

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

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la  
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear  
within the text. Whenever possible, these have  
been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées  
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,  
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont  
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

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

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

THE

# Church Magazine.

MAY, 1865.

CONTENTS:

Introductory.....	3	Choral Services.....	11
The Feast of The Ascension.....	4	Leaves from a Clergyman's Diary.....	12
Church Work and Church Prospects,	5	Poetry.....	14
Walks in a Wood; or May Wild Flowers.....	7	The late Rev. H. B. Nichols.....	14
On the Unity of Plan in Organic Bodies.....	10	The late Rev. S. Thomson, L.L.D.....	15
		Foreign and Colonial Church News.....	15

SAINT JOHN, N. B. :

Wm. M. WRIGHT,

DESPATCH PRINTING AND PUBLISHING OFFICE.

PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

### TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor respectfully requests that all communications may be accompanied by the name of the writer, *in confidence*—without this, no paper can be inserted.

Subscribers who reside in St. John, who have not already done so, are requested to pay their subscriptions to the publisher, W. M. Wright, Esq., Prince William Street. Those who reside in Fredericton, or in other places, are requested to remit the money to the Rev. John Pearson, Fredericton, the Editor. As it is necessary that the subscriptions should be paid in advance, the Magazine will be supplied only to those who make payment before June 1st.

The names of subscribers as well as all other communications should be addressed to the Editor, post-paid.

Terms,—60 cents a year, in advance.

## INTRODUCTORY.

IN commencing the publication of THE CHURCH MAGAZINE, it seems right and necessary that a few words should be said in explanation both of its objects, and of the principles upon which it will be conducted.

It has long been felt that, in New Brunswick, the members of the Church of England required a periodical which, while conveying to them in a permanent form the ecclesiastical news of their own diocese, might at the same time record intelligence of the other Colonial Churches, of mission work among the heathen, and of the Mother Church at home. The present magazine is designed to supply this want.

In the present day there is abroad a great spirit of literary and scientific inquiry; and the researches to which this spirit has led have been applied both to the dogmatic articles of the Christian faith and to the Holy Scriptures. As these matters are frequently misunderstood, and sometimes misrepresented, it will be one object of this publication to place subjects of inquiry and thought before its readers in a reverent and religious spirit.

It will also be the endeavour of this magazine to notice Biblical difficulties with a view to their solution; to give clear statements of the great articles of the faith; to put forward explanations of the ordinary services of the Church, of the liturgy, and of the ritual, to promote a due regard to the solemn celebration of divine worship, to help the improvement of Church music; and to discuss matters affecting the diocese at large, such, for example, as endowment—in short, by every lawful means to assist in presenting the system of the Church in an intelligible aspect, that those who belong to our communion may be fully able to realize its beauty.

The principles upon which this task will be attempted are those of earnest and loyal attachment to the Church of England. No narrow party views will appear in this publication, but its tone, it is hoped, will be that which pervades the whole authoritative teaching of the Church. Less than this would not suffice—more is unnecessary.

As in all things men ought to be open and straightforward, it may be as well to state here that, for the present, this magazine will be edited by the Rev. J. Pearson, and for the general contents the editor will hold himself responsible. He respectfully invites both clergy and laity to assist him, and for such assistance he will be truly thankful. Short original articles, or suitable selections, will be gladly received. He also invites brief correspondence upon interesting subjects, stipulating only that in every case kind and generous language be used, and that where any *person* may necessarily be referred to, whether by name or otherwise, the author shall add his own signature to the communication. This magazine must never become the vehicle of anonymous slander and uncharitable attacks, as unfortunately is sometimes the case with so-called religious publications.

By the kindness and good-will of our fellow-Churchmen the magazine starts with a sufficient number of subscribers to render it self-supporting. It is hoped the list may be increased. If so, whatever surplus may arise will be devoted to the Diocesan Church Society, or some other like object, under the direction of his lordship the Bishop.

Lastly, the kind forbearance of all is asked for. It will necessarily take a little time to get everything into working order. It is hoped that allowance

will be made for present defects, and time given for improvement. With these few remarks, the magazine is respectfully introduced to its many yet unknown supporters, trusting that the acquaintance now begun may ripen into mutual friendship and esteem.

## THE FEAST OF THE ASCENSION.

**I**T is much to be regretted that the feast of our Blessed Lord's Ascension has not been duly regarded by the members of the Church of England; and although men's minds have, of late years, been increasingly turned towards this and the other great commemorative seasons, it must be confessed that there is still great room for improvement. With a view to this, we hope from time to time to notice the Seasons of the Church, as they come round.

The Great Feast of the Ascension has always been marked in the Christian Church as one of the first importance, being the day on which the Lord Jesus Christ, after having finished the work for which He came from heaven, "ascended to His Father, for the full accomplishment of our peace." In the order of its services, our own Church not only appoints the use of a special Collect, Epistle, Gospel, and Lessons, as on Sundays, but also proper Psalms, and a Preface in the Office for the Holy Communion. This being so, it should be the endeavour of all, laity as well as clergy, to honour the day as the Church intends. Perhaps we shall the better understand this if we call to mind the blessing secured to us by what our Lord did on this day.

1. On this day He closed His mission on earth. On this day he withdrew his bodily presence from His Church, but comforted us with the words, "It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you." *It was in our nature that He ascended.* This is the point on which we have to fix our thoughts. **THERE IS A MAN IN HEAVEN:** not figuratively, but really: not in the regions of departed spirits, where are Abraham, and Moses, and the Apostles, and the good of all ages and climes, but in the highest heaven, at the right hand of the Eternal Father. Thither the Saviour of men is gone, to carry on the work of His incarnation and our redemption.

As man he feels for men in all their sufferings and infirmities; having been tempted himself, He knows how to succour those who are tempted. Altho' He were not man. He could not feel as man for man, and if He had not been more than man, His Ascension would have been in vain; for who save God could have authority in heaven "to prepare a place for us?"

2. There is a Man in heaven, but we are upon earth, surrounded by enemies, visible and invisible. One purpose of our Lord's Ascension is to intercede for us before the throne of God. Whenever, after falling into sin, we turn to our Father in true heart-felt repentance, then He, our Saviour, makes intercession for us, and the Majesty of God, beholding the wounds in His hands and feet, remembers that by the might of His Cross and Passion, He obtained the salvation of the whole world, and for His sake wipes away our sins. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us."

3. Again; we have cares and sorrows,—cares of business, infirmities of the body, wounds and bitterness of soul, which we can open to no ear but One, and which none but He can relieve. But our comfort is to feel that there is One in heaven, once a Man as we are, who came down to bear our griefs, and cares, and sorrows. To Him we may go, and receive from Him aid to support us in all the troubles of this mortal life.

4. Finally, He ascended up on high to give good gifts to men. Thus He sent down the Holy Ghost to His Church, to infuse life and motion into that body which He had organized for the conversion and regeneration of mankind. He sent this Holy Spirit, whose descent we commemorate at Whitsuntide, for the perfection of the saints, for the edifying of the body of Christ, to bring all to unity of faith to a perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, that is, to bring all to the full strength of a

perfect membership of Christ; to a lively faith, ripe judgment, and sound knowledge of His will and mysteries, to a full sanctity and partaking of His Spirit.

Thus may we with propriety think of our Ble. ed Lord's Ascension. And if we thus think, we shall be thankful that amidst the disregard of holy sea-

sons and the truths they teach, which, alas! is too common in this country, our Church still lifts up the standard of primitive truth, and would teach her members to ponder upon the great fact of the Ascension into Heaven of Him who is, and ever will be, at once the Son of God and the Son of Man.

## CHURCH WORK AND CHURCH PROSPECTS.—No. 1.

IT is proposed, in this paper, to speak a few words of comfort and of encouragement to those who sometimes obtain little of either, and who have no very pleasant prospect before them at the present moment,—the country clergy of this diocese. It is curious to see how exactly the state of Church livings in England is reversed in New Brunswick. In England, where "dirty acres" are invaluable, the good livings are almost always situated in the country, and the poor livings almost always in the towns. In a town of forty thousand people, you may find thirty livings, whose value is, in each case, under £150 per annum, and most of them without a house. In the country there is generally a parsonage, and frequently a respectable income. In New Brunswick, our town clergy, who are but few, are more decently provided for, (with some exceptions,) but our country clergy have a poor pittance at best, and, without home-assistance, would be, like the curate, "passing rich on forty pounds a year." Town clergy no doubt have their difficulties, but they have several great advantages of which their rural brethren are deprived. Their parishioners and their churches are near at hand. Their services, generally speaking, do not exceed two on Sunday. They are in the centres of life and intelligence. They can take advice from each other, and the laity. They have libraries within easy reach. They are never prevented from visiting the sick, or from getting to church, by impassable roads. They never go to church, after making their own track through the snow, and are obliged to return, because no one but themselves would face the storm. If they are in need, there is generally some wealthy parishioner who will help them. If they want to grumble, there

is always some one to listen to it, and a little grumbling is thought to do a man's heart good. But what is a poor man to do who is fifty miles from his nearest brother, as is the case with some of our clergy. Now when we look at all these difficulties, and at others, which seem ready to fall upon us, we may as well look back a little at times gone by, and try to gather up some of the fragments of work done under great discouragements, in the diocese, in hope that the same kind Providence which has brought us so far, will still watch over our struggles, and keep us to the end.

All colonial work, then, of all kinds, seems to be best described by that expressive word, SCRAMBLE. Men scrambled into the country, and they scrambled through it; they scrambled into its forests, and they scrambled out again; they scrambled up its rivers, and down its rivers, and into its swamps; they scrambled for logs, and they scrambled for houses, and they scrambled for food, and for clothes, and for education, and for all the necessaries, and for what they could get of the comforts of life. There is another local word, now unfortunately in danger of being utterly forgotten, which well describes what men went through in early colonial days. It is the name given to what is now dignified with the genteeler title of Upper Woodstock. Till lately it was called, and admirably called, HARD SCRAMBLE. It precisely points out what a country missionary often met with when he first went into the remote districts. Indifferent lodging, coarse food, rough roads, no near neighbours, people all scattered about, men continually in the woods, or driving logs, plenty of sects, but no union, difficulties about getting Churchmen together, and keeping them together, about getting up a

church, about the site, and its size, and its timber, and the means, and the fitting it up, and the number of services, and the parson's sermons, and his visiting, and the little quarrels for ever fermenting in small communities: some would not give, because the church was not nearer their farm, some wanted a tower, some a spire, some must have pews, some desired free seats, some were afraid the parson was too young, some thought he was too dull, or not a "smart" man, or he could not preach without book, or he preached too long, or too slow, or too fast, and worst of all, some who had married a dissenting wife, shook their heads, and were sure he did not preach the Gospel.

This was, indeed, *Hard-Scrabble*. But a better strength than his own carried the labourer on, and faithfulness to the Church of his ordination vow sustained him. He got a lift, too, from the Church Society, and a kind word, and a silver token, from a traveller, and help from all the earnest settlers, and encouragement from his Bishop: and by degrees his sky lightened, and the racking clouds blew over, and the sorrowful night was forgotten, as Bishop Taylor says, in the joy and sprightfulness of the morning.

But another great difficulty, even now, meets the country clergyman, which his city brother feels, it is probable, in a less degree than himself. This difficulty is the difference of race in the colonists themselves. In England, with whatever ignorance or vice the clergyman may have to contend, his parishioners are generally Englishmen. They, and their fathers before them, have ever had a traditional respect for the church, the churchyard, and the parson. There is sure to be a Church-school, to which almost all the poor children are sent, as a matter of course. The alms of the parishioners commonly flow through the channel of the clergyman, and if he be a kindly-natured, hard-working man, he is treated with general respect, and differences of race and national feeling seldom cross his path. In New Brunswick, when it was first settled, the Church of England was in the ascendant. Most of the early settlers had left the United States on the principle, real and avowed, of loyalty to their King, and attachment to their Mother Church. But the tide of emigration

has set strongly and invariably the other way. Englishmen seldom emigrate to North America, and our settlers have consisted of Irish and Scotch. The latter, of course, were all Presbyterians, and the main body of the former were Roman Catholics. But of the Irish, a considerable number comes from the North of Ireland strong, indeed, in their antagonism to the faith of their Roman Catholic brethren, but entirely unprepared for a hearty, generous support to a church which at home was the church of a small minority, to the maintenance of whose clergy no man was known to contribute. To this frightful religious antagonism, we owe the conflicts between Orange Societies and their opposites, the bitterness of party spirit which has occasionally terminated in bloodshed, the suspicion roused by a word too much, or a word too little, the almost abject terror of Popery whenever the cross is seen, or the surplice is put on. Fortunate man must he be who has succeeded in exorcising this evil spirit of hatred, and can deal with men as brothers, and induce them to look on one another in the common love of Christ, who "gave Himself a ransom for all." I lately met with a passage in a modern writer of eminence, so apposite, that I will close my present remarks with a quotation from it, as I must not enter now on the description of the actual work done in the diocese, lest I encroach too much on the pages of this small magazine. The writer says:—"Now there are two ways of meeting error. The one is, to discern the truth out of which the error sprung, firmly asserting the truth, forbearing threatening, certain that he in whose mind the truth has lodged, has, in that truth the safeguard against error. The other way of meeting truth is to overwhelm it with threats. To some men it seems the only way in which true zeal can be shown. Well, it is very easy, requiring no self-control, but only an indulgence of every bad passion. It is very easy to use strong language about damnable idolatries, very easy for the Apostles to call down fire from heaven upon the Samaritans, and then to flatter themselves that that was godly zeal. But it might be well for us to remember our Lord's somewhat startling comment, 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.' The ma

jesty of Truth needs other bulwarks than vulgar and cowardly vituperation. Coarse language, excusable three hundred years ago by the manners of that day, was bold and brave in the lips of the Reformers, with whom the struggle was one of life and death, and who might be called to pay the penalty of their bold defiance with their blood. But the same fierceness of language now, where there is no personal risk in the use of it, in the midst of hundreds of men and women ready to applaud and honor violence as zeal, is simply a dastardliness from which every

generous mind shrinks. You do not get the Reformers' spirit by putting on the armour they have done with, but by risking the dangers which those noble warriors risked. It is not their big words, but their large, brave heart, that makes the Protestant. Oh! be sure that he whose soul has anchored itself on the deep calm sea of Truth, does not spend his strength in raving against those who are still tossed by the winds of error. Spasmodic violence of words is one thing, strength of conviction is another."

(To be continued.)

### WALKS IN A WOOD; OR MAY WILD FLOWERS.

"The Honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,  
And by the meadow trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo flowers;  
And the wild marsh Marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,  
And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May." —TENNYSON.

**M**AY-DAY! What pleasant visions does this word suggest to one's mind. May-queens, May-poles, May-games, and all manner of old-world customs, which belong almost entirely to

the past, or have only a partial existence in some of the retired nooks in England, through which country a burst of merriment rang formerly on this day from one end to the other.

In Germany, that land of quaint customs, and old traditions, the month of flowers is still ushered in with joyous revels, and the first stork, swallow, and spring flower, are hailed with delight as harbingers of summer; but even there, May-day is but a shadow of its former self. As centuries have passed, bringing troubles and changes upon every class and every institution, it is not wonderful that these customs, living only in the hearts of the people, should gradually die out; but still some remain which have descended from the very earliest ages of the world, curious relics of the old heathen worship, yet adapted to Christian feelings, which still maintain their hold upon the peasantry; and these observances are curiously alike throughout Europe. It would lead us too far from the subject of this paper, were I to enter fully on a description of all these sports, but perhaps a brief mention of a few may not

be an unsuitable introduction to our own May-flowers.

In "Merric England" of the olden day, every village had its May-pole, wreathed with garlands of spring flowers, round which danced all the young men and maidens of the district, and under whose shade the greatest favorite was crowned, and enthroned as queen of the revels, and the day was given up to mirth and merry-making.

This custom continued longer in England than most of the others, but I do not think any ever flourished as well after the days of the Commonwealth as before. Those grim old Puritans looked upon ancient traditions, and light-hearted gaiety, as things too carnal to be approved of, and put them down with a strong hand, and when settlers in America, preserving a loving remembrance of their old home, tried to introduce these rural sports, they not only put a stop to them, but severely punished all who had shared in the pastimes, and forbade May-poles to be erected, as if in themselves they were a sin; yet these were the men who made so much talk about liberty of conscience!

There is a great similarity between May-games all over Europe, so I shall only mention a few now in use in Germany, which have, or have had, sister ceremonies in England, France, and Italy. In Germany and in Italy the May pole is not stationary, but is carried by children in procession, stopping at every door, where they are likely to receive a present. May-trees, which are birch boughs, sometimes hung with flowers, are stuck by the



young men opposite the houses of their sweethearts: while a girl who is disliked has a dry leafless branch substituted for the bright fresh bough, any who have given occasion for scandal have parsley at their door. No-gays are always given to lovers at this time; in Wales they were formerly hung on the knockers of the doors, with a note attached, and were principally composed of Rosemary, emblematic of marriage: another custom was that of dressing the wells with garlands of flowers, among which eggs were placed and lighted tapers added at night. In all these festivals flowers took a prominent part; indeed, in former times these loveliest of God's works were far more thought of than they are now. Knights were crowned with chaplets on all festive occasions, and each flower had its own part to play at marriages, burials, and religious processions: every saint almost in the calendar had his or her own special blossom, and to the blessed Virgin were dedicated an innumerable number, as is shown by the names of so many of the English flowers, which form but a small part of those considered to belong particularly to her.—Lady's Slipper, Lady's Tresses, Mary Gold, &c.

The old world flowers, some would think, have one great advantage over those which belong only to America. History, legend, and religion have entwined a thousand associations round the former which increase their interest ten fold, while ours have nothing but their own beauty to recommend them. But surely that is enough! and the flowers of this month are especially dear to us, bringing as they do a sweet assurance that summer is near. A few of these I wish to bring to the notice of our readers. Suppose, then, that we have started for a scramble through the woods, in search of early flowers, one of the greatest pleasures a country life affords. Before we enter the woods, we must pause a moment and admire the grassy slope at the entrance, looking so fresh and green, with its tender leaves of young grass, spangled with golden cups, and quilled dandelions, their bright yellow set off by the contrast. Common as the dandelion is, it is a favorite flower of mine, and had it the luck to come from Japan, or South Africa, I have no doubt it would meet with many admirers. The old proverb about familiarity must be the reason

of the small notice bestowed on this gay blossom, whose wonderfully quilled and compactly arranged petals of bright gold almost compel a close examination. Its name over which I used often to puzzle as a child, is a corruption of the French "dent de lion," (lion's tooth) from the notched edge of the leaves. There are several smaller plants whose flowers bear a likeness to the dandelion, but as summer brings its wealth of more delicate blossoms, we do not observe the commoner kinds. In the autumn however they attract us by their globes of winged seeds, called by children "clocks" or "wishes," according as they use them. The milky juice which oozes out where the stalk is broken is used in medicine, and the root is sometimes employed as a substitute for coffee. Another of our childish favorites now engages our attention, and calls up many memories of past games and pleasant hours as we look at the golden buttercups with their fine glossy petals, and round horn-shaped pistils turned up towards the sun. There are many different kinds of this family of flowers called Ranunculus, some even find a place in the garden, among which are the yellow Bachelor's Buttons, and the Fair Maids of France. The French call these flowers, *Esperance*, or hope, and when St. Louis was a prisoner among the Mahometans, and had no other way of sending his wife a message, he managed to get a root of this plant conveyed to her. We can fancy how glad she was to hear even in this way of her husband. But now we must begin our search in earnest. As we enter the dark shade of the wood our eyes, so long accustomed to the sombre foliage of the fir, rest with pleasure on the fresh green of the young leaves of the maple and birch trees, while the beech is as pretty a sight as in the autumn, the newly opened foliage being tinted with bright purple and orange. The larches, too, with their feathery branches and crimson cones, are very pleasant to look at, and as we gaze at them, and on the blue sky seen through the branches, our hearts are filled with a thankful sense of the goodness and power of the Creator, whose every work seems chanting one grand hymn of praise. As we leave the path, and tread ankle deep in the nestling leaves, we all at once have a sweet perfume wafted to

us, and on stopping and brushing away these withered relics of last year, we find to our great delight a perfect nest of the pink and white May flower, which hangs its little bells as if oppressed by its own sweetness. Its round, dark green and brown leaves set off the fairy blossoms, and we search eagerly for more, till we have gathered all on the spot. The May-flower, sometimes called *Trailing Arbutus*, or *Ground Laurel*, and by botanists *Epigæa Repens*, is very capricious in its selection of a home, attaching itself strongly to a few favored spots, and refusing to have anything to do with the rest of the woods. The shade of pine trees is, I believe, its favourite habitation, and its color varies from white to rose color, according to circumstances.

A few steps farther, and another treasure is found. On an old stump, tapestried with damp green moss, numbers of pale delicate blossoms are resting. The light breeze seems almost too rough for them, as they bow their pearly, lilac-tinted blossoms at each breath, and we are half afraid as we pick them that their beauty will be gone before we can get home.

This plant is called by the country people "Indian Potatoe," the root being tuberous, and not unpleasant to the taste: the leaves are linear, and of a dark green, and the stalk is from three to six inches long, bearing several blossoms, and is very frail and sappy. The botanical name is "*Claytonia*," so called after John Clayton, a botanical author, and there are several species of it, differing but slightly from each other. This white one, delicately marked with lilac and pink, is "*Virginica*." As we move onward through the trees, keeping a sharp look-out on either hand, we see peeping through the dry leaves and moss the curled-up fronds of young fern, called "fiddle-head," and used as a substitute for asparagus. Our next "*find*" is a bed of "*Gold Thread*," (*Coptis Trifolia*), carpeting the ground with white starry flowers, each on its own slender stalk, rising from a mass of smooth ever-green leaves, trefoiled in shape. It is a pretty, innocent-looking flower, and derives its name from its creeping yellow

roots, which, when seen running through the dark bog earth, appear not unlike threads of gold.

Adding a cluster of these to our bouquet we proceed, looking for Violets, without which our bunch of flowers would be incomplete, and soon have the satisfaction of perceiving a little patch of them. We cannot, however, quote Keble's description of a violet bank whose "languid sweetness seems to choke the breath," nor Shakespeare's simile of music; these, alas! are scentless, and the flowers larger than the sweet English variety. But a little further, the ground is white with the "*Viola Lanceolata*," and "*Viola Blanda*," two varieties very similar, the chief difference being in the leaves. The flowers are smaller than the blue kind, and slightly fragrant; the upper petals of a pure white, the lower lined with lilac. As we gather these little blossoms, (which, by the way, have very troublesome short stalks,) we think of the Violet festival formerly held in Vienna, when a long procession, with bands of music, and the Duke at its head, went out in state, to gather the first Violet, and the fairest maiden in the city was chosen to pluck the flower. It was a pretty ceremony, and one regrets that the custom should have sunk into the mere holiday making in the public gardens at Vienna, by which the first of May is celebrated. But now it is time to bring my wanderings for this month to a close, and I must not linger to mention the many other blossoms which scent our woods. If I should have awakened the slightest wish in any one to know and examine more closely the treasures of the country, I shall not have written in vain, and only wish I could do fuller justice to my silent friends, who for many years have greeted me, each in its season. Next month, we shall have a larger bouquet of more valued flowers, and the humble May-flowers will be scarcely looked at, after the way of the world,—

"...violets that first appear,  
 b. your pure purple mantles known,  
 Like the proud virgins of the year,  
 As if the Spring were all your own,  
 What are ye when the rose is blown?"

FLORA LYON.

(To be continued.)

AN hours' industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil humours, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's moaning.

## ON THE UNITY OF PLAN IN ORGANIC FORMS. -1.



AMONG all the wonderful manifestations which the study of Nature reveals to us, of beauty, of power, of contrivance, and of perfect adaptation, no one is of a more constant recurrence, or so fills the mind with admiration and astonishment, as the *simplicity* which everywhere prevails, and the readiness with which one structural idea is made to fulfil an infinite variety of forms and purposes. The naturalist who extends his studies beyond the narrow field of some single subject of enquiry is constantly struck by such coincidences, the same plan, as it were, being expressed over and over again, always essentially the same, yet with such variety of detail as never to appear monotonous.

Let us glance for a moment at the multitudinous forms of the animal world. Is it possible to conceive of greater variety of size, of colour, of outline, than is displayed to us even by the more familiar animals which everywhere surround us, to say nothing of those which foreign countries have afforded us, or the still more numerous and wonderful beings whose minuteness shields them from our ordinary observation. The mind is unable to grasp even a small fraction of the 350,000 distinct species of animals, which naturalists inform us now dwell upon the globe, and what shall we say of the countless hosts, the only relics of whose existence are their strong skeletons now buried in the earth? Yet the celebrated Cuvier dares to assert, that among all this profusion of animal forms *four plans of structure only* could be found, and all subsequent investigation has but tended to confirm this fact. Every animal, nay and every plant, too, is built on one or the other of four types of growth. I propose, in this and a few succeeding articles, to make the readers of this magazine familiar with this great yet simple truth.

The four *plans* to which I have alluded may be briefly stated thus. —

The first or *Vertebrae* plan includes all those animals which possess an internal spine or back-bone, composed of many separate pieces curiously put together, and termed by naturalists, the *vertebrae*. To this class we ourselves belong, and with us are associated all quadrupeds, monkeys, bats, birds, rep-

tiles, whales and fishes. Various and complicated as are their forms, all are built according to one idea or structural conception. All have an internal spine holding a brain and spinal marrow, and possessed of limbs appropriately attached to this central axis, yet developed to suit the varying habits and instincts of the creatures to which they belong, whether these limbs be arms or legs, as in man, wings and legs as in birds, small or rudimentary legs as in lizards and other reptiles, or fins as in fishes, all are essentially the same, being similarly attached, and composed of identically the same bones. Nay, even these bones themselves are but modifications or appendages of *vertebrae*, even the complicated bones of the skull and face being developed from elements precisely similar to those which form the pillar of the back.

The second great plan or typical idea is the *Articulate* or *Jointed*, and includes all those animals, such as insects, lobsters, crabs, cray fish, shrimp and worms, whose bodies, internally as well as externally, are divided or jointed, consisting of many rings or segments moveable upon each other.

The third or *Molluscan* plan includes those animals, destitute of an internal skeleton, whose bodies are soft and concentrated, with little distinction of organs, such as the cuttle-fishes, oysters, clams, and most of our so-called shell-fish.

The fourth and last great type is the *Radiate*, and comprises all those delicately beautiful animals often seen floating in the Bay of Fundy, resplendent with every rainbow tint, such as the sea-urchin, star-fish, jelly-fish, and many less common, but no less curious forms. Many of this group recall to us the treasures of the vegetable world, bearing indeed the names of many of our choicest flowers, as the anemone, lily, aster, &c. Indeed it is upon this same radiate plan or type that the whole vegetable world is built.

In my next article I shall attempt to show how the same simplicity and singleness of purpose are manifested among the smaller groups which we have seen prevail in the Animal Kingdom as a whole.

(To be continued.)

## CHORAL SERVICES.

**M**ANY readers of THE CHURCH MAGAZINE are already aware that Choral Services were held in three churches in St. John, in January last, with great satisfaction to those who joined in them, and to those who heard them. The object of those who set them on foot was very simple, to bring forward to the notice of Churchmen the grand and simple music of the Church, to induce the clergy to exert themselves in behalf of it, and to afford the many who can sing, an opportunity of joining heartily, in a large body, in the praises of God. As no "intricate, elaborate, or artificial" kind of music was attempted, or was even thought of, the objections made to these services on this ground, are, it will be seen at once, perfectly unreasonable. The six choirs entered into the subject with commendable zeal. In the face of the most unfavourable weather, they were diligent in their attendance at the practices, exemplary in their behaviour in church, and when the service was ended, they parted with feelings of mutual regard. Many persons, not members of our communion, whose previous education, and modes of worship, would lead them to look unfavourably on Church music, especially on what was not easily intelligible, spoke of these services with great satisfaction and delight. It was resolved, therefore, to continue the same method, whenever a special opportunity offers itself.

The great festival of Easter seemed to present a favourable opportunity, and a service was accordingly prepared for the occasion. The weather was very inclement, but notwithstanding that disadvantage, a large body of singers, representing all the choirs in and about the city, assembled on the afternoon of Easter Sunday at St. Paul's, Portland, and in the evening at St. George's, Carleton, and with their assistance a Choral Service was performed in each of those churches. Both of them were filled with attentive congregations, and the singing, it is acknowledged, exceeded anything that had ever been previously heard in the city. The Revd. Canon Coster preached in the afternoon, and the Rev. W. H. DeVeber in the evening.

As with some minds, any thing new to *them* is looked on with suspicion, and the strangest mis-apprehensions are felt as to the nature of such services, a few remarks of a general character may not be out of place.

1. No clergyman need apprehend that a sudden revolution is to take place in all the existing musical arrangements of his church, and that he is expected, or desired, to have Choral Service. But most clergymen, and certainly most laymen, would admit that great room for improvement exists, that it is a part of every clergyman's duty to superintend, and give all the help and encouragement he can, to the performance of his choir, and that we should avail ourselves of all the help, which modern skill and science have put into our hands, as far as they are suitable to our circumstances or abilities. Choirs are expected to attend in all weather; their duty is generally performed without fee, or reward, and it would be hard if they could say with justice, "we do our best: many find fault with us, but there is no one to teach, or even to encourage us."

2. In regard to a musical service, the most ordinary improvements are "novelties," in half the churches in the province. Organs and harmoniums were "novelties," a few years since. Chanting, of the simplest kind, now generally used, was a novelty ten years ago. The only question is, is the music such as ordinary people can sing, and ordinary congregations can join in?

3. On a careful examination of the music used in St. John, we find all, except the Anthem, (which is never sung by the congregation,) of the simplest character. The *Amens* were sung on two notes by a hundred voices, supported by the organ. How solemn and stirring, compared with the usual faint and fashionable whisper! The responses, and the *Gloria*, to strains of few and simple notes. The Canticles to a chant service, arranged by that great master of Church-music, Dr. Wesley, purposely to meet the wants and suit the powers of plain village country choirs. The Psalms, to two of the simplest ancient chants, one in unison, so that as all the voices could be

heard together, every one could join, after hearing a few verses. The two hymns Nos. 222 and 236, in the Diocesan Hymn-book, were of a similar character.

The music used on Easter-day, though somewhat different, was of the same simple character. The responses were taken from Tallis's Festival Service. The Psalms were chanted to two cathedral chants: and the Canticles to the 7th and 8th Gregorians. The Anthem was from Psalm xxiv. v. 7 and 8. *Lift up your heads.* (Hopkins): and the two Hymns were Nos. 210 and 221, from the Diocesan Hymn book.

At Fredericton Cathedral, the Holy Communion was celebrated at 8. A. M., for the convenience of many who cannot be all present together at the usual hour. Notwithstanding the very bitter weather, thirty-two communicated, and at 11 A. M., ninety-six in addition. At evening service the choir of the Parish Church joined with the Cathedral choir, making, with the clergy, forty-two singers. The Psalms for the day were chanted. Dr. Elvey's well-known anthem, "Christ being raised," and Mo-

zart's "Gloria," with English words taken from our own Prayer-book, were well and spiritedly sung, to the great satisfaction of a numerous congregation.

Services of this nature began in St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey, where four hundred voluntary singers assisted the regular choir. But so far from being confined to cathedrals, these Choral Unions have spread all over England. At the anniversary services in Peterborough, in 1862, *nearly* hundred singers and ninety choirs attended, two-thirds of which were village choirs. In places far from a Cathedral Church, smaller gatherings of twelve or twenty choirs are held repeatedly every summer in England. Thus the matter belongs to no religious party, nor is it connected with any doctrinal or ritual "extreme views," as they are called, but is the natural result of ignorance removed, of musical power cultivated, and of a hearty, honest, reverent desire to "sing to the glory of God," to the edifying of His Church, and to the praise of His most Holy Name.

#### LEAVES FROM A CLERGYMAN'S DIARY.—No. 1.

**I**T was late on a stormy evening in the month of September, 1863, as I was returning home from some duty, that a kindly Irishman whose face was familiar to me, stopped me with "Will your reverence just step down this cove, and help me with a sick boy, who is there, and says he will die?" Of course I immediately turned down into the landing place, and there, cowering under an old boat, was a lad apparently about seventeen, suffering greatly from difficulty of breathing. We at once took up the poor fellow to the main street, and, fortunately at the time a wagon was passing, into which he was put and conveyed to the hospital, where on my application he was admitted, and properly cared for.

My duty was to visit the hospital as chaplain, and of course I soon became acquainted with the poor lad and his history. He was the son of very respectable parents, living in one of the English midland counties; and having had his mind filled with a strong desire for a seafaring life, of which his friends did not approve, he at last left home

clandestinely, and shipped at Bristol in a vessel bound to South America, the West Indies, Newfoundland, and home again. Soon after leaving England, the mate of the vessel and the men began to use him with great roughness, and this, to one who evidently had been accustomed only to kindness, was hard to bear. Having run away from home, he was of course scantily supplied with clothing, and unable to bear the exposure which a sea-faring life always entails. Sickness, brought on by cold and wet, laid him up in berth, and this again increased the anger of the captain and officers, who usually have not much feeling for those on board who are sick. When the vessel put into our port the poor lad determined to desert, and had been hiding about the wharves for ten days, at the time he came under my notice. As soon as I knew this, I went down to find the captain, and explain, but the vessel had gone again to sea.

For a week or so the disease under which James — was labouring seemed to abate, and we had hopes that he might be restored; but sud-

denly symptoms of disease of the heart set in and it was seen that in a few days the end must come. Deeply and bitterly did the poor fellow regret his disobedience to his parents, and asked me to write to them and say that he entreated their forgiveness, as he hoped he had already received pardon at the hand of God, for that and all other sins.

It was a great comfort to me to find that he had been carefully and religiously brought up, and to see that the lessons he had been taught at home, and by the good vicar of the parish before his confirmation, had not been forgotten. It was my duty to bring to the poor boy's remembrance his many sins, and to lead him by true repentance to make his peace with God through Jesus Christ. I hope that by God's help my teaching was not in vain. Two days before his death he asked me if he might receive the Holy Communion; and when I celebrated that blessed Sacrament at his bed-side, that he might have the comfort of being "one with Christ, and Christ with him," the tears streamed down his face, and his voice was choked with sobbing; for, as he afterwards told me, there came before his mind the sight of his father and mother by his side, when after his confirmation, he knelt before the altar of his parish church in dear old England, and received from the hands of the vicar his first, and until now, his only communion. I thanked God that he had, though through much suffering, brought back the torn lamb to the fold, and that I, his unworthy minister, was permitted to be there to do His work.

The disease quickly increased, and on the night before his death, I told him that I thought the end was near. He replied, that he was not afraid, as he trusted that God would have mercy upon him for his Saviour's sake. I knelt down and prayed earnestly in the words of the "Litany for those without hope of recovery," and the poor boy was much affected, especially at those petitions in which we pray to be delivered by Our Lord's Agony and bloody Sweat, by His bitter Cross, and Passion,

and by His mighty Resurrection and glorious Ascension. Who can doubt that God heard the prayers, and did deliver that christian soul in the hour of death, and will succour in the day of judgment?

About daylight the next morning, a message came to the parsonage to say that James —— was dying fast. I dressed and hastened to the hospital, and saw that the hour of death was indeed upon him, and that he was speechless. I immediately began the office for the "Commendation of a departing soul," and when my voice fell upon the dying boy's ear, though he could not speak, he turned round towards me, and evidently heard and joined in the prayers then offered. After the solemn words, "Depart, O Christian soul, in the name of God the Father, Who created thee; of God the Son, Who redeemed thee; of God the Holy Ghost, Who sanctified thee, One Living and Immortal God; to Whom be glory for ever and ever, Amen," I continued in silent prayer for some time; and when I rose from my knees, the soul of the poor wanderer had passed away to his heavenly Father. On the next day his body was laid in our cemetery, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life. There were no friends mourning at the grave of the stranger; though alas! there were hearts mourning for him, but not then knowing of his death, in the happy home of his childhood, far away.

I wrote to his father and mother, telling them the sad news, and had a very kind reply, thanking me. My letter was the first tidings they had received since he left home. And about two months after, a letter came to me from the boy's god-mother, enclosing two sovereigns, which she asked might be given to the sick poor of my parish. Need I say that more than one heart was made glad by her gift?

At the last dread day we shall all be called to answer for our life to Him who then shall come to be our Judge. God in mercy grant that we, like this poor sailor boy, may be prepared to meet Him!

LIFE is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

ST. JOHN, N. B., MAY 1, 1867.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

Lately come from one of the sunny nooks of old England, where Spring was reigning in all its beauty, I landed at St. John, expecting to find at least some early flowers; but to my surprise, though the sun was hot enough, not a symptom of Spring vegetation was to be seen.

I asked a friend if it was winter here all the year round? He answered me with a smile, and then broke forth into the following strain, which I place at your disposal.

## AN EMIGRANT.

Why lingers Winter in the lap of May,  
When from the glorious sun's reviving beams  
Long since the healing virtue hath shot forth?  
Where is thy breath, O violet-scented Spring,  
The "languid sweetness" of yon mossy bank,  
The hawthorn buds, the "glittering"celandine,

The thousand twitters of the young-voic'd choir,

The under-song of some adventurous bee  
Whose early industry out-stripped his fellows,  
All the bright hues, and joyous sounds of Spring?

Our ice-bound path melts slowly neath our feet,

And one by one, the ponderous river-benches,  
Laden with memories of a glacial world,  
Rend sore, and grind, and tear the furrow'd soil

Of Mother Earth, till at the Master's call,  
They loose their grasp of the encumber'd shore,

And on the surging sea of melted snow  
Majestically floating down the stream,

Frown grim defiance, 'ere they bid farewell  
Still is the frost-bound feeling in the air,  
From every crevice springs a clammy steam  
That tells of inward freezings, and the trees  
Stand bare of foliage, shuddering at the thought

Of opening all their green and tender beauty,  
To the hard gripe of winter frost again.

But look yet closer—o'er the highest tops  
There steals a russet-brown; what yesterday  
Was all bare mast, is rich with opening buds  
The willow, first to greet us, last to leave,  
Hath burst its prison, since the East wind  
ceas'd,

And when the warm South-west has spread  
its skirt

Abroad, and wooed the earth with its embrace,

Dropping the fragrance of its first soft show'rs,  
Then with one bound, one sunny joyous step,  
Spring flings herself into the arms of Summer,

Kisses the last cold tears of frost away,  
And bids the trees "rejoice before the Lord"

## THE LATE REV. HENRY BROUGHAM NICHOLS.

ANOTHER of our little band of missionary labourers has been called away: not in his native land, but on a foreign shore, and amidst a people of "strange language," under circumstances peculiarly sorrowful.

Mr. Nichols died at Moulmein after a very short illness. He had gone thither to meet a lady, who had left England to be his wife, and after a union of only one week, they were separated by the hand of God. Some notice of our deceased friend may be pleasing to our readers. Mr. Nichols was educated at King's College, Fredericton, before the College was separated from the Church of England, and was one of the Divinity Students of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Whilst at College, he was held in esteem by his tutors, for his industry, intelligence, and good conduct. Having taken his B. A. degree, he entered the Theological Seminary of New York, U. S., where he continued his studies with great diligence, and received the most unwearied kindness and attention from all the Professors of that valuable Institution. Whether from hearing of Bishop Boone's labours in China, or from missionary lectures, we know not, but it is certain that there he first entertained the desire of becoming a missionary to the East, especially to China. The intention was, for

some time, only known to himself, and he proceeded with his studies, and was ordained at Fredericton, New Brunswick, June 2d, 1855, a Priest, September 27th, 1856. His first post was the Curacy of Woodstock, where he laboured most acceptably, and with his usual earnestness, and where his memory is still cherished by the rector and many of the parishioners in the town, and in the country parishes of the mission. In 1858 he applied for a mission, and took charge of Harvey, Hopewell, and the neighbourhood, and was appointed rector in 1861. The new church at Hopewell, on the hill, owes its completion entirely to his exertions and personal liberality. On one of the Bishop's visits, he was grieved to find that the church was indebted to Mr. Nichols upwards of £100, and that he proposed to pay it himself. Some portion of this sum was awarded him at that time, and he may have succeeded in getting a few other subscriptions, but there is no doubt that his own contribution was far beyond his means. Whilst he laboured in this solitary mission, surrounded by those who were hostile, or at best indifferent to the Church, and with few to aid and comfort him, the old feeling of being a missionary to China, revived, and took possession of his mind. He finally opened his views to the Bishop, who dissuaded him

from leaving his native land, and urged him to take another and more congenial field of labour. This he declined, on the ground that his health was better when near the sea. For some time he continued his earnest work. At length his missionary zeal could not be restrained. He left New Brunswick in 1862, and proceeded to England to study the Chinese language. Eventually, however, he was sent to Burmah. There is little doubt that, like many others, he had underrated the extreme difficulty of mastering one of the most difficult of Oriental tongues, and had not sufficiently considered the difference between acquiring the knowledge of a language so as to read it, and the idiomatic use of a lan-

guage so as to speak it fluently. Be this as it may, we doubt not that his pious intentions were accepted by our merciful Lord. We deplore his loss in the diocese, where, humanly speaking, he might still have been engaged in building up a feeble church, and comforting the mourners in our Zion—a hard, but certainly not an unprofitable task. His age could not have exceeded 34 years. Cut off suddenly by brain fever, he was separated from one who had gone out to India to share his joys and sorrows, and at Moulmein, in British territory, but near the country of Burmah, he found rest, we trust, and peace for ever in Christ.

*see sketches book  
2 Lem. 1868*

THE LATE REV. SKEFFINGTON THOMSON, L.L.D.

On Saturday, March 18th, the Rev. Skeffington Thomson, L.L.D., Rector of St. Stephens, was very suddenly called away. He was 74 years of age, and had been 44 years in that mission. At his first entrance on his pastoral charge, he found the few and scattered sheep without a shepherd, and great prejudices existing, especially in some of the country districts, against the Church of England. He laboured earnestly, and by his exertions, aided by the liberality of the two venerable societies at home, and by the parishioners, six churches were built in his mission; one in St. Stephens, one in Lower and one in Upper Milltown, one in the parish of St. David, one in the parish of St. James, and one in St. Patrick's parish. Of these churches two were burned down; the church in St. Patrick's has been rebuilt on a new and more accessible site by the exertions of Rev. J. S. Thomson. The church at St. Stephens, which the parishioners, with commendable zeal, were in the act of repairing, having been also burned down, Dr. Thomson was spared to be present at the consecration of a new and handsome edifice, the plans for which were the Rev. E. S. Medley. Thus, during his ministry, the late Rector saw the church rected, enlarged, and re-erected on the same spot, to which, soon after the consecration, his own remains were taken. The Doctor was also present at the consecration, and repeated confirmations in the new, handsome,

and beautifully situated church of St. David, erected by his son. Dr. Thomson was one of the little band of clergy who cheerfully assisted the late Archbishop Coster in laying the foundations of the Diocesan Church Society, to which the Province owes so much. At its very first meeting, September 8th, 1836, he was present, and continued to be its firm supporter to the last. In his ministerial work he was unsparing of his own labor, and even to the latest period of his life would often attempt duty which his strength would hardly allow him to perform. On Ash-Wednesday he was at church and read the Communion Service. Personally, he was kind and hospitable in no common degree. He had his full share of the ready wit which is characteristic of his countrymen, and he had ever a fund of genial anecdote at his command. He was courteous in manner, kind to children, and had a good word for every one he met upon the road, which induced him to stop so often in his journeys, that the horse he drove, long used by his old kind master's ways, seemed to think it his duty, also, to stop at the approach of every parishioner. In taking an affectionate leave of him, we purposely abstain from that fulsome and indiscriminate eulogy so common and so offensive to good taste. We commend him, as we wish to commend ourselves, to the just sentence of that merciful Father who "knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust."

*History not such a month  
he about my F. Province  
X Old Society - Boys  
Clergy  
S. Schu  
K. Dea  
M. C. L.  
M. C. L.  
Pinner  
Miss of  
C. G. J. J.  
C. C. M. A.*

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL CHURCH NEWS.

Our readers are probably aware that Dr. Colenso, the Bishop of Natal, some time ago published certain books, in which he attacked the inspiration of Holy Scripture, especially the first five books of the Old Testament. In the year 1863, certain charges of heresy and unbelief, arising out of these publications, were preferred against Bishop Colenso before the Metropolitan Bishop of Capetown, who, in concert with the other Bishops of the province, entered a public trial and time given for retraction, proceeded to depose the Bishop of Natal from his see, according to due course of law. From this sentence Dr. Colenso appealed to the Queen in Council, and the decision of the Metropolitan has just been reversed, on the ground that he possessed no authority or jurisdiction over the Bishop of Natal. It is to be noticed that the question of Dr. Colenso's heresy, or unbelief, has not been argued at all, and consequently the merits of the case have not been again gone into. The decision of the Metropolitan Bishop has been reversed, simply on the ground of want of

jurisdiction. So that the Church of England, as such, is in no way compromised by this judgment. It is a matter of great grief that the expulsion of one so notoriously unsound in the faith should have been arrested; and it will, of course, be necessary to proceed in another manner, whenever the true mode of action is pointed out by competent authority.

We regret that we have not space, in this present number, to give the Judgment of the Committee of Privy Council, *in extenso*: this we hope to do next month; but we may mention now, that the ground taken is, that the Patent given by the Crown to the Metropolitan Bishop of Capetown, under which he acted, has no effect or power to confer jurisdiction, or to give his acts the force of law. Such jurisdiction, in the case of a colony where a legislature is in existence, can only be conferred by that legislature; and as this has never been sought for, or granted, in the colony of Capetown, the whole proceedings, taken under authority of the Queen's Patent, fall to the ground.



As this is a most important matter it will be necessary to recur to it again. In the meantime, it may have the effect of making Churchmen see the necessity of the principles of the Church, as a divine institution, being more distinctly realized than has sometimes been the case: and that a higher power than the State is to be relied on for her defence. We extract the following interesting letter on this subject, which has appeared in one of the leading London papers:—

“Friends and foes seem to be agreed about the importance of this last decision of the Privy Council. It must have effects far other, probably, than its acute authors were aware of. It looks, at first sight, as if it were producing chaos; yet, to us, who believe that “the Spirit of God moveth upon the face” of the wild “waters,” it is but the chaos over which God says, “Let there be light, and there was light.” The Judgment dissolves all legal jurisdiction which was supposed to exist in the African Church, but only to make an opening for Divine order. It is no loss to us that it is discovered that the Queen had no power to give the temporal powers which the former legal advisers of the Crown thought she could. It is the Crown deciding against itself. It is no concern of ours which of the two sets of lawyers was right. The present advisers of her Majesty have limited her powers; and we may thank God for the limitation, and pardon gladly the gratuitous insolence of the Erastianism of the preamble, for the results which, with no goodwill of Erastians, must result from it.

The Church of South Africa then is free; and this freedom is far better than a temporal jurisdiction created by the State. It is the temporal jurisdiction which is the weakness of the Church. Had the decision against Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson in the Court of Arches involved only spiritual consequences it would not have been made legal for clergymen to deny hell or the inspiration of God’s Word. The South African Church will have to organise itself, as the Scotch Church, and the Church in the United States had to do before them. And as the Church in the United States rose from the dust in which it had been trampled, and flourished, as it did not when under the patronage of the State, so, by God’s help, will the African. We cannot doubt that the Bishops there (I do not, of course, speak of Dr. Colenso), will abide under the oath which they have taken without troubling themselves to consider whether the Bishop of Capetown was made metropolitan legally, according to human law. He was metropolitan *de facto*; as such they took their oaths to him; Capetown is marked out naturally as the metropolitan see; and such it will doubtless remain.

The organisation of the South African Church is, then, complete. Had the Bishops been (as we were told by the Judicial Committee) “creatures of [human] law,” they would have expired with the law. But since, as we know, the Episcopate has a Divine right, and is a Divine institution, the withdrawing of human props will only show that it endures through a Divine strength lodged in it. English Churchmen will have, doubtless, occasion to help to support the South African clergy; but what seems to be defeat, in God’s hands turns to victory. The Church of England is freed from all complicity with Dr. Colenso, over whom, neither directly nor indirectly, has it any jurisdiction; and the African Church is freed.”

It will be seen on reference to page 33 of the last Report (29th) of the Diocesan Church Society, that at the meeting of the General Committee of that Society on July 6th, the Lord Bishop read from the Chair a letter he

had received from Canon Hawkins, then Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, dated 79, Pall-Mall, London. The object of this letter was to communicate to his Lordship the result of the Society’s then recent consideration of the grants made to his diocese. The resolutions of the Society were to this effect: That while the grants to the elder missionaries under agreement with the Colonial Office, will be paid as heretofore, they will cease on the death or removal of such missionaries. That in lieu of the grants, amounting in the aggregate to £575 sterling, to certain missionaries, a sum of £500 will be placed at the disposal of the Bishop and the Diocesan Church Society for the year 1865. And that, after the year will be made in the grants to the diocese of Fredericton: the Society feeling that they shall be doing the diocese a real service by making it depend more upon its own resources.

This letter, on the motion of Canon Coster, was referred to a committee appointed to confer with the Bishop, the committee to take such action as they may think proper, reporting thereon to the Executive Committee of the Diocesan Church Society. The persons composing the committee are Canons Coster and Harrison, Mr. Wright, and Mr. Jack.

This committee not having yet made any report of their proceedings to the Executive Committee in terms of the resolution, it would not be proper or respectful to either committee to give publicity to any of their proceedings. It must suffice for the present to say that they have had several conferences with the Bishop, that they addressed a letter to his Lordship for transmission to the Society, and that this letter has been answered by Canon Hawkins on behalf of the Society. That in consequence of this letter a reference has been made to Montreal for some information, and this information having been received, the committee have advised the Bishop, on behalf of the Diocesan Church Society, to signify the formal acceptance of the Society’s original offer, and as his Lordship contemplates a visit to England this Spring, they have requested him to treat personally with the Society, and endeavour to bring this long pending negotiation to a successful issue.

On Tuesday, March 26, 1865, the Lord Bishop of the diocese held a special ordination in the Cathedral of Christ-church, Fredericton, when Mr. W. Walker, B.A., of the University of New Brunswick, and Licentiate of the Theological College at Middletown, in the diocese of Connecticut, was admitted to the Diaconate. The candidate was presented by the Rev. C. Lee, M.A., Rector of Fredericton, his lordship’s examining chaplain, by whom the ordination sermon was also preached. As is usual on such occasions, the morning prayer was said at half-past eight, and the ordination took place at eleven o’clock, when the Holy Communion was celebrated by the Bishop, assisted by the Rev. C. Lee, and the Rev. J. Pearson. A goodly number of the faithful remained to communicate with their bishop and the newly ordained deacon.

Mr. Walker has been licensed as assistant curate in the Parish of Hampton, where, for many years, his father has been the esteemed rector. It is a matter for thankfulness when a young clergyman has the opportunity of serving his diaconate under the eye and guidance of an experienced parish priest. We hope that this arrangement may be a comfort and blessing, as well to the rector and curate of Hampton, as to the members of the Church in that mission.