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C. E. Thomas

Her Foundations are upon the Holy Hills.

Quod Semper, quod
Abique, quod ab Omnibus
Creduntur est teneamus



In necessariis Unitas,
In dubiis Libertas,
In omnibus Caritas.

THE

CHURCHMAN'S FRIEND,

FOR THE DIFFUSION OF INFORMATION RELATIVE TO THE

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

EDITED BY CLERGYMEN.

VOL. II.—No. 6.]

WINDSOR, C. W., MARCH, 1857.

[Published Monthly.]

Church News.

CANADA.—The New York Church Journal contains the following statement, derived from "a valued correspondent" in England. It is, we fear, too good to be true:—

"I am told, on high authority here, that it is a mistake to suppose that our Government has placed its veto on the Canadian Church Act. I understand that after some further delay, all will be right."

ENGLAND.—The statistics of church-building in England are worthy of notice as showing the steady increase in the provision for divine worship. It appears from the thirty-sixth annual report of the Church Commissioners, that 615 new churches had been completed with their aid, whereby accommodation had been provided for 599,118 persons, including free seats for 357,639; and 21 other churches are now in course of erection, to which the Commissioners, on their usual conditions, have made grants. This is entirely irrespective of the great number of old churches which have been restored, or are still in progress of restoration. Among these latter works are comprised the renovation, in a greater or less degree, of nearly every cathedral throughout the kingdom. Even Presbyterian Scotland has joined, in some measure, in 'build-

ing again the old waste places, and impairing the impious ravages of those evil days when

"The civil fury of the time
Made sport of sacrilegious crime,
And dark fanaticism rent
Altar, screen, and ornament."

The restoration of Glasgow Cathedral under the auspices of the very communion whose shibboleth, as respects such an edifice, was wont to be 'Down with it, down with it, even to the ground!' is truly a strange anomaly, not altogether to be explained by the prevalence of archaeological taste apart from religious feeling. At any rate, it is pleasing to observe that many most earnest Churchmen, such as Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Beresford Hope, have not hesitated to unite in the work with men whose aid is given from lower motives. Glasgow Cathedral is perhaps the finest specimen of the "Early English" style in Great Britain, and a spirit of reverence peculiar to the Glasgowians preserved it in those troublous times which were fatal to many other glorious fanes; but still it had fallen into sad decay. The restoration was commenced about fifteen years ago, and the edifice has recently been reopened after completion of works of great magnitude and importance, including the removal of galleries and other hideous disfigurements, the erection of stalls and other elaborate wood-work, and the introduction of encaustic tiles and stained glass in great magnificence. Presbyterianism must indeed be ill at home amid

such "abominations," as it hath whilome accounted them. The works have cost about £15,000, of which the city of Glasgow has given £3,000.

The new Bishop of London appears to pursue his course of duty with remarkable energy. He has consecrated two more new churches,—St. Peter's, Nottinghill, to which a district has been assigned out of the parish of Kensington; and Christ Church, Poplar,—the district assigned to which latter includes the entire Isle of Dogs, which now contains a population of 7,000 souls, chiefly of the labouring classes. The new church, to which a parsonage is attached, was erected at the expense of Alderman Cubitt, and is a handsome stone structure of a cruciform shape, surmounted by a tower and steeple.

The final issue of the Denison case is looked for with great anxiety; and there can be no doubt that it will exercise an important influence on the future condition of the Church of England. It is believed that the signatures of more than a thousand clergymen have been affixed to the protest against the Bath judgment; but the publication of the names is for the present withheld. A firm opposition to the judgment is by no means confined to those who approve of the particular views of Archdeacon Denison.

The great lion of the day, in London, is Dr. Livingston, whose discoveries in South Africa are by this time world-famous, and seem destined to prove of incalculable service to commerce, science, and civilization, as well as to the introduction of Christianity into that hitherto unknown and mysterious region. For sixteen years has this persevering and intrepid man been engaged in a course of almost unremitting and perilous adventure; and he has only returned to England to prepare for another expedition, in order to complete his discoveries, and carry out a system by which the interior of the African continent may be opened to general intercourse with the civilized world. On his arrival in London, a few weeks ago, he made his first public appearance at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, and gave a comprehensive account of his long exploration, claiming, not unreasonably, the indulgence of his distinguished auditory, on the ground of his having so long been unaccustomed either to hear or speak his native language. In the course of his travels, he had gone over ten thousand miles of ground,

from one side of Africa to the other, all of which territory is, practically speaking, a wholly fresh acquisition to geography; and, as being capable of producing cotton and other raw materials of which England stands in need for her manufactures, it may ultimately rival the Southern States, and prove a new cotton country without the bane of slave labor. At a meeting at the Mansion House, called by the Lord Mayor for the purpose of setting on foot a testimonial to Dr. Livingston, that gentleman went into some further details of his discoveries; and, pointing out the Zambese river as the available highway into Southern Africa, he gave a sketch of its stream and banks to some distance above Senna, where the river was from one to two miles broad, while further up it narrowed into a gorge, which, however, presented a deep and navigable passage, leading to a beautiful mountainous country with fertile valleys, where the sugar cane was already cultivated, and where cotton and indigo grew wild; where, also, there were evident signs of a coal-field, and, round this, a gold-field, traces of gold, in minute diffusion, being found in the streams. Though Dr. Livingston first set out as a missionary, his religious labours seem now in a great degree lost sight of in the cause of commerce and science. He is, unfortunately, not a Churchman, but was first sent out by the London Missionary Society, which is a dissenting institution. This does not, of course, detract from his personal merits, but it accounts, in some measure, for the want of system in carrying out the religious part of his mission; while it gives little hope that any sound views of Christianity will be of simultaneous introduction with commercial cupidity and enterprise. And thus, as America was so long left without a sacred ministry under due episcopal guidance, so may this new territory be neglected; and when at last the Church sends thither her ministers, they may, as has been too often the case, find

"The sordor of civilization mix'd
With all the savage which man's fall hath fix'd."

For too often, alas! in a first intercourse with such primitive tribes, not only has

"Europe taught them better than before—
Bestowed her customs, and amended theirs
But left her vices also to their heirs."

The Bishop of London moved the first resolution at the meeting alluded to, and the Bishop

of Victoria was also present, but very few of the clergy attended.

UNITED STATES.—The Corporation of Trinity Church, New York, is the wealthiest in the United States, perhaps in the whole continent of North America. It was endowed, in the time of Queen Ann, with what was then a farm, but now comprises some of the most valuable property in the city of New York. At the time of the revolution this property was respected, and until recently no attempt has been made to interfere with its management. Of late years however the Legislature of the State has taken action, which seems to assume the right to dispose of it, and to indicate the intention of doing so. A committee of the Senate was appointed, and they commenced their work by requiring of the corporation an account of the value of the property, and of the manner in which it has been employed. A return was accordingly made, and the committee of the Senate has now presented a report, in which they affirm that this return is grossly false, and accuse the Corporation of altogether departing from the terms of their charter, and misapplying the funds at their disposal. It appears, if any confidence can be placed in the report of the Senate committee, that the number of the corporators has studiously been kept as small as possible; that the greater number of them know nothing about the property, the management of which is really in the hands of a few individuals; that no statement of their affairs is printed, and that whereas the return estimates the value of the property at about a million of dollars, it is in reality worth four times that amount;—one lot, for instance, the “present value” of which is returned at \$1,964 44, was immediately afterwards sold for \$20,000. The corporation will, we presume, have the opportunity of rebutting these charges, and it is to be hoped they will be able to do so. It would be a most lamentable thing if this property should be alienated from the Church, when it affords such ready means of evangelizing the vast dissolute population of New York; at the same time, if even a small part of these allegations are true, it could hardly be in worse hands than in those of a corporation which has never built a single free church, and which in five years has only contributed in aiding to build them \$1100, while in the same period it has ex-

ended \$227,104 82 upon a single pewed church for the benefit of the wealthy worshippers in the upper part of the city.

FREDERICTON.—At a recent meeting of the Diocesan Church Society, held at this place, the Bishop called the attention of the committee to the rule adopted by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in 1850, to withdraw their aid in certain cases at the expiration of five years. This rule was being acted upon very stringently, and it was therefore necessary to consider the subject most seriously. The sum of £390 per annum had already been withdrawn and the stipends of several of the clergy had been reduced in consequence. The result, he said, would be lamentable, unless the Church Society undertook to supply the deficiency. There were certain charges upon the society that must be provided for, such as salaries, expenses, &c., amounting to about £200. He read a schedule of sums required for missionary purposes, amounting to £240—£80 more than last year. Mr. R. F. Hazen moved that it be adopted. Mr. J. A. Street urged the necessity of considering whether in future any grants should be made for building churches, chapels, or parsonage houses. This was ruled to be out of order; and on motion of Mr. Justice Parker, £1000 was voted for missionary purposes. In the course of this discussion it was suggested that the grant to a certain parish should be contingent upon the people subscribing a similar amount. This was objected to, and it was thought the rule should be made general, and that all grants should be made conditional upon the people subscribing either fifty or twenty five per cent. The subject stands for consideration; in the mean time, all grants were made conditionally. The meeting, which lasted nearly five hours, was a very harmonious one; all being apparently animated with a desire to transact the business before them with a single view to the benefit of the Church.

Tales Illustrative of the Prayer Book.

GERARD VAN KAMPEN.

It is strange that all the greatest and holiest words of the Church,—those prayers and creeds and hymns which are the eternal inheritance of all Christian men,—should have been written by unknown authors. None can say who drew up the Apostles' Creed; none can venture to

name the writer of that called from S. Athanasius. So of the *Te Deum*,—so also of that world-famous *Veni Creator Spiritus*. Yes; and I might go further still, and say,—so of the Lord's Prayer itself. It might have pleased Him who spake as man never spake, to deliver to His Apostles a prayer, His own in every way, never before used, nor heard till then. But it was not so. He chose certain petitions from the public prayers of the Jews, and wove them, as it were, together, into the perfect model of all supplications.

And now I put the two side by side,—the Creed and the Prayer; the Creed that has been clung to, suffered for, died for,—the Prayer that from every hut and palace of the Christian world goes up hourly like incense to the Throne on high; and one word is common to both. "Our FATHER which art in Heaven." "I believe in God the FATHER Almighty."

So it ever is, that Faith and Love go together. The word FATHER is a part of that Catholic Faith touching the Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity, which except a man keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly. True. But not less is it the word of all love, of all care, of all watchful tenderness, of that providence which ordereth all things in heaven and earth.

Drop, drop, drop,—drip, drip, drip,—a hopelessly, helplessly, wet afternoon. All that July day one unbroken, unmottled sweep of cloud had stretched across the sky. You might have painted the landscape with chalk and ashes. Over rich pasture and sluggish canal, over the Zuyder Zee and the German Ocean, the same dull, wearisome, unvaried shadow. For our scene lies in Holland; and it opens in the little village of Muiden, a league from Amsterdam, and on the borders of the great inland sea.

When the sun comes out again, its long street of low white houses, with their formal garden plots, and still more formal trees, will look pretty enough. Now the same dull rain confuses all;—the place seems deserted;—a boy may occasionally cross the road on some errand, a drenched fowl may occasionally be seen in the lane that runs down to yonder white farm; and then they retire, and again leave the place to its desolation. That high bank to the north, which shuts out all view of the Zuyder Zee, is the great dyke on the strength of which depends the very existence of the surrounding country. It is towards it that I am going to take you; for our business lies at the cottage yonder which nestles at its foot, close to the enormous sluice gates that command the tides.

A neat little place it is to be sure; like the rest, low and whitewashed, save that there is a broad yellow band of paint round the windows. The walk through the garden is paved with brick, now slippery and shining with wet; the garden

itself is laid out in square, or star-shaped, or octagonal beds, neatly trimmed with box; there is a yew tree on each side of the outer gate, the one bearing the form of a lion rampant, the other intended to represent a peacock with spread tail; and, in the green moat that surrounds the whole, good Gerard Van Kampen—for that is his name—has erected one of those buildings, half ship, half summer house, where Dutchmen are wont to enjoy their pipes till sunset, and then leave the apartment to the possession of frogs and typhus. A well-to-do man is master Gerard, keeper of the sluice gates, near which he lives, and owner of five or six acres of the best land in the Sticht. How the whole country, as we go in, seems choked with water! ditches over-brimming, furrows turned into currentless rivulets, every horse-hoof or patten mark in the road proving the saturation of the earth. It is enough to remind one of Butler's verses:

"They always ply the pump, and never think
They can be safe but at the rate they sink;
They live as if they had been run aground,
And when they die are cast away and drown'd.
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd;
In which men do not live, but go aboard."

Let us go in and see what the interior of the cottage can show us.

A comfortable little kitchen indeed; the fire just sufficient to make the great pot that hangs over it simmer; the fireplace lined with blue and white tiles, intended to represent Scripture history, as indeed after a sort they do. There is Isaac bound and lying upon the altar, while Abraham levels at him a monstrous blunderbuss, into the pan of which the angel is about to empty a jug of water. There is the Judgment of Solomon,—the king is attired in a full bottomed wig, while the officer wears the habit of the Amsterdam burgher guard. There is the marriage of Tobit, celebrated by a gentleman in ruff bands. As to the dresser, its pewter dishes glitter like silver; the red tiles of the roof look as if it were an impossibility that a speck of dirt should ever have fallen on them, while the great black oak table, with its curiously carved legs, shines with a brightness that suggests hours and years of patient rubbing, and generations of deceased housemaids. There are one or two engravings, such as they are: the burgomaster of Leyden offering his body for the food of the enraged and famishing multitude, but declaring that he had sworn not to surrender the town to the Spaniards, and that by God's grace he would keep his oath; the murder of William of Orange, by Balthazar Gerarts; and a portrait of the then Stadholder, afterwards William III. of England.

But it is too bad in having been so long in describing the room, and as yet to have said nothing of its young mistress, who is working by the fire-side. Elsjé van Kampen is the old waterwarden's only child; her mother died at her birth; and she has indeed been a sunbeam in that little house. Rather tall, with the fair brow, and fair

complexion, and blue eyes of her country; there is a brightness in her eye, and an archness in her smile, which saves her from the besetting fault of the beauties of Holland, tameness and insipidity. But now her face is rather sad, and well it may be. Her lot is thrown in very troublesome times; distress and danger are gathering round her; three fourths of Holland are in the hands of the enemy, and two or three days at farthest may send the tide of war into Muiden itself. There is a step on the garden walk; she starts up, and the door opens,—a tall strongly-built man enters, throws off his dripping cloak, and folds her in his arms.

'Well, father!'

'It is too true,' is the reply. 'The French are in full advance on Naarden. They say the place cannot hold out a day, and then—it is our turn.'

'And what do you mean to do?'

'I stay here, French or no French. It shall never be said that old Gerard van Kampon left his post without orders. But you must to Amsterdam, and that by to-morrow at latest.'

'But, father, I cannot leave you here; I will not, indeed. If it is your duty to stay by the sluices, it is mine to stay with you.'

'You must not think of it, Elsjé. The French soldiers are devils in human form. I have heard of doings of theirs at Woerden, which make one's blood run cold. Go you must, and that by daylight to-morrow; and I shall step out and hold counsel with the rest how we may best send the women there, by land or by sea. By noon to-morrow there must be nothing but men in the place.'

I must stop a moment to explain as briefly as may be how affairs then stood in Holland. Louis XIV., claiming the United Provinces in right of his wife, as a portion of the Spanish monarchy, poured an army of 170,000 men, under Condé, Turenne, and Luxembourg, from the south-east; Guelderland, Overijssel, and the Province of Utrecht were overrun. The city of Utrecht opened its gates. Town after town, fortress after fortress was captured; scarcely an hour but brought intelligence to Louis, then keeping his court in a villa in the pleasant village of Duerbergen, of some new conquest. His ally, our Charles II., was straining an exhausted exchequer to equip a fleet capable of matching that of De Ruyter; and the terms—if terms they can be called—which were proposed to the Dutch, almost involved their annihilation as a separate people. William of Orange had an army, such as it was, of 70,000 men, but the greater part had never been under fire, and the whole were demoralized by surrender upon surrender, and retreat after retreat. The allies attempted to bribe him to desert the cause of his country, by offering him the independent crown of the province of Holland. 'You cannot hope,' said they; 'otherwise to escape seeing the ruin of the

United Provinces.' 'That,' he replied, 'lies in my own hands; I shall die in the last ditch before that ruin comes.'

Grieved, terrified, perplexed, Gerard was a true Hollander in one respect; he never lost his appetite. Little taste had poor Elsjé for her supper that evening; but her father, seating himself with great deliberation at the table, and fortifying himself by his accustomed dram, commenced a fearful attack on the good brown bread and well cured bacon which adorned it, cutting slice after slice of both one and the other, replenishing his tankard more than once, and concluding his repast with a still vigorous assault on the Purmerend cheese.

'Come, Elsjé,' said he, 'you must keep up your spirits,—and be glad that we have a refuge so near at hand. How long Amsterdam itself will be safe, God only knows; but it is safe at least as yet: your good aunt will be glad to give you a home, I know, till I find lodgings for us both there.'

'It is you I am thinking of, father. If those terrible French come here,—what will become of you?'

'I shall be safe enough, child; I'll warrant you that I have taken care of myself before. When they are fairly on the road from Naarden, I shall be off on that to Amsterdam: but there are reasons why, till that, my post is here. Get what things you want together, and remember that you will most likely never see again what you leave behind. I daresay I shall be out for a couple of hours.'

* * * * *

Now at that same time, and not so very far from that same place, there was one who was thinking—O how fondly and anxiously!—of Elsjé. And good right had Egbert Vandenvelde to let his thoughts wander to the cottage that lay at the dyke side, and the fireplace with its Scriptural tiles, and the dear mistress of both. For was she not his own affianced bride? And, when peace should be made, was he not to bring her back to his snug little farm near Weesp, to be the sunshine there that she had been in the cottage of her birth? But not now was he in that farm. There had been heavy firing all day from the north-east: night had closed in; but still the roar and the flash of the French cannon startled the darkness. It was understood that Naarden was at the last extremity;—all day long the road to Amsterdam had been thronged with flyers:—and now, close under the huge church of S. Laurence, some of the bravest hearts in the little town were assembled, and held anxious debate as to the possibility of any defence. Egbert Vandenvelde was among them. The night had cleared. It was chilly after the rain, and a fire, hastily kindled in the market-place, threw fantastic shadows on the tall brick tower of the church, and the stepped gables, and the quaint barge-boards of the surrounding houses.

Suddenly, the sound of a horse hoof on the Naarden road. Five minutes suffice to bring in the rider, and to tell the news. Naarden had fallen. At that very moment the atrocities of Woerden were being acted all over again. Defence! who could dream of defence?—By this time to-morrow Muiden will be in the hands of the French: by this time the day after to-morrow, Amsterdam itself.

Muiden!—and Egbert idle at Weesp?—He had a treasure there more precious in his eyes than all the ingots in the Stadhuis at Amsterdam. He would ride at once. His horse was in the little inn of the town; it bore the sign of the Roode Leeuw, and a huge red monster dangled and creaked, backwards and forwards, over the entrance arch. Let others take what care they would of horses, or money, or goods, he would see Elsje and Gerard at Amsterdam, as fast as human energy could carry them thither.

It is nearly midnight. He rides out of the little town. Now there is not sight nor sound, save a ruddy glow to the north-east. No! that is not the break of day, though day *will* break in that quarter. It is the glare of the flames, even then rioting through miserable Naarden, and lighting up scenes which a man could hardly believe to exist on this side hell. Across rich pasture and promising barley fields, over polder and fen, still he presses onward, traversing that low flat slip of land protected only by the dyke from the waters of the Zuyder Zee.

* * * * *

'Master Kampen! Master Kampen!'

The old man was in his first sleep. There had been a long and anxious consultation. Everything was prepared for flight. Men, women, and children, were to start for Amsterdam at the dawn of day.

'Master Kampen! Master Kampen!'—and a heavy hand shook the cottage door.

The lattice opened above. 'Who is there? and what do you want?'

'An Order from the States. Come down at once.'

The old man is standing in the doorway, and has broken the seal of the envelope. 'What! open the dyke gates?'

'It was so carried at ten o'clock in the Stadhuis. Let the sea have the country rather than the French! was in every one's mouth.'

'Then I must go and get assistance: we shall want twenty men at least. God help this miserable country!'

'So He will, Master Gerard, if we help ourselves. Have with you to the village.'

* * * * *

All is expectation on the edge of the dyke. Before you, the calm waters of the Zuyder Zee, rippling in the moonshine. Behind you the rich fertile pastures of South Holland and the Sicht of Utrecht. At your feet, that wonder-

ful erection of timber, beams of thirty inch oak, braced with cross riveters, and studded with massy nails: flood-gates, hanging on a mountainous mass of Norwegian granite,—bolts and bars, and under-girders,—the very triumph of the carpenter's art. Men, and women, and children on the great dyke: closer to the gates, Gerard van Kampen, a ponderous mallet in his hand,—the village blacksmith and his men with crowbars, and the sturdiest youngsters of the village, with pickaxes and spades and mattocks.

'At it again, lads!' shouted the Warden of the Dyke; 'God have mercy on the man who is on Diemermeer polder now!'

'Amen,' said a venerable old man who stood by. 'In half an hour it will be twelve feet under water.'

'Twelve, Master Van Helst? Work away, lads,—a good fifteen. So I say again, God have mercy on the man who is there.'

You ought to say *Amen* to that prayer, dear Elsje: you have the deepest interest in that polder. For even now its thick mist is rising above Egbert Vandenvelde, and forming in the moonlight such a halo round his head as that with which we encircle the glorified.

The brave dyke resists stubbornly. There is heaving, and pushing, and hammering: mighty strokes are rained down on staple and bar: axes and hatchets bite fiercely on upright and cross beam: saws cut into the heart of the English oak: but the great mass quivers not yet.

'It will be daylight before we are through,' said Gerard van Kampen. 'Try again, lads, with a will!'

A wild confusion of clamour and strokes,—yes, it trembles now. More than one huge timber has given its terrible death groan. More than one staple has been snapped in two. It shakes in good earnest. Here and there a little cataract of water gushes out, through the wounds of the erection. "Now,—stand back, all! Back! Philip van Erckel! It is going!"

One terrible struggle of the yet palpitating timbers, and then, with a roar like ten thousand wild beasts, the Zuyder Zee leaps through the breach. A stream, forty feet broad and twenty feet deep, rushes into the country. Down go cottages and hayricks; carts and cattle and the wreck of farms are dashed along by the flood: the land is as the Garden of Eden before it, and behind it a foaming waste of waters. The dyke sides crumble away; it is as though the Zuyder Zee were pouring itself at once over the land; women and children shriek with terror: even the boldest of the men look ghastly white in the moonshine.

And the roar of that water proclaims to the Great Monarch, 'Thus far shalt thou come, but no further!'

* * * * *

Egbert Vandenvelde is half way across Diemermeer polder. His spirited little pony has

borne him stoutly on. Suddenly, he grows restive, turns from the road to the right, will obey neither rein nor spur, takes the bit in his teeth, and starts off in full gallop.

'Why, what ails the beast now?' said the rider. And vigorously he plied both whip and spur, and right heartily he pulled the rein;—it was like trying to stop the wind. On, on, on still.

They are out of the polder. To the right is the ruins of a castle, capping a rise of the softest turf. Thither the brave little horse gallops, and there, at the summit, he stops.

'Why, the beast is bewitched!' again exclaims the rider.

What is that dull distant roar,—like the wind on a stormy day upon a wooded hill? The air is perfectly calm; and there is neither hill nor wood to the north.

A singular, fearful noise. A rushing now, rather than a roar.

And what is that glare through the moon's haze on the polder?

It is water.

Now he sees the truth. The Zuydee Zee is let loose. Marsh and lowland will be blotted out from the continent; will the rise of the Castle of Zelst still peer above the inland sea?

Yes; doubtless the Angel, that stood in the way of Balaam as an adversary, stood in the path of the rider now as a friend. And often and often, in the long summer evenings, would Egbert and Elsje Vandenvelde be asked by their children for the story of how they cut the great dyke at Naarden, and how the good little pony *would* go to the Castle of Zelst.

And this story of that never-failing providence of our FATHER, which ordereth all things in Heaven and in earth, is strictly true.

Crime and the Church.

The city of New York has been startled by the perpetration of a horrible murder,—horrible from the atrocity of the accompanying circumstances, but yet more horrible from the revelation which it makes of dark treachery, shameless depravity, and a total want of all religious and moral principle beneath the decent exterior of what is called respectable society. We may be thought to be travelling out of our track in choosing such a subject for the "Churchman's Friend;" but we are led to do so by the following article from the New York Herald, which affords matter for very painful reflections:

"It may indeed serve as the text, or rather as the illustration to a sermon on the moral character of New York society. For, making every allowance for the numbers of moral and pious families in this city, both rich and poor,

from Fifth Avenue to Avenue A, it is doubtful whether any place in the world contains as many houses where such crimes as this murder could be planned and executed, as this metropolis of ours. Whether any other city contains an equal number of women, in what is called society, with a certain kind of manners, and a sort of education, but utterly devoid of principle and virtue. Whether any other city, large or small, is ruled socially by a more wretched and vile clique—in the shape of society—and more used to worship whatever is contemptible and loathsome.

"We have every reason to believe that no small portion of the responsibility for the decay of virtue in New York rests upon our clergy. We have perhaps a larger number of clergy than any other city of the same size; but when we come to inquire how these gentlemen occupy themselves, we find that over a half find life hard enough to get along with over their soft-coal fire, while the remainder devote to letters and other pursuits the time which belongs to the people. With the exception of their theological merits, we are at a loss to know any benefit which these gentry are to the city. We never find that they are fighting with vice where it is really dangerous. We never hear of them in Water-street or Church-street. We never hear of a clergyman getting into any trouble in the discharge of his duties. What we do hear of them is that they have been presented with so many dollars as a new year's gift by their flock; that they have gone to Europe for bronchitis; that they have had their portrait done by Elliot; that the ecchymosis on the large toe of their left foot is better; and consequently that they may be expected to preach in about three weeks; that they demolished the Pope of Rome, likewise the Jesuits, in a twenty minutes' sermon last Sabbath—during all which hypocrisy and folly, our youth are learning to cheat and to lie, to rob and to kill."

Our readers will now have no difficulty in following the train of thought which led us to connect "Crime" and "The Church" as the heading of our article. Not that we have one particle of respect for the New York Herald, or place any faith in its statements; but we have reason to believe that, in this instance, its averments are mostly well founded. It is, we fear, but too true that in no other city in the world is there, beneath the polished surface of education, fashion, and refinement, such an utter want of principle and virtue. The Herald throws the responsibility of this state of things upon the clergy, whom it represents as spending their time, the one-half in the enjoyment of fireside comforts, the other in the pursuit of literature.

And this we believe to be, in the main, a correct representation. New York contains probably a larger number of ministers of religion in proportion to the population, than any city in the world; the list of Episcopal clergymen alone comprises one hundred names. Wealth too is freely at their disposal; the property of Trinity Church Corporation is worth four millions of dollars; and there is no want of men who possess not only riches to give, but the heart to give them, if the duty were but made plain to them. One hundred earnest devoted men, with wealth unbounded at their disposal, ought surely to be able to make some impression even upon such a population as that of New York; and yet they make none. We have recently had an opportunity of making inquiries on this head, and we repeat it, they make none. The Methodists make but little, but they make some; the Baptists and Presbyterians make some; but the Church makes none, none at least that is worth speaking of, upon the masses.

But do we therefore blame the clergy of New York? No; it is not the clergy that we blame, but the system; and we do so in the hope of arresting a tendency to slide into the same system which is, we fear, springing up in our midst. The American system is totally opposed to that existing in all ages in the Church Catholic, and still in the Church of England; and still, though even now hardly so fully realized, among ourselves. We shall perhaps make ourselves best understood if we explain what is meant by a "parish" in England, and what is meant by a "parish" in the United States. A parish then in England is a certain territorial district which is under the spiritual charge of one or more clergymen; every man, woman, and child within that district is under the charge of the clergyman; and for the soul of every man, woman, and child he ought to feel himself awfully responsible. Of course there will be many who will reject his authority and spurn his ministrations; there will be thousands who will turn a deaf ear, and refuse to listen to his words of exhortation or rebuke. But still the fact remains, that whether they hear or whether they forbear, he has the spiritual charge over them; he knows them to be the wandering sheep whom it is his business to bring back, if possible, to his master's fold. He

will therefore, if he be at all earnest, be found "fighting with vice," and encountering it even in its strongholds; he will be found seeking out the wretched and the outcasts, and striving to win the souls of sinners to heaven, for whom he will have to give account hereafter. It is true that in some of the densely crowded cities of England, it is impossible to carry out in practice the beautiful theory designed by the Church; so rapidly has the population increased that it has far outstripped the provision made for their spiritual wants, and the helpless minister of Christ is like some laboring oarsman, who strives in vain to make headway against the rushing tide, and with all his efforts can barely hold his own. But, nevertheless, he does strive.

An American "parish" is a very different thing. A parish, in the language of the United States, is an aggregation of individuals who choose to worship in any particular church. We have had an opportunity of examining the visiting list, in other words the parish register, of one of the most eminent of the clergy of New York. It comprised the names of individuals scattered through the entire city, including many in Brooklyn, and some in Staten Island, five miles away. These constitute his "parish." To these he considers his services due; to these his ministrations are rendered. With them he considers that his responsibility begins and ends. Of the destitute thousands who may be wandering in darkness and unbelief close around his own door, he knows nothing, and for them he cares nothing; they are not in his "parish." They do not come to hear him preach; they do not contribute to his salary; they are nothing to him, and he is nothing to them. The result is seen in the multiplication of gorgeous and luxurious churches among the wealthy residents in the upper parts of the city, and in the spiritual neglect of the densely crowded districts occupied by the toiling thousands. The official report of the Committee of the Legislature, to which we have elsewhere referred, shows that "during the last few years, three churches, situated in districts wholly inhabited by the working classes, or those still more destitute, have been lost to the Episcopal Church." Of these one has been sold to the Romanists, another for secular uses, and the third, although surrounded by the landed estate of the wealthy

corporation of Trinity, and although the first free church ever founded in the city of New York, is now shut up and offered for sale. And no wonder, when the very classes by whom these churches ought to be thronged, are neglected and disregarded by the Church, are as sheep wandering without a shepherd; when there is no one who feels that he has the "cure" of their souls, no one into whose heart ever comes the thought that he is accountable for their salvation; when the starving thousands can stand all day long in the streets, and say at event, "Verily, no man hath hired us."

This is the system of our sister-church: there may be individual exceptions, but the system is such as we have described, and it is the system which we blame and not the men. A splendid church is built; the most eloquent preacher to be found is hired; organists and singers are engaged at high salaries. To meet the cost of all this, a large revenue has to be raised; every inch of space is made available as pews, which are let at large rents; and the pew-holders naturally expect a return for their money. That return is the entire services of their hired preacher; for them he has to read and to study and to write, in order that he may delight their ears and arouse their imagination with flowery compositions; to them he must pay court in order that he may stand well with them; his evenings must be spent at their luxurious dinner-tables, his mornings in the silken boudoirs of their wives. And "the poor," meanwhile? Alas! who is to care for the poor? How is the gospel to be preached to them?

It is a fatal system: let the Churchmen of Canada beware that they are not carried into it. It will destroy all vitality in the Church, and deprive her of all her influence with the people, properly so called. Beautiful churches, it is true, may be erected by it; the velvet-cushioned pews may be filled with fashion in silks and satins; the clergy may obtain larger salaries and lead easier lives: but God's presence and favor will depart from her; for she will fail to accomplish the high purpose of her being; she will not evangelize the people, nor arrest the progress of infidelity and crime.

The true catholic system is that which makes every clergyman a parish priest, and every church the common property of the parish—of the district, that is, in which it is situated;

every inhabitant of that district having a *right* to a place in his own church, and a claim upon the services of his own priest.

Church Matters at Cloakington in 1875.

CHAPTER XIX.

Our readers will perhaps remember that at the end of the last chapter we left Mrs. Slowton and Mr. and Mrs. Cryson on the point of setting off, the former to work her husband up to the point of resisting the changes proposed by the Bishop, and the latter to spread the tidings among those whom they thought most likely to join heartily in the proposed opposition.

Mr. Jeremiah Cryson put on his hat and gave it a tap on the crown indicative of firmness and decision. He then bent his steps towards the office of Mr. Sharpley the lawyer, who was immersed in legal documents and looking, as usual, as if he *rather* thought that he knew a thing or two.

'Can you spare me a moment or two, Sharp-ley?' asked Mr. Cryson with a look of breathless importance.

'Certainly,' replied the brisk little man, shutting up his papers and putting them aside in a moment, and then he bent his eyes piercingly upon Mr. Cryson and looked ready for anything.

'Important business,' muttered Mr. Cryson, going to the office door to see if it was properly shut.

'Ah, indeed?' observed Mr. Sharpley interrogatively; 'something gone wrong with your speculations, I suppose—slippery title, perhaps, or something of that sort, eh?' And he looked as if he had reached the very core of the matter.

'No, no,' replied Mr. Cryson quickly, nothing of that kind—worse a great deal—Puseyism—Popery!

'Eh—what?' And the little lawyer looked as sharp as a —; in fact, we don't at the moment know *what* to compare him to as regarded his sharpness—all we will venture to say is, that a needle was a fool to him in that particular.

'Popery!' ejaculated Mr. Cryson, looking awful.

'Why, what do you mean?' asked his friend rather peevishly, annoyed that his surpassing acuteness was unable to unravel the mystery without the indignity of being obliged to ask questions.

'Then you haven't heard of this deep-laid plan?' sighed Mr. Cryson. 'Well! it's only another proof of a design that needs secrecy.'

Mr. Sharpley was beginning to feel and to look mortified that any one should be aware of anything of which *he* was ignorant; and Mr. Cryson felt that he must not carry his mysteriousness too far.

'In fact,' he continued, 'I should not have discovered it had not Mrs. Slowton come down and laid the whole plot open before me, and I immediately came to ask your advice as to our future proceedings.'

'Quite right,' observed Mr. Sharpley, evidently mollified by this tribute to his wisdom; 'nothing like legal advice in all difficulties. Ah—I see. Mr. Slowton—the Bishop—Puseyism. Eh? And he winked very knowingly as though he was already perfectly acquainted with all that Mr. Cryson had to communicate.'

'Exactly,' replied Mr. Cryson; 'you've hit the nail exactly on the head. There is good reason to think that the Bishop, with his taking manners, is nothing but a Jesuit, and that he is bent on destroying the Protestant faith in this place.'

'Hum,' said Mr. Sharpley sagaciously; 'and Mr. Slowton ——' And he paused.

'Precisely!' exclaimed Mr. Cryson; that is just what I was coming to. *You see, of course,* that Mr. Slowton, worthy man, is the great obstacle in the way of these plans—and so he is to be got rid of.'

Eh—what—got rid of? Why they are not going to poison him, I suppose; that's a hanging matter, you know.'

'Why, no; not exactly that; but they are going to cashier him—deprive him of his living and cast him adrift upon the world, after his long and faithful services.' And Mr. Jeremiah Cryson looked woeful.

'Ah!' exclaimed Mr. Sharpley, rising from his chair with a suddenness which reminded one of Jack-in-the-Box, and rubbing his hands with glee—'That *would* be famous—that would be capital. I declare I'd rather than ——'

'Why you surprise me, Sharpley,' interrupted Mr. Jeremiah, looking aghast—'famous'—'capital'—to have Mr. Slowton sent to the right about! Why I thought you were one of the staunchest friends of him and the Gospel.'

'So I am, my dear sir; so I am. But your

mind not having enjoyed the advantage of legal training is lacking, naturally enough, in that acuteness which enables the members of our profession to see further into millstones than other people. Now, don't you perceive,' he continued, patronizingly, 'that this would be a beautiful case to go to a jury with—long services of client—faithfulness to his principles—persecutions—Protestant martyr—civil and religious liberty—Constitution in danger—inquisition—popery—appeal to patriotism and protestantism of the jury—swinging damages for certain! O, glorious; I hope they'll turn him out!'

Poor Mr. Jeremiah looked unusually lugubrious at the turn which the conversation had taken. 'But I don't like law,' he observed, 'for you see ——'

'Don't like *law*!' echoed Mr. Sharpley; 'then what in the world is it you *do* like? Law is a noble science, and is the very ——'

'Well, well,' broke in Mr. Cryson, who feared that Mr. Sharpley was fairly off upon a stereotyped laudation of his profession; 'that is all very true, but law is always bothering about *evidence* for everything; and when we *know* quite well what these men's opinions and predilections are, it is no use being troubled about hunting up evidence. For my part, I think it would be far better to bring up the matter before a public meeting, and you could press all the points of which you have spoken with just as much effect without the annoyance of having every word and statement one may chance to make canvassed and taken to pieces in cross-examination.'

As this mode of proceeding did not interfere with the prospects of speech-making and importance on the part of Mr. Sharpley, and had many advantages which were too evident to be denied, it was resolved that they should, if possible, adopt it; and while we leave these worthies to lay the plan of the campaign, we will follow Mrs. Cryson and see how *she* sped upon her errand of mischief-making.

Bending her steps to a very precise and trim little cottage inhabited by Miss Tibbins, her servant and cat, she knocked, with the very bright brass knocker, a decidedly important knock; whereupon the handmaiden of Miss Tibbins made her appearance. She bore a strong family likeness to the cottage itself, not in features exactly, nor in size, but in her precision of dress, manner, and general bearing.

She duly ushered Mrs. Cryson into the presence of her mistress, who was sitting at work, spectacles on nose, and saved from utter solitude by the company of the very grave and respectable looking cat aforesaid.

Miss Tibbins gave one glance through her spectacles, and having thus ascertained who her visitor was, drew them off and laid them upon the table.

'How do you do, Mrs. Cryson? I am very glad to see you. I have just been doing some fine work, and really I am so short-sighted that I am obliged to wear glasses. But pray sit down; it's quite a pleasure to see you, I'm sure, and to see you look so well too.' And the worthy spinster insisted on Mrs. Cryson taking an easy chair, the cushions of which she shook up and arranged.

Miss Tibbins was by no means remarkable for quickness of perception, either physical or mental, or she would have seen that her visitor was by no means 'looking so well' as she supposed; in fact she was doing her best to look despairingly; but then Miss Tibbins was so short sighted, that *that* plan would not do; and therefore it was necessary to try another.

'Ah, dear Miss Tibbins,' said Mrs. Cryson, in a lamentable voice, 'it's a great comfort to have a friend to sympathize with one in trouble, and I know how ready you always are to rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.' And here Mrs. Cryson put her handkerchief to her eyes.

'Why, what is the matter, my dear Mrs. Cryson? What has happened? Is Mr. Cryson well?—Is—O dear, what do you allude to?' And Miss Tibbins fluttered about in a state of great agitation.

O yes, thank you; Mr. Cryson is quite well, at least in body; but like the rest of us, he is much troubled in mind about the shocking way in which dear Mr. Slowton is going to be persecuted, and all for nothing in the world but his faithfulness in preaching the Gospel and maintaining the Protestant faith.'

'Persecuted!' exclaimed Miss Tibbins, lifting up her eyes in horror; 'why that is what they used to do to the martyrs at the Reformation. Dear, dear! how shocking! But I thought it was against the law, Mrs. Cryson—I thought people were not allowed to be persecuted now-a-days. Oh dear!—only to think!' And here

the tears came up to the eyes of worthy Miss Tibbins as Mr. Slowton appeared before her mental vision (which, by the way, was a great deal shorter than her physical sight), bound to the stake and writhing in flames.

'Why it's only the other day,' she continued, 'that I was reading in some book or other, how they burnt Archbishop Cranmer, and somebody they call Servetus, and Joan of Arc, I think—or—let me see—Arc? No—Kent, I think it was—Joan of Kent—burnt them altogether, and just for the very same thing for which you say that they are going to persecute dear Mr. Slowton—for standing up for the Protestant faith. Dear! dear! whatever *shall* we do?' and the worthy lady fairly wrung her hands in the depth of her perplexity.

'Pray don't distress yourself too much, my dear Miss Tibbins,' replied Mrs. Cryson soothingly. 'The law of course protects his life, thank God; they cannot treat him in the barbarous way they used to treat good people; but still they'll turn him out of the parish if they can—and out of house and home too.'

'But they could not burn him?' asked Miss Tibbins—'Ah! I thought not. Well! that is *not* a comfort at any rate. But they are going to turn him out of house and home, are they? Why, dear me, that is nearly as bad, now that the winter is coming on. Whatever will they do? dear! dear! Couldn't some of the gentlemen see the Bishop about it, and get him to protect dear Mr. Slowton?'

'The *Bishop* protect him!' echoed Mrs. Cryson. 'Why, Miss Tibbins, it is the Bishop who is persecuting him.'

'The *Bishop* persecuting him!' exclaimed Miss Tibbins, lifting up her eyes in hopeless amazement, 'how in the world can that be? Isn't the Bishop just as much a Protestant as Mr. Slowton? Are they not both members and ministers of the same Church?'

'Protestant indeed!' said Mrs. Cryson, getting sarcastic at the idea, 'I should rather think not: he is evidently nothing but a Puseyite, or perhaps a Papist in disguise.'

'Well! well! who would have ever thought of such a thing? and only to think of the beautiful sermons he preached, and all his earnest and pleasant words, and the world of interest he took in every thing about the place! O dear

—dear! And so he's a Papist after all, and going to turn out Mr. Slowton?'

'Very little doubt about it, my dear,' replied Mrs. Cryson; 'and you must not put too much reliance upon all his soft words, for you know Satan can transform himself into an angel of light.'

This was a settler for poor Miss Tibbins, and nothing more was to be said, although her kind heart was inwardly mourning over the deceitfulness of all human appearances, and over so sad a circumstance that so much goodness as the Bishop seemed to possess, should, after all, turn out to be nothing more than a cloak to conceal the abominations of Popery.

The result of the long conversation that followed, was that Miss Tibbins was worked up to the necessary point of alarm for the purity of the faith; and of indignation at the outrageous injustice about to be practiced upon Mr. Slowton, and placed her tongue at the service of the agitators.

Although by this time it was falling almost dark, Miss Tibbins donned her bonnet and spectacles and went out, notwithstanding her very rigid notions concerning the impropriety of late hours for unprotected females. She looked in upon Miss Snip the dressmaker, who gloried in not being 'bigotted,' and proved it by attending various places of dissenting worship almost as much as the Church, to which she nevertheless professed to belong. She told the liberal-minded seamstress a most lamentable and horrifying tale which almost threw her into fits, and by which Miss Tibbins managed very materially to increase her own alarm.

Having stuffed Miss Snip with the news until she was ready to explode, the worthy spinster thought that she would just say a word as she passed to Mr. Wiggins the grocer, whom she knew to be a staunch and liberal-minded Protestant, who had many customers and a ready tongue. From his shop she knew the dreadful tidings of poor Mr. Slowton's impending persecutions would spread like wildfire—with—although, honest soul, she never thought of that—with various additions and improvements.

In the meantime Mrs. Slowton was bringing her full influence to bear upon her husband, and not without effect. She put the Bishop's proceedings in every light that was likely to be wounding to Mr. Slowton's pride, and did her very best to make him regard himself as a

much injured individual. The maintenance of Gospel truth was evidently—according to her—dependent upon the individual and supreme control of the present authorities over the spiritual interests of the Clackingtonians; and now and then Mr. Slowton did feel as though it would be dereliction of duty if he willingly allowed any interference. Still the remembrance of the solemn, earnest, loving words of his Bishop came back upon him, and made him feel how base it was to impute hidden and designing motives to one whose whole mind was evidently given up to the great work of furthering the highest interests of the people committed to his charge, and at such moments the energetic remonstrances of his wife fell upon unwilling ears.

When, kneeling in the solitude of his study, he sought direction from God, his conscience spoke loudly of many duties neglected or indifferently performed, and of what he could not conceal from himself, the growth of the place, and the consequent need of increased ministrations. At that moment the miserable, petty, self-seeking nature of the agitation which Mrs. Slowton had told him was begun, stood out before his mind with such vividness that he almost vowed that he would, despite his wife's opposition, throw himself heartily into the Bishop's plans, and show that the proposed division of the parish was not merely the wish of his ecclesiastical superior, but the prompting of his own heart.

No sooner, however, had he gone to his bed-chamber than Mrs. Slowton broke out afresh, and as usual somewhat shook his better resolutions. The same process had to be gone through in the morning, and breakfast was hardly over before Mr. Sharpley and Mr. Crysoa were announced.

'Good morning, good morning, my dear Sir,' said Mr. Sharpley in a sympathizing tone, taking Mr. Slowton's hand in both of his, and pressing it warmly, 'I am glad to see you bearing up so well. We are but too fully aware of the outrageous and unparalleled injustice which is about to be inflicted upon you; and we have come not merely to assure you of our sympathy, but to pledge ourselves to do everything legal and constitutional to defend your just rights, and to uphold you under the despotic rule to which you are subjected.'

'Yes,' chimed in Mr. Cryson, 'we are quite determined that our pastor and Protestantism shall not be crushed by one blow. We are resolved to stand up for the oppressed, and to resist all insidious attacks upon the purity of the faith.'

'I am sure, gentlemen,' replied Mr. Slowton, looking confused and uncomfortable, 'I am deeply sensible of your kindness—I am sure I may always count upon your good offices—I am—ah! that is—ah—rather afraid that your feelings of personal friendship have led you to magnify the injury it is supposed the Bishop wishes to inflict upon me. I am very willing that the parish should be divided and—'

'Nonsense, my dear Sir,' interrupted Mr. Sharpley, 'it is only the dictate of your own meekness; but such insufferable injustice is not to be allowed, and if *you* are willing to surrender your just rights, *we* are not;' and here he looked heroic. 'We have called,' he continued, 'to request that you will call a general meeting of the parishioners, and all others who are interested in the cause of Protestant principles; that we may take counsel as to the best mode of resisting the proposed infringement of the rights of the people of Clackington.'

This proposition took Mr. Slowton rather aback; and it was only after a long conversation that Messrs. Sharpley and Cryson succeeded in convincing him that he would be sacrificing principle, if he consented to put up quietly with such unbearable oppression as that with which the Bishop threatened him.

In the meantime every means was used to keep Messrs. Crampton and Jackson and their friends ignorant of the steps which were being taken, while every one supposed to be in the opposite interest was carefully canvassed, and as much alarmed as possible by erroneous and exaggerated statements of the Bishop's intended proceedings.

By hard work poor Mr. Slowton was kept up to his promise of calling the public meeting, which accordingly took place, and was very numerously attended. It is not our intention to report the speeches; we shall only say that Messrs. Sharpley, Cryson, and others made out a most heart-rending case of the injustice inflicted on Mr. Slowton—most alarming revelations of the hidden dangers to which the Protestantism of Clackington was exposed—and

furious denunciations against Popery in general, and what they were pleased to term Puseyism in particular. Mr. Crampton, in reply, by a calm statement of plain facts, utterly demolished Mr. Slowton's claims to be considered a martyr,—showing that he was to keep his house, church, tithes, income, and every thing which he at present enjoyed, and that all the injury inflicted upon him consisted in relieving him from the responsibility of work which it was evident that he was unable to perform, by sending another person whose business it should be to do it.

The terms of unaffected kindness and respect towards Mr. Slowton in which he expressed himself, touched that worthy gentleman very keenly; and the undeniable truth of his statements made him feel that the cause of complaint against the Bishop, which had been so abundantly dwelt upon by his friends, vanished into thin air when regarded with unprejudiced eyes.

The leaders of the malcontents seeing how very telling had been the effects of the simple and unexaggerated truth, both upon Mr. Slowton and all the more reasonable portion of the meeting, became alarmed for the result; and as the best method of carrying the day, grew noisy and turbulent, making up by vociferation what was lacking in argument. Cries of 'No Popery' and 'Down with the Puseyites,' were raised by those who found that they had nothing else to say; and at last, amidst the din, Mr. Slowton got up, left the chair, and went out. Mr. Crampton in a loud voice declared that the meeting was dissolved by this proceeding of the Rector, and together with his friend quietly withdrew.

The rest of those present re-organized themselves afresh, and passed some absurd resolutions which were declared to have been passed *unanimously* at the meeting in question; and the result of the agitation was, what it usually is, the production of embittered feeling and alienation among friends and neighbors.

And all this—alas! that it should be spoken—was done under the name of Protestant and evangelical principles.

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

Truth versus Misrepresentation.

THE *Echo*, a paper which claims to be known for its "successful opposition to all Romanizing ways and doctrines," contains in a recent issue an article which commences as follows:

"What will the Tractarians say now, when even their old friend the Bishop of Exeter is turning against them! The Rev. Mr. Roper, of St. Olave's, Exeter, having decorated and furnished his chancel according to his own notions of 'Symbolizing' and 'Church principles,' the Churchwardens appealed to the Archdeacon, who promptly referred the matter to the Bishop."

And further on we find the following triumphant conclusion:

"What will the friends of Mr. Liddell, Mr. Skinner, and Mr. Bennet, say to this? What will all the other clergy say, who have harrassed and disturbed our church, and given occasion to those without to misrepresent us, by the attempt to introduce these 'miserable ornaments' which had been so carefully discarded at the Reformation from Popery? And what will the clergy in this Diocese say who abominate the *Echo*, for its successful opposition to all Romanizing ways and doctrines?"

This appears in the *Echo* of February 20th. Now what must we think, we will not say of the Christian candour, but of the common honesty of the Editor who could pen those lines, well knowing all the time, as he must have done, that on the 11th of January the Bishop of Exeter addressed a letter to Mr. Roper, acknowledging that he had been imposed upon by gross falsehoods and misrepresentations.

1. The Bishop was led to believe that Mr. Roper had erected a permanent stone or metal cross upon the altar, whereas all that he did was to place on the east wall some wreaths, texts, and a cross made of evergreens, which would of course be removed at the end of Christmas-tide.

2. The Bishop was led to believe that Mr. Roper had introduced an innovation in opposition to the wishes of his churchwardens. It appears, on the contrary, that the cross had generally been, as it ought to be, one of the Christmas decorations; that Mr. Roper had consulted his warden with regard to decorating the Church, as usual; and was only told that the other warden wished the Royal Arms of William III.,—which the *Echo* doubtless thinks much more appropriate in a Christian Church than that "mi-

serable ornament," the Cross, and which strangely form a permanent decoration over the altar of St. Olave's,—not to be concealed.

3. The Bishop was led to believe that Mr. Roper's proceeding had created scandal and offence among his parishioners. It has however been ascertained that the following is a correct description of the thirty-three persons who signed "the memorial":

Dissenters, some of them non-resident	- -	15
Not known to attend any place of worship		7
Non-residents in the parish	- - - -	3
Attendants at other churches	- - - -	7
A fortune-teller known as 'the White Witch'		1

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33

Such is a description of the persons who, like the *Echo*, are opposed "to all Romanizing ways and doctrines." We will only add that a counter-memorial was immediately forwarded to the Bishop, signed by *forty communicants*. Thus much for Truth versus Misrepresentation, as regards Mr. Roper; now for the Bishop of Exeter. The *Echo* implies that that venerable Prelate spoke of the Cross as one of the "miserable ornaments which had been so carefully discarded at the Reformation from Popery." Now the Bishop of Exeter has always been one who, while he would never yield one tittle of sound doctrine, has had little sympathy with the ritual observances and practices, which have unhappily been made the occasion for so much strife in England. At any rate, with that strong common sense for which he is distinguished, he has always asserted that these matters, which are after all of secondary importance, should never be suffered to introduce trouble and discord into a congregation. But we know something of the Bishop of Exeter; and we believe that rather than call the Cross, the emblem of our Saviour's passion, a "miserable ornament," he would suffer his tongue to be torn out by the roots. No; they are not his words at all; they are the words of Archdeacon Stevens.

Not only does the editor of the *Echo* attribute this expression to the Bishop, but he does so with the fact staring him in the face, that the Bishop in his letter to Mr. Roper states, that he had received, with "much pleasure, a memorial subscribed by twenty-five (since increased to forty) communicants, saying that they are not

ashamed of the Cross, regarding us as upon the sign of a party, but as the emblem of the death and passion of our adorable Redeemer."

We are accustomed to violence and abuse from the *Echo*, and can bear it with tolerable equanimity, but we beg that he will have some regard for Truth.

LECTURES UPON HISTORICAL PORTIONS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By A. N. BETHUNE, D.D., Archdeacon of York, and Rector of Cobourg.

We briefly called the attention of our readers to this interesting little volume in our last number; and it was our intention to notice it at greater length this month. We prefer, however, to transfer to our columns the following admirable remarks from that influential journal, the *New York Churchman*.

"This is a little volume of religious reading which is in all respects admirable; and we have, therefore, much pleasure in commending it, as we do most highly, for family use. Its object, the venerable author states, 'is to increase, if possible, the taste for Scripture narrative, in opposition to the works of fiction by which, at the present day, the public mind is so much engrossed. It is hoped, too,' he continues, 'that the expositions offered, and the practical applications made of historical events, may serve, at least as hints, to lead to a more eager, as well as more profitable perusal of the Sacred Volume. There are also,' he adds, 'many occasions, if it is believed, when such familiar lessons as these lectures profess to furnish, may be useful and comforting in the family circle,—on holy days especially, when the gathered household would naturally seek their evening's occupation in some religious work.' In all this we heartily concur. It is a little volume which has, we think, many attractions on account of its developing and illustrating, in a familiar style, some of the more interesting portions of Scripture narrative. And well would it be, as has been so reasonably suggested, if such sacred narrative were more read, and studied, and delighted in, than it is; and more especially if it could be made to take the place of many of those works of fiction by which, at the present day, not only is the public mind so much engrossed, but the Christian mind so apt to be perverted and vitiated. Not that we are averse to fiction, even for the religious-minded reader, provided only they be of a pure Christian character. Such works may be found useful in aiding in the application of right Christian principles to the practical business of life; and that we have many such, is one characteristic feature of the great improvement in the better class of literature which is now extant among us. Still such reading must never be allowed to take the place of Scripture narrative. And we should say,—and in doing so we think we are only carrying out the ideas of the author of this little volume himself,—that just in proportion as even good works of fiction prevail, should attempts like this be made to secure a greater attention to, and a more prevalent taste for, Scripture narrative. For these reasons, therefore, we hail the appearance of such a work as this with much pleasure, and only hope that it may be the herald of many others of similar design and character."

Hillel and Maimon.

The wise Hillel had a disciple whose name was Maimon, and Hillel rejoiced in the disposition of the youth and his good understanding. But soon he perceived that Maimon trusted too much in his own wisdom, and at last entirely gave up prayer.

For the young man said in his heart:—"What is the use of prayer? Does the ALL-WISE need our words in order that He should help us and give to us? If so, He would be as a child of earth. Can human prayers and sighs alter the counsels of the ETERNAL? Will not the All-Bountiful of Himself give us all that is good and fitting?" Such were the thoughts of the youth.

But Hillel was troubled in his soul that Maimon should think himself wiser than the Divine Word, and he resolved to give him a lesson.

One day that Maimon went to see him, Hillel was sitting in his garden under the shadow of the palm trees, his head leaning on his hand, in deep thought. Maimon questioned him, saying:—

"Master, on what art thou meditating?"

Then Hillel raised his head, and spake in these words:

"Behold, I have a friend who lives on the produce of his inheritance which he has hitherto cultivated with care, so that it richly repaid his labors. But now he has thrown aside the plough and the pickaxe, and is determined to leave the land to itself. And thus he will fall into poverty and want."

"Has a spirit of Discontent possessed his soul, or is he become a fool?" asked the youth. "Neither," answered Hillel. "He is experienced in godly and human wisdom, and of a pious mind. But he says: 'The Lord is Almighty, and He can bestow food upon me without my bonding my head to the earth; and He is Good, and will surely bless my board and open His liberal Hand.' And who can contradict this?"

"What," exclaimed the youth, "is not that tempting the Lord? Hast thou not told him so, Rabboni?" Then Hillel smiled and said: "I will tell him so. Thou, beloved Maimon, art the friend of whom I speak."

"I?" said the disciple with horror. But the old man answered and said: "Dost not thou tempt the Lord? Is prayer less than labor, and spiritual gifts of less value than the fruits of the field? And He who bids thee bend thy head towards the ground for the sake of earthly fruits, is He other than Him who bids thee lift thy head towards heaven to receive heavenly blessings? Oh! my son, be humble, believe, and pray!"

Thus spake Hillel, and looked up to heaven. But Maimon went home and prayed, and his life became one of piety.—*Krummacher*.

Miscellany.

THE PRIEST'S POSTURE IN DIVINE SERVICE.

—“The Priest, being a man of like infirmities with the rest of the congregation, is directed in all confessions of sins and penitential prayers to beg God's forgiveness on his knees. But then, as a Priest or Minister of the Most High God, who has received from God an office and authority, he sometimes stands to signify that his office and authority.”

God has written on the flowers that sweep the air—on the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem—upon the rain drop that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon its deep chambers—upon every pencilled sheet that sleeps in the cavern of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sea that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light—upon all his works he has written: “None liveth for himself.”

“When trees are much loaded with fruit the quantity bends, nay sometimes breaks the branches; whereas, those which are not so loaded remain straight—and when the ears of corn are full, they hang down, so that the stalk seems ready to break, but when they are straight up it is a sign that there is little in them. Just so it is as to spiritual things. They who bear no fruit shoot still upwards, but they who are laden with the fruit of grace and good works are always hanging down their heads in an humble posture; they make the favors they have received from God a subject of faithful humiliation and fear.”—*Rohiquet.*

“Ritual and ceremonial are aids to devotion—they are sacramental, it is said; they are means to grace—they are helps for men to become religious. . . . In themselves, besides their use to our edification, they are for God's glory—they are of the nature of a sacrifice; they are rather part of the Church's offering of incense to heaven; they are her reverend and adoring gesture to her Lord—the emitting of His sacred feet, and the wiping of them with all that we hold beautiful and precious.”—*Christian Remembrancer.*

At a recent meeting of the Bible Society, the Bishop of Chester, who presided, protested against the attempt now being made to obtain an alteration of the established version of the Scriptures, asserting that, as it now stands, does not misrepresent any essential point of faith:—“The present text (he said) has a simplicity, vigour, and majesty, that no attempt at a modernised version has yet been able to equal or approach. But more than this, my friends, it has now been hallowed and consecrated by time. It is associated with every tender sentiment in our hearts, with every serious incident in our lives, with every cherished remembrance

of our parental home, with every sacred remembrance of our own home, with all the happy recollections of an early youth, with all the solemn feelings of advanced age. It is a word that lives in all the echoes of the past, in all the realities of the present, and in all the hopes of the future. They are heard every day around our firesides, engraved on the gravestones of our fathers, written on the living tablets of our hearts. My friends, these are associations which it is indeed unwisely, needlessly, or rudely to disturb.”

MR. EMERSON AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—Mr. Emerson is quite wrong when he says that the alienation of educated men from the Church is complete. All Englishmen know to the contrary. There are to be found, not only among the laity, but among the clergy, men who have received as high an education, as liberal, deep, and various a training, as any men whatever, who are perfectly familiar with all that is valuable in German criticism, who know all that the most modern science has to teach them, who inspire all those that know them with a conviction that they would eat bread and drink water rather than speak or act a lie, and who yet adhere zealously to the Church of England. . . . Quietly to ignore the whole possibility of men of the sincerest thought being found in the English Church, is a piece of superficial assumption, excusable only in a foreigner who makes a hasty visit to this country.—*Westminster Review.*

Poetry.

What the Bird Said.

MR. EDITOR,—We of the country sometimes hear strange things; incredible to those who know not how much God, who “made the country,” teaches His creatures that dwell there, by the works that are therein. The birdie did say what I have put in his mouth; whether he knew what he was saying, it behooves me not to declare.

Winter was gliding onward to the close,
“And I was freezing in a dear wood lone;
When soft and sweet, from neighbouring tree, arose
A voice, that seemed to say in gentle tone,
“Spring's coming! Spring's coming!”

I turned and listened, but could see no bird,
Whose tiny voice could sing so sweet a lay;
Yet still the happy, glad-sounding notes I heard,
And still they seemed deliciously to say,
“Spring's coming! Spring's coming!”

A thrill of keen delight ran through my frame,
(Who is not glad when Winter wanes away,
And blessed Spring returns?) but gladder still
Was I to hear so sweet a prophet say,
“Spring's coming! Spring's coming!”

So when life's winter, and the snows of age,
Tell me my days are almost passed away,
Grant me, dear Lord, with heart of joy to hear
Thy welcome voice within my spirit say,
“Spring's coming! Spring's coming!”