

Poetry.

THE DELUGE.
(From the Christian Citizen.)
BY DUGANNE.

Deep mutterings were heard,
As of approaching tempests—now, in
And hoarsely rumbling tones, that stirred
All hearts with secret terror—then, a long,
Continuous, melancholy, moaning flow
Of sound, like waves that roll around
The deep, or-banging waters;
And from the mountains shook and mystic sounds
Broke forth from their dark bosoms, and then
The war of rushing floods,
That come in swift and fearful bounds
From mountain-top to glen!
The hearts of men were hushed in chilling fear,
And from the palace and the peasant's cot
They came—mid shrieks and wailing—
The other, mattering some fearful thought:
And straining eyes were turned to heaven—
For thence the prophet-man had said,
Should come their fearful doom;
But through the mountain-cliffs were rivers,
And through each little rivulet,
And every little rippling stream,
That glittered in the morning beam
And lit the meadow with its green—
Were swelled to raging billows—yet
No thunder broke the air—
The blue and radiant sky
The blue and radiant sky
But there the holy stars were beaming,
And peacefully their light was streaming
Upon that upturned eye.
Then a quick, sharp flash, like a trump's blast,
Broke around and above, and the light was past,
And the trumping thunders came fierce and fast—
Men looked around—and they looked their last.
A moment it passed, and the wind was still—
Not a passing ripple the leaflets thrilled,
Not a ripple the water stirred,
And then the softest sigh was spread
A terrible mantle of bloody red,
Like a crimson field of slaughter,
And the lightning forked and bright,
Gleamed out on the dark and awful night,
And wrote in letters of gloomy white
The sentence of all mankind;
And the eyes of men, in the awful light
Of that flaming sky—grew blind!
A shriek of desperate wailing
A hopeless, wailing, languished cry
Of all the soul's deep agony,
Went up to that red sky!
Hushed were their voices then,
And on the dark earth they sank—
The stricken sons of men,
Forgotten now, were power and rank;
The diadems of kings were low and
Meadow and peasant fell the same—
And man except near to his brother;
He cared not who the wretch might be—
But fearfully each sought another,
For fellowship in misery.
The beggar's wailing cry
The Prince's neck around,
The neck of royalty!
They waited for their graves—
That silent multitude—
The monarch and his slave
In golden and in iron chains,
With sightless eyes and throbbing veins,
In wild confusion stood!
There was stillness in heaven and earth—
Silence and solemn gloom!
The world had forgotten its joyous birth,
And waited for the tomb!
And men were crouching on the ground,
And listening to their own dull breathing,
And over the bodies, and round and round,
The dimly shining sunlight,
The roar of the tiger was hushed,
And the lion sank down with his spirit crushed,
And from their caverns the jackals' raucous
And mingled with their wailing
All—ill, alike, were blind!
A light, low sound, as of falling rain,
And on the parched and fiery plain
The showers of heaven descended;
They cooled the hot and fevered brain,
And men were lit with hope again,
As if the curse were ended.
But, sudden, on each starting ear,
There came a surging sound—
A sound as of the morning sea,
Or like the autumn's sobbing breeze,
That rolls so softly round
The bare and bending reeds—
Solemn, and sad, and deep.
Then came the thunder's peal once more,
And the rushing wind and the ocean's roar,
And the galloping waves on the crumbling shore,
And the mattering earthquake's groan!
Then the sea rose up with a sudden swell,
And the heavy clouds unbroken fell,
Till over each mountain, and plain, and dell
A watery wall was broken.
Shriekings were heard—Creation's wail—
Howlings of terror rose wild as the gale—
And to the hills they fled,
The multitudes of gods of marble then—
Where were their gods of marble then?
Deep in their soundless bed!
They mounted to the hills!
The craggy steps they gained,
And to their gods, in desperate yells,
Their choking voices strained:
The salt, sulphuring waves drew nigh,
Against each rocky cliff they beat—
They reached each steep, each mountain high—
They looked their victims' feet!
Up! Up! the waves rose wilder yet—
They mingled with the bloody sweat
That bathed each clammy breast;
Fiercely they came, and the multitude knelt,
And the crawling wave on their limbs they felt;
And from each scaling heart sprang
A prayer to Him who sent their woes,
And each dark lip confessed
The justness of their doom!
They prayed in that strange god, whose power
Had smote them in their golden hour,
To save them from the tomb!
Each dark despairing child of earth,
To Him who gave their hearts a sense
To Him who rules in heaven—
A deep and earnest prayer poured forth—
A prayer to be forgiven.
The scales were shaken from their eyes—
They saw the blessed light!
It was not the golden sunlight's beam,
'Twas not the pale moon's silver gleam!
But the light of Heaven's open skies
Burst through the tempest's night!
And a strain of seraph's minstrelsy
Egged from the mystic sky,
And whirring hope and sympathy
To the mortals doomed to die!
And far away on the waters dark,
They saw the rescued Prophet's Ark!
And then in humbleness they bent,
To meet the doom their God had sent:
And in the choking Ocean's fog
And in the last, sharp, galling pang,
When soul and flesh were riven,
Their closing eyes beheld the light—
They heard the hymn of Seraph bright—
And knew they were FORGIVEN!

Taylor was educated at Caius College, while Milton was pursuing his studies at Christ's. He became a Fellow, and invited to London to preach for a friend at St. Paul's, made the acquaintance and secured the patronage of Archbishop Laud, who transferred him to a fellowship at Oxford. A country rectory followed. There he married, and recollecting his description in the "Marriage Ring," we may suppose happily. But in no long time Death invaded his household, first removing his youngest son, and then his wife, within three years of his marriage. His protector, Laud, in the meanwhile was committed to the Tower. Taylor came forward in the defence of Episcopacy, and Charles I. obtained him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was appointed King's chaplain. He was driven from his rectory at Uppingham, his house plundered and his parishioners insulted, the Communion service in his church desecrated by a profane lecturer, sent thither to exercise popery. "The imagination might easily represent to itself the lamentations and blessings that accompanied the parting footsteps of this good Parson, as he set out upon his journey, in the ruin of all his earthly goods, with the Gospel for his consolation, and Providence for his guide. He would feel with more than common sensibility the rude banishment from the fields he had trodden, and the flock he had fed. Perhaps that affecting separation rose to his eye when, in a later day, he said—"We contract a friendship and a relation with those with whom we converse; our very countenance seems to be made for them; and the neighbours of the same village, and those that buy and sell with us, have seized upon some portion of our love."
Taylor then followed the fortunes of the army for a while. Mr. Wilcott reads, in various passages of his writings, the fruits of his experience.
"A striking example occurs in his discourse entitled 'Apples of Sodom,' where he represents the sinner overcome by the violence of a strong temptation, and awaking, when the fever subsides, to the horror and peril of his condition. 'But so have I known a bold trooper fight in the confusion of a battle, and, being warm with heat and rage, receive from the sword of his enemy wounds open like a grave; but he felt them not; and when, by the streams of blood, he found himself marked for pain, he refused to consider then what he was to feel to-morrow; but when his rage hath cooled into the temper of a man, and clammy moisture hath checked the fiery emission of spirits, he wonders at his own boldness, and blames his fate, and needs a mighty patience to bear his great calamity.'
"And again: 'What can we complain of the weakness of our strengths, or the pressures of diseases, when we see a poor soldier stand in a breach, almost starved with cold and hunger, and his cold apt to be relieved only by heats of anger, a fever, or a fired musket, and his hunger slaked by a greater pain or a huge feast? This man shall stand in his arms and wounds, pale and faint, weary and watchful; and at night shall have a bullet pulled out of his flesh, and slivers from his bones, and endure his mouth to be sewed up from a violent rent to its own dimensions.'
In 1644, Taylor was with the royal army in Wales, and was taken prisoner by the Parliamentary forces on occasion of an attack upon Cardigan Castle. He marries again a lady said to have been a natural daughter of the king, and lives in Wales as a schoolmaster, honoured by his pupils. There he produces his "Liberty of Prophecying."

The chapter which follows this portion of the narrative by Mr. Wilcott is truly an eloquent one. It is devoted to the illustration of Taylor's happy country retirement, under the protection of Lord Carbery, at the family seat of Golden Grove, in Wales, a region described in Dyer's rural poem of a "Grougar Hill." Here Taylor composed the most perfect, the most complete of all his works, the "Holy Living and Dying," a divine pastoral, in which the solemnities of piety and wisdom, like the painter's tomb in Arcadia, breathe a tender seriousness over all the scenery of fancy, of eloquence, and of learning. Mr. Wilcott luxuriates in that most delightful species of criticism, with such a man for his subject, the tracing of those images in his writings which may be supposed to have been drawn from the surrounding scenery. There is the hill sheltering the Grove from which the prose poet may have seen the sun rise and pass through the daily changes made typical of human life in the early pages of the "Holy Dying." There were the fields the enjoyment of which furnished his picture of Contentedness; there the lark rises heavenward, "like the prayer of a good man;" there sounds "the faint echo of a distant valley," to which the sight of the dying is likened; there the Deity in those skies "glittered the firmament with stars as a man sows corn in his fields." We have condensed in sentences what is brilliantly embodied upon pages.
Of the treatise, "The Great Exemplar," Mr. Wilcott says: "Perhaps his peculiar never manifested so sweet and retiring a chastity of colour as in this delineation of Christian Life. Rubens for a season is lost in Raphael."
The publication of the "Golden Grove," in which Taylor indulged in some attacks upon the Puritans, led to his re-imprisonment, but his confinement was not severe. He wrote new discourses, and, unfortunately, engaged in controversy, which pleased neither Churchmen nor Calvinists, on the doctrine of original sin. The friendship of Evelyn was a relief to his soreness. Sorrow was again a visitor to his abode. The loss of two sons cast a melancholy shadow over the woods of Wales, and we next find Taylor in London, in charge of a small congregation, it is supposed by some. The publication of a print of the Saviour, prefixed to a volume of prayers, rendered him amenable to the Cromwellian laws, and he was committed to the Tower. Lord Conway then engages his services to Portmore in Ireland, where he prosecuted the Doctor Dubutianum, to return to London at the Restoration. The nomination to the bishopric of Down and Connor succeeds. A residence in Ireland dedicated to deeds of liberality and benevolence; with a pen never idle, and a heart unweary, soon brought the pilgrim of many joys and many sorrows to the closing scene. Taylor died of a fever at Lisburn, 1667, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and seventh of his Episcopate.
A pathetic beauty sums up, as fully as two words can, the moral and intellectual qualities of Taylor's style. There is a touching melancholy in the very name of the writer, as if lamentation were the appropriate language of his being. However disgusted by Roman or Grecian story, by the pomp of Eastern antiquities, or by those pictures of the beauty of the natural world, which were never painted with more grace, there still prevails in all the writings of Taylor, a sombre tone—in the most sensitive passages we are reminded of the pathetic. The House of Feasting recalls us to the House of Mourning; even in the "Wedding Ring," "the funeral baked meats do coldly furnish forth the marriage tables." Nor does this affect the mind unhappily. The highest joy more readily passes into seriousness than descends to mirth—a solemnity rather than levity is the attendant of the divinely-furnished soul. Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Dying," in force of imagination and fancy, surpasses the "Holy Living." Yet Taylor was not an ascetic. A bon vivant of the school of Sydney Sussex, he certainly was not, but he enjoyed existence—he never failed to enter upon the refinements and elegancies of common life—he appreciated the ease and dignity of Evelyn, who chose him for his confessor; in everyday courtesies we may imagine him a man after the heart of Walton. What, then, is the peculiarity? It is an atmosphere of sanctity which invests all his writings,

the soft, subdued light of a cathedral, which speaks to the senses of a temple set apart for holy things, which checks the unhallowed foot on the threshold, and silences the worldly tongue. It were wrong to call the influence that of gloom. Like the richly-painted minister, the books of Taylor are illumined by the most varied and costly devices. The sun falls in golden colours upon the "divine religious light."

THE BELL OF ST. REGIS. (From the Calendar.)

When Canada was in the possession of the French, a Roman Catholic Priest, named Father Nicholas, having assembled a considerable number of the Indians whom he had converted, settled them in the village which is now called St. Regis, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The situation is one of the most beautiful on that noble river, and the village at this day the most picturesque in the country. The houses, high roof and of a French appearance, are scattered round the semicircle of a little bay, and on a projecting head-land stands the church, with its steeple glittering with a vivacity inconceivable by those who have not seen the brilliancy of the tin roofs of Canada contrasted in the sunshine with the dark woods.
This little Church is celebrated for the legend of its bell.
When it was erected, and the steeple completed, to inform his simple flock that a bell was as necessary to a steple as a priest is to a church, and exhorted them, therefore, to collect as many furs as would enable him to procure one from France. The Indians were not sloths in the performance of this duty. Two bales were speedily collected and shipped for Havre de Grace, and in due time the worthy ecclesiastic was informed that the bell was purchased and put on board the *Grand Monarque*, bound for Quebec.
It happened that this took place during one of those wars which the French and English are naturally in the habit of waging against one another, and the *Grand Monarque*, in consequence, never reached her destination. She was taken by a New England privateer and carried into Saleni, where the ship and cargo were condemned as prize, and sold for the captors. The bell was bought for the town of Deerfield on the Connecticut river, where a Church had been recently built, to which that great preacher, the Rev. John Williams, was appointed. With much labour it was carried to the village, and duly elevated in the belfry.
When Father Nicholas heard of this misfortune, he called his flock together and told them of the purgatorial condition of the bell in the hands of the heathens, and what a laudable enterprise it would be to redeem it.
This preaching was, within its sphere, as inspiring as that of the hermit Peter. The Indians lamented to one another the deplorable unimportance of the bell. Of the bell itself they had no very clear idea; but they knew that Father Nicholas said mass and preached in the church, and they understood the bell was to perform some analogous service in the steeple. Their wonted activity in the chase was at an end; they sat in groups on the margin of the river, communing on the calamity which had befallen the bell; and some of them rumoured alone, ruminating on the means of rescuing it. The squaws who had been informed that its voice would be heard farther than the roaring of the rapids, and that it was more musical than the call of the whistling-will in the evening, moved about in silence and dejection. All were melancholy, and finely touched with a holy enthusiasm; many fasted; and some voluntarily subjected themselves to severe penances, to procure relief for the captive, or mitigation of its sufferings.
The Marquis de Vaudreil, the Governor of Canada, resolved to send an expedition against the British colonies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire; the command was given to Major Hertel de Rouville; and one of the priests belonging to the Jesuit's College at Quebec informed Father Nicholas, by a pious voyageur, of the proposed incursion.
The Indians were immediately assembled in the midst of the church; and Father Nicholas, in a solemn speech, pointed him out to their veneration as a messenger of good tidings. He then told them of the warlike preparations at Quebec, and urged them to join the expedition. At the conclusion, the whole audience rose, giving the war-whoop; they began to undress, retiring to their houses; they began to paint themselves with their most terrible colours for battle, and, as if animated by one will at their council fire, they resolved to join the expedition.
It was in the depth of winter when they set out to unite themselves with De Rouville's army at the fort of Chambly. Father Nicholas, with a tall staff and a cross on the top of it, headed them; and, as they marched off, their wives and children, in imitation of the hymns which animated the departures of the first crusaders under the command of Godfrey de Boulogne, chanted a sacred song which the holy father had especially taught them for the occasion.
They arrived at Chambly after a journey of incredible fatigue, as the French soldiers were mounding their sleighs to proceed to Lake Champlain. The Indians followed in the track of the sleighs, with the perseverance peculiar to their character. Father Nicholas, to be the more able to do his duty when it might be required, rode on a sleigh with De Rouville.
In this order and array, the Indians, far behind, followed in silence, until the whole party had rendezvoused on the borders of Lake Champlain, which, being frozen, and the snow but thinly upon it, was chosen for their route. Warned in their imaginations with the unhappy captivity of the bell, the Indians plodded solemnly of their way; no symptom of regret, of fatigue, or of apprehension, relaxed their steady countenances; they saw with equal indifference the black and white interminable forest on the shore, on the one hand, and the dread and dreary desert of the snowy ice of the lake, on the other.
The French soldiers began to suffer extremely from the toil of wading through the snow, and beheld with admiration and envy the facility with which the Indians in their snow shoes, moved over the surface. No contrast could be greater than the patience of Father Nicholas's proselytes and the irritability of the Frenchmen. When they reached the spot on which the lively and pretty town of Burlington now stands, a general halt was ordered, that the necessary arrangements might be made to penetrate the forests towards the settled parts of Massachusetts. In starting from this point, Father Nicholas was left to bring up his division, and De Rouville led his own with a compass in his hand, taking the direction of Deerfield. Nothing had been yet suffered equal to the hardships endured in that march. Day after day the Frenchmen went forward with indefatigable bravery, a heroic contrast to the panics of their countrymen in the Russian snow-storms of later times. But they were loquacious; and the roughness of their course and the entangling molestation which they encountered from the underwood, provoked their maledictions and excited their gesticulations. The conduct of the Indians was far different; animated with holy zeal, the constitutional taciturnity had something dignified—even sublime, in its sternness. No murmur escaped them; their knowledge of travelling the woods instructed them to avoid many of the annoyances which called forth the *pedes* and *sarcas* of their not less brave but more vociferous companions.
Long before the party had reached their destination, Father Nicholas was sick of his crusade; the la-

bour of threading the forest had lacerated his feet, and the recoiling boughs had, from time to time, by his own inadvertency in following too closely behind his companions, sorely blained, even to excoriation, his cheeks. Still he felt that he was engaged in a sanctified adventure; he recalled to mind the martyrdoms of the saints and the persecutions of the fathers, and the glory that would redound to himself in all after ages, from the redemption of the bell.
On the evening of the 29th of February, 1704, the expedition arrived within two miles of Deerfield, without having been discovered. De Rouville ordered his men to halt, rest, and refresh themselves until midnight, at which hour he gave orders that the village should be attacked.
The surface of the snow was frozen and cracked beneath the tread. With great sagacity, to deceive the English garrison, De Rouville directed that in advancing to the assault, his men should frequently pause, and then rush for a short time rapidly forward. By this ingenious precaution, the sentinels in the town were led to imagine that the sound came from the irregular rush of the wind through the laden branches of the snowy forest; but an alarm was at last given, and a terrible conflict took place in the streets. The French fought with their accustomed spirit, and the Indians with their characteristic fortitude. The garrison was dispersed, the town was taken, and the buildings were destroyed.

At daybreak all the Indians, although greatly exhausted by the fatigue of the night, waited in a body, and requested the holy father to conduct them to the bell, that they might perform their homages and testify their veneration for it. Father Nicholas was not a little disconcerted at this solemn request, and De Rouville, with many of the Frenchmen who were witnesses, laughed at it most ungraciously. But the father was not entirely disconcerted. As the Indians had never heard a bell before, he obtained one of the soldiers from De Rouville, and despatched him to ring it. The sound, in the silence of the frosty dawn and the still woods, rose loud and deep; it was to the simple ears of the Indians, as the voice of an oracle; they trembled, and were filled with wonder and awe.
The bell was then taken from the belfry, and fastened to a beam with a cross-bar at each end, to enable it to be carried by four men. In this way the Indians proceeded with it homewards, exclaiming in the deliverance of the "miscellaneous organ." But it was soon found to be too heavy for the uneven track they had to retrace, and, in consequence, when they reached their starting point, on the shore of Lake Champlain, they buried it, with many benedictions from Father Nicholas, until they could come with proper means to carry it away.
As soon as the ice was broken up, Father Nicholas assembled them again in the church, and having proposed a yoke of oxen, they proceeded to bring in the bell. In the meantime all the squaws and papooses had been informed of its marvellous powers and capacities, and the arrival of it was looked to as one of the greatest events "in the womb of time." Nor did it prove far short of their anticipations. One evening while they were talking and communing together, a mighty sound was heard approaching in the woods; it rose louder and louder; they listened, they wondered, and began to shout and cry "It is the bell!"
It was so. And presently the oxen, surrounded by the Indians, were seen advancing from the woods; the beam was laid across their shoulders, and, as the bell swung between them, it sounded wide and far. On the top of the beam a rude seat was erected, on which sat Father Nicholas, the most triumphant of mortal men, adorned with a wreath round his temples; the oxen, too, were ornamented with garlands of flowers and the roar of *Le Long Sault* rapid, softened by distance, rose like the hum of a pagan multitude rejoicing in the restoration of an idol, they approached the village.
The bell, in due season, was elevated to its place in the steeple, and, at the wonted hours of matins and vespers, it still cheers with its clear and swelling voice the solemn woods and the majestic St. Lawrence.

A PLEA FOR CHARITY. (From the Church Times.)

We are constantly meeting with articles from the religious papers, not of the Church, filled with bitter invective against what they please to term the arrogant assumptions of the Episcopal Church. They cannot endure patiently the claim which we are obliged to acknowledge to make, that our Church is the one Catholic Church handed down from Apostolic times.
We are not surprised that the views which we hold should be regarded as exclusive. We ourselves acknowledge them to be exclusive. But we are surprised, and justly so, we think, that "Christian men" should indulge in invective against us, because in believing ourselves to be right we necessarily think them wrong. Have we not a right to our honest convictions? If, using such means of information as are placed within our reach, and with the faculties and graces which God has given to us, we come sincerely to the conclusion that Christ established one Church, and that ours is that one Church, are we therefore to be condemned for arrogant assumptions? We cannot believe that two incompatible facts can both be true. If we hold what we do, with respect to our own Church, how can we avoid the necessary conclusion, that those who are separated from us are separated from the Body of Christ?
Moreover, when this last conclusion forces itself upon us, with respect to those who separate themselves and establish their own societies, claiming to be Churches of Christ, how can we avoid believing that by so doing, they disregard divine institutions, and bring condemnation upon themselves?
We claim the privilege of adopting the religion of our conscience. We claim also, the privilege of promulgating that religion. If it crosses the path of others, we claim to cross that path; because we believe ourselves to be following a Divine direction.—Let it be shown that our conscientious convictions are wrong, and we are willing to recede from a position which, if it is true, must be exclusive. But until convinced of this, how can we be charged with "arrogant assumptions" for merely following out the dictates of our own conscience?
Are we in any respect gainers by this exclusiveness? Do we reap thereby worldly honour? The spirit of the world is now, a spirit of compromise in all things. "Let us agree to differ, and think every body right," is its motto. Exclusiveness in almost all things is rapidly departing. Truth is losing its former power. Opinion is becoming superior to it. Men are fast learning and practising the dangerous error, that what a man believes is truth to him. A necessary consequence of this error is that however men differ they may all be right, and hence the folly and impropriety of insisting that one is exclusively in the right.
A spiritual liberality arises. What is called courtesy is made to supersede honesty. Those men are praised who speak gently of all opposition, and those are despised who claim for truth the right to be exclusive, and claim for themselves the same right, in so far as they sincerely believe that what they hold is truth.
But exclusiveness of principle is very different from personal exclusiveness. Herein we think it is that we are sometimes maliciously reviled. Those who omit to notice this distinction, may suppose, that be-

cause our belief is exclusive, therefore, our hearts are divided from our fellow servants of Christ. Those who are aware of the distinction may wilfully ignore it, and condemn us as if no such distinction existed.
We assume this first principle, that whoever thinks himself right, must think all who differ from him to be wrong. We draw from it this necessary conclusion, that if we act upon our principles we must act against all that oppose them.
It is supposed however that we glory in our position because it is ours? Do we claim, what we claim for the Church, with supercilious self-satisfaction, and look down with Pharisaical contempt upon those who have gone out from us? If we did, then should we deserve more than we receive, both of the world's contempt, and the denunciations' invective.
But we are misunderstood. It is far from the heart of a devout Churchman to feel contempt for any living thing. It is far from his heart to rejoice in that exclusiveness which his principles demand. He endeavours with firmness and honesty to sustain his well grounded opinions and to act them out. But he does so with a heart full of charity, for those whose opinions and whose practices he is compelled to oppose. Nor does he claim for himself any undue measure of charity even. He would rather practice unconsciously the virtue than display it to the world, or even than notice its existence in his own soul.
At daybreak all the Indians, although greatly exhausted by the fatigue of the night, waited in a body, and requested the holy father to conduct them to the bell, that they might perform their homages and testify their veneration for it. Father Nicholas was not a little disconcerted at this solemn request, and De Rouville, with many of the Frenchmen who were witnesses, laughed at it most ungraciously. But the father was not entirely disconcerted. As the Indians had never heard a bell before, he obtained one of the soldiers from De Rouville, and despatched him to ring it. The sound, in the silence of the frosty dawn and the still woods, rose loud and deep; it was to the simple ears of the Indians, as the voice of an oracle; they trembled, and were filled with wonder and awe.

The Father rejoins love for all God's creatures. It especially rejoins it towards those who give evidence of belief in Christ, though error be mingled with their belief. Let us then receive just judgment. For the want of personal charity we deserve to be condemned. But while we keep ourselves within those bounds, we claim the right to hold and promulgate fully, whatever we honestly believe to be true; and when called upon to act, we claim the right to act according to our principles.

THE DIVISIONS OF PRESBYTERIANISM. (From the Christian Remembrancer.)

In the reign of Charles II. there were two parties of Presbyterians, called Remonstrants and Remonstrants; the first received a license from the King, the second would accept of no compromise, and religiously, they answered in general to Moderates and Congregationalists. At the Revolution, they for the most part separated; but some Remonstrants would accept of no settlement not embodying the solemn league and covenant, and formed a separate society, called the Reformed Presbytery. Thus they were—
A. 1690.—1. Establishmentarians,
2. Reformed Presbyterians,
3. Anti-Burghers,
4. Reformed Presbyterians.
In 1733, a dispute arose at Kinross, about the placing of a preacher. A controversy succeeded, and in 1740, eight preachers were deposed by the General Assembly, and formed the first Secession.
B. 1740.—1. Establishmentarians,
2. Seceders,
3. Reformed Presbyterians.
In 1747, the Seceders divided on this point:—On admission as a Burgher, or not.
C. 1747.—1. Establishmentarians,
2. Burghers,
3. Anti-Burghers,
4. Reformed Presbyterians.
In 1755, a difference arose at Jedburgh, exactly similar to that at Kinross. Two preachers were deposed by the General Assembly, and formed the Relief Presbytery.
D. 1755.—1. Establishmentarians,
2. Burghers,
3. Anti-Burghers,
4. Relief Presbyterians,
5. Reformed Presbyterians.
In 1806, some Burghers wished a declaration to be signed in favour of the union of civil and ecclesiastical authority; but others differed, and formed a new Society called the Associate Synod of Original Seceders.
E. 1806.—1. Establishmentarians,
2. Burghers,
3. Anti-Burghers,
4. Associate Synod of Original Seceders,
5. Relief Presbyterians,
6. Reformed Presbyterians.
In 1821, the Burghers' oath was generally dissolved, and the Burghers and Anti-Burghers prepared to re-unite; but some Burghers would not condescend, and formed the Original Burghers' Associate Synod, and the other Burghers, with the Anti-Burghers, formed the United Associate Synod.
F. 1821.—1. Establishmentarians,
2. United Associate Synod,
3. Associate Synod of Original Seceders,
4. Original Burghers' Associate Synod,
5. Relief Presbyterians,
6. Reformed Presbyterians.
In 1834, the General Assembly passed the Veto Act, which gave an absolute veto on the placing of a preacher, to the majority of male communicants, being heads of houses. This bye-law was declared to be illegal, first by the Supreme Scotch Court, afterwards by the House of Lords. It was then formally repealed by the General Assembly in 1843; upon which 451 preachers left the establishment, and formed the Free Presbytery.
G. 1843.—1. Establishmentarians,
2. United Associate Synod,
3. Associate Synod of Original Seceders,
4. Original Burghers' Associate Synod,
5. Relief Presbyterians,
6. Free Presbyterians,
7. Reformed Presbyterians.

On the whole it will be seen that the Establishment has divided thrice, in 1740, 1755, 1843; that the first Secession divided in 1747; and that one of those Sub-secessions divided in 1806. Each body has its own Presbyteries and Synods, and believes itself to be the true representative of John Knox's opinions.
GOD'S WORD EVERLASTING.
(By the Rev. Thomas Kenyon, M.A.)
If this material universe is doomed like a machine to wear itself out till the owner puts it aside; if man and his glory pass away as the flower which is cut off, never to flourish again on the same stalk; is there nothing lasting? nothing but the great Being, who, unchangeable in himself, beholds and directs the swift shifts of the scene? Yes—there is,—there is one lasting thing amidst this profusion of the shadowy;—*The word of the Lord endureth for ever.* That word shall survive in its glory, when the arch of heaven shall have been spoiled of its brilliant gems; the monuments of earthly glory ground to dust, and the fame of human exploits withered under the beam of truth, or lost in the distance of ages. Not a single declaration which it contains, but shall shine out through all ages in the splendour of its own infinitely momentous truth. The character of God revealed in that word shall be verified and confirmed by a new and majestic series of dispensations, unfolding through eternity. And no case in the length of its ages shall occur, in which God shall appear less glorious, holy, just, wise, good, true, than he has represented himself in his word. The excellency, the beauty, the glory, the love, the salvation of Christ—the God-man—the perfection of his righteousness, and the wonders of his bleeding sacrifice;—these mysteries held out in the written word of the Gospel, shall appear magnificent in their effects, as endless ages pass along. The evil of sin, as it is represented in the same word, shall be ever manifest; and the events of an eternal providence shall mark it with even a deeper stigma of hatefulness. The worth of man's soul, whose priceless estimation the word of God declares, shall be seen to equal in value all, and more than all, that was said. The joy of the Lord, and the misery of the lost, shall be found to surpass everything which the word of the Lord had been used to convey to our minds.
Not a promise is there which the children of God do not attain to; nor is there a promise which is not in their power; and will be fulfilling to eternity; and not a threatening is launched against ungodliness and unbelief, but will be forever in the course of an awful accomplishment. Yes,—when the volumes which contained the divine word are lying in the ashes of the last day's flames, the truths themselves, starting from their earthly imprisonment in letters, syllables, and words, shall shine out in imperishable substance and glory, for an eternal existence.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD. (From Bishop Patrick's "Parable of the Pilgrim.")

He is a person that is altogether disinterested, and a partaker in none of those sects and factions that are among us. One that hath Zion and Jerusalem more in his heart than in his mouth, and loves to do more than say and have a sting in them which pierces the very heart. If you did but hear him you would feel that he leaves a true communion in the spirit, and not a false alarm in the ear. His heart is grey, though not his hairs; his wisdom makes him more venerable than his years; he knows better how to live, than others do to dispute; and he can argue more for peace, than they can for their opinions. He hath faith enough to save himself, and charity enough to believe that others may be saved; that are not in all points just of his belief. His compassion is equal to his understanding; his meekness equal to his zeal; his faith is matched with charity; his love to his neighbour is proportionable to his love to God; and his humility and modesty is equal to them all. He seems to me to be a piece of the wrecks of ancient Christianity; a relic of the golden age; one of the genuine children of antiquity. He hath escaped the contagion of this evil age, without flying from it; and he is master of more strength, than custom is of force and violence. The general corruption which hath overspread us, hath not been able to prevail over the purity of his temper. And all the wickedness which could not but touch him, hath not yet had the power to defile or sully him. If those worthies, in whose veins the blood of Christ did run, could return to visit the world again, I make no doubt but they would discern in him such marks of their virtue, that they would acknowledge him to be one of their own; but of their noble qualities. If you would know any more of him, you had better look to him himself than from me; only this I can assure you, that by his guidance there are many men who have made a very happy progress towards heaven. And if you fear, that when you go unto him, you may lose your labour, and not find him, or that you may find him little at leisure, I can give you this further assurance, that being a man of peace, he struts but little from home, and hath but little company neither that frequents his house.

ECCLIESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

CANADA.		
EASTERN BRANCH OF THE TORONTO DIOCESEAN CHURCH SOCIETY.		
A meeting of this Society was held in the parish Church in Cornwall on Thursday, 11th February, at which were present three only of the clergy of the Eastern Clerical Association, in consequence of the weather and the bad state of the roads. After the business of the Parochial meeting of this Society, held at the same time, was finished, the Secretary was called on to read his report. After the reading of which the following resolutions were moved and carried:— Moved by Rev. Mr. Flood of Richmond, seconded by Mr. Jas. Edgar:— 1st Resolved, That the Report just read be adopted. Moved by Dr. Emlynson, seconded by Mr. C. Collins— 2nd Resolved, That the continued success of the Diocesan Church Society calls for hearty expressions of gratitude to Almighty God for every member of the Church in this Diocese. All should unite in ascriptions of praise to Him from whom alone the blessing flows; and all should likewise unite in fervent prayer and vigorous exertion that this prosperity may continue, and that the Church Society may prove a still more efficient agent for extending the influence of the Church throughout the length and breadth of the Diocese. Moved by Rev. Mr. Flood, seconded by Judge Jarvis— 3rd Resolved, That the office bearers of the past year be requested to continue in their respective offices during the ensuing year. Moved by Rev. Mr. Bowtell, seconded by Judge Jarvis— 4th Resolved, That a respectful memorial be drawn up and presented to His Lordship the Bishop of the Diocese, requesting him to send as soon as possible a travelling Missionary, to supply the place of the Rev. Mr. Traynor. Moved by Rev. Mr. Flood, seconded by Rev. Mr. Bowtell— 5th Resolved, That the Rev. Mr. Patton and Judge Jarvis be a committee to draw up and present said memorial. During the meeting a variety of useful observations were made in explanation of the views and intents of the Society; and, prayers being read by the Secretary, the meeting adjourned.		
REPORT.		
The Secretary of the Eastern Branch of the Diocesan Church Society, to whom belongs the duty of drawing up its report, begs leave to present: That the amount of the collections from the parishes from which information has been received, is as follows:—		
Brookville—		
Total amount of collections.....	£ 46 11 s. d.	
3 special collections	20 14 2 3/4	
	67 5 5 1/4	
Preston and Mattland—		
Total amount of collections.....	£ 231 1 3	
3 special collections	45 17 6 1/2	
	79 18 9 1/2	
Cornwall—		
Total amount of collections.....	£ 255 8 10	
3 special collections	24 10 0	
	79 18 10	
Richmond—Total amount of collections.....		10 16 0
<i>Wilmington and Matilda</i> —		
Missionary Fund	£ 4 17 6	
3 special collections	7 4 9 3/4	
	12 2 9 3/4	
Total of all collections.....		£ 219 11 7 1/2
Of which has been sent to Toronto for special purposes in the parishes in which collections were made.		

THE RECTORS VISITS, OR, STORIES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

CHAPTER VII. "Lead us not into temptation."

As I had fully expected, Mary's endeavour to perform her duty was rewarded by greater happiness than she had known since the death of her child, and the necessity for exertion whilst Martha Harvey remained under her charge prevented her from dwelling, as she had formerly done, upon her own great afflictions.

Mary's health, which was never good, had been much injured by suffering; and though no complaint escaped her lips, yet her pale cheeks and wasted form showed most plainly to myself and to all who knew her, that her days were indeed numbered.

It was during one of these seasons of amendment, when I was paying a visit to Mary's cottage, and listening with a mixed feeling of pleasure and pain to her hopes of his having become at last a different character, that we heard a loud and rather rough knock at the door, and in an instant Charles entered the room.

"What was the promise?" I said; and at the sound of my voice the young man started, and looking half ashamed, begged my pardon for not having noticed me before.

But Charles would not listen. Before I could add another word, he had left the cottage, and was running at full speed down the lane. At first I attempted to stop him; but it was quite in vain. I then took a short path to the place where I thought it most likely his companion would be waiting for him; but when I reached it, no one was to be seen.

My questions were answered as I had expected—Charles had been seen on the road to the fair, accompanied not only by Brownie, but by two of the worst characters in the village. It was a sad tale of the grief to poor Mary; and when I told her of it, her grief was so great that I felt almost as much as if her brother had been my own.

and have, no doubt, placed themselves under the protection of God, and prayed not to be led into temptation, I have no fear of them; but for you, Charles, I do indeed tremble.

"I am not going to the ale-house," he answered, putting on a look of settled determination to have his own way, which gave me but little hope.

Charles would not reply, and turned towards the door; but Mary, starting from her seat, caught hold of him, and with a look of anguish, such as I shall never forget, exclaimed, "No, Charles, you shall not, you must not go. Oh, sir, pray have pity on me, and prevent him!"

"Well, well," said Charles, turning to his sister, who still held him, "don't cry so, Mary, and I will not go to-day; I will tell John Browne that he must set off without me." "Let me go," I said, "while you remain here with your sister. I should like to speak to him."

But Charles would not listen. Before I could add another word, he had left the cottage, and was running at full speed down the lane. At first I attempted to stop him; but it was quite in vain. I then took a short path to the place where I thought it most likely his companion would be waiting for him; but when I reached it, no one was to be seen.

"Do you go home to-night, my little fellow? Where is your father?" "He went forward to the village of D—, and I am to follow." "Are you afraid to do so?" "No, I don't feel afraid." "I hope you are a good boy and don't swear: do you say your prayers?" "Yes, always, every night and morning."

My questions were answered as I had expected—Charles had been seen on the road to the fair, accompanied not only by Brownie, but by two of the worst characters in the village. It was a sad tale of the grief to poor Mary; and when I told her of it, her grief was so great that I felt almost as much as if her brother had been my own.

My questions were answered as I had expected—Charles had been seen on the road to the fair, accompanied not only by Brownie, but by two of the worst characters in the village. It was a sad tale of the grief to poor Mary; and when I told her of it, her grief was so great that I felt almost as much as if her brother had been my own.

So the men were marched back into the park, and Sir John kept them amused the best part of an hour, going through some of their manoeuvres, and then wheeled them up suddenly round the trees in front of the hall, where Lady Talbot and her daughters were standing ready to receive them; and two long tables were spread under the shade of the oak-trees, loaded with substantial viands.

It is well Sir John's tardiness happened to be pretty well supplied, for seldom did forty stouter or hungrier fellows sit down to a repast. As soon as it was over, and knives and forks had ceased to clatter, Sir John rose, and, as in duty bound, proposed the health of the Queen, which was drunk with every expression of cordiality.

"You are over-modest, Hartley," replied Sir John; "say what you please, the thing was boldly attempted, and well executed, and does you both great credit. Moreover, it is a deed which deserves more substantial reward than mere words. The ladies here are anxious to join with me in conferring on you some token of their approbation."

"You are over-modest, Hartley," replied Sir John; "say what you please, the thing was boldly attempted, and well executed, and does you both great credit. Moreover, it is a deed which deserves more substantial reward than mere words. The ladies here are anxious to join with me in conferring on you some token of their approbation."

Little chimney-sweeper. (From the Banner of the Cross.)

About three o'clock, one cold, dark, damp day, at the end of December, I met a little chimney-sweeper in England, who had come with his father that morning from a town eight miles off, to sweep the various chimneys about. He was nearly ten years old.

The English Yeomen. (By the Rev. William Gresley, M.A.)

The two yeomen trotted on at a brisk pace to make up for lost time, and some came to Oakleigh, where they found Sir John Talbot and his troop in their saddles just ready to set out.

JUST NOW PUBLISHING, IN THIS CITY. (Price 3s. 9d. Currency.) The Sixth Edition of a Work Entitled "A System of the Creation of the Globe, Planets and Sun."

THOMAS J. PRESTON, WOOLLEN DRAPER AND TAILOR, First House North of the Court House, CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

W. MORRISON, WATCH MAKER AND MANUFACTURING JEWELLER, SILVER SMITH, &c., No. 9, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

JOHN C. BETTRIDGE, YONGE STREET, TORONTO. HAS just received from the English, French, and American Markets, an extensive Stock of GENUINE, PATENT AND OTHER MEDICINES;

BARNARD, CURTISS & Co. 110, Front Street, New York. HAVE obtained on hand, from their HUSBON ORL Works, Blended and Unbleached WINTER AND FALL OILS, of all kinds, such as Sperm, Whale, and Lard Oils, and Sperm Candles, which they offer on favourable terms.

J. P. CLARKE, Mus. Bac. M.C. PROFESSOR OF THE PIANO FORTE, SINGING AND GUITAR, 62, CHURCH STREET, TORONTO, Jan. 13, 1847.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOB WORK. DONE IN A SUPERIOR MANNER. At the Office of "The Church," No. 5, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

T. BILTON, MERCHANT TAILOR, No. 2, Wellington Buildings, King Street, TORONTO.

GEORGE W. MORGAN, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, 93, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

LANDS TO BE LEASED ON VERY FAVOURABLE TERMS.

LANDS FOR SALE. THE FOLLOWING LANDS, the property of several Gentlemen, in England and Canada, are offered for sale by the undersigned.

LANDS FOR SALE, ON REASONABLE TERMS. District of Simcoe.

Home District Mutual Fire Insurance Company. OFFICE—NEW STREET, OPPOSITE NEWGATE STREET, TORONTO.

NOTICE. I have given, that D'ARCY E. BOUTON, Esq., of Cobourg, Canada West, is sole Agent for the general management, superintendence and sale of all Lands in this Province registered in the name of JACQUES ADRIAN PIERRE BARRIER, Trustee of EUPHRASIE BARRIER; and that no sales will be recognised, or payments upon mortgages acknowledged, that are not effected personally with Madame BARRIER, or her Agent, Mr. BOUTON.

Eight Hundred Thousand ACRES OF LAND IN THE HURON TRACT. NOTICE TO OLD SETTLERS, EMIGRANTS AND OTHERS.

LANDS FOR SALE. THE FOLLOWING LANDS are offered for sale by the Executors of the late JOHN S. CARTWRIGHT, Esq., viz.:

LANDS FOR SALE. THE FOLLOWING LANDS, the property of several Gentlemen, in England and Canada, are offered for sale by the undersigned.

LANDS FOR SALE. THE FOLLOWING LANDS, the property of several Gentlemen, in England and Canada, are offered for sale by the undersigned.

LANDS FOR SALE. THE FOLLOWING LANDS, the property of several Gentlemen, in England and Canada, are offered for sale by the undersigned.

Home District Mutual Fire Insurance Company. OFFICE—NEW STREET, OPPOSITE NEWGATE STREET, TORONTO.

NOTICE. I have given, that D'ARCY E. BOUTON, Esq., of Cobourg, Canada West, is sole Agent for the general management, superintendence and sale of all Lands in this Province registered in the name of JACQUES ADRIAN PIERRE BARRIER, Trustee of EUPHRASIE BARRIER; and that no sales will be recognised, or payments upon mortgages acknowledged, that are not effected personally with Madame BARRIER, or her Agent, Mr. BOUTON.