

The Church.

Her foundations are upon the holy hills.

"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

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Poetry.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man it is,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.
His hair is crisp, and long,
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns what he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a seasoning of the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school,
Look in at the open door,
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the Church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the Parson say and preach,
He hears his daughters' voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It seems to him like his mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Tolling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
O'erward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some folk begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught:
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

—Longfellow.

MACAULAY AND ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

"The Plot failed; Popery triumphed, and Cranmer recanted. Most people look on his recantation as a single blemish in an honorable life; the frailty of an unguarded moment. But, in fact, it was in strict accordance with the system on which he had acted. It was part of a regular habit. It was not the first recantation that he had made, and, in all probability, if it had answered his purpose, it would not have been his last." What a tissue of untruths! "The plot failed; Popery triumphed, and Cranmer recanted." Cranmer was not a man who stepped out of bed, and was burned at the stake. There is just as much connection between his stepping out of bed and being burned, as there was in the mere triumph of Popery, and his recantation. Both are separately true; nor, of course, could he have been burned at the stake if he had not stepped out of bed; but what then? It reminds us of the old lady, who knew somebody was to die, because the mirror fell and broke into pieces; for she said she had always noticed that when one fell and broke, somebody else died after it. Or as the old bard has it:

At my utility,
The front of brass was full of my shapes,
Of burning crosses, and of my birth
The frame and huge foundations of the earth
Shook like a coward.
At the same session, if you would be true
That killed, though yourself had not been true.

But Mr. Macaulay says that the recantation was part of a regular habit; that it was not the first recantation he had made. Strange, indeed, if it was a regular habit, that he did not accept the first offers he received. Why do violence to the system on which he had always acted? and wait to be condemned, and then remain for more than a year in prison, while the fires of Smithfield were raging with an awful fury before him? If Cranmer ever had recanted before, it is strange that this model historian does not record it, and the circumstances attending it. The compactness and force of the sentence might have been injured; but it would have possessed a little more weight and strength.

Let us look at the facts under which this recantation was made. Mary was on the throne; Popery triumphant; Ridley in the tower; Bishop Hooper, and many others, in prison; and true Protestants flying from their country, when a sub-dean celebrated masses in Cranmer's Cathedral—the Cathedral of Canterbury. The Report that Cranmer had authorized it flew through the city, and soon reached the ears of the old Archbishop, who was living almost alone at Lambeth. Instead of bowing before the storm that he saw gathering, by silently letting the impression upon the minds of the people reach the Court, he immediately contradicted the slander in the most public manner, and drew up a paper expressing his Protestant views upon the subject, condemning the Romish error, and thoroughly proving its unscripturalness. The Council summoned him before them. When questioned, he acknowledged the paper to be his, and boldly told them that his intention was to enlarge it, affix to it his seal, and put it upon the doors of St. Paul's, and the other Churches. Of course, he was committed to prison; and from thence he wrote a manly letter to the Queen, giving his reasons for denying the Pope's authority. After a confinement in the common jail of more than a year's duration, he was cited to appear before a Commission appointed to examine him, where the boldness of his demeanour, and his triumphant answers to all that was said, prove him a worthy associate of Ridley and Latimer, who were examined about the same time. Again he was called before the Papal Commissioners, where, with the fate of Latimer and Ridley before his eyes, he as fearlessly battled for the truth, and dislustrously rejected the promises that were made to induce him to recant. Mark it, reader. This is "the coward!" the "time-server!" whose "only object is self-preservation!" one "who is so fond of recanting, that it is the system on which he has acted; that it has become a habit to him!" We dare use our author's words in reference to this libel on the dead, that "it excites a loathing to which

it is difficult to give vent without calling foul names."

"I think thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

The charge of treason, which was first brought forward, was changed to that of heresy; and of this Cranmer was found guilty, and condemned to die. Mary, thinking that if he could be induced to recant, it would be a stronger blow against the Reformation than his mere death, changed her course of conduct. For cruelty, she used kindness; instead of disregarding his wishes she respected his feelings; removed him from prison; gave him greater liberty; treated him kindly—and he recanted. We know not what others were made to induce him thus to act; but surely an old man, whom neither opposition, nor imprisonment, nor persecution, nor the certain prospect of death, could move; and yet who, after being spirit-broken by long confinement, did yield to the power of kindness—such a man was not an ordinary apostate. His old age pleads for him, and the circumstances of his case are not to be forgotten. They who, unlike Peter, have never swerved, may cast the first stone.

He recanted. Haste was now requisite, lest the true heart of the old Bishop should once more assert its power; and he should declare the recantation false. Immediate orders were given for the sacrifice. To complete the triumph of his enemies, his disgrace must be known from his own lips; and a place was prepared in St. Mary's, that he might be seen by all in this final act of self-condemnation. His funeral sermon is being preached. Cranmer is in tears. That brow wrinkled, and that head whined by the frost of more than sixty-four winters, hides itself for very shame. That tongue, which his enemies believe will publish his own disgrace, is pleading with the Saviour for forgiveness, and for strength to support him in this his last resolve. When called to declare his belief, he pronounces the whole recantation rejected; and with a loud voice, and with a flood of tears pouring from his eyes, he pleads in prayer to God for his forgiveness. Interrupted by the disappointed and enraged priests, he is dragged to the stake, where he again disavows his recantation; and as the flames kindle under his feet, thrusting his right hand into the fire, he exclaims, "this wicked hand hath offended! this wicked hand hath offended!" Thus died Archbishop Cranmer. He had his faults. But looking at what the Church, Christianity, and Civil Liberty owe to him, we can well afford to confess that they were the faults of the age, that stained the life of this noble man. His life was not the night, dark, and illumined here and there only by a few feebly glimmering stars; it was the day, clear and bright; a few clouds scattered over the sky—darkest in the west, but beneath a beautiful and glorious sunset, foretelling a happy resurrection.

He was not, as Mr. Macaulay says, "a supple, timid, interested, courtier; a coward, zealous for nothing, and a time-server." The stars which he took against the six Articles, opposing them, even when Henry appeared in person to support them; refusing to leave the House at the King's command; "saying, 'It is God's cause that keeps me here, not my own,'"—his strenuous opposition to the sacrilegious appropriation of the wealth of the monasteries to the King's use; his conduct, when, to oppose some measures brought forward by his enemies, to crush the young Reformation, he, unorderly, forced his way into the King's presence, remonstrating against them with such ardor as to draw on him the frowns of one whose disapprobation was certain death;—his boldness at his examination and trial;—his willingness to take the front rank, the post of danger, in the war then waging between the Romanists and the Reformers—all this gives to Macaulay a triumphant contradiction.

Cranmer, naturally a reserved man, loved retirement rather than public life, and being of an amiable disposition, showed no great decision of character in his own cause. But when religion was involved, when his progress of the Reformation was at stake, then, indeed, governed by principle, he risked his influence with the King, and often jeopardized his life, rather than allow the Reformation to retrograde. For this, his darling object, and for which he seems to have been especially raised up by Providence, he more than once braved every danger. In spite of his few faults, he stands forth among the men of his time, worthy the admiration and the gratitude of all. What epithet is so severe, with which to brand the man, who writes the history of the English Reformation for Englishmen; and strives to dim the lustre that gathers eternally around the honoured name of Archbishop Cranmer!

Mr. Macaulay may well say, that "facts are the dress of history." He certainly uses them like dress; and gathers from his own prejudices and imaginings, materials with which to construct his showy fabric. His History "begins in the novel," whether it will end in the Essay, remains to be seen. In his Article on History, he unfolds his views, as to what a history should be; and how the historian should write. In speaking of the use of the imagination, he says: "Yet he (the historian) must control it so absolutely, as to content himself with the materials which he finds, and to refrain from supplying deficiencies by additions of his own." Exactly so; and he might have added,

"I had more power the gift to give
To see souls as others see us;
It was from months a blinder fee;
And foolish notion."

He goes on: "a little exaggeration, a little suppression, a judicious use of epithets—a watchful and searching skepticism with respect to the evidence on one side, a convenient credulity with respect to every report or tradition on the other, may easily make a saint of Land, or a tyrant of Henry the Fourth." He might have continued, and a villain of Cranmer.

In this last quotation, Mr. Macaulay intimates that even in his judgment, there are two sides to questions in history. And hence the inference, that on such questions, the imagination should be tabooed, and kept in the background. But this is not in Macaulay's vein. He says, "A perfect historian must possess an imagination sufficiently powerful to make his narrative affecting and picturesque." Here is the key to Macaulay. In his efforts to make his page, come up to a certain standard of interest, he, as Tacitus, "stimulates till all stimulants lose their power." In his efforts to

write a model history, he has reversed what he says has heretofore been its great failing. In avoiding Scylla he has run plump into Charybdis. "He says, 'History, it has been said, is Philosophy teaching by examples. Unhappily what the philosophy gains in soundness and depth, the examples lose in vividness.'" But, in his desire to make his examples vivid, his philosophy loses its soundness and depth; so that, while we have before us a beautiful castle, exquisitely finished, with its towers perchance, and walls, and battlements; which the boarding-school Miss falls in love with; the man of sense turns from the paper fabric with disgust and contempt.

We have dwelt for the time being, upon this characteristic of Mr. Macaulay, not because it is his only fault; but because it has guided him in determining the character of one to whom the Church and Civil Liberty owe too much, to allow him to be dragged down by calumny and falsehood under a specious disguise. So long as the English Church shall continue to do battle valiantly with old Rome, and prove herself the only reliable bulwark of the Apostolic Faith, so long as, in her beautiful Service, she shall present her daily and weekly offering of prayer and praise to the Great Maker and Saviour of all; so long, from thousands of hearts, will ascend to Heaven, a hymn of thanksgiving for the life, the labours, and the example of ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

CAN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND MEET THE WANTS OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES AND THE POOR?

This question has been asked again and again—just now it is asked afresh. It is a question too which must be answered. If the Church of England cannot supply this need then she cannot be a part of the Church of Christ; for His Church can supply the needs of all men. But we are sure the Church of England can do this for all the people of England—she has attempted it in many ways in times gone by—she is putting forth her energies now in the same direction.

As one way of answering the above question, we propose from time to time to notice some of the different institutions which either the authorities of the Church, or various private individuals, have established for the special benefit of the middle and poorer classes of the Church's members—Institutions which were meant to be, whether they now are or not, conducted on the principles of the Church—the only principles by which they can flourish. A correspondent has furnished us with the following account of one such Institution.

THE ELECTION OF A WARDEN, AT THE COLLEGE OF GOD'S GIFT, DALWICH.

In the year of our Lord, 1626, when the autumn began to wane, and the yellow corn-fields to look parched and russet-brown, died Edward Alley, the founder of the College and Chapel of God's Gift, in Dalwich.

He was an old man, full of years, and of a kindly heart. He had lived through the long reign of Elizabeth, and seen many of the perils and troubles of the time; well remembering the murder of poor Queen Mary of Scotland, and the defeat of the proud armada of Spain. He had lived, too, through the reign of King James, and had seen the brave Captain Sir Walter Raleigh when he came home from the wonderful land of gold, across the sea. But he cared not so much for these things, as he did for the quiet village of Dalwich, and the College he was building there. Whenever he could get away from the great city he was glad to do so; and loved to wander on the summer evenings, through the shady College grove, and listen to the silver music of the nightingales.

But I must not stay here to tell you more concerning good old Edward Alley, but try to describe to you a scene that took place in the College Chapel on Monday, March 31st of the present year. The College, according to the founder's will, consists of one chief officer, called the Master, one Warden, and four Fellows who are Clergymen. These must be all unmarried men, and remain so all the time they continue in the College, or lose their post. But the Warden is the one of whom we are talking now, and he with the other four officers, has to take care of, and provide for, six poor brethren, six poor sisters, and twelve poor scholars, who live with them in the College. So that, as you may imagine, they lead a very pleasant life; having to care for the bodies and souls of twelve poor old men and women, and to educate twelve poor boys to lead a godly and a Christian life; as much money as they need for this purpose being left them by the will of the Founder. The Warden has to receive and take care of all the monies and for want of such of my surname, my blood, and for want of such of my name, my name."

As you may suppose, if any, pretend now to be of the Founder's kindred, but hundreds of gentlemen in England bear his name, and many of these are bachelors, who do not dislike a fair income, and such pleasant work as I have mentioned. So that when the appointed day came, more than a dozen, I believe, appeared as candidates for the wardenship.

It was a bright, cold morning, as I walked into Dalwich, about half-past ten; and I soon saw that something unusual was going on. Parties of ladies were seen here and there quickly hastening to the College Chapel, the bells of which had begun to ring. Cabs and carriages full of gentlemen were rattling by, and the quiet village was quite gay and noisy. When I reached the Chapel, I found that it had been newly painted, and was still under repair; some oak carvings being left still unfinished to make ready for the election which must take place in the Chapel. Over the altar is a fine picture of the Ascension by G. Romney, but in other respects the

Chapel is an ugly one, with immense galleries and large deal boxes with pews. In the open seats near the altar on this eventful morning sat the Alleyes and Allens in several long rows; all anxiously waiting for the service to begin. Eleven o'clock came at last, but the bells still chimed on, and none of the College Fellows, or Churchwardens appeared. Every one was quite tired of waiting, and the boxes were very cold, but there was no help for it but patience.—People talked, and whispered, and said, oh dear, but still the time passed very heavily. It was not at all like a congregation waiting for prayer-time. At last the bells stopped, the great heavy door of the Chapel was swung open, and in marched the master of the College, the four Fellows, the twelve poor scholars, and the Churchwardens of the three London parishes appointed to assist in the election. After a bit of clatter and din of setting into the seats, there was silence, and the morning service was begun. After morning prayer a sermon was preached by the senior Fellow, and then the election commenced.

The Master of the College, a tall, gentlemanly looking man; the Proctor, and Reader; together with a fourth gentleman, who was, I think, the lawyer, all walked up to within the rails of the altar. The Master, who wore a sort of black gown, then said, "I proceed to elect a Warden of this College." The preacher then read aloud to all the people some passages from the Founder's will, explaining the nature and duties of the Warden's office. One or two of those I will mention. "The Master and Warden at the time of their admission, shall be of the full age of twenty-one years at least, and shall be reputed to be men of honest lives and conversations, of earning, judgment, and understanding, sufficient to discharge their places in the College; and such as shall be esteemed and thought to be persons provident and careful of the good of the said College." "The two candidates who have most voices shall draw lots for the place, and he that draws the rightest lot shall be presently admitted to the vacant office."

The manner of drawing lots is very curious.—Two equal small rolls of paper, indifferently made and rolled up, on one the words God's Gift, being written, and the other left blank, shall be put into a box together. The box shall then be shaken thrice up and down, and the elder person of the two that are elected, is to draw the first lot, and the younger person the second; and which of them draweth the lot wherein the words God's Gift are written, is chosen for the vacant office."

While all these things were being read, there was, as you may imagine, a great silence in every part of the Chapel; and all the candidates began to be very nervous. When the Reader had finished those extracts from the Founder's will, the Master called on the Fellows of the College, and asked them to give their votes for one or the other of the two candidates. The votes for the candidate he thought best fitted to be the new Warden. In a few minutes this was done, and after reckoning up the votes, it was found that two names had more votes than any of the others.—These two gentlemen were then called up to the altar, and having knelt down, the oldest of the two was told to put his hand into the box and draw forth a lot. The master having then shaken the box thrice up and down, opened it, and holding it over the head of the one who was to draw, desired him to take out one of the papers. His hand shook a little as he lifted it up to draw out the lot which might make him one of the chief officers in so good an Institution; but as his fingers did their duty, and the little roll of paper was in his hand. It was soon unrolled, and the one who had first drawn found he had the lucky paper of God's Gift; and presently he received many a hearty shake of the hand as the Warden of the College. Meanwhile the other candidate who had drawn the blank roll of paper, consoled himself as well as he could by chatting to several of his friends who were present, looking forward, perhaps, to the next vacancy in the College, when he might stand a better chance. He was a kind and gentle looking man, with a pleasant smile on his face; looking as if he could bear his disappointment as a good man should, without losing his temper.

As I rode homeward, I could not help thinking what a noble and Christian mind the founder of this College must have had. After a long life of toil and labor, he expended all his earnings and all his most precious gifts in founding, building, and endowing, a comfortable home for the poor, the aged, and the distressed. All he had offered willingly to God the Giver of all, as he himself says, "To His honor and glory, and in thankful remembrance of His gifts and blessings bestowed upon me."

Correspondence.

We deem it necessary to follow the example of the London Church periodicals, and to advise our readers that we are not responsible for the opinions of our correspondents. As we do not imagine that we have a right, or if we had the right, that it would be judicious to impose on our correspondents the obligation of responsibility, in regard to the opinions which we may deem it advisable to observe ourselves, we desire to have it distinctly understood that communications, provided they be of an interesting or useful nature, will be received, but that we may not be held responsible for the opinions which they may contain on topics of internal controversy.—Ed. Ch.

For the Church.
REMARKS UPON "THE HORSE AND ITS RIDER."
[By J. M. HENRY, Esq., Lecturer of Hebrew and Oriental Literature in the University of Toronto.]
(Continued from our last.)

Not in the teaching of the New Testament on the subject of the common origin of mankind from one parent stock less explicit. St. Paul, in addressing the Athenians, says, "And God hath made of one blood all the nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth."—Acts, ch. xvii, 26. This is a plain declaration, made, not to an ignorant crowd, but in the city of Athens, in the midst of the proud and conceited Philosophers of Greece. To a people too, who looked upon the other races of men as mere barbarians, and regarded themselves as a peculiar and distinct race, created upon the very soil upon which they dwelt, though indeed, in opposition to their own mythology.

Again, St. Paul says in his Epistle to the Romans, ch. v, 12: "Wherefore as by one man sin entered in the world, and death by sin, and so death passed on all men, for that all have sinned." Now by what man did sin and death enter the world? Moses informs us by Adam, and so does St. Paul in the following verses. And why did death pass on "all men," and as the Apostle says in verse 14, even on those who had not sinned after the similitude of Adam? Because all men are the offspring of Adam, and thus inherit from him a sinful and corrupt nature.

This truth seems even to have been perceived by Byron, when he says,

"Our life is a false nature—'tis not in
Harmony of things—this hard decree,
This unequal scale of sin,
This boundless Epic, this all-blazing tree,
Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches lie
The skies, which from their plagues on men like dew
Disease, death, bondage, all the woe we see,
And even the woe we see not, which drop through
The immeasurable soul, with heartaches ever so."

Again, St. Paul says, 1 Cor. ch. xv, 22: "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Here we may ask again, who are the all that die in Adam? Of course his posterity, mankind; the African, the Hottentot, the Red-man of the American forest, as well as the Caucasian, and all are therefore concerned in the truth, that "in Christ shall all be made alive," and hence the command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." To every creature, endowed by his Maker with a mind and understanding, capable of receiving the truth, no matter of what cast or of what complexion. This, I maintain, is the doctrine that runs throughout the Bible. Question the truth of the Mosaic account of the origin of man, the creation of one pair, from whom the whole human race originated, and you question the truth of the whole Sacred Scripture. Say it is but one of "the early Jewish legends commonly known as the Books of Moses," as Mr. Turner is pleased to call them, and what will you say of the inspired writers of the New Testament, who in proclaiming the same to the world suffered persecution and martyrdom. Al! and what will you say of Christ himself, who said, "think not that I came to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled."

It is not possible to do justice to the account of the origin of man which we meet with recorded of those events by our ancient writers, we cannot fail to perceive, that it is the only rational and philosophical account extant. I shall direct the attention of the reader to a few of the leading narratives which have come down to us, in various detached fragments, as they will not only go to show, that without the Mosaic account we should have been left in utter darkness about the origin of mankind, but further, that even some of the earliest writers have copied more or less of the leading facts from the Mosaic narrative.

The first writer that we shall notice, is Sanchoniatho, the Phœnician historian, who is supposed to have lived before the Trojan war, and whose writings are the oldest that have come down to us with the exception of the Holy Scriptures.

He wrote a treatise respecting the theology and antiquities of the Phœnicians, of which, however, only a few fragments remain. He says, after having given a most abundant account of the origin of the Universe "that of the wind, Colpas and his wife Basa, which is interpreted light, were begetted two mortal men, Aeon and Paganos, so called: and Aeon discovered food from trees."

The reader will at once recognize in this account, however dilapidated, some of the leading facts of the Mosaic account. Sanchoniatho further informs us, and which is not a little remarkable, that these things were found written in the Cosmogony of Ithasus and in his commentaries, and that this Ithasus was the son of Mairam the son of Ham, who peopled Egypt after the flood.

He lived in the time of Alexander the Great. He was a priest of Belus at Babylon, and wrote from the most ancient records preserved in the temple of that idol. He says: "The whole Universe, consisting of inanimate, and animals being continually generated therein, then Belus came and took off his own head, upon which he put the mind of the world, which was found with the earth, and from it formed man. On this account it is that they are rational, and partake of the divine knowledge." Here, again, instead of the simple and rational narration of Moses "And God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Because tells us, that the blood of Belus was poured out, and being mixed with earth, man became a rational being.

According to the theology of the ancient Persians, there existed in the first principle, an all-wise spirit, which is supposed to mean "time."—This god being the author of the two great active powers of the universe, and called Ormuzd, who is the principal of all good, and Ahriman the principal of all evil. Ormuzd is said to have created the world and its contents in six different intervals or periods, which amounted to six years. In the first period he created the heavens, in the second the water, in the third the productions of the earth, in the fourth the vegetables and trees, in the fifth the animals, and in the sixth man, who was the most honorable of all the productions of Ormuzd. Here we have nearly a transcript of the Mosaic account of the creation.

The traditions of the Mohammedans are no numerous, that one feels at a loss in making a selection. They tell us, "That after God by long continued rains, had prepared the slime of the earth out of which he was to form man, he sent the Angel Gabriel and commanded him to blow out of seven days of earth a handful of dust. The Gabriel upon hearing the command of God, immediately set about to execute the command, but that when he came to the earth, and informed her that God had purposed to create man from her bowels, who was to be the sovereign of all things, she desired him first to represent to God, that the creature whom he is about to create, would rebel against him, and thereby not only bring a curse upon himself, but also upon her. Gabriel thereupon returned to his Lord, and the earth had said; but God being determined to create man, sent Michael with the same commission; he also returned, with the absolute refusal of the earth to contribute to this work. But God sent Azazel, who without saying a word, took the earth as he had been commanded, and brought it to God, who formed out of it a human statue, and infused life and understanding into it.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

THE INSTALLATION AT OXFORD.—The great event of the week, and the one in which the chief interest is concentrated, namely, the installation of the chancellor, took place on Tuesday, the 25th inst., in the Sheldonian Theatre. No sound had the undergraduates located themselves in their gallery, than they commenced the proceedings without waiting for the chancellor, by giving one hearty round of cheers for the Queen, and this demonstration of loyalty was followed by an abolition of gallantry, no less warm and enthusiastic, in similar round of cheers, which were bright eyes, playful smiles, and gorgeous dresses gave, as it were, an air of enchantment to the scene. The name of Prince Albert was received with less enthusiasm than heretofore, but the mention of the younger branches of the royal family, especially of the Queen, and the late Duke of Edinburgh, excited the most ardent and universal cheers. The mention of "the Earl of Derby, our honoured lord and chancellor," was received in every instance with deafening cheers, and presented a striking contrast to the reception given to the name of Lord John Russell. The late government appeared to have a host of hearty supporters, although it was evident that unanimity did not prevail in that respect; and the same may be said of the present government; but with the latter the non-partisans certainly predominated. The mention of "Louis Napoleon" drew down a torrent of disapprobation, which was mollified by a single redeeming cheer; but greater respect was shown to "Sts. Napoleon." At length a call was made from the gallery, which seemed to unite all in one common demonstration. It was the name of Disraeli—his name no sooner uttered than an involuntary burst of approbation was heard from all sides, and it appeared as if the spirits and energies of the whole assembly had been pent up and stored for that especial moment. It was not one round of cheers, but a succession of shouts of cheers—the last, if possible, still louder than the first. The enthusiasm lasted for several minutes; and it was remarked by several that, since the appearance of the Iron Duke as

chancellor, there has been nothing to be compared with this demonstration, whether as regards its intensity or duration. As a set off to this, and to show that disunion could prevail even among those who, the moment before, were of one mind, the name of Gladstone was thrown in, and cheers and disapprobation were coming from all sides, however, predominating. Distinguished literary characters served as another rallying point; and the names of Macaulay, Fennell, Grote, Alison, Dickens, and Thackeray, were received with unmingled approbation. The Bishop of Exeter and Dr. Pusey appeared to have lost a great portion of their popularity; and, instead of the rounds of cheers with which their names were wont to be greeted, the reception given to them was tame and equivocal. There were occasionally some humorous calls which provoked laughter on the part of the audience, and several of the reverend seniors, such, for instance, as the chancellor's racing and "the ladies in white," "the gentlemen in black," "the gentlemen in the blue," "the gentlemen in the red," "the single ladies," "the married ladies," "the bachelors who won't be married," "the ladies engaged," "the maidens," "the grandmothers." In the midst of these demonstrations, however, the wide portals of the theatre were thrown open, and a procession in which bishops, abbots, monks, and nuns, in their canonicals, and several of the distinguished individuals upon whom it was proposed to confer the honorary degree of doctor of civil law. As each doctor was admitted to his degree by the chancellor, he was presented to the audience, and assigned him a place in the doctors' semicircle. Macaulay, Lord St. Leonards, Lord Stanley, and Disraeli—especially the latter—were hailed with loud acclamations as proceeding to their places. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the public order delivered his oration in the Sheldonian Theatre, and the chancellor, and several of the distinguished individuals upon whom it was proposed to confer the honorary degree of doctor of civil law. As each doctor was admitted to his degree by the chancellor, he was presented to the audience, and assigned him a place in the doctors' semicircle. Macaulay, Lord St. Leonards, Lord Stanley, and Disraeli—especially the latter—were hailed with loud acclamations as proceeding to their places. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the public order delivered his oration in the Sheldonian Theatre, and the chancellor, and several of the distinguished individuals upon whom it was proposed to confer the honorary degree of doctor of civil law. 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Emigrant, and the other members of the British residents... The Church is a part of the State...

We have no doubt that this will be done... The Church is a part of the State...

TO CORRESPONDENTS. The section allotted to A. H. has just been...

REMITTANCES. July 27th.—T. R. Mohawk; J. W. B. for self and...

WEEKLY CALENDAR. Table with columns for Day, Date, and Festivals/Events.

THE CHURCH.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1853.

ABUNDANT VISITATIONS.

The Archbishop of York will (D. V.) visit the... The Archbishop of York will (D. V.) visit the...

VIOLATION OF THE SABBATH.

Our contemporary of the Hamilton Gazette... Our contemporary of the Hamilton Gazette...

ty God should not be totally disavowed, nor the people... ty God should not be totally disavowed, nor the people...

Our contemporary will remember that what we said... Our contemporary will remember that what we said...

THE TITLE "SAINT."

Our friend and correspondent "A Parish Priest"... Our friend and correspondent "A Parish Priest"...

English; "Candidus," likewise, discontinuing his... English; "Candidus," likewise, discontinuing his...

We assure "A Parish Priest" that, if we were to... We assure "A Parish Priest" that, if we were to...

If any Clergyman of the Church of England should... If any Clergyman of the Church of England should...

THE RESERVES.

At the Dinner lately given to members of the... At the Dinner lately given to members of the...

let it drop, that once the Reserves are secularized... let it drop, that once the Reserves are secularized...

It is proposed to establish in the City of Toronto... It is proposed to establish in the City of Toronto...

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE. The annual recitations and distribution of prizes... UPPER CANADA COLLEGE. The annual recitations and distribution of prizes...

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

The annual recitations and distribution of prizes... The annual recitations and distribution of prizes...

COLLEGE PRIZES. Table listing prizes for various subjects like Scripture, Grammar, etc.

PRIZES FOR DILIGENCE AND PROFICIENCY DURING THE... PRIZES FOR DILIGENCE AND PROFICIENCY DURING THE...

THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL AND THE CLERGY RESERVES. Our readers are aware that His Lordship the Bishop... THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL AND THE CLERGY RESERVES. Our readers are aware that His Lordship the Bishop...

THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL AND THE CLERGY RESERVES.

Our readers are aware that His Lordship the Bishop... Our readers are aware that His Lordship the Bishop...

Canadian Branch of Christ's Holy Church, you should... Canadian Branch of Christ's Holy Church, you should...

CLERICAL INTELLIGENCE. DIocese of Toronto. THE CHURCH SOCIETY OF THE DIOCESE OF TORONTO... CLERICAL INTELLIGENCE. DIocese of Toronto. THE CHURCH SOCIETY OF THE DIOCESE OF TORONTO...

CONSECRATION OF THE CATHEDRAL AT FREDERICKTON... CONSECRATION OF THE CATHEDRAL AT FREDERICKTON...

CONSECRATION OF THE CATHEDRAL AT FREDERICKTON.

The Lord Bishop of the Province of New Brunswick... The Lord Bishop of the Province of New Brunswick...

