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Quod Semper, quod
Ubique, quod ab Omnibus
Credendum est teneamus

Her Foundations are upon the Holy Hills.



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

THE CHURCHMAN'S FRIEND,

FOR THE DIFFUSION OF INFORMATION RELATIVE TO THE

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

EDITED BY CLERGYMEN.

VOL. II.—No. 4.]

WINDSOR, C. W., JAN., 1857.

[Published Monthly.]

Church News.

CANADA.—We have much gratification in announcing that His Excellency the Governor General has consented to the organization of the new Western Diocese, and the election of a Bishop by the Clergy and Lay-Delegates, as soon as he is assured that the amount actually subscribed is securely invested in real property or provincial debentures. This will require some little time to effect, but still we have no doubt that within a period of three months our hopes will be realized.

In the meanwhile we call upon the clergy and lay-delegates, a large number of whom are among our readers, to reflect much and solemnly upon the importance of the action in which they will be called to bear a part, and the heavy weight of responsibility which is laid upon them. No British church for many, many centuries, has been called to the free and unfettered choice of its Bishop; let the world see that English churchmen are worthy of such a privilege, and able to make a wise and dispassionate choice. Who can tell what influence our example may have upon the course of future events in all the British dominions? Even now the Imperial Government is preparing to lay before the Legislature a general measure for the regulation of the Church in the colonies. We well know that in both houses of the British parliament there

are men who view with jealousy and suspicion any proposal to grant additional freedom of action to the colonial churches, and many sincere friends of the Church, not actuated by any such mean motives, who yet are fearful, and doubt the wisdom of removing the restrictions by which we are now fettered. Let us be careful to put no weapons into the hands of our enemies, to disappoint the fears of our friends. It is to be expected that differences of opinion will prevail; let them be urged in a temperate, dignified and Christian spirit; let no bitterness, or wrath, or evil-speaking find place among us.

And let us not forget that such a spirit can only be attained and preserved by those whose hearts are subject to divine influences. Let those, therefore, who will be called upon to vote in the approaching election, pray frequently and earnestly that the Great Head of the Church will be pleased to direct their thoughts, and guide their choice. It were well indeed if some form of prayer could be issued by authority, to be used in all our congregations, for the purpose of imploring Almighty God to pour out the spirit of wisdom and counsel upon our deliberations; we only doubt whether there is at present enough of earnestness and devotion among our people generally to warrant such a course. People who sit and loll at ease in their cushioned pews during the prayers of the Church, are not likely to put much fervour into such petitions.

The names of two distinguished Canadian clergymen have been very generally mentioned, one of whom, it is probable, will be elected. Their names, however, have not yet been brought before the public by their friends, and we forbear to do so. It is desirable, however, that this should now be done. We fully understand and respect the motives which, so long as the Endowment Fund was not yet secured, enjoined silence on this head; although we believe that few of the subscribers would have been influenced by any consideration of their personal preference for this or that individual. But these motives no longer exist; and it is desirable that the lay-delegates, some of whom reside in remote localities, should have ample time for making themselves acquainted with the merits and qualifications of the respective candidates, in order that they may be able to give an intelligent as well as a conscientious vote, and not appear on the day of election as the mere nominees of their ministers.

ENGLAND.—The English Church papers are still filled with letters and communications respecting the judgment in Archdeacon Denison's case. But the smoke of the action is clearing away, and we are beginning more clearly to discern the position of the various parties. We are much gratified to find that our own views are fully sustained by those of many whom we most highly esteem among our brethren at home.

In the first place it is clearly acknowledged, even by those who most heartily sympathize with Archdeacon Denison, that his present unhappy position is due chiefly to his own rashness and self-reliance. It is a mistake to suppose that his opponents were the aggressors. He began the contest by requiring, as Examining Chaplain to his Bishop, from every candidate for Holy Orders, a certain interpretation of the Articles, which, if not clearly erroneous, was certainly not the only one which has always been considered admissible by our Church. On the other hand, this cannot be taken as a sufficient reason why a high legal tribunal should adopt the same narrow and intolerant course; and proceed to the extreme penalty of deprivation on account of expressions, which, even if erroneous, are to be found in very nearly the same words, in the writings of many distinguished divines of our

communion. And moreover the Archdeacon, if he contradicts the Articles, does so unintentionally; for he declares that although he cannot retract his expressions, he is willing, *ex animo*, to renew his signature to the thirty nine articles. We have always maintained, even while most strongly contending for the Catholic faith in its integrity, that any attempt to narrow the terms of communion would be most injurious and unjust, and we can refer with satisfaction to the motto which stands at the head of our paper, "Unity in things necessary, *liberty in things doubtful*, charity in all things." Where there can even be the shadow of a doubt, let liberty be unrestrained by any vexatious restrictions. And on this account we deplore the Bath judgment; not because we think the Archdeacon right, but because we think the judgment wrong.

With regard to the doctrine involved in the judgment, we must add a few words, because we find that we have not yet been sufficiently explicit. The chief point at issue is the question whether the Body and Blood of Christ are given to those who eat and drink unworthily, as well as to those who eat and drink worthily. To some of our readers the Archdeacon's logic appears unanswerable; they can detect no fallacy. The Church, he says, teaches him that a sacrament consists of two parts, the outward visible sign, and the inward spiritual grace; and that the inward spiritual grace in the Lord's supper is the Body and Blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed given and received. If therefore the Body and Blood of Christ are verily in the bread and wine, they must be given to all who receive that sacrament, even to the unworthy, though it be to their own damnation that they partake of them. Now this is a proposition which our Church certainly means to condemn, while she as certainly means to affirm the real though spiritual presence of Christ's body and blood in the consecrated elements. The whole doctrine of the sacraments involves, of course, a great mystery; and as the Church is silent on the subject, we are not going to affirm that any particular way of reconciling the two propositions is the true one. But we would observe that they can be reconciled; and that there is one way of doing so, which is at least admissible, and which has been maintained by some of the most revered among our Anglican divines. May it not be, that while

Christ is really present in the sacred elements, He immediately withdraws upon the approach and contact of the wicked, so that although they press the outward sign with their teeth, they do not receive the thing signified; they are in no sense partakers of Christ; in the words of Bishop Ken,

when a Judas eats

The sacred bread, the Schekinah retreats.

At any rate, whatever be the mode of explaining the difficulty, there is no connection between the doctrine of the Real Presence, and the propositions of Archdeacon Denison. That many of those who hold low views on the sacraments will try to make it appear that there is such a connection, that some expressions in the judgment of the Court seem to countenance their assertion, we do not doubt. But we deny, and in so doing we do but speak the language of the large majority of Churchmen, we utterly deny that there is any essential connection between the doctrines; in the language of that sound and able divine, Mr. Gresley, we believe that if the Archdeacon's propositions are condemned, we may preach the doctrine of the Real Presence just as freely as before.

There is one more very important consideration. Even if the judgment should seem to condemn the doctrine of the Real Presence—nay, even if that judgment should be affirmed by the higher Courts, it is not, after all, the judgment of the Church. We have no Pope among us who can declare, *ex cathedra*, what is the doctrine of the Church. That is fixed and unalterable, apparently for ages to come. And while we deplore the lamentable divisions by which the body of Christ is rent, this good at least results from them, that any disturbance of the great and essential articles of our faith is impossible. Until the East and the West are again at one, and the various branches of the West reconciled to each other, any new definition of the articles of the Christian faith is impossible; and by the wise dispensation of Providence, who makes good to spring out of evil, we are, in these restless days, compelled to fall back upon the decisions of the primitive Church, and find in our very divisions the best security against innovation and heresy. No judgment of any Court, no decision of any bishop or archbishop, can make the doctrine of the Church other than it now is, until a general Council can again be assembled.

A Lost Principle Recovered.

The Rule of Christian Offerings.* *Church Review*, April, Newhaven, Connecticut.

"Gold and the Gospel," Five Essays on the Scriptural Duty of giving in proportion to Means and Income.—*Nisbet, London.*

"The Duty of giving away in proportion to our Incomes." *A Lecture by A. Arthur, M.A.*

THE second of the above treatises was briefly alluded to in our issue of last month; but it is with very sincere pleasure that we again direct the attention of our readers to the vitally important subject which they so ably advocate.

"O, we are weary," says Legion, "of hearing so much about giving, giving!" No doubt you are, my friends, but are you equally weary of hearing about getting, getting? And yet the day is rapidly approaching when you will be judged, and that for eternity, not by your gettings, but your givings!

For our parts we are ashamed of our Protestantism! Not of our protesting against the fleshly errors of the Papacy, God knoweth; but of the determined protesting against some of the most vital principles of the Word of God by the vast majority of Protestant worldlings, and, in particular, its Law of Giving.

That our charge of Protestant avarice is correct, the works placed at the head of this article would be a sufficient testimony, did not the experience of every Protestant render such evidence quite unnecessary. Protestantism boasts that its peculiar vocation is to restore spirituality to the Church, and yet it reduces to the most disgraceful penury the very men whose express office it is to lead the flock of Christ in the ways of holiness; until, as the natural, though deeply to be deplored result, the altars of God are left unattended for want of a priesthood; men shrink from becoming, as the ambassadors of Christ, the *paupers of a wealthy Church!* while, as respects the secular poor, even though they may be faithful members of the Body of Christ, the Church is no longer looked to as their natural resource, the rightful dispenser to them of the abundant offerings of the more prosperous amongst the faithful. Hence Free Masonry, Odd-Fellowship, Benefit Societies, and a hundred other human devices are resorted to,

* We wish a large portion of this article in the *New Haven Church Review* could be cheaply reprinted, and extensively circulated.—Ed. *Churchman's Friend.*

to eke out the miserable pittance of individual charities. In how many parishes is it the case that the Clergyman, often straitened enough in his own circumstances, his Master knoweth, is left to meet, almost, if not quite, unaided, the numerous *claims* by the poor of the flock upon his care and aid as their temporal no less than their spiritual pastor?

Well, all this, and a score of other evils following in its train, is the result of men presuming first to be wiser than God, and then making their earthly wisdom the apology for their selfish worldliness. God clearly *demand*s, if it be true that, as he says, the things written in his word are for our "examples," the TENTH of our incomes to be given *directly*, besides freewill offerings to Himself; and then there is a further clear intimation that at least a *triennial tenth*, with additional freewill offerings, should be given to the "poor of the land." More, much more than this, our Heavenly Father would seem to expect from his faithful children; but what we have stated is the lowest possible requirement of the Divine law. Now some sincere, and more worldly minded, men have, from various motives, sought to improve upon this law; some with the idea of giving greater permanency to the institutions of the Church, and others under the plea that the freedom of the Gospel left Christians at liberty to follow their own pleasure in these matters. With regard to endowments, it is evident from the Bible, and the unvarying teaching of the Church of Christ, that they have the Divine sanction, as an *addition to*, but in no case as a *substitute for*, the perpetually demanded tithes, and ever recurring freewill offerings. While as respects the freedom of the Gospel, it is a freedom *to love much*, and therefore to give much, and to work much; but assuredly the law of love was never designed to release men from that law of bare justice and filial reverence under which the Lord Jehovah has ever placed His people.

And it is the avowed recurrence to this principle of tithes as a perpetual law, and freewill offerings in the works named above, that we hail with so much pleasure. It is a gleam of sunshine amidst many discouragements, for which we desire to be truly thankful. We rejoice over it as being, in the phrase with which we have headed our article, "A Lost Principle Recovered!" God grant that it may once

again pervade our own beloved Church; yea, and all sectaries; whether Romish or Protestant; for besides, yea and beyond, the obvious benefit, we verily believe that let the law of love once unloose all Christian purses, and it would soon so pervade all Christian hearts, that an unconquerable desire would seize them, since they have one Lord, to have also one faith, one baptism, and one fold. Ah, good Lord, hasten, we beseech Thee, the accomplishment of Thine own earnest prayer, that Thy people may be yet again "one, as Thou and the Father are one."

Of the Essays in question, perhaps the one in the "Church Review" is the most scripturally correct; inasmuch as it most fearlessly asserts the obligation to pay the first tithe to the Christian ministry, as sacredly as it was formerly paid to the Jewish. Near the close of his powerful argument, the American Church Reviewer thus proceeds:—

"But this is not all. We have higher ground than this to take. 'Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things, live of the things of the temple? and they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar? Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel.' The passage is very strong: '*Even so hath the LORD ORDAINED*,' i. e. *appointed, commanded*, as an order given to a servant or a soldier, for so is the word frequently translated in other parts of the New Testament. The argument is not to be evaded. God intended and commands that Christian ministers should have the same support, '*even so*,' as the Jewish priesthood. As He demanded from the Israelites a tenth of their income for the support of His Priesthood then, so now does He demand from Christians a tenth of their income for the support of the ministry of the New Testament. And they are to give it, not as though it were a free-will offering, or a matter of charity, but as God's right and His express command."

Thus far the American Reviewer. It is strong language we admit, but surely not stronger than the whole Bible warrants, when once we can bring ourselves to read it, free from sectarian or selfish prejudices. The ministerial or priestly tithe is in fact God's own tithe, due to Him as the Sovereign Ruler of the world, and appointed therefore to be received by His priest-

hood, whether Jewish or Christian, as His representatives upon earth.

Here we will offer an observation upon the only specious objection that we ever remember seeing, to the Christian ministry receiving the entire *tenth* or first tithe. It occurs in the very able Essay of the Rev. Henry Constable, which is the first in "Gold and the Gospel." The objection is this, that "The Levites formed a twelfth part of the tribes of Israel; the Christian ministry has never amounted to any thing like that proportion of their people." Now the first fallacy is this, that it reasons from apparent consequences. Whereas, when God has given us a positive law, that law is to be our absolute guide, even though we may not at all times be able to see the necessity for all its provisions. Now Mr. Constable himself most triumphantly proves that the Tithe was originally instituted by God, and designed as a direct act of homage and honor to himself. He next shows that whenever there was a priesthood, that tithe was to be given to them, not apparently so much for their own support, as because they represented the Divine dignity amongst men. Thus we find that, in singular contradiction to many modern notions, God placed His appointed ministers in a state of worldly affluence, much beyond that of the body of the people; hence when they were or are not so, whether Jewish, Apostolic, or later Christian times, it was and is the result not of God's order, but of the penurious sin of the people; who thereby not only treat His ambassador unjustly, but trample upon the Divine Majesty, who has ordained tithes for the support of His Priesthood with reference chiefly to His own honour and dignity amongst men. Hence, if this be the Divine command and yet unrepealed, as Mr. Constable himself very clearly proves it is, it must be our duty to pay our tithes to God's priest, if even, as in the days of Melchizedek, we could only find one priest to pay them to, without respect to what might be his wealth, or how he would use them; in fact, we should be only paying them through him to God; and it would be woe for him if he were not a faithful steward.

The second fallacy arises from not considering that the Christian ministry ought, for its proper efficiency, to be vastly more numerous than it is at present, at least in Protestant

countries. Its daily services, its parochial visitings, its close supervision of the education of all the youth, and its untiring zeal at the bedside of the sick and dying, would demand a very large body of men. Then, while all true Christians are required to devote a certain portion of their substance to supply the necessities of the poor, still the needy always did, and always ought to be able, to look for the most tender and liberal care to the clergy; and for this reason ample funds should be at their disposal; besides which they were, and ever should be, the most liberal supporters of the dignity and beauty of worship, and of churches, cathedrals, and holy educational establishments, and the possessors and patrons of deep and sacred learning. Indeed it is to the clergy of former days that no small portion of these things in England owe their existence. And finally, pure Christianity requires a married clergy, as the rule; while a self-denying celibacy amongst Christ's ambassadors should be the exception. blessed though it occasionally be, as affording opportunities of peculiar devotion and usefulness. All this would demand far larger ministerial funds than we, in these meagre days, are in the habit of contemplating.

The third fallacy is, that Mr. Constable, in common with many others, seems to lose sight of the fact, that unlike Judaism, Christianity is missionary in its character; its commission is, "Go ye into *all* the world, and preach the Gospel to *every* creature." Now in order to do this, the Church already in existence must find the means for the support and so forth, of the various armies of Christian priests who are to go forth in this work of evangelization. Hence the Christian Priests and Levites will, on all these accounts, it is evident, bear a much larger proportion to the body of Christians than would at first glance be supposed.

But, in conclusion, we return to our first statement. God has spoken, and it is ours to obey. He *demand*s our tithe for Himself, and has appointed His Priesthood to receive it. It would seem, therefore, clearly to be our duty to pay it to our Parish Priest, until the Church in synod shall decide how much he is to receive, and if any surplus remain, to what ministerial fund it is to be paid. Nor, as a practical question, need we fear that Christ's ambassadors will become more wealthy in this our day than the

Mosaic priesthood; for how few amongst their parishioners are they of whom we can hope that their fleshly hearts will, for a long time to come, permit them to see and acknowledge their duty in this respect.

And for the rest, when once men thus honour God with the first fruits of their substance to Himself, their "joy in believing" will so increase, and their substance will so multiply, that neither their debt to His poor, nor their free-will offerings to His Church, will be withheld or grudgingly bestowed.

But as our space is gone, we hope to notice the Essays themselves more fully next month.

The Old Year, and the New One.

It was towards midnight. Fleecy clouds lowering over the whole face of the sky had all day long been threatening snow. It had been cold and cheerless, and was now full dark—the moon's first quarter—and the stars hidden in the blackness of the thick atmosphere. I was kneeling in my oratory—no light, but on my knees in silent meditation thinking of the past, and wondering. Of a sudden there rang along the passages of the night, the dull heavy sound of the Old Church Bell. It was the great tenor bell, and slowly it went on wailing and wailing as over some deep misfortune, sending forth its heavy lamentations far and wide—fit company for the darkness of the night. No doubt there were many at the very same moment smitten with the same thoughts that then rushed along my own cheerless heart; for the sound of the deep-toned bell, and the midnight stillness were full of blank sorrow to me. Peal after peal it rang on,—slowly chiming—then more slowly still—more slowly still—then it stopped.

It was the end of the Old Year.

There was a pause of some few moments—perfect stillness—not a sound. Then the Old Church clock sent forth, from the tower on high, the striking of the midnight hour. Twelve o'clock! The last note had hardly died away—its last vibrations were still lingering in the air, when of a sudden there rang out from the walls of the belfry such a volume of clattering, riotous, tumultuous sound, as made one think that the old walls would crumble into dust;—swaying the vane, and the cock that crowned it on high, to and fro—here and there—as though all would come down about our ears. I started from my knees. Strange thoughts came whirling through my brain. Where am I? What have I done? What has happened?

It was the beginning of the New Year.

"Yes," thought I, "it is gone. Another year is gone. I looked out into the world at large, and what did I find? I looked through

our own little parish, and what was there? I looked round into myself, and what had I to tell?

I thought of Easter-tide and holy Lent—Lent, when we had our laying on of hands in Confirmation, and so many had come with vows renewed and resolutions strongly made to serve their God. Easter—when so many had come the first time kneeling at our altar to receive the precious Body and Blood of our Blessed Lord—I thought of their young hearts, so fairly promising, of their faith so full of hope; and I wondered where they all were then—whether the holy vows had all been kept; whether they were still found in the precincts of the Church; whether the Blessed Eucharist, celebrated each Lord's Day, still received them, as they were then, in holiness and purity of heart, the faithful ones of their loving Redeemer. My mind glanced rapidly along, and took them in by name. John?—I had not seen him for many weeks. Robert?—No. Susan?—No. Martha?—Not since Whitsuntide. Job? (the old man who had come so late, and promised so well).—No. Since that first so fair beginning, I had only seen him once. Thus I ran along in my mind's eye the many wandering sheep—ah! *why* had they wandered? They had been brought into the fold, may be, too suddenly, and without preparation, and the fault was mine,—or the seed had fallen on stony ground—or the birds of the air had come and devoured it—or I know not what—but this only—What the year had so fairly begun, I did not find so fairly ended. There had been so much promise. Things had looked so very bright and beautiful. Such eagerness—such anxiety to be of God. Lent and Easter had appeared to win so many souls on every side. But now! Deadness again. It seemed as though the merry ringing peals of the New York bells were mocking in their sounds, and saying—"All in vain—all in vain. Toil and trouble—all in vain. The Old Year is but a memory, and the New Year but a dream.

Then my thoughts ran on again. The sermons, and the preachings, and the prayers, how many, many times! Were any sinners won? Had any forsaken schism and loved the Church afresh? Had any said, "Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest?" Had any Magdalen confessed her sins, and come once more to her Blessed Lord, bathing His feet with her tears? Had any, in the bitterness of a stricken heart cried out, "What shall I do to be saved?" Ah! yes, *some* had; but did they abide steadfast? Were they still enduring? In the waters of Baptism they had been washed; but was the water's cleansing still with marks of its power manifest? Then I thought of several by name. They are gone—back. No

more seen among us—fled. Some one had said of — that he frequented the Meeting House at A.; and others said of — that he was just as bad as ever—daily at the public-house, drinking himself drunk; and I remembered of — that she had gone to service, and was rejected by a good master after repeated trials, because she fell back and back into evil habits of the worst of sins. And all this the year now dead had seen, and much more. Oh! disappointed hopes—frail, fleeting glimpses of what might be. Why sing ye so merrily ye false bells! It is all but mockery. *All in vain—all in vain. Toil and trouble—all in vain. The Old Year is but a memory, and the New Year but a dream.*

Then my thoughts went wandering on again. Where is Dobson, the aged farmer full of years. How many of these joyous peals has he heard? Full fourscore and five now. Yes. Alive and well, he still clings on in life. And old Margery at the lodge, down by Jackson's gate, she also—numbering even ninety winters—she also drags life along, though sorely tried. And there is George Hislop at the Union, bed ridden, and with many sad infirmities—still he brings his burthen to another year. Do the bells ring merrily for him? And old Flanigan—half Irish, half Scotch—begging his bread from house to house—a privileged old soldier, to whom not one in the parish but gives a crust or a penny: he too works on—begs on—tells his old stories of old battles, and lives for another year. And one there is—a sad relic of fallen fortunes—gentle by birth, and once of honor among men—now a cast-away. He crawls from room to room, and crutches scarce support a tottering weakly frame, paralytic and half-dead. But only in the body—the mind lives, and, dwelling on past scenes of sin, he pines away in conscience-stricken fear—hardly daring to look up to God. Threescore and ten have done their work for him, and yet he lives—lives on but for misery and an impending judgment, which in a disbelieving heart he would deny: did not reason whisper *There is a God.* Well. These all still alive! Aged—paralytic—poor—bed-ridden—miserable—dragging out into another year an existence which they would fain lay down were it but God's will. What do they hear thus again these merry joyous bells? No joy to them. Sadness and sorrow. No joy to them.—*All in vain. Toil and trouble. The Old Year is but a memory, the New One but a dream.*

Then I turned and looked another way. I left the sinful, the aged, and the miserable, and beheld on the other side a vast plain of memory studded all over with strange dark spots. They were of a somewhat different hue—but still dark spots—and full of tears. I saw in the memory of the past year—(how strangely in-

harmonious now were the New Year's bells)—I saw a youthful, gentle, holy spirit passing away as a flower of the field; and gone far, far into the distant land of Paradise—while lying by her side an infant was left—a living child, the mother fled.

I saw two little babes, the dear ones of a young mother—her first—her only ones;—twin children of a father who had gone before. I saw them gently pining away in her arms, and laid softly, with hands intertwining with each other, in their little grave;—flowers strowed around, and the holy sign upon their breast—emblems of their virgin innocence and of their salvation.

I saw a youthful maiden in her first fresh love, betrothed; and in her unsuspecting joy, joined at God's Altar in Holy Marriage: I saw the bridal party go forth in their glad festivity, and laughter and mirth filled their hearts. But I saw the beloved one go forth within a month for his country's cause, clad in the arms of a warrior. I followed him from plain to plain—I heard the loud cry of leading on of soldiers in the shout of battle, and I saw him slain—slain ruthlessly in the battle-field. Then I hurried swiftly back from the bitter scene, and I saw the widowed bride failing and pining hour by hour, until she lay a corpse beside her husband.

And this is life, thought I. How strange and incongruous it is! Why do fathers carry on their days from year to year, and the children fall? Why do they, whose life is a very burthen of pain, still suffer on; and they, whose joyous happy hours of youth would give promise of long life and health, suddenly pass away into the cold grave? It is a disjuncting of the natural order, that the old should live and the young die. One would say with David, "Wherefore hast Thou made all men for naught." Ah! false and faithless New Year bells. *It is all vain. Toil and trouble. Death and sorrow. Be silent and sound no more. The Old Year is but a memory, and the New One but a dream.*

"A DREAM!" said a voice, whispering gently round about me—A MEMORY!—Yes: verily, all is but a dream—all is but a memory, *as far as this world is concerned.* But is that all that we have to think of? What are all these souls that have perished? what are all these souls that still live struggling on? Visions—shadows—phantoms—if *this* be all. They have come. They have gone. They are born. They die. They lay hold on this and on that. The objects which they grasp, melt away and elude them. They grope about in a vain attempt for a few years and die, and are no more heard of. Glory—the battle-field—coronets—mitres—crowns—royalties—kingdoms—empires; what are they all but a memory and a dream?—fleeing shadows without substance—sand

that runs through the fingers and has no stay—perishing vanities, that shine like falling stars for the twinkling of a moment, and disappear. But there is another life, saith ALMIGHTY GOD. The Old Year is but a memory, and the New One but a dream indeed, if there be nothing more than this world. But is there nothing more? The Old Year and the New Year—winter and summer—the sun and the moon—day and night—what are they all? Nothing; if they be for *this* world only. But are they for *this* world only? Pathways they are, and roads which lead onwards to the “many mansions.” Steep ascents which you are climbing here, but gain the summit, and you will see the Promised Land. A dream here—a reality there. Death and sorrow here— toil and trouble here; but *not* all in vain, if we are but gaining the everlasting hills.

Ring cheerily on then, ye New Year's bells. Ring cheerily on. Faint not, neither murmur ye. God's ways are not as man's ways. His judgments are like the great deep; thou canst not see their end—thou dost not know their moving. The young and the lusty, the good and the brave, are taken from the evil to come. The old are left for the trial of their faith, and the proof of their steadfastness. Ring cheerily on, ye New Year's bells. Ring cheerily on. The Old Year is buried in death—the New One is a resurrection of life. Fresh hopes. Fresh joys. Fresh hearts. The past is gone. All is new. Faint not.

Orphan hours, the year is dead;
Come and sigh—come and weep—
Merry hours, smile instead,
For the year is but asleep.
See it smiles, as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corpse
To its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the death-cold year to-day;
Solemn hours! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swing cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year—be calm and wild.
Trembling hours, she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here;
Like a sexton by her grave,
February bears the bier;
March with grief doth howl and rave:
And April weeps;—but, O, ye hours,
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

Yes! It is not all January. There is May. There is June after this long winter. There are joys in heaven after this long earth. This is but a part. Gird up yourselves for the battle, ye living. Sleep gently on, ye dead. Sleep on, and be at rest. MISERERE JESU. Sleep.—
Old Church Porch.

Church Matters at Clackington in 1876.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE remaining days of the Bishop's visit to Clackington were equally well spent with those we have detailed. He visited the houses of many of the humbler members of the church, and by his unaffected kindness and sincerity of manner won their kind regard.

He gave especial attention to the portion of the town which was growing up in the neighborhood of the Station and the workshops of the Railway Company, and the more he examined it the more clearly he saw the wisdom and liberality of Mr. Crampton and Mr. Jackson in securing the portion of land for church purposes which the former had pointed out to him.

He seemed hardly able to keep away from the plot in question. He walked round it and over it; stepping out a space here and another there, with his face marked by deep thought, but with few words upon his lips.

“We should commence operations here at once,” he at length observed rather suddenly to our friend Crampton, one evening after he had again gone over the ground; “a month's work hereafter will not make up for a day lost now.”

“At once, my lord,” echoed Crampton, with some surprise. “I am sure I should only be too glad if such a thing were possible; but I hardly see how it could be managed.”

“It will require some energy, self-denial and faith on the part of those who can be brought to see the importance of the undertaking,” answered the Bishop; “but such Christian dispositions are not, thank God, altogether lacking amongst us; we shall see that with the Divine blessing wonders can be wrought under their influence.”

“But how do you mean to proceed?” asked Crampton. “I was not aware that you had as yet broached the matter to Mr. Slowton.”

“I have not done so, at least directly, but he must be in some degree prepared for the proposition which I mean to lay before him. I cannot bring myself to think that he will make any opposition to the idea of being relieved from the terrible responsibility of being held answerable for the spiritual necessities of those to whom he is unable to minister.”

Crampton shook his head doubtfully. “But suppose you succeed,” he observed, “in overcoming Mr. Slowton's opposition, what step

does your lordship propose to take 'at once,' being as we are without a clergyman, or (apparently) the means of supporting one, and with very feeble hopes of being able to erect a church, until some years at least shall have passed away."

"Energy and care on my part," answered the Bishop, "will, I hope, find the clergyman, and energy and self-denial on your part and on his, will, I have no doubt, provide the means to support him. As for the church, that is the least part of the difficulty."

"Why, yes," said Crampton musingly. "I think we could easily make temporary arrangements. Jackson and I have talked the matter over, and we have thought that some of the railway buildings could be arranged as a temporary church."

"No doubt, no doubt," said the Bishop, "and even if we could not succeed in obtaining the use of one of them, we could easily devise some other mode of meeting the difficulty. And now good morning, for I mean to-night to break the ice with Mr. Slowton."

The great press of the Clackington festivities were now over. Mrs. Brown's party had succeeded to admiration; and as the agreeable manners and conversational ability of the Bishop had manifestly done much towards making it "go off" well, that worthy lady was in a state of great amiability, especially as regarded her Chief Pastor, and turned a deaf ear to Mrs. Slowton's occasional croakings about the doubtfulness, after all, of the Bishop's orthodoxy. Those croakings, however, were now comparatively few and faint, and would probably have died away altogether under the general influence of the good prelate's presence, but for the harassing suspicion that there was an unexpressed idea in his mind about some alterations in existing arrangements of the Parish, a proceeding to which Mrs. Slowton was most bitterly opposed, and against which she had constantly excited her husband, ever since it had been broached by Mrs. Crampton.

As they were likely to have a quiet evening at the Parsonage, the Bishop proposed to Mr. Slowton that they should retire to the study; and as he was going to leave in the morning, there were several matters, he said, on which they had better take counsel together before they separated, since it would necessarily be a

considerable time before he could visit Clackington again.

Mrs. Slowton, who heard the proposition, looked more decidedly grim than she had done since the arrival of their Right Rev. guest; and even her husband, whose regard for his Diocesan was fast ripening into reverential affection, was sensible of some misgivings connected with the proposed *tele-a-tete*. There was, however, nothing to be done but to comply with the proposal, and consequently Mrs. Slowton (though sorely against the grain) ordered lights in the study, and a little fire, as the evenings were getting chilly.

The door was just closed, and the Bishop was in the act of drawing his chair, in a friendly familiar way, to the side of the fire, as if he meant to be cosy and comfortable, and to enjoy a good long talk, when a loud ring was heard, and Mr. Slowton was summoned to the hall. "A person wanted to see him for a moment."

Making his apologies to the Bishop, he left the room, and found some trifling household matter was the object of the person who called, and on expressing his surprise to Mrs. Slowton, who was standing at the dining-room door, at her allowing him to be interrupted about what was no concern of his, he soon saw by her face that she was the "person who wanted to see him for a moment."

"Now Mr. Slowton," said she, in a subdued but energetic way, motioning him into the room, "mind that you are firm—no division of the parish—no assistant minister—no interference—remember that you are rector—no namby-pambyism, but stand upon your rights like a man."

"All very fine talking," answered Mr. Slowton hurriedly, and making towards the study, "but it's a good deal easier said than done."

"There," said Mrs. Slowton, plumping herself down in a chair as her inferior half disappeared into the study, "I know just as well as if I was there that he will make a fool of himself, and allow that plausible Puseyite Bishop to talk him over. Oh dear! I only wish it was *me* he had to deal with—he'd soon find that he couldn't get to the soft side of me!"

And truly, as she sat with her tall spare angular figure bolt upright, and a look of vexation upon her hard sharp features, he would

have been a bold and sanguine man who could believe that there was any soft side to her.

"Now that you've despatched your visitor," said the Bishop, as Mr. Slowton again appeared in the study, "I hope we shall have the remainder of the evening to ourselves, so that we can have a snug confabulation on matters parochial; for certainly there seems to me to be few parishes in the diocese which are likely soon to become more important than yours."

"It has become a wonderfully thriving place, my lord, no doubt; and in course of years, if it continue to increase, its importance will certainly be considerable."

"It is that already," answered the Bishop, "and as for its increase, that is as certain as any thing human can be. In regarding the condition of such places from a Christian point of view, a feeling of great and almost burdensome anxiety and responsibility takes possession of my mind, how to make the spiritual improvement of such places keep pace with their temporal advancement."

"Ahem—very true," observed Mr. Slowton, looking uncomfortable, "but still I'm very glad to say that we have not stood quite still here in spiritual things, while the town has been increasing. We have made no less than three additions to the church within comparatively a few years. And I really think, though we have hardly finished our last improvement, we must very soon do something more in order to increase the number of our pews."

"Every measure of success in divine things is no doubt ground for devout acknowledgment," observed the Bishop reverently; but after all, a church affording accommodation for four or five hundred is but a scanty supply of church room for a population of more than as many thousand."

"But, my lord, it is our hope and intention, before long, to erect a new church to hold some fifteen hundred, and then there can be no possible want of room for the church people."

"I am very glad to hear you say so. I heard it mentioned before. When do you think of commencing? next year?"

"Why no," said Mr. Slowton, looking rather blank. "We have not yet quite paid off the debt incurred by our late enlargement, which is being liquidated by the pew rents, and is consequently only gradually effected. The car-

pentor who did the work agreed to accept his payments in small instalments, and the parishioners liked the arrangement because it kept them from feeling the expense."

"Humph," said the Bishop, "when then do you expect to be in a position to begin?"

"I can hardly say. Why the—indeed the idea has hardly taken a very definite form. We talk of it; and perhaps three or four years hence I should hope that we shall be able to do something in the matter."

"Three or four years before you are able to do any thing," repeated the Bishop. "Why before you could finish at that rate, Clackington will be twice the size it is at present, and so the proportion of church accommodation will not be much greater than it is at present."

"But you know, my lord, we cannot do impossibilities."

"Very true," said the Bishop with a smile, "but do you really think it impossible to do any thing to increase church room in Clackington at once?"

"Why really I hardly see how it is to be managed. Considering what we have lately done, I don't know how we could propose any fresh effort immediately."

"But I thought you said just now that, owing to the easy terms of payment, the people did not feel what they have lately done; and people, in worldly things, don't often need much rest after efforts which they do not feel. What would you think of suggesting to them the idea of building another church at the present extremity of the town?"

"Another church! an additional church does your lordship mean?" and Mr. Slowton's heart sank within him, for he felt that his worst fears were likely to be realized. "Surely you cannot suppose that there is any present necessity for a church there; and, besides, if there was, there are no means to build it."

"As to necessity," replied the Bishop, "there is already a considerable population connected with the various railway works, and the place is evidently growing so rapidly in that neighborhood that there will be the people to fill it before the church is built."

"But I assure your lordship that there are hardly any church people connected with the railway—not a dozen of the workmen ever come to church."

"Where is the room for them if they did?" asked the Bishop, a question which Mr. Slowton found it convenient not to answer.

"But even if they were church people, it would be impossible for the poorest population of the town to undertake the erection of a church. In that case, the richer part of the population ought to feel that it would be a privilege to help them."

"But, my lord, how is that possible when they cannot build a church for themselves?"

"Have they ever tried?"

"Why no, not exactly, but it is plain to those who know their circumstances that they cannot."

"Mr. Brown's furniture and supper last night did not look much like poverty," observed the Bishop, smiling.

"But supposing we could build two churches, or that we needed them, which, with all deference to your lordship, I am inclined to question, even then I do not see how the two could by any possibility be served. I am sure I have my hands full enough; I could not undertake more."

"A great deal too full," said the Bishop; so full as to involve you in a responsibility heavy enough, as it seems to me, either to destroy a man's body if he endeavors to discharge it, or to ruin his soul if he leaves it undischarged."

"If that be the case where there is only one church, the difficulty surely would not be lessened by the erection of another," said Mr. Slowton.

"No," said the Bishop, "not unless the erection of a second church led to its natural result—the appointment of a second clergyman, and the division of the present charge into a second parish."

"Your lordship, as comparatively a stranger in the diocese," said Mr. Slowton with dignity, "is probably unaware that I have been regularly and legally inducted into this living as Rector of Cluckington, and that my rectorial rights extend over the whole place."

"My dear friend," said the Bishop, taking no notice of Mr. Slowton's manner, but adopting a tone that completely took the starch out of the worthy rector, "you do not suppose either that I was ignorant of that fact, or desirous of making any changes or arrangements without your consent and co-operation. You do not imagine that I undervalue the result of your work here,

or that I question the sincerity of your desire for the welfare of that portion of Our Lord's flock which has been, under me, committed to your keeping! You do me great injustice if you do; that I can most sincerely assure you of."

"Oh no, my lord," exclaimed Mr. Slowton deprecatingly, "nothing of the kind. I am sure you have given me no reason to imagine such a thing."

"I should be truly grieved if any thing done or said by me should ever lead to such an idea, for the impression would be decidedly false. I do not say that our ideas of the management of a parish are altogether alike, or that we take precisely the same view of our ministerial obligations; but I truly believe that we have but one object in view—the fulfilment of our solemn vows, and the salvation of the souls over which the Holy Ghost has made us overseers."

Poor Mr. Slowton was now as limp as possible, and all thought of rectorial stiffness was entirely taken out of him.

"Indeed, indeed, my lord," he began, "I do indeed. I really wish to—ah! I am most anxious to be faithful—as your lordship says. I am however bound, I think, to protect my own rights as Rector of the whole place; and any division or alteration when it appears necessary, should, I think, be made by me as such."

"I am anxious only that the souls of the people shall be cared for," said the Bishop, "because, in a delegated sense, those souls are mine; and I must answer for them in the Great Day of account as our Lord's Chief Pastor in this portion of His heritage. I am not disposed to make any difficulty as to the precise mode by which they are provided for, as long as that provision is made; but made to the best of our ability it must be: otherwise, how shall I stand before the judgment seat on that awful Day when we shall be called upon to give an account of our stewardship? I think, however, that the idea you have broached upon the subject of what you call rectorial rights, arises in a great degree from the tradition of 'the Establishment,' which has no existence here, combined with an erroneous idea of the Episcopal office in relation to the people and to the subordinate orders of the ministry."

"Mr. Slowton looked rather *bothered* by this

speech, and said something indistinctly about the principal responsibility as regarded the people of Clackington resting with him rather than with the Bishop.

"A very heavy responsibility rests upon you, no doubt," replied the Bishop, "but certainly not the *principal* responsibility—that is the awful and inalienable burden of the Episcopate. The souls of the people in each diocese are committed to us, who have succeeded to the office of those to whom our Lord said, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;' and since it is manifestly impossible for us to attend to all, in our own persons, the other orders of the ministry act as our representatives, even as we are sent to 'beseech men,' in *Christ's stead*, to be reconciled to God."

"Does your lordship mean that while Bishops have a divine commission, Priests and Deacons can claim a human authority only?"

"Of course I mean nothing of the kind," replied the Bishop; "if we sent the subordinate orders of the clergy by our own human authority, then they would have none, because, of ourselves, we have none; but, as our Lord sends us by *His* transmitted authority, we hand on officially to the orders beneath us such a measure of that right to minister in holy things which has been committed to us, as empowers them to execute their office with authority equal to our own in its nature, though different from it in its degree."

"But how does this affect the question of the division of the parish? if your lordship will allow me to return to that point?"

"It affects it directly and most vitally," returned the Bishop; "for if the views which I have expressed are true, then every parish Priest, whether he be Incumbent, Vicar, Rector, or be known by any other title, is simply the Curate of the Bishop—a fact which the church declares daily in the Collect appointed to be said at morning and evening prayer, wherein we pray for all 'Bishops and Curates,'—the latter expression including all the inferior clergy, and declaring them all in their several offices to be simply the agents and representatives of the Bishop."

"I beg you to pardon my dullness of comprehension," said Mr. Slowton; "but I am still unable to see how all this applies to Clackington."

"Why in this way," answered the Bishop, smiling, "if I am responsible for the people of this place—if I, in fact, am their Pastor, then it follows that you are my Curate, commissioned by me to do that which, from the limited nature of human powers, I am myself unable to perform. If I give my curate more than he is able to do, I not only deal rather hardly by him, but I am bound to relieve him, as soon as possible, from responsibilities which he is unable to discharge, by dividing the parish over which he has been placed, and sending another Curate to do *my* work in that portion of the charge of which the former has been relieved."

"If your lordship is going to put this theory into general practice, I don't know what will become of the clergy unless you can multiply means as fast as you multiply men."

"There, no doubt, is the great difficulty," replied the bishop; "it is indeed a most grievous thing to see so many earnest men aiding me in feeding the flock which in God's providence has been committed to my care—toiling on from year to year with charges large enough for a diocese, and yet be unable to help them with anything beyond kind words of sympathy to them, and prayers for a blessing upon their work to God, and to think that the great cause is the want of means—a want arising not from any want of ability on the part of the people, but from a want of will."

"The same want of will is very widely extended," observed Mr. Slowton; "and I fear you will find it prevailing in Clackington as much as in other places, if I may judge from the difficulty I have found in raising money for charitable and religious uses."

"But isn't you think," asked the bishop, "that one great cause of this disinclination to support God's ministers and worship is greatly to be attributed to our own want of courage in shrinking from setting the whole truth of Holy Scripture before the people, on this duty?"

"I am afraid, my lord, that it will take greater eloquence than I possess, to persuade the people of this town to supply the funds necessary to carry out your lordship's project."

"It is not eloquence," replied the bishop, "but *truth*, plainly but earnestly and lovingly set forth, that is needed to rouse men's consciences to their own duty and the carrying out of the

Redeemer's work in the world. When Christian men are taught that it is in the Divine will that they should return the tenth of all that they possess as not belonging to themselves but God, and that besides this He expects offerings as well as tithes at their hands, they will in time come to obey that will, and the disgrace will no longer rest upon the church that she cannot carry on her divine work because she lacks the means, which nevertheless are abundantly possessed by her own children.'

'Why, my lord, the very name of tithes is enough to frighten the people here.'

'The question for us to consider,' said the Bishop, 'is not whether the duty be frightful, but whether it be true; and brought to bear in a right spirit on a community like this, where there is a good deal of wealth, it will tell in time. The subdivision of parishes, which is so urgently needed in many places, is in the majority impracticable from the want of means and men; and this renders it more incumbent upon the Bishop to make such subdivision where the nature of the place and the circumstances of the people render it possible. Now I am most sincerely convinced, from what I have seen since my arrival here, that Clackington is one of the places that already stands in urgent need of subdivision, and possesses the means to render the subdivision practicable. I am therefore most anxious to carry it into effect as soon as possible, and am particularly desirous to do so with your concurrence.'

'Humph,' said Mr. Slowton with a very dissatisfied air, 'this is a mode of treating the rights of Rectors to which we have not been accustomed.'

'Ah,' said the Bishop good-humoredly, 'that is because you have forgotten the rights of Bishops; but'—he continued more earnestly—'let us not, my dear brother, talk about our respective "rights," or seek to maintain them at the expense of the people's truest welfare; let us work together for the promotion of their everlasting salvation, and seek to increase in the charity that seeketh not her own, if by self-sacrifice we can do aught for our Blessed Master, and the precious souls which He has redeemed.'

The earnest tone of the Bishop's conversation soon had its usual effect of warning Mr. Slowton's naturally kind heart, and of awakening

(for the time at least) his somewhat sluggish conscience.

They talked till long past midnight; and before they parted the Bishop suggested that they should kneel down together and implore the Divine blessing upon the plans which they had discussed, and Mr. Slowton went to his chamber feeling wonderfully strengthened for the reception which he knew the tidings he had to communicate would meet with from his wife.

Can anything warrant Separation?

It is a great thing to possess the soul in perfect patience. To be able, when we are treated injuriously, even by our nearest brethren in Christ, for being "faithful stewards of the mysteries of God," to remain calmly firm in the fulfilment of our allotted duty, so far as they will permit us,—and even if crippled, by their opposition, in our efforts for the cause of Christ, still to be willing rather to be apparently useless than impatiently to run in paths neither pointed out by the wisdom, nor authorized by the authority, of the Supreme Head of His church.—it is indeed blessed thus, in "quietness and confidence," to have our strength.

Our thoughts have been thus directed by the unfortunate deprivation of Archdeacon Dentson. Some mistaken, if not "false brethren," there are, who seem to hope that this persecution will create a schism in the Anglican Church, by driving many of her most earnest and catholic minded sons out of her pale. We trust in God, and believe that it will not be so. Nevertheless it is a sore trial of the faith and patience of many, as altogether apart from the question of the correctness of some of the Archdeacon's propositions; it is a glaring act of oppression that he should be deprived of his livings upon a theological question of peculiar subtlety, while many who are habitual neglecters of her discipline, and almost avowed opposers of her plain teaching, are exalted to the highest places in the hierarchy of the Church.

Were this the commencement of a determined effort to bring all parties to a strict and honest adherence to every principle, and to all the discipline and usages enjoined in, or authorized by, the Prayer Book, we know not but that we should be disposed to wish his Grace of Canterbury "God speed;" however unfortunate

or mistaken we might esteem his first assault. Still can these, or a thousand such acts of oppression, or even serious corruptions of scriptural and catholic truth, by our rulers either in Church or State, warrant us in even dreaming of departure from the Anglo-Catholic Fold of Christ? We trow not!

Grant that the shield thrown over Mr. Gorham, the forcible appointment of Bishop Hampden, the advancement of Mr. Close, the support given to Mr. Williams and Dr. Jelf, on the one hand,—and on the other, that the silencing of Dr. Pusey, the sanctioning of mob violence against Mr. Bennett, the Star-Chamber-like enforcement of laws of doubtful vitality to crush Archdeacon Denison; with the almost universal neglect, by those in authority, of such men as Keble, Sewell, Mariatt, Hook; in short, of all sound Anglican Divines, however distinguished by earnest holiness of life and labour,—grant that all these give bitter evidence of the determination of those in high places, alas both in Church and State, to divest the former, as far as possible, of her scriptural and primitive but self-humiliating doctrines, and to cherish in their place an intellectual, self-exalting spiritualism, so gratifying to that degrading vanity which is the offspring of the supercilious ignorance of this 19th century;—grant all these painful truths we say, and what then? To us they appear to call the faithful to deep contrition and earnest prayer before God; for which of us, either in our own persons or that of our fathers, have not been more or less guilty in bringing about this sad state of things? But this is not all. It can never be a lawful excuse for making another schism in the Church of the living God.

It has long appeared to us, that owing to the dreadful frequency of division, even catholic-minded men do not sufficiently recollect how entirely without warrant, from either Holy Scripture or ancient usage, whether Jewish or Christian, is division from the Church of God, even when adopted as a remedy against oppression, or the still direr evil of corruption in doctrine. A calm examination of our earthly fount of holy wisdom, the Volume of Inspiration, is amply sufficient to prove the utterly unlawful character of such a step.

There can be little question that to the gross immorality of the sons of Eli there would be

added, a probably undisguised sneering infidelity; but yet this was not esteemed by the Eternal as any sufficient apology for His people in their abstaining from his appointed service and worship. So amidst the apostacy of Manasseh and his foul corruption of the service of the Temple itself, we hear of no attempt to establish another and purer Jewish Church. But perhaps the strongest evidence of this determined unity is seen in the history of the days of our Blessed Lord and His Apostles. The doctrine of the Jewish Church had miserably fallen from its original purity; its highest offices, even that of the High Priesthood, were tampered with, in utter defiance of the Mosaic law, by the heathen rulers of the State; while its practical iniquity was such that it crucified its own Divine Lord: yet the adorable Jesus first, and His Apostles afterwards, maintained the unity of its identity and worship; until the Christian church was openly shown to be its divinely appointed successor. Nor is there one word of license in the entire Sacred Volume for departing, under any circumstances—none can be worse than those revealed in Jewish history—from this ancient and divinely sanctioned principle,—the necessity, in order to secure the grace and glory of election, of membership in the one appointed Church and Fold of God.

Refusal to join in the corrupted portions of her worship, even at the penalty of liberty, estate, and life, has often been the necessity of those who have remained faithful amid general defection; and, for our many sins and intense worldliness, we may in God's righteous indignation, be subjected to the same again; but we can find no authority, from the only True Source of All Authority, for daring, even under such circumstances, to set up rival communions, and thus "rending the Body of Christ."

The first great sin of this kind committed in England appears to have been the Romish schism in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Had the reformation of the Anglo-Catholic Church been as uncalled for in principle or as faulty in execution as the promoters of that schism pretend; still the English Church was, and is, the undoubted ancient and Apostolic Catholic Church of England and her dependencies; for whatever may be her errors or short comings, they cannot affect her identity: hence the guilt of the Anglican Romish seceders of the days of

Elizabeth. But if this be so, how sad is the condition of those unhappy men who, in our own days, have left the communion of the Church of England to join that of the Anglo-Romish sect? It is only by the most painful casuistry that they can at all defend their position; and sure we are that the clear principles of eternal truth require no such learned perversions for their defence.

But in truth are we not disposed to make too much of the individual assaults which from time to time are being made by those in authority upon our beloved Zion; and of those, we admit, alas, far too frequent instances of the want of faithful sound teaching, or of earnest holy living, according to the discipline of the Church, which for the present dim her glory? For after all, they are but individually political, or personal and local. And therefore the Church, as a body, is not responsible for them. But it is said, we are partakers in the guilt so long as we do not prevent or officially denounce it. How so? God has permitted—whether for our sins, or as a trial of our faith and patience, He knoweth—the Anglican Church to be in a certain degree of bondage, so that, as a body, she cannot protest or act. Surely then this is not her sin! neither is it anything novel. The whole history of the Church, both Jewish and Christian, gives ample evidence that the authority of the State has, ever and anon, been abused for her oppression; yet the authority, aye, and the connection too, is of God, and may therefore be only passively resisted. But the fact is that the Church has got sadly tainted with the impatient distrust and self-seeking, which so unhappily distinguishes our age. The State, not the Church, will be the sufferer in consequence of these oppressions; and, though it is not to be denied that the Church does suffer in consequence of the lukewarmness of many of her members, yet shall her faithful children ever find within her sacred fold the wells of salvation overflowing for them. Let us tread in the steps of Elijah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Paul, Athanasius, Chrysostom, and their nobly patient compeers, and then we shall be willing to labour, to protest, to pray, to suffer, without ever daring to dream of being driven to separate from the Indivisible Body of Christ, by kingly tyranny, imperial heresy, archiepiscopal weakness, or the worldliness of members.

One is naturally driven when considering a

topic like the present, to think upon the step taken by that singularly excellent band of confessors, the non-juring prelates and Divines. But without debating the necessity of their first step in refusing to take the oath of allegiance to William III., may it not be questioned whether the attempt to perpetuate themselves as a body distinct from the Anglican church, was not a decided error in judgment? If the principles we have been advocating were correct, it certainly was so. However unlawfully deprived of the power to exercise the functions of their sacred offices, the wrong thereof lay, not upon them, but upon the king and his advisers; not, because of the *monarch's sin* was it right that the flock of Christ should be left without shepherds who had power to act, and it would appear that the wrong being a personal one to the prelates themselves, their successors acted lawfully in taking the oversight of those flocks, the care of which their legitimate pastors were compelled to relinquish.

But if this be so, it is evident that the non-jurors, holy men as they were, committed a very serious error in ever forming and still more in endeavoring to perpetuate a schism. Is it presumption to think that these views find sanction in that, under the circumstances, really wondrous Providence, which frustrated the attempt?

The Church of the Living God, is like Himself, One and Indivisible; no oppression, nay, no corruption therefore, can warrant the attempt, as no power on earth can give the ability to form a new fold for His Elect. Hence it is ours, we repeat, each one in our lot, to work, to protest, to pray, to suffer,—but *not to separate*, and we may rest assured that on that day when the secrets of the Lord shall be revealed, it will be found, that what was right and blessed for ourselves, was also most advantageous to the kingdom of Christ.

Miscellany.

That is not the best and truest knowledge of God which is wrought out by the labour and sweat of the brain, but, that which is kindled within us by an heavenly warmth in our hearts, as in the natural body it is the heart that sends up good blood and warm spirits to the head, whereby it is best enabled to do its several functions, so that which enables us to know and understand aright in the things of God, must be a living principle of holiness within us. When

the Tree of Knowledge is not planted beside the Tree of Life, and sucks not up sap from thence, it may be fruitful as well with evil as with good, and bring forth bitter fruit as well as sweet. If we would indeed have our knowledge flourish and thrive we must water the tender plants of it with Holiness.—Smith's select Discourses A. D. 1650.

CONVERSION OF NORTHERN ENGLAND.—

There is a very beautiful old history concerning the way in which Christianity was first introduced into the northern part of England. When the holy missionary who had brought it, had delivered his message in the hearing of the king of the country, with all his court, one of the principal nobles said:

"O King, this short life of ours, the few years which as mortal men we spend here on earth, reminds me, when I think of it, of what sometimes happens when we are here feasting with you in the time of winter. The room being all warm and light, while the rain or snow is raging without, it will sometimes happen that some small bird will fly in at one door and out at the other. Just for the time that it is in the hall, it feels nothing of the wintry storm; but in a moment having hurried through that warmer and calmer space, it passes again into the bleak air from which it came, vanishing out of thy sight. So this life of man appeareth for a little while, but of that which followeth or went before we are quite ignorant. Wherefore if this new doctrine brings surer information, well may we follow it."

Upon this and other like considerations, the King was persuaded to listen to the doctrine of the Lord, and soon received Baptism with many of his people.

ROME NOT FIRST.—I much marvel that the Pope extols his Church at Rome as the chief, whereas the Church, at Jerusalem is the mother, for there the doctrine was first revealed, and set forth by Christ, the Son of God Himself, and by his Apostles. Next was the Church at Antioch, whence the Christians have their name. Thirdly was the Church at Alexandria; and still before the Romish, were the churches of the Galatians, of the Corinthians, Ephesians, of the Phillipians, &c. Is it so great a matter that St. Peter was at Rome? which, however, has never yet been nor ever will be proved, whereas our blessed Saviour Christ himself was at Jerusalem, where all the articles of our Christian faith were made; where St. James received his orders, and was Bishop, and where the pillars of the church had their seat.—Luther's Table Talk.

St. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.—"The legend of St. George," says Luther, "has fair spiritual signification respecting Government and Policy. The Virgin signifies policy. She is vexed and tormented by the Dragon and the

Devil, who goeth about to devour her. Now he plagueth her with hunger and death, then with pestilence; now with wars, till at length a good prince or potentate cometh, who helpeth and delivereth her, and restoreth her again to her right."

ANOTHER HOUSE OF SISTERS OF MERCY.—The house and grounds known as the Priory, at Bradford, Wilts, are about to be taken on a long lease by some ladies in connection with Miss Sellon, of Plymouth, and others, better known as the Sisters of Mercy, and it is their intention to open an establishment similar in all respects to those already in existence at Plymouth and Bristol. Great alterations are to be made in the premises, and some new buildings added for the purpose of providing accommodation for the numerous members and pupils who are expected to reside there.—Times.

Doctrin.

MUSIC.

HINT FROM EURIPIDES.

Queen of every moving measure,
Sweetest source of purest pleasure,
Music! why thy powers employ
Only for the sons of joy;
Only for the smiling guests,
At natal or at nuptial feasts?
Rather thy lenient numbers pour
On those whom secret griefs devour;
Bid be still the throbbing hearts
Of those whom death or absence parts;
And with some softly whispered air,
Smooth the brow of dumb despair.

Dying Prayer

Of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, composed in Latin by herself, and repeated immediately before her execution. Translated by Dr. Harington.

In this last solemn and tremendous hour,
My Lord, my Saviour, I invoke thy power!
In these sad pangs of anguish and of death,
Receive, O Lord, thy suppliant's parting breath!
Before thy hallowed Cross she prostrate lies;
O hear her prayer, commiserate her sighs!
Extend thy arms of mercy and of love,
And bear her to thy peaceful realms above.

[From the Church Journal.

For a Prayer Book.

The breathings of the holy hearts,
In words of faith, in words of love,
Our Martyr'd fathers wrote, 'ere yet
Their spirits soared to worlds above.

Recorded still these words remain,
To fan devotion's sacred fires:—
Lord! help us while their words we use,
To feel the spirit of our sires!

D. H. D.

St. Paul's Church, Louisville,
Convention, May 30th 1856.