under some form of authority. Well, so matters went on, the feeling of so many good people being quickened by the discussions in Convocation, till in this year of grace the four Archbishops and, I think, sixteen Bishops, met together under the Archbishop's historical roof at Lambeth to talk over this very serious subject; and we are all agreed unanimously upon some five or six points—that it was desirable to give some sort of authoritative Episcopal san-

tion to lay agents; that the office should be unpaid; that the milk and honey should be given without price; and that it was desirable to give such authority somewhat suddenly. And it was felt that there should be a kind of service—not in the parish church, because serious legal questions would arise, but in the Bishop's private chapel. It was also thought desirable that the person should receive an authoritative license under the hand and seal of the Bishop, defining what his duties were to be. These were—that such a one should have authority to read the Lessons in the church. It is a doubtful point whether any layman may not do it; but, at any rate, it was thought there would be no overstepping in sanctioning a person reading the Lessons if required to do so by the clergyman—that he should be empowered to visit the sick (of course under the direction of the clergyman: that is subsumed throughout), and read and explain Holy Scriptures to them. It is also an important point that such a one should be appointed to conduct a service appointed by the Bishop out of the Book of Common Prayer. Any prayer not proper for one without ordination to read would be omitted on Sundays, in a cottage or school-room, to the gathered people of a hamlet; and that he should be empowered also at the end to read some judicious sermon or homily written by another, or even to expound to his hearers a certain number of verses. Our rules are very few and very simple. The person must be nominated by the clergyman of the parish, and come before the Bishop. But in all human things we have shadow as well as light. Suppose the clergyman and he did not agree, and that afterwards there was a desire to get rid of him. Then we deemed it best that he should stand exactly in the same position as one of our curates—that his license to perform those duties should be revoked if the clergyman obtained permission from the Bishop, and of course every Bishop of common sense would at once, for the sake of Christian order, assent to any such request after ascertaining that it

was reasonable. The parish of Mr. Sheringham, one of the secretaries of the Diocesan Association, is composed of a central parish and two or three outlying hamlets. There is a most excellent, good, and pious country squire, with, perhaps, an income of £2,000 a year, Mr. Niblett, a thorough right-minded man, very much interested on behalf of the poor people in a hamlet two miles from the parish church; and he said he was perfectly ready to accept a nomination from me if I saw my way clearly. Well, I thought, the Archbishops and Bishops of England have not only approved but have sketched out this plan—what more authority can one require? A form of prayer was submitted to the Archbishop of Canterbury, which his Grace has since been pleased to circulate as a suggestive service; and so I determined that I would grant the license—which I did. The Rural Deans and the Archdeacons were assembled, and I had just read the Litany and this very simple service in my own private chapel; and I gave this Mr. Niblett the Scriptures, and authorized him in a very few words to read them in the parish of Standish, and to perform such other duties as the Bishop's license should define. I had the honour of drawing out the license a short while ago; and the matter is now in actual procedure. Yesterday I had a letter from the venerable Bishop of Exeter, who wanted to know the exact way in which I carried the scheme out, as he had had applications. Two or three days ago I had a letter from the Bishop of Peterborough, who wanted to have the form of license. I think I might say boldly that the plan has received an immense amount of approval. Mr. Niblett can be seen at Standish, and there he is, a reader actually exercising his functions. The question of dress is not quite settled. There is a sort of feeling that nothing should arise to impede this great and holy work by questions of non-essentials; and so these things are left. I suggested that, as this gentleman is an M.A. of Oxford, it would be decorous if he read the Lessons in church

in his M. A. gown. Coming nearer home, I may say that there was a very strong feeling prevailing at Bristol and other places that our Scripture-readers have been doing a thoroughly good work. I, however, was bold enough to hint at Bristol that it was very desirable that the Bishop should give a little more sanction than merely writing his name in the book that somebody brought to him—that the Bishop should know the man, and give him a written form authorizing him to work."

The Bishop concluded by observing that in this matter there should be no squabbling about High Church and Low Church—all must work for the mother Church. In answer to Mr. Phillimore, the Bishop said he should regard the clergyman as the depository of the cure and government of the souls in a parish, and if he had complaints to make of the licensed reader they should be reduced to writing, and the license would be revoked; the action would be similar to that he had had to take half a dozen times in regard to curates. In the case of Mr. Niblett, that gentleman had agreed most readily, under a private arrangement with Mr. Sheringham, if anything occurred which should lead to the Bishop's revoking the license, to abandon his position at once. The greatest guarantees against any reader trying to cross the path of the clergyman lay in his really good, Christian intentions, the solemnity of the appointing service, and such like matters.

The spirit of the Scribes and Pharisees here, is the spirit of all irreligious persons. They turn their indignation, not against their sin, but against Him who points out their sin. They will endeavour to find in Him some inconsistency, something whereof to accuse Him. Their conscience is irritated, their heart not subdued.

EVEN NOW!

Luke 21, 36.

They say that tribulation
Is coming on the earth,
And sounds of lamentation
Are drowning all our mirth;
That pestilence and famine
Are brooding o'er us now,
And War is only pausing
To wipe his blood-stained brow.

Perchance old Persecution
Is whetting now his sword,
And stretching forth his hand to slay
The brethren of the Lord;
And Death, the King of Terrors,
His dismal banner waves;
And a'1 the ground we're treading
Seems hollow'd out with graves.

O where is that pavilion,
Made ready for the few
Who fly to Christ for refuge—
Who fly and find him true!
O where is that sacred chamber,
Dear Lord, where we may hide
Until Thine indignation
Is turned from us aside!

I know not—O I know not!
But this I know full well,
A place Thou hast prepared
For Thy "little ones" to dwell.
May we be found among them
So long as troubles last!
May we be found among them
Till all Thy wrath be past!

O now, methinks, I've found it!
'Tis Jesus' bleeding side;
Within that blest pavilion
For ever I'll abide;
The praise of His salvation
Shall drown all storm and strife,
Till Death's bright cloud receive us
Unto an endless life.

HOPE GOLDING.

BURIAL OF THE SCOUT.

Oh, not with arms reversed,
And the slow beating of the muffled drum,
And funeral marches bring our hero home.
These stormy woods where his young heart was
nursed,
Ring with a trumpet burst
Of jubilant music, as if he who lies
With shrouded face, and lips all white and
dumb,

Were a crowned conqueror entering paradise.
THIS is his welcome home.

Along the rudy marge of the dim lake
I hear the gathering horsemen of the North;
The cavalry of night and tempest wake,
Blowing keen bugles as they issue forth
To guard his homeward march in frost and cold
A thousand horsemen bold!

And the deep-bosomed woods,
With their dishevelled locks all wildly spread
Stretch ghostly arms to clasp the immortal dead
Back to their solitudes;
While through their rocking branches overhead,
And all their shuddering pulses underground,
A shiver runs, as if a voice had said,
And every furthest leaf had felt the wound—
He comes, but he is dead!

The dainty-fingered May
With gentle hand shall fold and put away
The snow-white curtains of his winter tent,
And spread above him her green coverlet,
Broidered with daisies sweet to sight and
scent;

And summer, from her outposts in the hills,
Under the boughs with heavy night-dews
wet,

Shall place her gold and purple sentinels,
And in the populous woods sound *reveille*,
Calling from field and fen her sweet deserters
back.

But he!—no long roll of the impatient drum,
Nor battle-trumpet, eager for the fray,
From the far shores of stormy Erie blown,
Shall rouse the soldier's last long bivouac.

KATE SEYMOUR MCL.

Ingersoll, June 11, 1866.

L I F E .

It's Spring—the tender fragile blade
Appearing through the frozen clay;
Reluctant, coy, as if afraid
To greet the cold and cheerless day.

It's Summer-hour—the plant in bloom,
Caressed and courted by the bee;
And gladdened by the sweet perfume
The primrose sheds across the lea.

It's Autumn-time,—Hope's holy seed,
From drooping petals ripening fast;
Pride's trappings shed upon the mead,
Earth's grandeur gone, forever past.

It's Winter bleak—the withered stem,
Not mourning earthly hopes that flee,
But bearing, like a *jiadem*
The germ of Immortality.

H. M. GILES.

GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

“AS COLD WATER TO A THIRSTY SOUL, SO IS GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.”

Proverbs xxv. 25.

To estimate this simile aright, we must transfer ourselves in imagination from this land of mighty rivers and copious rains to that far off east in which the proverb was spoken. Is cold water precious in eastern lands? Ask your dusty traveller toiling onward with the lengthening caravan. Wild, bare, arid, and vast the desert stretches round him—now levelled into wastes of burning sand—now rising into ‘eminences of bold and awful abruptness.’ No track, no tree is visible. The tyrant sun looks down upon the awful desolation from a copper sky; and blasts, in the fierceness of its wrath, and the daring blade that would pierce the bosom of the mother earth. The very winds of heaven, that in more favoured lands bear healing and refreshment on their wings, have proved man’s enemies—have penetrated the skins in which he bore the water from the distant well, and robbed him of the prize. He thirsts. Ask him, is water precious—pure, cold water? Is a little gold the price thereof? Nay, it is more precious than rubies—than all the “wealth of Ormus or of Ind.”

Was water valuable in the eyes of David and his men, when, hemmed in by the Philistines in the hold of Adullam, he said, “Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is beside the gate!”—when three mighty men of his army hewed their way through the host of the Philistines, and brought him water at so dear a risk that he felt it would be sin to drink thereof?

Think you water was precious in the days of Elias the prophet, when the heaven was shut up for three years and six months—when the king of the land descended from his throne, to search for fountains and brooks where grass—to keep the horses and mules alive—might be found.

Yes, to the thirsty soul cold water is

very precious. And to cold water, good news from a far country is in my text compared.

I once, in a land far away from Britain—separated from it by the wide waste of waters, saw a man who, with eager looks, enquired at the Post Office for letters by the British mail. The answer was given—“There is none for you.” He turned away with a look that was sickening in the agony of disappointment it expressed. May not our imagination suggest that there were dear ones far away whom, sorrowing and angered, he, in waywardness, had left; and from whom he longed for words of reconciliation and of love!

But, pourtray the alien from his home and friends with every accessory that can heighten the colouring of his misery. Let him be poor, and sick, and sorrowful—let him be in rags, and in debt, and in bonds! And suppose that good news from his distant friends and country were to be sent to him—nay, suppose that one who loved him with a love passing the love of women were, himself, to come to tell of undying love, of mercy, and reconciliation; were to come with power to bid his fetters fall—his prison doors spring open; were to come, a good physician, with medicine to heal his sickness; were to come with wealth untold to meet the claims against him—to satisfy his every need; were to come to make sure to him an inheritance in his distant country that should place him beyond the reach of want, and toil, and care. Would the visitor be welcome to the weary one? Aye—welcome as cold waters to the thirsty soul.

When the Lord Jesus came to earth, whence did he come?—in what condition did he find man?—and for what purpose did he visit him? He came from the bosom of the Father—from whence man, by wicked works, was far removed. He found man indebted to his Lord a thousand talents; and quite incapable of paying. He found him entangled in the toils of Satan—the huge spider, who, from every fresh vantage-ground, extends his deadly web, till the very faculties and aspirations of his prey are fet-

tered and confined. He found him sick, nigh unto death's door, of a disease most foul and deadly—ah, brethren, there are diseases that can change the life-giving currents of the blood to poison—that can dry the marrow and waste the bones; but what are they compared with the leprosy of sin that cankers the very soul? Poor, and blind, and naked, and miserable, did the Lord find man. He visited him to pay his debt, to give him comfort, to open his eyes, to provide him with clothing, to heal his sickness, to tell him of an inheritance undefiled and that fadeth not away, to refresh his soul with glad tidings—the *god-spel* of peace.

To you the good news of your Father's love—of your present privileges—of your future glory has again and again been declared, not indeed by Christ in the flesh, but by the stewards of His mysteries with whom he has promised to be present in the spirit even unto the end of the world. But there are those who are your neighbours, and who, therefore, have a claim upon your love, to whom the good news from a far country has been seldom—and we know not how imperfectly—declared. Thirsting they are for the waters of life, for man, formed for the joys of heaven, cannot be satisfied with the vanities of earth—the captive longs for something more than the straws and pebbles that are strewn upon his dungeon floor—the sick man is not comforted by the phantasms of his disordered brain. And oh, brethren, if he who giveth a cup of cold water to a disciple shall in no wise lose his reward, how surely will the reward come to those who are instrumental in sending—though it be but in 'earthen vessels'—the waters of life to the thirsty souls of men.

The Church Society of the diocese receives the offerings of the faithful; and expends them, in the most judicious way, under the Bishop's supervision.—BY IT MISSIONARIES ARE SUPPORTED IN NEWLY SETTLED AND POOR DISTRICTS. And every Churchman in the diocese should have the happiness of aiding so worthy a Society, by giving it his alms, by remembering it in his prayers, by lending it his influence. Almighty God

is pleased to make use of the Society in the building up of His Church: Blessed are they who have the privilege of being workers together with Him.

T. W. F.

INSECTS.

A CHAPTER FOR BOYS.

Insects are produced from eggs which in the proper season hatch of themselves. The eggs of moths and butterflies produce *caterpillars* or *larvæ*, which, generally speaking, are far from being pleasant to the eyes. Indeed, some larvæ are so exceedingly ugly that a timid person would shrink from them with terror and disgust. Their habits are grovelling and retired. The great business of their lives appears to be eating—they eat voraciously.

When the larvæ is full grown, it descends the plant on which it fed, and in many cases, buries itself in its foot. There its outer skin bursts, and gives place to another which hardens into what may very well be called a coffin. In this state the insect resembles a mummy more than anything else; it cannot protect itself: it is to all appearances dead. And yet from this lifeless-looking object, after the lapse, it may be, of many months, there bursts a thing of life and beauty, to bask in the sunshine, to sip the nectar from the flowers, and to flutter with its companions in the free air of heaven.

Now suppose we were to meet with a person totally unacquainted with these things, and were to shew him the uninteresting caterpillar, or the lifeless-looking chrysalis, and were to tell him that that would change to a thing of surpassing beauty, would he not hold it to be a thing incredible? And yet we know that the power of God does actually produce such a change. And, knowing this, may we not well enquire—'Is anything too hard for the Lord?' Can he not change our vile bodies, and make them like unto Christ's glorious body, as easily as he changes the form and nature of the insect?

The caterpillar has its enemies. The

most formidable of them is the ichneumon fly. This is one of the most active creatures you can imagine—it is always prowling about. It is furnished with a hollow fine-pointed sting or ovipositor. With this it pierces the skin of the caterpillar, and lays its eggs in the wound. Some species of ichneumons will lay as many as 150 eggs in one caterpillar. These soon hatch; and the grubs which come from them feed upon the fatty portions of the unfortunate insect they inhabit. But they for some time carefully avoid the vital parts. The caterpillar, therefore, lives on, and changes, it may be, to a chrysalis, but from this chrysalis no butterfly ever comes. What a striking emblem have we here of the devil's work, and of the evil passions which tear and vex the unregenerate man, and that finally destroy his soul!

But the good and merciful God has not left even the caterpillar without the means of escape from its enemies. The caterpillar of the Puss moth (*Cerura vinula*), affords a remarkable proof of this. It has a double tail, furnished with little red thongs, with which it lashes and drives away the ichneumon that would molest it. And God has not left man without the means of escape from his dread enemy. He has said—"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you;" and He has placed His Holy Word in our hands, as a weapon wherewith we may resist him. It was with this—the 'Sword of the Spirit'—that our Saviour repelled the foe." "It is written" He said; and Satan fled discomfited and abashed.

But with respect to the changes which insects undergo, and to those which mankind must undergo, the analogy does not hold good throughout. The perfect insect is exposed to many dangers, and perishes in a short time. But to the new Jerusalem, where the Lord God shall take up His tabernacle among men, Death shall find no entrance. "There shall be no more sorrow, neither shall there be any more pain"—for the former things shall have passed away.

T. W. F.

CHARGE OF THE ARCHBILHOP OF DUBLIN.

His Grace, writes the *Times'* correspondent, does not seem in the least afraid of the agitation against the Establishment, and he is prepared to concede nothing in the way of reform, not even a revision of the Book of Common Prayer. His Grace seems full of the old Conservative instinct, and feels that if the least point is yielded all will be lost—the craving for change will be insatiable. No amount of alterations in the Prayer-book, he thinks, would restore any appreciable number of Dissenters to the community of the Church. As little will he be terrified into changes demanded by others, to adjust the theology of the Reformation to the results of modern science and discovery. With respect to the demand of Roman Catholics for the separation of the Irish Church from the State, he warns England against a more dangerous enemy to British connection. "Those to whom the English connexion is dear, alienated estranged, offended, will cherish, as only strong men can cherish, a deep—at the decisive moment it might prove a fatal—sense of the wrong which had thus been gratuitously done them." The Archbishop referred to St. Bride's Church and his implied approbation of the innovations introduced by the Rev. Mr. Carrol and the Rev. Mr. Maturin. The weakness of the former, his Grace says, consisted in the fact that he did not bring the people with him, while the latter did so, and won a victory in which the Archbishop rejoices. The dissatisfied parishioners he describes as men with "an appetite for outrage, for domineering over others, for compelling others to accept their lawless likings and dislikings."

Esteem no sin little, for the curse of God is due to the least, and the least would have condemned thee, had not the Son of God died for thee.—*L. Baily.*

THE CHURCH OF OLD ENGLAND.

MR. EDITOR:

I am not one of your delinquent subscribers, so have no dollar to send for myself, but I send you "the one other subscriber," for which you asked in this month's number.

I hardly see how you are going to manage all you propose; but I do see that you are a man of indomitable energy and perseverance, and, looking at the list of *paid* subscribers, have not ceased to wonder at your doing so well for us.

Certainly, there is much that is deeply interesting in your last issue. Commencing with the portrait of the Metropolitan, beloved as he is, and chiefly so by those who know him best, and going on to the close, there is much food for thought and much incentive to action.

Doubtless, there will be a variety of feeling awakened by the article, so touching, so deeply interesting on the late Rev. Dr. Neale, what a large amount of quiet, unostentatious, earnest devotedness characterized him? How many were blessed through his kind and thoughtful sympathy. Yet many exceptions will be taken to his course; and, frowned upon by many during his life, his memory will not escape their unharmed censures even now. Some may not like to travel the path he trod: let them then, in *their own way*, exercise the same spirit of true charity which he displayed, and, with their powers exerted to the same extent, strive to be themselves followers of Him who went about doing good, and seek to enlist and develop the energies of their fellow Christians in every good word and work.

It is easy to raise a party war-cry—Puseyism, Tractarianism—Popery! but after all, amidst all the various *isms*, the nursing *ism* at East Grinstead stands forth, having blessed, and still blessing, and being blessed. How many fevered brows has it calmed; how many dying pillows has it smoothed; and to how many who would otherwise have been uncared for, has it carried its tender and wise and self-denying aid!

Well is it for the church to strive to

employ the various talents she possesses, to engage the various casts of mind within her pale. The earnestness of the former century found its expression in confusion and abandonment of the church, in the increase of sects, and the promotion of much that was very pretentious, but withal very superficial and ephemeral. The church has during the present century witnessed the awakening and progression of earnestness in another form. An earnestness which manifests itself in the love for greater order; which is itself the offspring and the foster mother of a deep and quiet devotion; which desires in all its superstructure to build upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, the same holy edifice which apostles and apostolic men commenced to rear. Going back farther than these things essentially Roman, and seeking to bring to light those things which are and ever have been truly Catholic. There are many who, with all their, if some please to call it so, morbid love of antiquity, aim to bring us once more into the heavenly atmosphere which Martyrs and Confessors breathed. Let us seek to gain warmth from every sacred flame, and strive at least to be followers of Him who died that we might never die: and prove in all things that we are his truly, loving, cross-carrying earnest disciples.

Wishing you the speedy collection of all old subscriptions, and the addition of a large number of new ones,

I remain, yours, truly,

T.

TAMWORTH,
August 9, 1866.

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of the magazine "The Church of Old England," for which receive my thanks.

You have undertaken a noble enterprise, though I wish you had published a weekly newspaper instead. We have none suitable to the wants of the Church. The field is large—the matter abundant; a suitable paper might sweep the country.

I am, yours, respectfully,

W. HERBERT SMYTHE.

SANDY BEACH, GASPE,
Nov. 14. 1866.

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed I send you One Dollar as my subscription to the "Church of Old England" for the current year.

I have watched with pleasure its course from the beginning; it ought to succeed; we need *such* a medium for the mutual communication of feeling and information; one that is thoroughly independent, and that will not submit to be made the organ of a party. Your *courage* in establishing, and *taet* and talent in conducting it, *deserve* success; and it is my hearty desire that you may have it to the utmost extent of your most sanguine wishes and hopes. As you are *doubtless*, well supplied with the article of *good advice*, I shall not add anything to your stock in that particular. But wishing you success, and praying that your undertaking may be both profitable to yourself and edifying to the *brethren*,

I remain, ever faithfully, *yours* in the bonds of common *Faith* and *Hope*,

MATTHEW KER.

DEAR SIR,—I am much pleased with the lithograph of the Metropolitan; and would like to see at the head of the list of Canadian Bishops the lamented Rt. Rev. G. J. Mountain, late Bishop of Quebec. This would, I believe, meet the approbation of churchmen generally throughout Canada. For his long and active labors in the Episcopate, and that too, with "an eye single to the glory of God" and good of the Church, cannot fail to leave a deep and lasting impression upon the minds of those now enjoying the fruit of that labor.

I have looked for a notice of the publication of the Memoir of this venerable Saint, and think the Church of Old England failed in remarking it.

It is compiled by his son, the Rev. Armine Mountain, at the request of the Synod of the Diocese of Quebec, and published by Lovell of Montreal.

It is a book whose highest praise would be he whose life is narrated "being

dead yet speaketh." If you look for intellectual talent of high order, you will find the man in his writings here collected. Do you seek one gentle and easy to be entreated, you will find him in his acts here expressed; and living in the memory of the group around many a Canadian hearth. Or do you require the History of the Church here for the last half century, you will find it in this book, and that too of the Church in every nook and corner from Red River to Labrador. Every Churchman ought to read it.

By giving a notice of its publication in your widely circulated Magazine, you will, in my humble opinion, promote the interests of the whole Church and individual welfare of her members. I have only one copy now by me, so I send you the wholesale price to Clergymen taking ten copies or over (\$1.00). The book you can get easily in Montreal. If it is already in your hands, place the whole amount \$2.00 to my credit for Church of Old England. With sincere wishes for your success,

I am, faithfully yours,

THOMAS L. BALL.

North Inverness, C. E.

Parsonage, Nov. 24, 1866.

NORTH DUORO, C. W.,

November 20, 1866.

SIR,—There arrived by the last night's mail nine numbers of the "Church of Old England" for the current month, addressed to the ladies of my congregation. The parcel was forwarded to me, and if, as I cannot but suppose, the kind attention emanates from yourself; I beg to thank you on behalf of those ladies for your courtesy.

I am pleased with your publication and heartily wish it success: it breathes a spirit of sound Churchmanship combined with impartiality—a combination not always, I may say too seldom, met with in the present day. I entertain no respect for a man who holds no opinions of his own in matters connected with the Church, or who, holding specific opinions, fails, on proper occasions, to enunciate

them. But at the same time, I am prepared to regard with Christian toleration the opinions of those whose views may not coincide with my own. And I gather from the general tenor of your editorial remarks, that you cherish, in this matter, sentiments similar to my own.

The portrait of the Metropolitan is excellent, and if those that succeed it are equally correct, I shall be disposed, for the sake of encouraging "native talent," to refrain from cavilling at your preference of lithographs to photographs for portrait-illustrations.

I do not understand the drift of your advertisement respecting the issue of a volume next April. As I read it, it appears that for a volume which at present costs \$1—viz: the first twelve numbers of the Magazine, we are expected to pay \$5, being \$4 for binding, errata, and index. If I am wrong in my conjecture it will be as well to say something on the subject in your next issue.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

VINCENT CLEMENTI.

FLORENCE P. O., C. W.,
December 8, 1866.

JOHN POYNTER McMILLIN, ESQ., proprietor of the "Church of Old England," &c., &c.

Dear Sir:—I beg to transmit enclosed *One Pollar* for one copy of your Monthly Magazine, and I have to express my regret, that my circumstances do not justify me in taking a half a dozen of copies. I wish you *God-speed*.

I am, Sir,

Your obt. servt.

JOHN GUNNE,
Clerk.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE "Church of Old England," published at Montreal, is an able and readable magazine in the interest of the Episcopal Church. The editor and publisher is J. P. McMillin, who has secured the

co-operation of a numerous and talented staff of gentlemen and lady contributors. In addition to the letter-press, each number is embellished with a beautiful lithographic portrait of a Canadian bishop. The editor is in the city at present, soliciting subscriptions. E. A. Taylor is the London agent, from whom copies may be obtained.—*London Evening Advertiser*.

THE CHURCH OF OLD ENGLAND.—If we had space we would review the last number of the 'Church of Old England,' published by J. P. McMillin, Esq., of Montreal. Little space as we have, however, we feel it to be a duty to speak in general terms of the mechanical beauty and even elegance of the Magazine, and we commend in pristine terms of praise the editorial on the 'Power and Influence of the Press.' It was evidently written for the press and in praise of the press, and in our opinion deserves the thanks of the Canadian press. It is the production of a mind that has thought much on the subject. The price is one dollar per year.—*British Whig, Kingston*.

"THE CHURCH OF OLD ENGLAND."—This is the title of a monthly Church Magazine published by Mr. John Poynter McMillin, Montreal. The last number contains a lithographic portrait of the Metropolitan. Various articles relating to the affairs of the Church and bearing upon religious matters are contained in the work, which is now in the second year of its existence, and deserves the support of the Churchmen of Upper Canada.—*British Standard, Perth, C. W.*

MAGAZINE.—The Church of Old England—published at Montreal. We have received the first and second numbers, of Vol. 2 of this magazine, which is published in the interest of the Church of England, as its name imports. The present number is a remarkably good one; the communications are ably written, and its editorials, to us, are deeply interesting. The article on "*Mendicity*" is timely one, and should be supported by every newspaper in Canada. The article

on "The Power and Influence of the Press," is one of great strength and merit, and for our part, we feel grateful to the Editor for writing it. The present number contains an excellent lithographic portrait of his Lordship the metropolitan of the Province. It is beautifully printed, and the style of the whole is admirable—published monthly by M. Longmoore & Co. The Editor, John Poynter McMillin, is a man of large experience, and has perspicuity and grace as well as strength. The price is only one dollar per year. We advise all church people to take it.—*Carleton Place Herald, C. W.*

"THE CHURCH OF OLD ENGLAND."—This is the name of a magazine devoted to the interests of the Church of England in this province. It is from the publishing house of M. Longmoore & Co., Montreal. Its typographical accuracy and mechanical beauty and taste are striking, and do credit to the publishers. The magazine is principally made up of contributions from correspondents, which would do honor to the magazines of older countries. Among these we are pleased to see six Canadian ladies, who furnish creditable prose and poetry for this church magazine. Three of the gentlemen correspondents sign their own names to their compositions, and need not hesitate to do so, for their productions are calculated to reflect credit upon them. Others, whose names the editor has not permitted us to know, are equally successful in the use of the pen. The editor does not write much himself, but mostly draws his resources from correspondents. He is, nevertheless, very capable of writing, as the article on the press in No. 8 sufficiently attests. He is now publishing lithographs of the several bishops. The next will be the bishop of this diocese, John Toronto.—*Toronto Leader.*

[NOTE.—Gentlemen of the press, and our kind correspondents, the editor of the *Church of Old England* is not ungrateful, he stands before you uncovered.]

SELECTIONS.

It was the Pharisee's boast, I give tithes of *all* that I possess. I do not, as many do, "rob God" of what is due to the service of the sanctuary. And for this he is not blamed. No man can be too strict or honest. *This ought ye to have done.* But *not to leave the other undone.* Not to *pass over judgment and the love of God.* "For this does the Lord require of thee, O man, to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." There can be no commutation between duties performed and duties neglected. For if a man keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, "allow himself in one known transgression, he is guilty of all."

ARCHBISHOP SUMNER, on *Luke xi., 42.*

He walks as in the presence of God who converses with Him in frequent prayer and frequent communion; who runs to Him in all his necessities; who asks counsel of Him in all his doubtings; who opens all his wants to Him; who weeps before Him for his sins; who asks remedy and support for his weakness; who fears Him as a Judge, reverences Him as a Lord, obeys Him as a Father, and loves Him as a Friend.

BISHOP JERRY TAYLOR.

The words of the faithless wander about without power, influence, or regard; while the words of those who are known to observe truth, are not less effectual, if they desire anything, in accomplishing their desire, than the might of other men; if they wish to recall any one to his duty, I know that the threats of such men are not less influential in producing reform than the actual punishment of others; and if men of such character promise anything, they produce no less effect by their promises than others by giving at the time.

Xenophon's speech to Socrates; Anabasis Book vii. 42.

Many people hear Sermons in these days, just as they go to plays and concerts—not for edification, but diversion.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM, *De Sacerdotio, Book v., chap. i.*

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

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