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Theologn.

THOUGHTS ON CONTROVERSY. INFALLIBILITY.

NO. III.

HAVING proved that the claim of infallibility put forth by the Roman Catholic Church regards rather the *communication* than the *perception* of truth; having shown that the instrument of communication employed by the infallible guide (that mysterious, invisible, impalpable personage, whose name, whose place, none can tell!) is not *oral language*, as seems to be implied when men talk vaguely and fallaciously of a *living speaking guide*, but, as in Holy Scripture, *written words*; having repudiated the blasphemous assumption, that Popes or Councils employing the very same instrument of communication (written language) can use it for the instruction of mankind with such success as casts entirely into the shade the ambiguous (so pronounced in their theory) writings of the prophets and apostles, inspired though they were by the Holy Ghost, and using (as St. Paul alleges) "great plainness of speech" (2 Cor. iii. 12), I passed in the conclusion of my last paper from theory to practice, and enquired "what has been the working of this vaunted system? Has the infallible and unimistakeable guide, who exalts himself above prophets and apostles, been able to deliver such clear responses that the people, albeit in great uncertainty about the meaning of Holy Scripture, can never misunderstand his teaching?" And I referred to the publication of indulgences by Tetzel as a proof that in one case at least, there had been either error in the perception of doctrine or inefficiency in the communication; for, whatever may have been the secret views and purpose of the Pope in that transaction, the effect produced in the minds of the people was an impious and immoral superstition.

I now proceed to point out another of the *mistakes* which have arisen out of the teaching of the infallible and *unmistakeable* guide.

The Roman Catholic Church stands in the presence of all Christendom under the awful charge of idolatry. Suppose her as a Church guiltless of this fearful sin, still, who can doubt that her practice in this matter is intricate, complicated, and difficult? What proof have we that the ignorant among her people never *mistake* the teaching of their guide, and never are involved in the sin, which every true Church of Christ must renounce with indignation and horror. Might not an unlearned man, unable to make the nice distinctions of *dulia*, *hyperdulia*, and *latría*, of *prayer direct* and *prayer oblique*, *prayer sovereign* and *prayer subaltern*, (see note) and a thousand other distinctions imperceptible to every mind that has not been trained in the school of Aristotle and Aquinas, pass the boundary which separates questionable doctrine from gross idolatry, and drop into the abyss? Seeing that the Church systematically excludes the second commandment from her catechisms, might not a poor honest man so far misunderstand her purpose as to suppose that she sanctions the impious act which that commandment forbids? Let us once more appeal to practice, and it will soon appear that this reasoning is well founded, and that the danger we apprehend is not merely imaginary.

I select from many now in my recollection, one example of absolute and unquestionable idolatry among the people, under the teaching of the infallible guide. In the case I am about to adduce, worship *absolute, direct, final, and sovereign*, was addressed to an image—the image of a creature. This case appears to involve idolatry of every conceivable kind, idolatry of gesture, idolatry of invocation, idolatry of the understanding, idolatry of the heart's trust, idolatry of the heart's adoration, idolatry of the heart's affections.

In the *Christian Examiner*, vol. iv. page 149, I find what follows.

NAPLES.—We have just received the following interesting communication from a valued correspondent now on the Continent; his letter is dated Naples, December 30th, 1826.

Coronation of the Image of the Virgin Mary of the Immaculate Conception in the Church of Gesù Vecchio, Naples.—By whatever modified appellation Roman Catholics may choose to designate the worship they pay to images, its practical tendency on the minds of the lower orders, who cannot enter into such fine-drawn distinctions, must be collected from the effect it produces in those countries, where that religion is the only one of which they have any notion. It

may, therefore, be interesting to give a short account of the ceremony mentioned in the heading of this article: the quotations which I shall make are from a book given to those admitted to the reserved seats on that occasion, and containing the prayers, hymns, anthems, &c., prescribed for the occasion.

"The most Reverend Chapter of St. Peter, 'in Vaticano,' is accustomed to bestow every year, 'crowns of gold to adorn those images of the Blessed Virgin which are most celebrated either for their antiquity, or their prodigies, or their concourse of people; for the purpose of continually increasing 'their worship,' ('il culto,') and to excite the *piety and devotion* of the faithful towards the great 'Mother of God &c., &c.; in having taken into consideration the solicitations made to them to 'grant the crown of gold to the image of the 'Immaculate Conception, which is venerated ('che si venera,') in the Church, &c., &c.—has granted 'the crown of gold as well to the said image of the Blessed Virgin as to that of the Infant Jesus in 'her arms, and has obtained the Apostolic Brief of 'the reigning Pontiff, Leo XII. dated this 2nd day 'of December, 1826, not only approving this grant, 'but according a plenary indulgence to all the 'faithful who, having confessed and communicated, 'may visit said church on the day of said coronation; 'the same Brief has appointed as 'Delegate' to 'perform said coronation, the Cardinal Archbishop 'of Naples, &c., and has named the 30th of this 'month for this sacred rite.'

From the above it is evident, 1st, that there is a worship ('culto'), paid to images separate from that paid to the persons they represent; and 2nd that there is a 'piety and devotion' paid to the Mother of God separate to that paid to God himself; and lastly that the Chapter of the Vatican and the Pope himself consider this worship of the image and this devotion to the Virgin of such importance as to deserve the issue of an Apostolic Brief, and the prescription of most solemn observances (as will be seen in the sequel,) which should obtain for the faithful attendants thereon a plenary indulgence. The book I have mentioned then prescribes that for three days previous to the coronation, preparation should be made by prayers, sermons, and benedictions in said church. In the vespers of the evening a hymn to the Virgin is introduced, which contains the following petitions,—

Solve vincia reis,
Profer lumen cœcis,
Mala nostra pelle,
Bona cuncta posce,
Vitam presta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collatetur.

In which it seems to me that she is represented as able "to loose those that are bound"—"to open the eyes of the blind," and to bestow "every good and perfect gift," (*bona cuncta*)—which I have hitherto been taught to believe with the apostle can only come from "the Father of Lights with whom there is neither variableness nor shadow of turning," James i. 17. She is also represented as able to bestow on us a holy life, and lead us in the safe way; was it then of her aid the prophet said, "thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying, this is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left?" when he also said "ye shall also defile the covering of thy graven images of silver and the ornament of thy molten images of gold, thou shalt cast them away, thou shalt say unto it, get thee hence," Isa. xxx. 21, 22. After the above hymn is prescribed the following prayer:—"Famulorum tuorum, quesumus Domine, delictis ignosce; ut qui tibi placere de actibus nostris non valeamus. Genetricis Filii tui Domini nostri *intercessionem saluamur.*" In this prayer it is hard to determine which is considered of most importance, the pardon sought from the

mercy of God, or that salvation expected from the intercession of the Virgin. In a subsequent anthem, however, the minds of the faithful, which might have been perplexed for a moment by the character of the preceding prayer, are led to contemplate the Virgin alone in the full plenitude of her power as an abundant refuge.

"Sub tuum presidium confugimus sancta Dei Genetrix; nostras deprecationes ne despicias in necessitatibus; sed a periculis cunctis libera nos semper, virgo gloriosa et benedicta."

Similar petitions might be cited from other parts of the ceremony; but these must suffice.

The crowns having been sprinkled with holy water, fumigated with sacred incense, and consecrated, the brief containing the plenary indulgence was promulgated; then followed various anthems, petitions, and rites, performed by an excellent orchestra, the whole Royal Family being present, and a great number of priests and canons richly dressed. Now, that expectation was raised to the utmost, the delegated Archbishop, preceded by a priest bearing the crowns on a magnificent cushion, and followed by canons and priests, carrying wax torches, ascended to the gallery, and the recess above the grand altar, where the Virgin awaited them; the whole keeping time to the sound of solemn music. When the crown was placed on the head of the infant Jesus, there was a general movement; but when she was crowned, the lower orders could no longer contain themselves, and the shouts of the men, the cries, the outstretched imploring hands, the tears and convulsive shrieks of the women, showed how vehemently and profoundly they adored the Virgin, and worshipped her image. At this moment the royal band outside the Church struck up (as prescribed); all the church bells in the city sounded, and all the batteries fired a royal salute.

The feeling of the multitude is contagious, and it is difficult for one in a crowd to resist the progress of a strong and universal excitement. As I listened and looked, I was confused, and dazzled, and for a moment I thought I saw the royal divinity become animated, and nod and smile; but the shout ceased, I looked again, and she was cold and stationary as before. She was not, however, allowed to remain so, for being crowned she must be borne like a queen, in royal pomp. Having been with some difficulty brought down from her niche in front of the high altar, six priests, clad in rich dresses of blue silk and silver to correspond to her drapery, elevated her on their shoulders; and six others supported over her, on long poles, a stately canopy of blue silk and silver, ornamented with plumes, the Royal Family carrying wax torches, with the public functionaries and priests followed, and two priests went before, fumigating her with incense; the whole accompanied by sacred music and anthems. Thus she was conducted outside the church, and exhibited to the assembled crowds who could not obtain admittance, and whose applause testified their gratitude and adoration; nor was the homage of those within during the procession less enthusiastic, and in the progress of her return to her abiding place, the confused mixture of supplications and applause, of shouts and shrieks was renewed. Methought for a moment, in the general tumult, that I heard a satanic voice triumphantly exclaim, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Thus was she brought back to her niche; "they bear him on the shoulder; they carry him, and set him in his place and he standeth; from his place shall he not remove; yea, one shall cry unto him, yet shall he not answer, nor save him out of his trouble." Is. xlv. 7.

I had nearly forgotten to mention, that the moment after the coronation, the Delegate and priests pronounced the following sentences and responses, in which the unlimited power of the Virgin over all nature is unhesitatingly proclaimed in phrases almost scriptural.

Ves. "Corona aurea super caput ejus."—Eccles.

xiv. 15. R. "Expressa signo sanctitatis, gloria honoris, et opus fortitudinis."

V. "Coronasti eam Domine."

R. "Et constituiti eam super opera manuum tuarum."

When the crowd dispersed, and I remained alone in the church, I drew nigh to take a closer view of this wonder-working being, whose claims to be more highly exalted, had occupied the attention of the Chapter of the Vatican, and had been recognized by a Papal Brief; and whose coronation had wrought up the public feelings to such a pitch of enthusiastic emotion. I drew nigh, but behold it was a lifeless, motionless image of wood, too like those of ancient days, which "had mouths but spoke

not; eyes, but saw not; ears, but heard not; hands, but they handled not; and feet, but they walked not." Ps. cxv. 5, 6, 7. Oh! that this benighted people had the scriptures, that they might read the verses which follow, "they that make them are like unto them, and so is every one that trusteth in them. O Israel, trust thou in the Lord, he is their help and their shield."

It is unnecessary to say that such practices are of almost daily occurrence in those realms where the infallible guide reigns supreme and unresisted, and where the light of his *unmistakeable* teaching is never obscured by intermixture with any other religious influence; where all the religion, and all the superstition which the people have, either comes directly from him, or at least grows up under his observation, and is warmed into maturity by the beams of his presence. Such is the result of his labours; so little does the actual working of this system correspond with his arrogant pretensions. In Protestant lands Popery appears veiled, and hides her most offensive deformities from the eyes of a Bible reading people. In Italy the veil is withdrawn, and such things are seen as could force even that eminent anti-Protestant, the late Mr. Froude, to exclaim, "I really do think them idolaters." Perhaps from more unwilling lips an admission was never wrung.

NOTE.

This one point is needful to be observed throughout all the Cardinal's answer, that he hath framed to himself five distinctions—1. *Prayer direct and prayer oblique* or indirect. 2. *Prayer absolute and prayer relative*. 3. *Prayer sovereign and prayer subaltern*. 4. *Prayer final and prayer transitory*. 5. *Prayer sacrificial and prayer out of or from the sacrifice* * * * * For all the world like the question in Scotland, which was made some fifty years since, whether the Pater Noster (the Lord's Prayer) might not be said to saints, for then they in like sort devised the distinction of—1. *Ultimate*, et *non ultimate*. 2. *Principaliter* et *minus principaliter*. 3. *Primarie* et *secundarie capiendi stricte et capiendi largi*, &c. * * * And whosoever he (the Cardinal) is pressed, he flies straight to his *prayer relative and prayer transitory*; as if *prior pour prier*, were all the Church of Rome did hold. . . . The Bishop well remembers, that Master Casaubon more than once told him that reasoning with the Cardinal touching the invocation of saints, the Cardinal freely confessed to him that he *had never prayed to saint in all his life, save only when he happened to follow the procession, and that then he sung "ora pro nobis"* with the clerks indeed, but *else not*. But, it is to be feared that the Cardinal will be shent for this, and some censure come out against him by the Sorbonne. For the world cannot believe that *oblique relative prayer* is all that is sought, seeing it is most evident by their breviaries, hours, and rosaries, that they pray *directly, absolutely, and finally to saints*, and make no mention at all of *prior pour prier*, to pray to God to forgive them, but to the saints to give it themselves. So that all he saith comes to nothing. They say to the blessed Virgin, "Sancta Maria," not only "ora pro nobis," but "succurre miseris, accipe quod offerimus, dona quod rogamus, &c."

All which, and many more, shew plainly that the practice of the Church of Rome, in this point of invocation of saints, is far otherwise than Cardinal Perron would bear the world in hand, and that *prior pour prier* is not all, but that "Tu dona celum, Tu laxa, Tu sana, Tu solve crimina, Tu due, conduce, induc, perduc ad gloriam; Tu serva, Tu fer opem, Tu aufer, Tu confer vitam," are said to them (totidem verbis), more than which cannot be said to God himself. And again, &c., &c., &c.—Bishop Andrew's Answer to Chapter xx. of Cardinal Perron's Reply, quoted in *Tracts for the Times*, No. 90.

Well may Bishop Taylor observe, "that they cannot pretend (their practice in the invocation of saints) to be lawful, but with the laborious artifices of many metaphysical notions and distinctions, which the people who most need them do least un-

derstand. But we know that the arts of sophistry are not the ways of salvation; and therefore we exhort our people to follow the plain words of Scripture, and the express law of God in the second commandment, and add also the exhortation of St. John, "Little children keep yourselves from idols."

CHURCH SERVICES.

NO. II.

In our former article we observed upon the beauty and propriety with which the public worship of the Church commences; first, the reading of sentences calculated to rouse attention and fix the thoughts:—next, an address from the Minister, exhorting the congregation to join him in confessing their sins and imploring pardon:—then, in obedience to the call, a full and unreserved confession on the part of both Minister and people; followed by the declaration of God's forgiveness to all that are truly penitent.

Thus, having bewailed and lamented their offences, and sought for pardon, and heard the sentence of absolution pronounced, the worshippers are then concluded to be in a fit state of mind and are accordingly invited to draw near in faith, and offer up before the throne of grace their prayers and praises. What has been done hitherto is rather introductory to prayer than prayer itself. But now the assembly commences its supplication with that prayer which our blessed Lord himself taught his disciples—a prayer which is at the same time the most perfect model of supplication, and is so full and comprehensive in itself, as to include every blessing we can desire either for time or for eternity, and therefore ought to be used by us continually in our devotions. "Lord, teach us to pray as John also taught his disciples," was the request preferred to Jesus, and in reply he taught them this prayer, accompanying it with the direction, "When ye pray, say."

We may from these words reasonably infer that this prayer was intended by its Divine author to form a part of our petitions whenever we approached the throne of grace. In accordance with this reasonable expectation we find it occupying a place in every service of the Church: in some of them twice repeated, either, as some suppose, in order that both forms given in Scripture, one with, and one without, the doxology, might be used, or else because, as Hooker says, "Our custom is both to place it in the front of our prayers as a guide, and to add it in the end of some principal limbs or parts, as a complement which fully perfecteth whatsoever may be defective in the rest." Now, however, through the union of these services which were originally designed to be distinct, this prayer is used more frequently than was intended when those services were first arranged. Still this repetition can never weary the truly pious and scriptural worshipper; fresh beauties ever unfold themselves to his mind; at different times different petitions will the more impress themselves upon his heart, as he feels the more strongly any particular

want or necessity at one time than another. Thus is he ever kept from finding this heaven-taught prayer wearisome to him; and thus upon every use of it does he perceive how admirably adapted it is to the expression of the earnest desires of his soul. The man indeed who complains of the irksome weariness of the Lord's Prayer may well question the spirituality of his mind, and doubt the state of his soul's health.

It would altogether exceed our limits to attempt an exposition of the Lord's Prayer; but as our object in this series is especially to meet scruples which are raised to our Liturgy on the part of Dissenters, we cannot pass over the strong answer afforded by the opening words to one of their objections.

"We are told by Dissenters that they cannot conscientiously use our Church services, because they were intended for the use of *Christians only*!! In one of their recent publications, amongst sundry other equally valid reasons for separating from our communion, we read the following:—*I am not a Churchman because the prayers appointed to be read in the Church are unsuitable to the majority of the congregation, being composed and intended for the use of Christians.*" That the very spirituality—the strictly Scriptural and devotional tone of our Liturgy should furnish matter for complaint, does certainly appear somewhat strange. But this is no new objection. The impossibility—we had almost said the impiety—of attempting to construct prayers for those who do not really pray, must be manifest to every reflecting mind. And moreover, He who "searches the heart," has expressly assured us, that "they who worship him" at all, "must worship him in spirit and in truth."

To this extract it may be added that the expression "Our Father" is utterly inapplicable to any but to those who are Christians indeed and in truth. By baptism we are all the children of God by adoption, as all the inhabitants of the world are the children of God by creation; but neither the one source of relationship any more than the other will justify a man in drawing near to God as his Father, unless he is sanctified and renewed in the spirit of his mind by the influences of the Holy Spirit.

Public prayer cannot possibly be adapted to the circumstances of the hypocrite any more than of the unbeliever; it must be suited and made applicable for those who are real Christians. Suppose for a moment that the prayers of the Church were drawn up to meet the case of the formalist, of the hypocrite, of the notorious sinner, the still impenitent, or the awakened offender, how in such a case could the truly pious worshipper join in them? Are prayers then to be uttered in the congregation suitable for those who are afar off from God, or for those who are nigh unto him? To this enquiry the Lord's Prayer will afford an answer. Our blessed Saviour gave it to his disciples and enjoined its use upon them, though there was a Judas among their number. The traitor was in that outward state of relationship with God which we are all in; so in one sense he would call God his Father: but whether he was an obedient or disobedient child,—whether by so addressing God he did not pronounce the sentence of his own condemnation, was a

matter which alone concerned himself, and did not disqualify the rest of the disciples from using the Lord's Prayer, because he, and such as he, were among their number.

The Lord's Prayer is followed by short ejaculatory sentences, called Responses, because in them the Minister and people answer one to the other. They are not only most beautiful in themselves, but most useful inasmuch as by their alternation, they serve to keep alive the attention of the congregation in the service in which they are engaged, and prevent them from falling into coldness of devotion, or wandering of the thoughts. They are also of very early use in the Church; and there is no one single instance of any primitive liturgy in which they do not appear. St. Augustin mentions that in his day such short and devout sentences as these were used; and assigns the following reason for them, which is worthy of notice as it is equally applicable to our times. "Lest," he says, "that erect attention, so necessary in prayer, should fade away, and grow dull through longer continuance." These short alternate ejaculations "as quick darts shot up to heaven," animate the feelings of the worshippers, and express their sense of dependance upon God for power to proceed.

"O Lord, open thou our lips.
And our mouths shall shew forth thy praise.
O God, make speed to save us.
O Lord, make haste to help us."

"Thus calling upon God for 'help,' we march onward, singing the Doxology of the ancient Church, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen. How much is expressed in these few words! The whole mystery of the blessed Trinity is here comprehensively summed up in a solemn act of adoration; and the trine Jehovah is acknowledged as our Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier; the one living and true God, who in every age has been, and to all eternity will be, the sole object of worship and dependance to the true Church."—*Whythead*.

The Minister then calls upon the people to ascribe praise to God in a few expressive words, "Praise ye the Lord," to which they reply "The Lord's name be praised."

Up to this point the Morning and Evening Services are the same, but now they begin to differ by the introduction of the xcvth Psalm in the Morning Service, while it is omitted in the Evening. This Psalm is called "an invitatory psalm; for herein we do mutually invite and call upon one another, being come before his presence, to sing to the Lord, to set forth his praises, and to hear his voice."—*Bishop Sparrow*. It forms therefore a most appropriate introduction to the Psalms and Lessons which follow; and which are read through once in each month. In every age the Book of Psalms has ministered to the Church's prayers and praises. Most admirably adapted are they to every purpose of divine worship; and most vividly do

they excite every devout emotion of the Christian soul. And in every trouble and sickness of the soul, in this "treasure-house, a present comfortable remedy at all times may be found."—*Hooker*.

THE CHURCH CATECHISM FOUNDED ON THE BIBLE.

By the Author of "Tales of the Martyrs."

THE Church Catechism—how I love that name! sounding like an old familiar friend carrying us back immediately to the day, and thoughts of childhood—those days when our yet lisping tongues were taught to repeat it as their first exercise. What a train of recollections it brings! the well-remembered room—the unforgotten fireplace—the very footstool by which, after rehearsing with serious face those mysterious and awful words, we climbed up for the rewarding kiss. And above all, inseparably connected with every idea of the Catechism, rises the form of our own dear mother—looking as she then looked to our infant eyes, the very personification of all that was beautiful, and kind, and good. We recollect how, as we grew older, its meaning gradually unfolded, till we felt the seed that had so long lain apparently dead in our memory, springing forth a living plant.

It was while engaged with my class in our village Sunday school, that I was first led to an examination of the Catechism as founded upon the Bible, and to a mode of instruction in it, which I would strongly recommend to every teacher of youth, and every parent of a family who may not have adopted a similar method. I had, after the repetition of our duty towards our neighbour, desired the children to look out Luke x. 29—37, and read the parable with which our blessed Saviour answereth the question, "And who is my neighbour?" My little pupils showed so much eager attention, that I was induced to turn in like manner to the institution of baptism and the Lord's Supper; and afterwards to mark at home a few texts in readiness to pursue the plan. I did not complete my very interesting task till for every sentence in the Catechism I had noted down three or four of the most striking verses which prove the doctrine. It answers exceedingly well: when we begin to catechise, each is ready with Bible in hand to look out the text referred to. The one who first finds, reads it. Some of my best scholars have learnt so many of these verses by heart, that they can, upon being asked to show whence any particular portion is taken, repeat the corresponding text. I am frequently gratified by having them come prepared with verses they have found for themselves in the course of the week; and I indulge in the hope that this searching (perhaps with the assistance of their parents,) for the foundation of our venerable Catechism, may be the means of inducing them to bring other doctrines of the Church to the same infallible test; feeling as we do, that the better our Sion

is known, the more deeply she will be loved, the more closely she will be adhered to.

The Catechism is associated in our minds with all the endearing recollections of childhood; but we should be doing it great injustice did we consider it only as a task to be learnt then, and in mature years cast aside. Is there one who has never since his school-day repetition of it read over the Church Catechism? Let me beg of him to open his prayer book now, and, in connexion with the Bible, study that, his first instructor in religion. He will find that the lesson of the boy contains all that is necessary for the salvation of the man.

After repeating our Christian name, we are immediately led to consider the inestimable privileges conferred upon us with that name; when baptised into the community of the Church, we were made "members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven." What a world of brightness and glory do these few words open upon the soul! Let the subject but for one moment be seriously considered, and the whole faculties are absorbed in its contemplation.

In the next answer we are taught, by the promises made for us, how we must so walk as not to forfeit the prize of our high vocation; and we are then reminded to thank our heavenly Father, "by whom we were called into the fellowship of his Son" (1 Cor. i. 9), and to pray for that grace without which we cannot hope to continue in a state of salvation.

The Creed contains a short summary of the fundamental doctrines of our faith—the creation, redemption, and future judgment; the communion of the saints in the universal Church, whether militant on earth, or triumphant in heaven: the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting; based upon that first vital article of our religion, a trusting belief in the glorious co-eternal Trinity, three persons in one effulgent Godhead—the Father who made, the Son who redeemed, and the Holy Ghost who sanctifieth us.

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil," are the words of our divine Master; and in contemplating the Commandments we are naturally led to consider the comments which he has made upon them. Oh how are those who, looking only to the letter of the Jewish tables, might be tempted to say, "all these have I kept from my youth up;" how are they constrained, as its spirit becomes developed, to cry out with the humility of conscious guilt, "Lord who can stand before thee?"

Our duty towards God I think no one can read without being struck with its extreme beauty; the simple, dignified manner with which it asserts the claims of God upon man, of the Creator upon his creature. In the next is summed up, with the assisting light of the New Testament,

the remainder of the decalogue, relating to the duty we owe to our neighbour in the different relations of life.

Then follows our Lord's own prayer, with a short explanation of what we desire of God in it.

And, lastly, we find a simple but explicit account of those two sacraments which Christ has ordained in his Church. The connexion between the outward visible sign and the inward spiritual grace is distinctly marked; and as we have before seen the station to which we were raised by baptism, we are now reminded of that to which we were born by nature. Who can listen to the provision made for infant baptism without having immediately before their eyes the picture of our divine Saviour, as adopted in the service and presented to us in Mark x. 13-16? He was much displeased with his disciples for rebuking the fond believing parents who brought their little children for his benediction; and as if to show, beyond all dispute, that the very babes are to be admitted to the privileges of his glorious Gospel, he has caused it to be inscribed upon that page which shall live while heaven and earth shall pass away, that "he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

The Catechism concludes with the last crowning rite of our Church, and by distinguishing between the outward part or sign of the Lord's Supper, which still remains bread and wine, and the inward spiritual part or thing signified, the body and blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in it, she gives a consistent and scriptural explanation of that holy Communion.

What is required of them who come to the Lord's Supper?—that which will be required of every one of us when we come to die. Are you unprepared to receive the Communion?—then are you unprepared to die. Are you afraid to partake of the Communion?—then be still more afraid to die. And remember—remember that while the Communion waits for you, death will approach uncalled, perhaps in an hour when you least expect him. Oh then delay not to participate in the one that you may be ready to meet the other; and God of his infinite mercy grant that each of us, when the awful summons shall arrive which is to conduct us into eternity, may, in the words of that Catechism, which, impressed as it has been upon our hearts from very childhood, will, if its promises have been slighted, its commands neglected, and its sacraments despised, most assuredly rise up in judgment to condemn us,—that we may then "repent us truly of our sins past, have a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of his death, and be in charity with all men."—*From the Church of England Magazine.*

KNOWLEDGE AND PRACTICE.—We must know God to know our duty, we must know Christ to know the way of performing it. Defect in knowledge will cause error in practice.—*Anon.*

Literary and Scientific.

A TALE OF A TOWNSHIP.

CHAPTER I.

Oh reader, had you in your mind
Such stores as gentle thought can bring;
Oh, gentle reader, you would find
A tale in everything.—Wordsworth.

THE rivers of New South Wales are, like its colonists, subject to strange vicissitudes; after rains they suddenly spread far beyond their proper banks, and roll on an impetuous wealth of waters gathered from tributary creeks, rising higher and higher until the branches of lofty trees are loaded with drift-wood; and they are as suddenly depressed, a few deep holes alone retaining any water. More than once I have crossed the dry bed of a river in the morning, fruitlessly seeking a spot where, after a scorching ride I might slake my thirst, and before night has come I have witnessed the death of man and beast in their attempt to cross. And just so have I seen a season of prosperity as suddenly succeeded by depression and ruin. These violent alternations are not perhaps peculiar to this colony, or to any new country; it may be they are inseparable from a new and unsettled state of things, from inexperience, and the sanguine but ill-judged speculations in which the ardent mind of such men as for the most part make emigrants are apt to engage. It may be that too much prosperity hardens the heart, as too much sunshine does the soil, and so when unexpected storms come they fall on ground unprepared to receive them, and instead of increased fertility only produce ruin and dismay.

It was after a period of wild prosperity, which had been succeeded by much distress, that the little neighbourhood of Dorna (if its widely scattered population could be called a neighbourhood) began to recover from the general consternation, and to exhibit signs of returning prosperity. The township was laid out on the banks of just such a stream as I have described; extensive plains of rich alluvial soil, and debris washed down from the mountains, are shut in by ranges and undulating hills of limestone, affording short and sweet pasturage, well fitted for the numerous flocks of fine-woolled sheep which were daily led from the folds to feed over them. The box, the apple-tree (colonially so called) with other kinds of eucalypti, formed an open forest, which invited you into its shade from the broad and treeless plains. In the midst of these hills, or rather in a valley surrounded by them, lies Dorna, scarcely seen until you are upon it. As the township is approached there are evidences that you are passing over that sort of debatable ground which usually forms the frontier line of civilization; sad havoc has been made among the trees, as their charred stumps and far scattered branches show. The few mimosas left standing look black and broken, many of them have been stripped of their bark. Numerous cart tracks across the bush prove how little attention is paid to roads, and a fence of posts and rails runs right across what was once the only entrance to the township. About two miles distant, there is a narrow gorge in the hills, where, in time of rain, several streams having united, leap over huge masses of granite and quartz, and at length in boiling eddies fall over a projecting ledge between high walls of rock, and then forming a level brook for a mile or two—not unlike a Welch trout stream—and so continues until it falls into the river near Dorna.

The township itself differs but little from any other township in this part of the world. Two stores, three public-houses, a police-office, lock-up, and post-office, are the chief public buildings. There are lots of slab huts, a few brick cottages, and one or two larger houses. There are three shoemakers, two tailors (one of them died lately in a fit of delirium tremens), a baker, two butchers, and the pound-keeper. That verandah cottage, which stands on the rising ground over the pound, belongs to a retired surgeon of the navy, who has successfully—for he is a Scotchman—occupied large squatting stations, and has now relinquished the active management to his brother, who lives at one of the stations; while the Doctor, now a J.P., amuses himself with his garden, the bench, occasional visits to the stations, and an amateur operation now and then.

It is a pretty cottage of the Doctor's, and his garden, for this country, is quite unique, but heat and drought together make sadly against horticulture. If you believed the Doctor's manners, you would set him down at once for the most snappish and suspicious of men—but he is really a fine generous fellow at bottom. Yet there appears to be a perpetual struggle between his natural kind-heartedness and his acquired habit of growling. His charity, like his

tonics, is bitter, but always invigorating. It is said that an early disappointment of some kind soured the Doctor's disposition, or that he would have been as gentle as, to strangers, he is now repulsive.

The large building of red brick, standing back a little, at the end of the fence beyond the police-office, is the new store. It is a curiosity shop, with a vengeance! You cannot imagine what an infinity of wares it contains! Such a combination of groceries, ironmongery, drugs and crockeryware! cheese, lanterns, hobbles and bullock chains! But then, Dorna is 200 miles in the bush, and it is hard to say what will be required by the next customer. There is a smaller store nearly opposite, where an almost equal variety of goods are sold "CHEAPER THAN EVER," as a flaming hand-bill posted on the thrown back shutter affirms. You cannot mistake the stuccoed house, at the corner; it is, as those large black letters on a white-washed ground tell you, "The Traveller's Rest,"—a favourite sign in this part of the world. The long thoroughfare before the door, formed out of a huge gum tree, "iron-clasped and iron-bound" at both ends to secure it from splitting, holds water for the teams, while the drivers imbibe "fire water" within. It is a cottage-looking building, with a steep roof and flat verandah, the ends of which have been enclosed so as to make two additional rooms. There is a post and lamp near the door, and around it are collected the blacksmith, two bullock drivers, a very slatternly sort of woman, (all the women in Dorna are rather given to go without stockings), and a drunken aboriginal; he belongs to the group of blackfellows lying by their fires; their camp is on the other side of the hill, it consists of twenty or thirty separate dwellings, *gunyas* they call them, formed of a few sheets of bark stripped from the neighbouring trees, and made to rest in a slanting direction on sticks fixed in the ground; under this shelter they sleep on opossum rugs, and a blanket with lots of dogs help to keep them warm, as they lie coiled up together, men, women, and children, close to the fire which always burns before each *gunya*.

The dray at the door loaded with bags of sugar, &c., belongs to a settler still further west, and is on its way to his station; those bullocks have only come six miles to-day, and yet they are scarcely able to move. Ten weeks since they started from home with a load of wool for Sydney, fat and well favored; it is seven weeks since they left that place on their return; the weather has been excessively hot, and the feed very bare. Two of the ten bullocks which formed the team died on the mountains from exhaustion, and a third was lost for eight or ten days; the driver, accompanied by a native black boy, was only able to get on at all by fortunately falling in with two bullocks left on the road during a previous journey, and which, contrary to the expectations of the man, who left them lying on the road unable to get up, had so far recovered as to keep off the native dogs which came down to feast upon them, and having reached water, had gradually recovered strength and condition. After keeping them standing at the inn door an hour or two, the man in charge of them will urge them a mile and a-half further, and encamp for the night by the water holes; there the bullocks will be unyoked and hobbled, and the people, for they are taking some servants hired in Sydney, as shepherds and hutkeepers, up the country, will light a large fire, boil a saucapan of tea, and having smoked short black pipes of negrohead tobacco until they are tired, they will spread a tarpaulin over the dray, covering wheels and all, and then stretch themselves under its shelter upon beds laid beneath the body of the dray, on the bare ground, or, as a luxury, perhaps they may indulge in a sheet of bark by way of mattress. Thus they live for weeks or months together, feeding on damper and salt beef, a mode of life as uncivilized as the mode of conveyance itself. What a considerable distance there is in the links of human employment, between a bullock driver and an express train conductor! What a vast difference between men's ideas of comfort! What a transition from a London club, to a station in the bush! And yet I have seen, and that more than once, men accustomed to all the elegance of the one, as coolly as possible accommodate themselves to the other! Edmund Perryon, whom I remember the best dressed man in— I met the other day in a slop suit of clothes, carrying rations to one of his out-stations!

From the top of the hill you may trace the directions of the intended streets of Dorna, by lines of fences enclosing some of the allotments; there are many intervals indeed between them, but still you can see the general lines, and every day some fresh enclosure is made. The future streets are to cross at right angles, but it is very evident that the practica-

bility of such a plan was not very clearly considered. The truth is the site of the projected township was marked on a map, and the rest of the matter was snugly arranged on paper at the Surveyor's Office, without any unnecessary reference to the locality—so half Victoria-street is in the river, the crescent is perched upon a mass of granite rock over the Doctor's garden, and High-street commences in the creek, and runs along the bank of a precipitous gully. As yet the houses are few and far between, the township being some six years old, and they each stand in their own half acre, but the knowing ones among the village speculators have accurately calculated what every allotment must be worth; corner ones are great favourites. The best sites are chosen as profitable investments, and already large sums have been realized by sales; there is one at the corner of Bark-street, which was bought at the Government sale for four pounds the half acre, sold next for eleven pounds, again for thirty-two pounds, the same day resold for forty-eight, and one hundred would now be required for it. This, after all, falls far short of the wonderfully rapid rise in the value of each allotment in other towns in this hemisphere. I remember one allotment which sold, when cut into smaller portions, at the rate of eleven thousand pounds an acre.

The township has had the good fortune to retain its native name. A rude bridge has been thrown across the river, and when the stumps are taken up, and the dead timber is removed from the streets, and the holes are filled in, and more houses are built, and the swamp is drained, and the hill is cut down a little, the place will look quite progressive. Even now it is much more like the villages of England than most of our townships are: but then huts formed of upright slabs of split timber, roofed in with bark, it must be confessed do help to destroy such delusions about as much as do occasional flocks of cockatoos or parrots, or the startling notes of the laughing-jackass (a bird whose song has been compared to the merriment of a facetious donkey) when exulting over a captured snake.

The moral aspect of the place is as incongruous as its physical. There is much of enterprise, much of toil and energy, but much drunkenness also and dissipation. There is not yet a just distribution of the community. Labour is so exorbitantly dear that the persons who would make improvements are prevented from becoming employers. Nothing is remunerative which a man cannot do himself, such enormous wages are demanded. This easy way of getting money makes men careless and extravagant; very few of the males are married, they have consequently no inducement to save, and therefore squander away their earnings much in the same childish way that sailors do when a ship is paid off. As soon as a contract is completed, or shearing, or harvest is over, and the money is received, away they go to the nearest public house, and spend in two or three days as much as would support several families for a month or two. Twenty, thirty, nay fifty pounds are not unfrequently spent in this wretched manner. At the end of a day or two, during which time the man has been incessantly drunk, he is told that his money is gone, and thinks himself well off if he finally leaves the house with the clothes on his back, and without a considerable debt. Away, then he marches back to the bush; works like a horse for three or four months; and then fools away his earnings as madly as before.

"The excise is fattened with the rich result
Of all this riot—and ten thousand casks,
For ever dribbling out their base contents,
Tough'd by the Midas fingers of the State,
Bleed gold—

Drink and be mad then; 'tis your country bids!
Gloriously drunk obey 'th' important call!
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats!
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more!

An immense revenue is derived from this source. Homes and wives will, I suppose, remedy all this, but at present it is hard to find either. No sooner is a young woman heard of than there is a regular scramble for her. To be sure the suitors are rough ones, and rum is a sad beverage for a bashful wooer; unfortunately however it is the particular vanity of a large number of both sexes. Very few labouring men ever think of saving money. Their indulgence in dissipation increases as wages rise; the scarcity of labour begets idleness and rudeness; in fact as long as men know that it will be difficult to find others to supply their places, they are apt to become fastidious about the kind and quantity of work required from them, and insolent if reproved by their employers. More labour will cure all this. Emigrants from the mother country will give a better tone to this portion of the community. Many such families have at various times settled in the

neighbourhood; some of them perhaps driven by necessity to seek food in another land, others impelled by hopes of wealth, or at least independence. Several of these have succeeded in realizing competencies, a few are already wealthy men; all found ample employment, and if but commonly prudent, not one could justly regret the step thus taken. A decent cottage, a few acres of good land, three or four cows, a team of bullocks, and always plenty to eat, good flour, rich meat, and cheap tea and sugar—these are things it would have taken them a long time to have secured at home, but these invariably follow the labours of an honest and laborious family in this country. In process of time even these will be succeeded by extensive herds of cattle, and perhaps a few flocks of sheep. So far they have materially benefitted, in other respects it must be confessed they have suffered loss. In the hamlets of their native land they enjoyed as the poor man's right access to the house of God, and were within reach of religious instruction; their children could be sent to school; in sickness or distress they found a friend in the village pastor; all this was changed when they settled in the bush. Their neighbours were old hands in the colony, rough, hard-working people, who had always lived in a half-civilized state, not at all remarkable for their ideas of moral obligations, from habit and training absolute strangers to religious observances. Add to all this, that their ordinary language was obscenely profane, and that whenever opportunity afforded, both men and women indulged in deep potations of bad rum, and you will admit that there were sad drawbacks to the comfort of such a residence; they were felt to be by the more decent of these new settlers, whilst others gradually sunk into the same wretched mode of life, to the great grief of their relatives and friends. The truth is that the steps downward in the absence of perpetually recurring checks are very rapid ones. It takes far less time than persons usually imagine to degrade a people. Here there were none of those silent holy rites which at home spread their unseen and unsuspected influences through the nation. The Sabbaths were unmarked by public worship. It was a great thing if the Bishop or a clergyman from a long distance came to remind them that they were Christian men, and to receive their children into Christ's flock. Alas! the little ones were left to their spiritual enemies, and they who were signed with the holy cross, the symbol of their enlistment into the army of the faithful, forgot that they were sworn to fight manfully under Christ's banner in after days. Untrained, how could they fight? Unfed, how could they sustain the conflict? The colonial children are a fine, tall, intelligent race, bearing all the distinguishing features of their Anglo-Saxon origin; their hair when young is light, long, and curling; they are extremely active, and generally very temperate when in their turn they join the ranks of men. A right direction, and there is promise of a noble race.

(To be continued.)

THE CHINESE.

From a translation preparing for the press, of Guizaff's "History of the Chinese Empire." Edited by Professor Neumann, of Munich.

The Chinese is industrious and fawning, proud, mendacious, and covetous. His whole character is so full of contradictions that one can scarcely believe so many virtues and vices should be incorporated in one and the same individual. The character of his written language, though difficult to acquire, imparts a degree of unity to the whole people, to which every other nation is a stranger; and the monosyllabic nature of his dialect renders it extremely difficult for a stranger to speak it readily and distinctly. His literature is a gigantic collection of ideas, which are expressed with consummate art; but they are inane and of wearisome recurrence.

As agriculturists the Chinese do not yield the palm to the most civilized among their contemporaries, and spare neither care nor exertion in making the soil productive. But, instead of striving after variety, they have one leading object in

husbandry—the growth of rice, in favour of which every other grain is laid aside. They cling to trading pursuits with equal assiduity. Every river, lake, and canal teems with chapmen and dealers: the coasts abound with smacks and trading-junks; and women serve as seamen. The cultivation of the fine and useful arts occupied formerly a much higher standing than was known in many European countries; but their rapid advance among the nations of the west, and their long stationary condition in China, have left the latter much behind their rivals.

The government of China has always been considered in a purely theoretical point of view; and much has been written upon it: what, however, is true upon paper is untrue when we come to inquire into the practice. All power is concentrated in the emperor, who is the only proprietor of the soil, the irresponsible disposer of the lives of his lieges, and the mediating point between earth and heaven: on him devolves the right ordering of all creatures living; and he is responsible for the discharge of this office to his ancestors, and the two potentates, heaven and earth. All the tribunals of high and low degree, from his own cabinet downwards to the meanest police appointment in a hamlet, centre equally in the sovereign: he is both their legislature and executive. All penalties are the expression of his paternal affection, even though offenders be hewn into pieces, and the greatest acts of injustice be perpetrated; for it is held impossible for the great emperor and his mandarins to be governed by any other motive: in fact, Robespierre, with his affectation of virtue going hand in hand with the régime of terror, held an analogous position; with this exception, however—that in China there is less shedding of blood, and more of system; and it frequently occurs that the government is too weak to make its menaces good.

The erroneous impressions which prevail in other countries on the subject of China may be attributed either to ignorance of the real state of things, or a desire to invest mere theorisms with brilliant colours. When you tell any Chinese of cultivated mind what commendatory and super-excellent reports have been made by European writers, of his countrymen's sayings and doings, the state of the empire, and the galaxy of virtues which adorn both the monarch and his people, he laughs aloud at the credulity of strangers, and makes merry with their ignorance of human nature.

The Chinese are "a great people," though as yet unconscious of their power. Their national virtues are numerous; and more so perhaps than their national vices. When we look at their perseverance, their assiduity, their child-like love, their spirit of content, and their friendly demeanour, we must acknowledge them deserving of commendation; but, when we contemplate, on the other hand, their mendaciousness, deceit, roguery, thievish propensities,

utter want of feeling, and disputatious spirit, we may well shudder, and feel disgusted at the profligacy and flint-heartedness of this people. They, who confine themselves to the light or dark side of the portrait, draw false lineaments, and inevitably fail in exhibiting an accurate portraiture of their real character.

From their very youth, the Chinese are accustomed to order in every thing, save their domestic economy; and equally to uncleanness. There is no nation on earth which pays more profound respect to a whole "legion" of laws, in a theoretical sense; and it is a difficult matter to make them savage; but, when once they are urged to fury, they are fiercer than the wildest barbarians. In civilization they are equal to any Asiatic race: the slavish condition of a peasantry, who draw the plough in common with the ox, is unknown among them; but they are strangers to what we understand by the name of the arts and sciences, and apply, as a substitute, however inadequate, sound common sense and ingenuity. Nothing can escape their cunning; but they are totally deficient in precision and superior taste, and incapable of taking generous or exalted views. The stagnancy of mind, induced by self-sufficiency and the absence of intercourse with other nations of more advanced culture, affects every subject set before them which requires depth of thought or investigation. Hence the low rank which they hold in all matters touching religion; for, though they laugh at idols, they pay them honours: though they are firmly persuaded that they have long since risen superior to idolatry, they do not embrace the pure doctrine of the gospel with an ardour commensurate with their conviction of its excellence.

L.

MORAL TREATMENT OF INSANE PERSONS.

[From "Insanity Tested by Science." By C. M. Burnett, M.D. London: Hingley. 1848.

In the moral treatment of the insane, as well as those pre-disposed to insanity, there is no doubt much to work upon. It is a powerful remedy if dexterously and faithfully applied, even more extensively valuable than physical restraint.

A young lady who had met with a very severe disappointment, was placed under our care. She was twenty-three years of age, and hereditarily predisposed to the disease on both sides. It manifested itself by an excited state of mind, with startings and restlessness, and she had frequent hysterical fits. Every attention had been paid to her health before she quitted home, but, having attempted to throw herself out of window, it was deemed proper to remove her from the scene of her excitement. She was cheerful and clever, and very susceptible of admiration. When she first came, she stated that her fits were so frequent that it was not right for her to go to church; but as they were really not violent, we observed to her that it was

always the rule of the house to go to church, and that, if the fit came on there, we should be obliged to call for the assistance of the beadle to take her out, and she would thus make herself very conspicuous. After the service of the first Sunday, she observed, on coming home from church, that she was very nearly attacked indeed; and it was remarkable that she never had any fit at these times afterwards. We took courage from this, and hoped the time would come when the fits would disappear, not only at church, but altogether, by a similar method of treatment. One day while at dinner her knife and fork dropped suddenly into her plate; and she was simultaneously upon the floor. There were several at the table; and the servant was requested to give no heed to the lady. After a few minutes had passed away, a gentleman who was at the table, whose pharmaceutical knowledge would never make his fortune, feeling a little nervous about the issue of the case, rather anxiously suggested that she might have some *Epsom* salts, meaning, no doubt, to say smelling salts, given to her. This was quite enough: she laughed very much, and resumed her place at the table; and all went on as before. And it is very pleasing to be able to add that, for the few months longer that she remained with us, she experienced no return of the fits, either at church or at home: her irritability and oddness of manner went off, and she continued well. This is now eighteen years ago, and there has been no actual return of the threatened malady, though she has been extremely nervous at times, many sorrows and trials having attended her. If these fits had been neglected or encouraged by bad management at the first, the probability is she would, with all the predisposing circumstances of the case, have been the subject of insanity at the present time.

We quote this case from a number of others, to illustrate the power of the moral treatment of insanity. We treated the case as one being able to reason; for hysteria is not incompatible with consciousness, and we have no doubt that such power may be judiciously exercised over the insane for their improvement, and even their cure. If the same principle were carried out on all occasions from the first, not only would insanity be less frequent, but our criminal code would be much improved.

In insanity, it is too often taken for granted that, in every case reason is dethroned. This error arises from wrong psychological views of the mental constitution, and the power exercised by certain properties of the mind, of which reason is one only. In this sense the mind is not a monarchy. In multitudes of cases, even among such as have long since been furnished with certificates of insanity, the reasoning power would put to shame the acts of those who, in possession of their liberty, are constantly taking advantage of the weakness of the law on this point.

Long after the will has lost its balance, the power of reasoning upon the consequences of right and wrong is preserved in the mind. Even many of the insane know this practically, and can calculate pretty accurately how far they may go with impunity; and the will here is often weak enough. Yet our courts of law trifle with the question as lightly as if the destination of the case before them was the only matter involved in the computation. When it is convenient we can act differently. If a sailor takes a fancy to call his captain a blackguard, he is hung up to the mast-yard forthwith. All due allowance being made for the fact that no plea of insanity is here put in, it is very remarkable how seldom the officer in command is greeted with this epithet. If the circumstance of being fully aware of the consequence of such a step did not entitle the sailor to the plea of insanity, the same plea can be claimed with less reason by those who commit far graver acts without fear of the consequences. In the case of the sailor, it is at once seen that the trifling circumstances of suspending one or two men in a century is far better than drowning ten times as many thousand at the bottom of the sea. And what is the moral effect? Though it would be impossible to concentrate in the same compass the essence of villainy, disorder, and profligacy, which may be found in a man-of-war, yet nowhere is there less crime, less misery, or less insanity.

Let this principle then, which we trust we put in force both firmly and mercifully in the young hysterical lady, standing as she was on the confines of insanity, be applied not only to the insane or those bordering upon it, but likewise to those who, with all their senses about them, think to paralyze the very law itself in the contemplation of their barbarous deeds. We should have fewer candidates in the field. We think this secret, if it be any, of the moral treatment of the insane should be recognized by the law*; it would then operate far more extensively for good than when adopted only at those times when the disease comes under the direction of the mental pathologist.

If all persons who urge insanity as a plea for committing crimes, well knowing the nature and the consequences of such, are to be considered of unsound mind, then in justice we ought to have begun from "the fall," and to have included all the murderers from the commencement. For, speaking strictly in a psycho-pathological sense, we ask what man in sound mind would commit murder? In so extended a sense as this, we cannot regard the disease otherwise than as hopelessly incurable. Yet, even for this, the best cure we can

find is in the word of God.* The treatment there given is made subject to no contingency. It is, in the strict sense of the word, final. Now, as we are discussing the question of the moral treatment of the insane, we are anxious to show that that property of the mind which enables us to discriminate right from wrong, which may be termed consciousness, is the last to quit the council-chamber, if we may so express it, previous to the entire break-up of the mental constitution; and, therefore, in those cases which appear to excite the most doubt, we need never be uncertain about their moral responsibility. In all these cases the will appears to be the most weak, particularly in relation to what are called the faculties and feelings; and the way to make it weaker is to put no restraint upon it, whether by law or by custom. We see the consequence of this in drunkenness. There is no law to prevent continued intoxication. The consequence is, after a frequent repetition of the practice, the will ceases to act, and, though perfectly aware of the sin and the consequences, nothing checks the habit. The law operates more directly upon thieving; the will is here kept in check, and it is consequently far less common for it to lose its balance on this point. Hence the thief has "got his wits about him." Not so the drunkard. From this cause it is that so many drunken persons lose their mind. The same remarks apply to the liar. A person may tell as many falsehoods as he pleases; the consequence is that many lose their minds from this cause. They speak falsely till they believe a delusion. Thus, "even the greatest blessing we enjoy—the freedom of our laws—may in some measure, contribute to those rash actions that often end in dreadful murders of the worst kind, parricide, and suicide. Men must be reckoned in the highest class of lunatics who are capable of offending the great Author of Nature, by depriving themselves of that life which he only has a right of taking away, because he only had the power of giving it.†"

The moral treatment is applicable to every stage of the disease, but more so to the early stage, and to every remedy we may have occasion to apply.

There is yet much to be done towards the moral treatment of the insane. Even when, in some measure, they have been regarded by the law in the light of irresponsible beings, they are clearly to be controlled in their actions by a well adjusted application of such treatment; and the bad habit of the mind is often thus overcome. There are so many cases of mental disease where the feelings alone are involved, that it must be obvious that any method having for its object the healthy regulation of those feelings, must be beneficial. Insane persons have their

likings and their dislikings, as well as others; and, if possible, they feel the privation of any gratification they have hitherto indulged more than those whose minds are more completely intact. This is the ground then, on which they should be met; and it is seldom that even the most desperate cases will not yield in some measure to a well-timed or wisely directed application of such means as would tend to withhold the particular gratification most coveted. This is often difficult to discover; but close observation will detect it in almost all cases.

But, if we extend the moral treatment over those periods which precede the attack in the life of every individual who, from hereditary or other causes, may be more peculiarly predisposed to insanity, we shall find here the vigorous application of the moral treatment, when united with others we have just spoken of, will be sufficient to avert the danger of a more complete explosion. Many such cases, not actually regarded as insane, are nevertheless so low in the scale of morals that they have great need to be protected. Still they may become hopelessly lost, both to this world and to that which is to come, before they may commit any acts that would bring them in collision with the law as it now stands. It is painful to reflect that the sages who have hitherto dictated our laws should not have provided some means for facilitating the treatment, and also the restoration of such cases to society. Instead of which, they are allowed to bring irretrievable disgrace and ruin upon others, and misery and disease, and even death, upon themselves. All these evils—and they are by no means uncommon—might be averted, if, in legislating upon subjects so completely out of their province, the government would now and then condescend to call to their councils men who have made the physiology and pathology of the mind their constant study.

Without the possibility of its leading to any infringement of that true liberty of the subject, which in a free country is so much kept in view, it would be as possible to provide a legal remedy for such cases as for the more decidedly insane. And this might easily be done by simply extending the number of certificates from two to four, or even six, carefully guarding the form, and by placing such cases under the charge of those only who may have been wisely selected for the trust. At any rate, in the present state of the law, when such cases arise, their doom is marked by the observant physician with as much certainty as any human event can be. And, painful as is the reflection, it is not the less true, that every attempt to treat such cases morally or physically, while at large, is only bringing conviction more strongly to our minds that one of the causes that is operating to swell the ranks of the insane in this country, is the carelessness with which such questions as these are treated by the legislature.

* We cannot speak in too high terms of the judgment given by Mr. Baron Rolfe, in the case of William Allnutt, tried (Dec. 15, 1847) for the wilful murder of his grandfather. A more cautious or able judgment never came from the bench; and its effects will long be felt, for the good of society in after times.

* Gen. ix. 6, which was before the giving of the law; and Numb. xxxv. 31, which was contemporary with that event.

† Lord Orrery's Letter.

CONCHOLOGY.

NO. II.

The earth is full of thy riches : so is this great and wide sea also, wherein are things creeping innumerable.—
PSALM civ. 24, 25.

It has been justly remarked by an eminent author that "in all cases, wherein the mind feels itself in danger of being confounded by variety, it is sure to rest upon a few strong points, or perhaps upon a single instance. Amongst a multitude of proofs, it is one that does the business." In the selection of that individual instance a great difference is observable. The author just quoted remarks again that "almost every man living has a particular train of thought, into which his mind glides and falls, when at leisure from the impressions and ideas that occasionally excite it." And it is to this fact that we must refer the great difference which may be observed in the proofs which different persons select for themselves out of the vast multitude by which they may be surrounded. And there "is no subject of which, in its full extent, the latitude is so great as that of *natural history applied to the proof of an intelligent Creator*." Hence it is that, while others are occupied on different subjects, we find one person constantly recurring to the magnificence, and the power, and the unity of God, as revealed by the facts of astronomy. Such a mind is elevated by the discovery that even in the lately discovered planet Neptune the same law of gravity exists which operates upon our satellite, the moon, in such a manner that nearly the same face is always turned towards the earth; or it is delighted to rest upon the fact, so beautifully expressed in the language of the poet, that—

The very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source;
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

To the mind of such a person the unity of the God-head is more clearly proved by such facts as these, than by the whole range of arguments derived from other natural sources. Such a mind was that of the accomplished Addison; and the reflections suggested by the contemplation of "the spacious firmament on high" are known, I trust, to all my readers, and whenever on a fine night, such as those with which we are often blessed in this climate, they see the "heavens thronged with constellations," they may well re-echo his words—

What though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

Or take another instance. Paley informs us that "He would take his stand in human anatomy," and from the hinges, joints, pulleys, and the various examples of design and contrivance which appear in that animal frame, he proved to his own mind the existence and character of the Divine Being. The gigantic mind of Linné took a wider range, and referred to the whole extent of creation for proofs of the wisdom and power of God. "Their utility," he wrote, "shows the goodness of the Creator—their beauty declares his wisdom—and the power of his sovereign majesty shines conspicuously in the methods by which they are preserved, their proper numerical proportion maintained, and their renewal carefully provided for; and therefore," he adds, "the study of these works of nature should always be diligently cultivated by men of leisure; by the really learned and wise it has ever been highly esteemed; although the ignorant and unskilled have so often ridiculed and despised it."

But while it is important to know that there is such a variety of proofs upon which we may rest, it is at the same time necessary that the one of our choice should be placed clearly and definitely before our minds. It matters indeed but little which field of enquiry we choose for ourselves; for each will yield a more than ample return for all the labour and trouble expended in its investigation. The study of astronomy with the sweet Psalmist of Israel (see Psalm viii. 3; cxlviii. 3—6)—with Addison and Newton—the study of the whole animal and vegetable world with Linné and Ray—of even a small and detached part of it with Paley and others—each will lead us to the same result. We shall be led to perceive how—

—Heaven's providing care
Ne'er left the world without a witness there.
The tiny blade that decks the verdant sod,
Mate though it bloom, is eloquent for God.
The day, the night, the varying seasons' grace,
Summer's sweet blush, stern winter's rugged face,
The sun, the moon, the planet, and the star,
The meteor's glance, the comet's whirling car,—
With noiseless whisperings and unspoken word
Lead all "from nature up to nature's God."

But to return to our subject.

The manner in which the shells of molluscous animals are generally formed, occupied our attention in the last number of this journal. I then stated that the shell was increased in its superficial extent by the deposition of calcareous matter in thin laminae at its edge, by means of the corresponding part of the mantle; and that the whole of the mantle deposited calcareous matter (nacre) upon the interior surface of the shell, and thereby added to its strength and thickness. Of this method an important modification may now be noticed. I refer to the method in which the Balani and Lepades, (commonly known as acorn shells) which abound on our coasts, form their habitations.

If one of the former genus be examined, it will be found that the shell consists generally of two parts—technically named the "paries" and the "operculum." Each of these parts consists of a number of separate valves. Those which compose the operculum are united by a flexible membrane at their edges, and are consequently moveable at the pleasure of the animal. The valves of the paries, on the contrary, which are usually attached to the rock or substance upon which the animal is found, are more firmly united to each other, so that they cannot be bent at the joints or separated without breaking the shell. When we examine them, we find that each valve has been increased at its edges. But the difficulty is, to say how this process has been accomplished. The walls, although they appear to be so firmly compacted together, are yet full of cells, in some cases large enough to be seen by the unassisted eye. These cells, which appear to have communication with each other, are filled with animal matter. This living matter, which pervades the whole of the parietal valves, deposits the calcareous secretions at the proper places, and so performs the office of the mantle.* The shelly walls are thus gradually enlarged by these depositions at their edges, and thus the habitation of the animal is increased in size. The valves of the operculum are formed by the deposition of calcareous matter by the membrane which unites them. In the same manner the valves of the *Lepus* are formed.

This new method, by which the same object has been accomplished as that before mentioned, namely, the formation of a habitation by the deposition of calcareous matter, may well command our admiration. And when we come to examine the shell thus formed, and perceive how beautifully it is adapted to the wants and comfort of the animal, our wonder will be increased. Indeed the whole history of this curious section of the molluscan family is replete with interest, as I hope to show on a future occasion.

Hitherto I have mentioned those shells alone which are capable of containing the whole or nearly the whole of the animal. There are, however, others, such as those of the *Limax* or slug, the *Aplysia*, *Dolabella*, *Sigaretus*, and others, which mollusks form an internal shell—to which, consequently, they can never retreat. These shells, therefore, require some special notice; and although they do not form such a perfect defence against external dangers as those possessed by some other mollusks, yet they will be found to answer a very important end. I will take the common slug (*Limax*) as the example by which to explain the history of these exceptions to the general rules before stated.

If a large slug be carefully examined after death, a calcareous plate will generally be discerned under the mantle, at about the middle of the body, just above the hole on the right side by which the animal breathes. I cannot better describe the mode of its formation than by quoting an eminent author. He says "the floor of the cavity containing the calcareous plate or shell, is vascular, and secretes cutaneous particles mixed up with a viscid animal secretion. The material thus furnished in a semi-fluid state is applied, like a layer of varnish, to the lower surface of the shell already formed by the same process; and the added layer soon hardening increases the thickness of the original plate, while, at the same time, as a necessary consequence of the progressive extension of the secreting membrane, which enlarges with the growth of the slug, each successive lamina of shell is larger than that which preceded it. Thus the extension of the shell in diameter as well as its increase in thickness, is easily explained." These internal shells are usually white or sometimes slightly clouded, and generally present the same texture throughout.

An inconvenience might sometimes be felt by the slug, if the delicate sides of the cavity in which this internal shell is lodged were not protected in some

way from too close contact with its sharp edges. To prevent the possibility of injury, these edges are often prolonged, as it were, into a thin but elastic membrane, which effectually prevents their hurting the sides of the cavity.

In many species of slugs there is no real shell, but the calcareous matter is collected into unconnected masses without any determinate shape. In the common black slug of the British Islands (*Arion ater*) there is a large quantity of this matter sometimes collected into a soft spongy mass, but it is generally composed of unconnected granules. In a slug (*Limax*) found in the north of this colony, the granules are collected into three or four shapely but solid masses of small size. In all, however, the position and the mode of formation is nearly the same.

In a similar manner the shell of *Dolabella* and *Aplysia* (sometimes called "sea-hare," from its curious ear-like tentacles) are formed. An old specimen of the former genus in my cabinet, from Port Jackson, has its edges covered with tubercles, giving the shell the appearance of disease.

Of course these shells being internal, cannot afford a retreat to the mollusks in time of danger or necessity, and yet they answer a very important end. They are placed generally, (in *Limax*, *Arion*, *Dolabella*, *Aplysia*, *Bullaea*, and others) immediately over the lungs or branchiae and the generative system. These vital organs they preserve from injury; and they form a kind of table to support the lungs of the air-breathing slugs so as to facilitate the free admission of air to every part. This may be beautifully seen in the *Vitrina** of this country—a mollusk found in damp places on the land, having a transparent shell, occupying exactly the same position with that of the slug, but yet external. When the animal is feeding, the shell, although sometimes covered by the reflexed mantle, is often wholly exposed, or nearly so; and then the beautiful network of veins on the inner walls of the lungs may be distinctly seen through the shell, upon the inner surface of which they are extended.

It may here be noticed, that in those mollusks which do not form any shell, such as the *Doris* and other *Nudibranchiata*, the mantle is strengthened by being filled with spicula or needle-like pieces of calcareous matter. These are formed by the mantle itself, and they may readily be obtained by dissolving that part of the mollusk in acid. Many are of curious and beautiful forms. These spicula cannot be regarded in any other light than as modifications of that shell, which, formed by the mantle, affords such security to so many of the beautiful inhabitants of the deep. It forms also another instance of the diversity of methods by which the Creator has thought fit to attain one and the same end. And whether we regard the commodious habitation of the *Oyster* and the *Turbo*, or the protection afforded to the most vital parts of the *Limax* and *Dolabella*, or the spicula strengthening the mantle of the *Doris* and the *Tritonia*, we may readily perceive the marks of the same kind and beneficent Creator, providing in a different manner for the necessities of each.

Although however the adult *Doris* has no shell strictly speaking, yet, when born it does possess one, so that in its most feeble and immature state it has that degree of protection which it doubtless then requires, but which as it grows stronger is less necessary, and therefore is naturally discarded. In this genus also, it may be remarked that, since its branchiae are not covered by any shell, those delicate organs might be exposed to injury; such however is not the case, for in most species the animal has the power of withdrawing them entirely within itself, and so of placing them under the protection of its mantle, and this it does immediately on the approach of danger. In other species which have not this power (as in *Tritonia*) the branchiae are placed on one side, under the edge of the mantle. In *Eolis* and *Dendronotus*, however, they are always entirely exposed. Their number, however, in these cases is so much greater that if one-half are lost, as is often the case, sufficient yet remain to perform the required work. In all this how evident are the signs of kind provision for peculiar wants.

Not wishing to extend this paper beyond its proper limits, I must defer for the present a description of the ligament, the part connecting the two valves of bivalve mollusks. The operculum of univalves must however be noticed in this place.

In many univalves, and especially in the large *Turbo*, found in abundance in Port Jackson, a round piece of calcareous matter is found firmly fixed at the aperture of the shell, into which the animal when

* I believe this mollusk is not, strictly speaking, a member of this genus, although the shell so much resembles the *Vitrina*. The animal is an *Arion* (having the peculiar gland which distinguishes that family from the *Limacidae*), and therefore approaches the genus *Stenopus* (Gould).

* A large *Conia*, common in Port Jackson, may be cited in illustration of this description.

alarmed has retreated. In many this "operculum" is not calcareous, but merely of a horny consistency, as in almost all the shells commonly found in the rocks between tide marks. Indeed in every case the side next to the animal is of the same horny consistency, and in but few instances, comparatively speaking, there is calcareous matter added at the back to strengthen it. It is always formed by the mantle of the animal. Its utility is obvious, and a large turbo when it has retreated into its shell and closed its door by means of this operculum is safe from all ordinary enemies. Here is a beautiful provision for the safety of these otherwise helpless creatures. In some it becomes a weapon of defence. Some small species of Strombus, common at the Mauritius, have a small horny operculum, dented at the edge; this is placed far back on the foot, and when any creature annoys them by getting on the back of their shell, they bring the foot round and strike the intruder with a force and effect which are quite surprising.

Similar to the operculum in its use, but different in the mode of its formation, is the "epiphragm," with which land shells close their apertures in dry weather or in winter. A supply of a certain degree of moisture is requisite for the existence of these animals, and therefore in very dry weather some provision is required to prevent that which is contained within the shell from entirely evaporating. Were no such provision made, the juices and glands would soon dry up, and the animal would be left to perish. But here the kindness of the Creator evidently appears: on the approach of dry weather the mollusk places a membranaceous film over the aperture of its shell, and thus by excluding much of the external air evaporation is nearly stopped. The animal remains almost in a state of torpidity, but yet moist and alive, and ready to emerge from its captivity as soon as the arrival of rain gives it an opportunity of renewing its store of moisture. This film, or epiphragm, is formed principally by that part of the mantle which encloses the folded-up foot. This part is placed over the mouth of the shell, and is almost immediately covered with an exudation of mucous matter; exposure to the air soon hardens this, and the mantle is withdrawn. A second, a third, and even a fourth epiphragm is sometimes formed at intervals within the shell. Although however evaporation is nearly stopped, yet it is not so entirely. A minute triangular puncture may generally be seen nearly in the centre of the epiphragm, and this is large enough to admit air sufficient to purify the blood while the animal is nearly but not quite torpid. A small hollow tube, formed of the same mucous material, connects each epiphragm, and thus a slight connexion is always maintained between the animal's lungs and the external air. The air however which is admitted, though small in its amount, is yet sufficient to carry on the process of evaporation in a slight degree, and the consequence is that the mollusk gets more and more thin, and retreats further back into the whorls of its shell.

By conchologists the term epiphragm is used to denote the covering which the Helicidae (the land shells) place over their aperture in winter. This however generally differs only from that above described in being more thick, and in entirely excluding the external atmosphere; it is usually formed of the same mucous materials, being composed of a number of layers successively deposited. Some interesting exceptions are however found in which the epiphragm is calcareous; of these the large edible snail, found in England (of which more hereafter), is the best known. This Helix at the approach of winter retires into a shady place, and covers itself over in a bower of its own construction, composed of little twigs, sticks, and leaves. It then forms its calcareous epiphragm on the outside, and several membranaceous ones within, and having thus provided itself with warm and snug apartments for the winter, it retires into a state of complete torpidity. The moist showers, and the increasing warmth of the sun in the spring arouses it, and then the application of a small quantity of fluid mucous at the edges of the epiphragm softens its adhesion to the edges of the shell, and it is then easily thrown off by the pressure of the foot from within.

When the winter epiphragm is formed, the animal becomes perfectly torpid. If however this cover be accidentally removed, the admission of external air immediately wakes the animal, and it commences the formation of a new one. When the snail is thus hibernating it may be easily conveyed from one country to another, care being taken to keep it dry. In this manner large quantities are yearly exported to America from Great Britain.

As an instance of the use of these epiphragms to preserve the life of mollusks, I may notice a fact upon record with regard to the *Bulinus rosaceus*,

This elegant species is a native of South America, and was first described from specimens brought to England from that country by the officers of the expedition commanded by Captain King. In his description of this mollusk that gentleman tells us, that after the return of the expedition, symptoms of life having been observed in some of the shells of this species, means were successfully taken for reviving the inhabitants from their dormant state. "After they had protruded their bodies they were placed upon some green leaves, which they fastened upon and ate greedily. These animals had been in this state for seventeen or eighteen months; and five months subsequently another was found alive in my collection, so that this last had been nearly two years dormant." (*Zool. Journ.* v. 342.) Many other such instances might be related. Many of the Limneæ, and some of the species of *Cycas* have the same power; and in this way only can we account for their continued existence in pools which are often known to be dried up.

One very important part of the history of the deposition of calcareous matter remains to be noticed; and besides its importance in the general history of the molluscan order, it is well adapted to my present argument, and will serve as a direct evidence of the kindness of the Creator. The bivalve shells, such as the oyster, which are fixed in their position, and are unable to move from place to place, are subject to much inconvenience from the small particles of sand which are held in mechanical suspension whenever the water is disturbed; these small grains get into the folds of the branchie between them and the mantle, and their sharp edges would cause much pain to the tender nerves which appear to cover these organs. The very minuteness of the particle of sand is in itself an aggravation of the injury, as may be readily explained to those who are accustomed to the dusty streets of our metropolis. It is well known, at least to medical men, that the eye may be touched with the fingers without causing pain; but the least grain or particle of dust produces much irritation. The cause is simply this. The nerves spread over the eye are exceedingly delicate, and therefore can appreciate a minute object like a grain of dust, but not a large smooth object such as the finger, and therefore the smaller the grain is, the more irritation is caused by it. So it is with the oyster; a brickfielder does not indeed fill his eyes with dust—but grains of sand often float in and lodge among his branchie. This would occasion extreme pain to these delicate organs, and if no provision were made, disease would be generated, and perhaps death ensue. But it is interesting and instructive to notice how beautifully these effects are guarded against of an accident to which these shell fish are constantly liable. No sooner is any place irritated by the sharp points of the sand, than the injured part of the mantle begins to deposit nacre upon the intruder. This process is repeated until by degrees the sharp edges of the grain are covered, and its size is gradually increased by continual depositions, and thus by its larger size and smoother exterior it loses all power to injure or to annoy. In this state these internal secretions are known to all by the name of pearls.

Sometimes the intruding particles remain between the mantle and the inner surface of the shell. A similar process takes place, only that in this case, instead of being free, they are joined to the shell. The Chinese have a method of obtaining pearls of a large size by introducing a piece of wire through the substance of the shell, and thus irritating the mantle. In this case the wire itself becomes the nucleus round which the nacre is deposited. I cannot, however, but regard the practice as cruel; and indeed it may be remarked, that since pearls have become an article of commerce, that which was intended by God for the comfort and convenience of the mollusk, has been made by the perverse will of man a reason for destroying it. Thousands of shells are annually killed in the search for these beautiful and highly interesting productions; for that golden age has long since passed, when according to Ovid, "*Ostrea in conchis tuta fuerit suis*."

When the mollusk is compelled to expend much of its strength upon these internal particles, its external shell must of course suffer in proportion. Hence it is that the fishermen always know when a shell is likely to contain pearls, as it then has a rough and rugged exterior, and a diseased appearance. Shakspeare seems to have known this fact when he makes Touchstone to say that—"Rich honesty, like a miser, dwells in a poor house: like a pearl, in a foul oyster."

The ancients had curious ideas of the formation of pearls. They thought that they were the natural offspring of the mollusk, and accounted for the difference observable in their colour and size by the

appearance of the sky at the time that they were formed. Thus Pliny informs us that "they have more to do with the sky than the sea; that they partake of the colour of the clouds (if it be cloudy at the time of their formation), or they are clear in consequence of the brilliancy of the morning. That if they have their origin under favourable circumstances they are large; if there happens to be lightning the shells are compressed, and the pearls are small, as if they were fasting," &c., &c., and that therefore the shells should be sought for in deep water, to which the rays of the sun cannot penetrate, since there, the pearls are less liable to be influenced by atmospheric changes.

The circumstances under which pearls are formed are common to almost all bivalves, but especially to those which remain always fixed in the same position. In the common oyster small specimens are found; they may also at times be obtained from the genera *Pinna* and *Cleidotharus*. The *Alasmodon margariferus*, found in many of the rivers of Great Britain, has been so named from the same peculiarity (*margariferus*, i.e. pearl-bearing). The mollusk, however, in which they are most commonly found is the *Melegrina margaritifera*, commonly known as the pearl oyster. In these, which, as is well known, are principally to be met with on the coast of Ceylon, many pearls are often found in a single shell. The reason why they are found in such abundance, and of such excellence in this species, seems to be that the mantle of this animal has the power of secreting and depositing nacre in peculiar abundance.

From the views above stated of the method and the motive of forming these pearls, the mind is led instinctively to admire that beneficence which has enabled these otherwise helpless creatures to avoid that disease to which they would otherwise be so liable. In a future number we may be able to perceive other traces of the same kind consideration in the Creator for the wants and the infirmities of these his creatures; and while we may hence appreciate a part of the force of the Psalmist's expression—"In wisdom hast thou made all" thy works, we may enter into the sentiment expressed by the illustrious Bacon—"Divine communications are vouchsafed to us by the volume of nature as well as by the pages of inspiration."

(To be continued.)

ON THE ABSENCE OF PAIN IN THE LOWER ANIMALS.

At a meeting, on Monday evening, of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society, Dr. Inman, the secretary, read a highly interesting essay on the non-existence of pain in the lower animals. The subject of inquiry he stated, was whether all animals had analogous sensations produced by similar agency, or, in other words, whether the feeling of pain has existence wherever there is life. The affirmative of this had been held by our great poet:

The poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

But the context showed that he referred only to the sense of death. In childhood we were most of us taught that it is cruel to kill a fly. The poor worm used by the angler to catch a gentle trout has our sympathies, and we are asked how we should like a giant to run a hook through us and make us food for a shark. All our prejudices being in favour of humanity, we looked upon the question as one which could not admit of doubt. We ought first to inquire the definite meaning of pain, and then, how far the knowledge of pain was a mental act, dependant upon the faculty of consciousness. It was difficult to give a definition of pain. Those who had suffered could realize it, but they could not define it to another any more than we can teach a blind man colours. It might be classed in the category of passions the presence of which was only detected by the actions which they prompt. But passions might exist without external development. We judge of pain, but not always correctly, from its outward manifestations. Many people who would shudder upon seeing an insect denuded of one of its wings, or a worm writhing on a hook, would without hesitation cut through the muscle of an oyster, load it with vinegar and pepper, and then subject it to the action of their grinders, never inquiring whether or not the creature was dead. The oyster was not killed by having its muscle cut through; its nervous existence was entire; and its heart was afterwards distinctly seen to pulsate. It could not, however, show its pain by external movement; it could not stir about or writhe. Writching and contortion were not a proof of pain; they might be induced by galvanism in dead persons, or by mesmerism in the

living. It often happened that those who took chloroform would writhe and fight with the surgeon, yet nearly all concurred afterwards in saying that they felt no pain during the operation whatever. A fish when taken out of the water flounders about, but we cannot conclude that pain is present, as death has taken place long before. The action arose from the stagnation of the blood and the irritating effects of the atmosphere upon the muscular system. A dog when placed under water struggles from a similar cause, a stagnation of blood in the lungs and its circulation in the venous system. While in its death-throes it moves its tail with force, but it is nothing but a convulsion unattended by pain, analogous to that exhibited by those who die from excessive bleeding. It is a well known fact that it is dangerous to remove the skin from a recently killed horse, as its legs often kick out. Writings, contortions, and convulsions being thus shown to be fallacious evidences of pain, he next inquired whether shrinking affords us any stronger proof. He assumed first, that the brain was the seat of feeling, and that after it was separated from the body no pain could be felt. He adduced several instances to show that shrinking from an irritating agent was not necessarily accompanied by pain or by any sensation whatever. Amongst these was the curious case of the man Colburn, related by Dr. Budd. Through an injury to the brain, or to the spinal chord, he was temporarily exempt from pain in the lower parts of his body. If his feet were touched, his legs twirled about as if in agony; but he felt no pain and even laughed at the odd movements which they made. When the patient began to recover, however, he suffered pain like other men. Dr. Hall had related many such cases. The same result was witnessed in animals when the spinal chord has been cut through. He had seen a frog show more convulsive motions when it was merely pricked than when its spine was severed in two. He had once two newts, of which he wished to make a dissection, and he cut off their heads, not wishing to put them to unnecessary torture. The progress of the knife, however, was interrupted by a motion as if the animal were swimming; and the tail continued to wag for twenty minutes, even after its separation from the body, more actively than when the creature was alive. If shrinking were a proof of pain, how could we say but that the sensitive plant suffers?

Every sensation is a mental act, and without the concurrence of the mind no sensation whether calculated to produce pleasure or pain can be felt. In an epileptic fit the mind was gone, and the most serious injuries might be inflicted without the patient feeling hurt. He had known a boy in a convulsion put his arms round a hot stove pipe, and hold them there till he recovered from it. He had been told of a child which, from water on the brain, had become imbecile in mind, that had one day sat upon a fire to create warmth, and remained there till removed, not however, without a severe burn. Four years ago a man had his limbs taken off by a railway engine, and was brought to the Infirmary here. He appeared in a drowsy state. He described the engine as producing a stunned-like feeling, after which he was no more conscious of his wound. Again, when the mind was insane, as in *delirium tremens*, the greatest injuries might be given without producing sensation. A lunatic, in attempting to escape from an asylum, sustained a complicated fracture of his thigh-bone. The surgeon set it, but the maniac changed the bandages from the broken to the other leg, and the cheat was not discovered till it was too late to mend the matter. Many instances might be adduced of the absence of pain in lunatics, but they would only distress the mind. The effect of wine and narcotics in producing this effect were well known, and the fact had not escaped the observation of Solomon: "They have stricken me and I was not sick, they have beaten me and I felt it not." In strong mental emotion, when the mind is intently fixed upon some object or other, severe wounds might be inflicted without any pain being felt. Gunshot wounds had been received in action without the party being conscious of it, and fingers have been torn off in a hurry-burly without the sufferer knowing of it. King Lear says:—

Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee.
But where the greater malady is hid,
The lesser is scarce felt. When the mind's free
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else.

The mind was often perfectly insensible during sleep, and tic-doloureux, cancer, or aching head, were not then felt. The coverings might fall off, but the sleeper only dreamt of the Frozen Ocean. We pinch him, he rolls to the other side; tickle his feet,

and they are drawn slowly up; but if we then leave off, he will be quite unconscious of what has occurred. Then, the principle he had laid down being true, was it too much to infer that where no mind or mental power exists, no pain can be experienced? If the brain be the seat of mental power in man, was it not reasonable to infer that it is so also in the lower animals, and that it serves in each for the reception and the transmission of impressions. The brain consisted of two portions, the one white and the other gray; and the latter has most to do with mental functions. In fishes the very smallest body of gray matter exists, and it is so disposed that they can have but little intelligence; they have only sufficient for the performance of animal functions. An invertebrate animal having no mental consciousness, would be in the same state as the body of the man Colburn, whose case he had mentioned. But, not contenting ourselves with argument, let us look to the book of nature. Were there not instances of creatures voluntarily performing feats, which if done by others, would subject them to intense pain? Were there not insects which flying to a bright light, burned their wings, and yet fluttered about the light till they were consumed? It was true the creatures would fly or buzz about as if in agony; but that was not exhibited when the head is cut off. If we handle a leech or caterpillar, they will writhe so as to make us think they were in torture! but in search after their prey they would do the same. It was well known that leeches could not be confined by simple means; they would rise a pressure of several pounds. On one occasion he placed in a glass six leeches gorged with blood, and placed on the top of the glass three books weighing nine pounds. Twenty-four hours had not elapsed before one was found to have made its escape; the next night another went, and they subsequently all disappeared. The power of caterpillars to escape in this way was well known; he had been told of one escaping from a glass which had a weight of thirty pounds placed on it. A wasp has been seen to eat a fly after a part of its own body has been cut off. Fishes did not seem to feel acutely. A pike would tear its maw in the endeavour to get from a hook; a perch, which was known as a fine bold biter, had been hooked by himself and it got away, but was caught afterwards by its own eye, which had been torn out, and at which it subsequently made a spring. He had seen some fish come to the hook again and again, even after they had been lacerated by it; sharks, it was related, also did so. He hoped that the opinions which he had advanced would not be considered to have a tendency to encourage cruelty; they should rather gratify the benevolent mind. See the wars carried on in nature from the animalcule upwards; how painful the idea that great suffering was the consequence, and how much more consolatory the thought that each animal is endowed only with sensibility according to the position which it enjoys. He knew a sensitive gentleman who had given up working in his garden from the agony which he thought his operations entailed upon the worms. Facts such as those he had adduced must be a great consolation at least to him.

Mr. TOWNSEND thought Dr. Inman had carried the inferences from a particular class of facts too far; and the Rev. Mr. ROBERTS thought, as the object of pain was to protect us from destruction, it was not rational to think that it would be absent in animals, in which it was for the same purpose required. After a brief discussion, a vote of thanks was passed to Dr. Inman for his very interesting essay, and the society soon afterwards adjourned.

[We have inserted the above extract, rather on account of the ingenuity displayed by the Lecturer in support of a novel theory, than from any conviction of its soundness. We think that pain is a wise and beneficent provision of the Almighty, to preserve us from danger, and as the apprehension of danger is observable in the lower animals as well as in man, the simplest analogy leads to the conclusion that they are equally the subjects of physical suffering.—Ed. S. G.]

WANDERINGS OF A PILGRIM IN THE SHADOW OF MONT BLANC.

By GEO. B. CHEEVER, D.D.

DR. CHEEVER is an American Divine, and author of a work called "Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress, and on the Life and Times of John Bunyan." The present work, he says, was written merely for the perusal of a few friends, and it makes no pretension to depth or greatness, but is a quiet expression of thoughts and feelings which any man may experience

amid the wonders of Alpine scenery. But how few could convey to others their thoughts and feelings in so poetical a manner may be judged from the following extracts.

"Mont Blanc," says our author, "is clearly visible from Geneva perhaps once in the week, or about sixty times in the year. When he is visible, a walk to the junction of the Arve and the Rhone, either by the way of the plains on the Geneva side, or by way of the heights on the side towards the south of France, affords a wonderful combination of sublimity and beauty on the earth and in the heavens. Those snowy mountain ranges, so white, so pure, so dazzling in the clear azure depths, do really look as if they belonged to another world; as if, like the faces of supernatural intelligences, they were looking sadly and steadfastly on our world, to speak to us of theirs. Some of these mountain peaks of snow you can see only through the perspective of other mountains, nearer to you, and covered with verdure, which makes the snowy pyramids appear so distant, so sharply defined, so high up, so glorious; it is indeed like the voice of great truths stirring the soul. As your eye follows the range, they lie in such glittering masses against the horizon, in such grand repose, they shoot into the sky in bright weather in such infinite clearness, so pure, so flashing, that they seem never to lose the charm of a sudden and startling revelation to the mind. Are they not sublime images of the great truths of God's own word, that sometimes indeed are veiled with clouds, but in fair weather do carry us, as in a chariot of fire and with horses of fire, into eternity, into the presence of God? The atmosphere of our hearts is so misty and stormy, that we do not see them more than sixty times a year in their glory; if every Sabbath day we get a view of them without clouds, we do well; but when we see them as they are, then we feel their power, then we are rapt by them from earth, away, away, away, into the depths of heaven."

Our traveller afterwards makes the ascent, which he describes as follows:—

"Standing on the overhanging crags, I could hear the chime of bells, the hum of busy labour, and the lowing of cattle buried in the mist, and faintly coming up to you from the fields and villages. Now and then a bird darted up out of the mist into the clear sun and air, and sailed in playful circles, and then dived and disappeared again below the surface. By and by, the wind began to agitate the cloudy sea and more and more of the mountains became visible. Sometimes you have a bright sunset athwart this sea of cloud, which then rolls in waves burnished and tipped with fire. When you go down into the mist again, and leave behind you the beautiful sky, a clear bracing atmosphere, the bright sun and the snow shining mountains, it is like passing from heaven to earth, from the brightness and serenity of the one to the darkness and cares of the other. The whole scene is a leaf in Nature's book, which but few turn over, but how rich it is in beauty and glory and in food for meditation, none can tell but those who have witnessed it. The bird darting from the mist into the sunlight was a very beautiful incident, and an emblem of Faith; for so as that soaring bird from the earth, when it was dark and raining, flew up and up, and onward, undiscouraged, till heaven was shining on her wings, and the clouds were all below her, and then returned, not to forget that night, but to sing to her companions about it, and to dwell upon it till clear weather; so does our faith, when all looks dark and discouraging here, when within and around there is nothing but mist and rain, rise and still rise, and soar onwards and upwards, till heaven is visible, and God is shining in the face of Jesus Christ; and then, as it were, comes back with glad tidings to tell the soul to be of good cheer, for that heaven is not far off, and to sing even like the nightingale, in the darkness and the rain, for that soon again there shall be daybreak and fair weather; and the memory of one such view of the gates of heaven, with the bright Alps of truth glittering around you, is enough to sustain the soul through many a weary day of her pilgrimage. When you see the face of Christ, all the darkness is forgotten, and you wonder what it was you were doubting about, and what it was that could have made you so perplexed and desponding; because it is mist and rain here below, you are not therefore to suppose it is raining on the mountains: it is all clear there. And, besides, you know that the mist, the rain, and the showers, are necessary, and we cannot have them and the sunshine at the same time, though the showers, that water the earth are as requisite to make it luxuriant as the sun's clear shining after rain. Any time Faith may get upon the mountains and see the Alps, though it is not to be done without labour; there must be much prayer and spiritual discipline before

you find that your head is above the mist, and heaven is shining around you."

Our Pilgrim mentions a curious phenomenon in the junction of the rivers Arve and Rhone:—"The Rhone (he says) is the biggest river, but the Arve is very pertinacious, and makes a great sandbank in the effort to come into the Rhone, with as great speed and pretension as possible. The Arve is as muddy as Acheron, and seeks to mingle its turbulent current with the crystal depths of the lake-river; but the Rhone refuses the mixture, and flies on by itself, so that the Arve is compelled to keep on its own side, being unable to unite with the Rhone only in little eddies. One hardly knows how the Rhone is able to conquer, but the two rivers flow on without mingling, so that you have the cold mud on the one side, and the clear crystal on the other. Now here is a curious symbol of many things; but I have thought that it shadows forth very fitly the forced union sometimes attempted between human philosophy and the Word of God. Philosophy is meant to be the handmaiden, not the partner, and wherever the marriage is attempted, all goes wrong. Human philosophy, apart from revelation, is almost mere mud; it has its origin in the debris of creation, amidst frozen glaciers, in the uncertainty of death and chaos, and when it would force its muddy guesses into competition and union with the Divine Word, the celestial stream refuses the connection, and flows on in its original purity and independence. A man may stand on the banks of the water of life, and drink and fill his pitcher only from that side, and then he has the truth pure and fresh from heaven; or he may go where the philosophy and the truth are coquetting and conflicting, and he may drink of both together, and fill his pitcher with both together, and then he has generally as much mud as clear water, though he often thinks he has drawn up the truth much clearer than he who drank only of the crystal stream. Or he may go clean on the other side, and drink only of the scientific, metaphysical, of the cold stream of human guessings and rationalism, a melancholy sort of drinking, to which, however, men become so much attached, and get their taste thereby so completely perverted, that the mud seems a sweeter and more wholesome draft to them by far than the clear water. There is another thing which these two streams, the Arve and the Rhone, at their junction, may symbolize, and that is, the streams of Romanism and the Gospel. The stream of Romish superstition, born at the foot of frozen glaciers in the caves of pagan antiquity, rolls on, furious and turbulent, striving to be acknowledged as the Gospel, and usurping its place. But the Gospel cannot unite with it, and flows on, undisturbed by it, a pure river of life. The people who drink of the stream of Romanism, and live on that side, are lean, poor, and ignorant. They love their own stream to desperation, muddy and gravely as it is, and cannot endure the other; though sometimes a single drink of the other operates to open their eyes and change their whole heart and life, inasmuch that the authorities are afraid of it, and pass severe laws against using it, or circulating or selling it. If any of the priests get to tasting it, or become attached to it, and attempt to declare their preference, it is said that the others, if they can catch them, shut them up and send them to Rome, where they have a way of curing them of their appetite for pure water. Meantime the mud flows on, and the stream just now is evidently increasing and getting more turbulent; but the Gospel stream flows on likewise, and will do so for ever."

Here is another beautiful idea, which has, I dare say, struck most of us.

"Are not all mountains more glorious in the sunset? They seem more intelligent at that hour than at any other; they seem like a vast, silent, meditative consciousness. What shall I say of the flush of rich deep colour, and the atmosphere of glory, in which the Jura range, with its pines and oaks, its deep glens and its thousand flowers, lies sleeping? Meantime the lake ripples at your feet, and whispers its low, still, hushing music, so soft, so quiet, as if almost it were the expression of an ecstatic, indwelling soul, communing with the parting light, that as it dies away, fills the face of the lake with such indescribable and pensive beauty. Sometimes it seems, as you stand beneath the trees and look across the lake, and up to where the Jura outline cuts the sky, as if all heaven were opening before you; but speedily, as the shadows deepen, comes that sober colouring to the eye that hath kept watch o'er man's mortality, and the earth, the air, the water, though so pure, so bright, do breathe irresistibly upon your mind a sacred melancholy. But why should this melancholy be connected with the twilight and the stars, and all at evening fall that is so beautiful?

Perhaps it is because in the cool of the day' God came down to talk with Adam concerning his sin, and the stars saw him, and the shades of evening were around him, when he fled to hide himself beneath the trees in the garden. Ah! how this green light that lingers in the west looked to him then, when the bliss of innocence had gone from his soul, and he began to be afraid of God. It is almost awful, (said the excellent Dr. Arnold, sitting above the lake of Como,) to look at the overwhelming beauty around me, and then think of moral evil. It seems as if heaven and hell, instead of being separated by a great gulph from one another, were absolutely on each other's confines, and indeed, not far from every one of us. Might the sense of moral evil be as strong in me as my delight in external beauty; for in a deep sense of moral evil, more perhaps than in anything else, abides a saving knowledge of God. It is not so much to admire moral good; that we may do, and yet not be ourselves conformed to it; but if we really do abhor that which is evil, not the persons in whom evil resides, but the evil which dwelleth in them, and much more manifestly and certainly to our own knowledge in our own hearts—this is to have the feeling of God and of Christ, and to have our spirit in sympathy with the spirit of God."

Our author visits a waterfall in Chamonay, called the "Cascade des Pêlerines," which he says is one of the most beautiful scenes in Switzerland, and compares it to the "fall of Divine Grace into chosen hearts, that send it forth again for the world's refreshments, in something like such a shower and spray of loveliness, to go winding its life-giving course afterwards as still waters in green pastures." "If you take the trouble," he continues, "to explore these precipitous gorges farther up the mountains, you will find other cataracts similar to this, in the midst of such green alpine herbage, such dark overshadowing verdure, such wild sublimity of landscape, that the pleasure of your discoveries amply repays the fatigue of your exertions. Nature hides her grandest beauties, and often makes them almost inaccessible. Is it not because, if they were known in our common way, and the view of them to be gained at any time, and without labour, their effect would be lost upon us? What is common is not appreciated, often it is not even noticed, just as dwellers round a great cataract never go to look at it, and become so accustomed to its noise that they do not even hear it. Those who pursue the stream of truth to its sources have much climbing to do, much fatigue to encounter, but they see great sights. In order to live by the truth, to enjoy the verdure with which it refreshes the valleys and plains, and to quench our thirst at it, it is not necessary to pursue these higher, subtle, and difficult investigations and speculations, but to be content and grateful for the life it ministers. For many drink of the truth who know not the depth from whence it springeth, nor the heights, nor the fearful precipices over which it has plunged and thundered. Nevertheless, a patient and deep-searching Christian philosopher will find his reward when he follows the stream upwards as well as downwards, among the mountains as well as in the vales."

How gorgeous and how true is the following description, and its moral:—

"The hour of most intense splendour in this day of glory was the rising of the clouds in Chamonay, as we could discern them like stripes of amber floating in an azure sea. They rested upon and floated over the successive glacier gorges of the mountain range on either hand, like so many islands of the blest, anchored in mid-heaven below us; or like so many radiant files of the white robed heavenly host floating transversely across the valley. This extended through its whole length, and was a most singular phenomenon; for through these ridges of cloud we could look, as through a telescope, down into the vale, and along to its further end; but the intensity of the light flashing from the snows of the mountains, and reflected in these fleecy radiances, almost as so many secondary suns, hung in the clear atmosphere, was well nigh blinding. The scene seemed to me a fit symbol of celestial glories; and I thought if a vision of such intense splendour could be arranged by the Divine power out of mere earth, air, and water, and made to assume such beauty at a breath of the wind, a movement of the sun, a slight change in the elements, what mind could even dimly and distantly form to itself a conception of the splendours of the world of heavenly glory; and if it sometimes blinds us to look even at earthly glories steadily, what training and purifying of the soul must it require to look at God and His glory! Alas! how many are the persons who love to look at nature, but do not love to look at nature's God! And yet

there could not be a discipline better fitted to lead the heart to God, as well as to invigorate the mind, and inspire it with new and elevated views of the Divine glory, than the discipline of travel among the regions of the Alps. The atmosphere is as bracing to the mind as it is to the body; and these stupendous scenes are as good for the heart as they are for the mind, if they be but rightly studied; but it is for me mere taste that will sanctify them. Mere taste is a cold commentator on the works of nature, as unfit for such an office as mere learning without piety for the office of a teacher of the Word of God. There are two books of God, two revelations; they are both open before us, God's Word on the one side, and sun, moon, and stars, seas, vales, and mountains throughout the year, with our own mortal and immortal frame, so fearfully and wonderfully made, on the other. Now, whoever loves to read one of these books because God made it, will love to read the other and find God in it; but this is the teaching of grace, not nature. Nature may teach men to be astronomers, threading the spheres, and viewing their stations, surveying the stars, as if among them they designed to make a purchaser. Nature may teach men to be subtle chemists, poring among the principles of things, and following the traces of death, and the laws of matter. But nature alone brings not man to God; the homely nurse doth all she can, but she cannot make her foster child love her Creator."

Our traveller starts for a pedestrian tour round Mont Blanc, "and it required," says he, "not a little courage and perseverance to set out and continue going. I experienced a feeling of my dependence on God, and of His care as my only friend and protector, such as I have rarely had. My feelings were caused by my being alone, in a strange country, far from relatives and friends, unknown. How much these circumstances heightened our sense of being on a pilgrimage here below. Pilgrims, pilgrims, pilgrims—such we are—but in the midst of society, with a thousand ties to bind us, and a thousand props to support us, and many dear friends, relatives, and companions with us, we do not daily feel it, daily realize it. Now I felt that I was a pilgrim in more senses than one, and to be alone, where danger waits upon you, or when you think it does, is to be brought very near to God. It is good to be among the mountains, alone—good both for the mind and heart. Not that a man is nearer heaven, in place, upon the mountain-tops, than at his own fire-side, though nearer the blue sky and stars. He that hath the spirit of heaven within him, walks upon the Delectable Mountains, though he be working in a coal mine, or following the plough a-field on a rainy day; while he with the spirit of earth hath his soul chained in Pluto's cave, though his feet be treading the heights of Monte Rosa in her sunrise. We must be above the world, while in the world, or we shall not be above the world when out of it. It is not without a purpose that we are told in the Scriptures of our blessed Lord's love of the mountains and of solitude. He went apart into a mountain to pray; he withdrew himself into a desert place and there prayed; he went about into the wilderness and prayed; he went up into the mountains to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God; he went up into a mountain to pray, when he was transfigured, and on the mountain, his disciples saw his glory. When the soul is fitted for it, there is a natural connexion between the mountain-tops and prayer and spiritual glory. It was not as a monk, not as quitting the world, that our Saviour frequented the mountains, but to fit himself the better to endure the world's atmosphere, and fulfil his life of suffering love to its inhabitants. I would not counsel a man to make the tour of Switzerland alone—it is better to have a friend—but sometimes it is good, both for the mind and heart, to be for days upon the mountains alone. Nevertheless, when you get a little accustomed to it, it needs much watchfulness and some effort, even there, not to forget God. A scene of overwhelming sublimity lifts the mind and heart directly to Him, but you want to be musing of Him, not merely when the mountains make you think of Him, when with a silent, but irresistible voice of power and glory they say to you, God! but also amidst more humble scenes—in the valleys, with her flowers, by the brooks, beneath the trees, or where, upon the dusty high-way, your mind turns in upon itself."

"After an hour or so," continues our traveller, "finding my knapsack very heavy, I got a lad to carry it for me for a season; there is, however, one good thing in carrying your own knapsack, when you throw it off in the evening, you feel so light from the relief that your other fatigues are quite forgotten, you could almost set out for another day's walk. Just so, it may be, that those who have the heaviest

burdens to bear through life will be the lighter for them when they lay them down at evening in the grave. Certainly they will, if the burdens were borne for Christ, if they came upon the shoulders in his service, or if they were carried in cheerful submission to Him, because he laid them there. Men will be lighter and brighter for all such burdens for ever and ever; lighter and brighter in their path of glory and happiness through eternity, than those whose knapsack of evils was borne for them by others, or who had none to bear for Christ. Yes, burthened Pilgrim, this light affliction worketh an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. But there is another kind of burden; happy indeed should we all be, if we could get rid of it both now and for ever. This load on one's back, makes the lonely traveller think of Bunyan's Pilgrim from the City of Destruction; but hereamong the mountains the pedestrian is very different from the Pilgrim towards Zion: for the spiritual traveller cannot get another person to carry his load of sins for him; he must bear his burden himself, till he comes to the cross, and there is but one Being who can take it off for him, but One who has power and love enough to bear it for him. Even if other men could bear our spiritual burdens, they would not be loving enough to do it. There is indeed a system in the world that pretends to take off this load, that has its sin-porths, if I may so call them, in its priests, who will both take the responsibility of a man's conscience and remove the burden of sin whenever it presses; but for all this, the burden is worse in the end; it is infinitely better to bear it and feel it until Christ takes it off, than to be insensible to it, or go to false means to get rid of it."

In crossing the Grand St. Bernard, our author observes: "There are some dreary and solemn memorials of the danger of the way, in certain little low browed stone huts, planted here and there a little out of the path, the use of which a traveller would hardly conjecture in fair weather, though he might learn it from fearful experience in a storm. The guides will tell him these are refuges in extreme peril, or in cases of death, are used as temporary vaults, in which the stiffened bodies of unfortunate travellers are deposited, till they can be finally laid, with book and bell, and funeral hymns, and solemn chaunting, in the strangers' burial-place, at the Hospice. A man says within himself, as he stops and contemplates the rude and solitary building—what if I had been laid there? And then as swift as thought, he is away across the ocean, and gazing in upon the happy family circle, where his place is vacant, and he thinks what misery it would make there, what a funeral and a burial there would be in the hearts of those beloved inmates, and what lasting, wasting anguish, if he should die away from home, if he should perish in the storms of his pilgrimage. He bows down his head and muses, and the faces of his home look him in the face, and those loving eyes of mother and sister are on him, and he hears his name breathed at the family altar in fervent prayer. But ah, how many dangers to be encountered, how many thousand leagues of earth and ocean to be traversed before again he can kneel with them at that loved altar? And who can tell whether ever again they shall all kneel there together? This will be as God pleases; but if not, shall there not be family altars in heaven, altars of praise indeed, and not of prayer but grateful altars still, where the dear family circle, so broken and wasted here, shall be gathered again, no more to be divided, in raptures, love, and praise for ever? God grant it! This hope shall be one of our songs in the House of our Pilgrimage."

Communicated by

A CONSTANT READER.
Balmain, Watervay Bay.

Original Correspondence.

[The Editors do not consider themselves responsible for the sentiments of their correspondents.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "SYDNEY GUARDIAN,"
GENTLEMEN,—The code of regulations determined upon by the Denominational Board of Education has at length made its appearance, and seems to require some notice from those who have had experience in the business to which it refers, not for the purpose of cavilling, but with a view to obviate unfriendly collision amongst the parties concerned. It is only justice to the gentlemen who constitute the Board to give them credit for being actuated by a sincere and honest desire to discharge in the most efficient manner possible the very important duties with which they are entrusted. It must also be believed that they are willing to co-operate with the clergy of the respective parishes in every way practicable rather

than create difficulties or obstacles which can only tend seriously to compromise and embarrass themselves. In the printed regulations, however, lately issued there are many marks indicating an assumption of powers which, I conceive, do not properly belong to them. It is evident that they assume the right or power to regulate all the details of school management, leaving scarcely anything to the control of the clergy, or even the local boards. A dictatorial interference of this nature cannot but be productive of much inconvenience, and must not be conceded. Although these gentlemen be actuated, as already admitted, by the best and purest intentions, yet it is obviously certain that they are thoroughly ignorant of the details of school management, and utterly incompetent, from the very circumstances of their position, to take upon themselves the direction of those who have already acquired experience in the business of education, and whose legitimate province it is to watch over the instruction of the children of their parishioners. The constant intermeddling of a Board so constituted cannot but be highly dangerous, and fraught with inconceivable mischief. The object of such an appointment appears to be simply to check the expenditure of the public money—to see that the sums voted for the purposes of education by the Council be properly applied, not squandered uselessly on inefficient schools or defective systems. To enable them to certify to this effect, every facility of inspection ought of course to be accorded, and every suggestion should be received with respectful deference, but to permit them conjointly or separately to dictate rules for the internal management of the schools would be highly objectionable, and must be firmly resisted at the outset. It is not necessary to animadvert on the several impracticable points in the Regulations, as they must be apparent to every one at a glance who is at all acquainted with the subject. I would only observe upon the strange, the singular act of discretionary concession or permission to the clergyman of the parish to visit his own school.—"The clergyman to whom the religious instruction of the children is confided, will at all times have free access to the schools." This is not more absurd than if it had been said—"The schoolmaster to whom the education generally of the children is confided will at all times have free access to the schools." Be it remembered, the clergyman claims, as a matter of right, a right paramount to that of the Board itself, to have access to the schools of his parish. This right is derived not from the votes of Council or appointments from Government, but as inherent in his sacred office, and from the command of his Divine Master—"Feed my lambs." This is a point which must be distinctly understood, and settled between the clergy and the Board of Education, or there is but little prospect of harmony and useful co-operation. It is to be hoped that on a revision of the Regulations, the necessity of which must be evident, this offensive clause will not be overlooked.

Yours, &c.,
SCHOLASTICUS.

Miscellaneous.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF COLONIZATION.—REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.—It is a remarkable fact that London and its suburbs alone, contain a population outnumbering the total aggregate of British inhabitants dispersed over a colonial empire of three millions of square miles, and comprising in area one fifth of this planet. During the past year nearly a million of sheep, and three or four thousand head of cattle have been boiled down for tallow in Australia, simply for want of shepherds; a want so much felt as to suggest the importation of Chinese, Coolies, and other Indian tribes, and even savages from the South Sea Islands, and yet as regards Great Britain and Ireland during the same period there has been an expenditure of ten millions sterling, in direct alms or wages, for unproductive labour, in addition to an average and annually increasing charge of nearly seven millions in poor rates, for England and Wales alone. During the first nine months of last year, more than 250,000 souls, crossed the Atlantic to North America, whilst the total number of emigrants, during the same period, to Australia, fell short of 4000.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.—Sir Thomas Lawrence wrote this to his sister, under the date of 26th of December, 1829. "On the 6th of January I have sacredly pledged myself to be with you, and to that all circumstances shall bend." Alas! this was too bold a word for man, without any reference to the divine permission. On that very 6th of January, 1830, he was seized with mortal illness, and died the day following.—*Poynder's Literary Extracts.*

A SWISS LABOURER'S REASON FOR NOT WORSHIPPING THE VIRGIN MARY.—A poor Swiss saboteur, or wooden-shoe maker, recently converted from Popery, on being asked why he had left off worshipping the Virgin Mary, replied, "Because she says, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.' Now, if she has need of a Saviour herself, how can she save me?"

EXTRAORDINARY OPTICAL ILLUSION.—Professor Wheatstone, in his indefatigable researches into the abstruse but beautifully interesting phenomena of light and optics, discovered a property in optics, previous to the perfecting of calotype pictures, to which Mr. Cundell has successfully applied it, and which, whilst most extraordinary in an optical point of view, will probably lead to discoveries in the delicate arts of obtaining sun-light pictures, and the effects resulting from them, of very considerable importance. A board is provided, about two feet long and a few inches in breadth, at each end of which is an upright piece, truly perpendicular, with a grove at top and bottom, for sliding in a picture. In the centre of this board, at the height of the centre of the uprights, are placed two small mirrors, at an angle of forty-five degrees with the edges of the board, or ninety degrees with each other, in front of which is a piece of metal with sight holes, sufficiently apart to suit the sight. On placing two calotype pictures of the same object in the grooves, against the uprights, such, for instance, as a jug, vase, piece of statuary, geometrical figures, &c., each eye, of course sees the reflection in the corresponding mirror of one picture only, the left hand picture being seen by the left eye, and the right hand picture by the right eye; yet the singular result of this arrangement is that the spectator sees before him a *fac-simile* of the object from which the pictures were obtained, in its original state, with the lights, the shadows, the under-cuttings, and all the full roundedness, and projecting points of the solid body. In fact, so complete and beautiful is the illusion, that it is impossible by any attempt, to see the pictures as viewed separately, and a perfectly finished solid body is represented to the eye of the astonished viewer. It must be pictures taken by sun-light, in different points of sight, to have the effect, and no two drawings by hand could be done sufficiently correct to prevent confusion in the shadows, and meeting of the corresponding lines.

ANTIQUITIES.—A silver coin was found a short time ago in an ancient "rath," in the townland of Tiracree, two miles west of Armagh. It is very thin, and a little larger than a shilling. The obverse has a large cross in the centre, and round it—"M LUDOVICUS IMP." The reverse bears the gable of a church, surmounted by a cross; the inscription—"M M RISTIANA RELIGIO." The letters are Roman capitals. This rare coin belongs to one of the earliest emperors of Germany, Lewis the First, who succeeded Charlemagne, in A. D. 814. The intercourse between Ireland and Germany, at a very early period, is well known by every student of Irish ecclesiastical history. Irish missionaries converted large portions of Germany to the faith of Christ; and to this day many churches remain which were dedicated to the memory of their Irish founders, several of whom suffered martyrdom. The coin is now in possession of Mr. Corry, of Armagh.

FRENCH KINGS.—It is an extraordinary fact, and it will furnish a lasting page in history, that within the space of sixty years, all the monarchs of France who reigned within that period, viz., Louis the 16th, Napoleon Buonaparte, Louis the 18th, Charles the 10th, and Louis Philippe, were dethroned. Louis the 16th was put to death by his own people in 1793; Buonaparte and Charles the 10th died in exile; Louis the 18th, after having been expelled by Buonaparte in 1815, was permitted to return to the throne; and the last of these, Louis Philippe, has found an asylum in England.

THE UPAS TREE.—A living plant of this celebrated tree, was not long ago presented to the Horticultural Society of England, by the East India Company, and is now growing in the Chiswick garden. It is in perfect health, and notwithstanding the fables of Dutch travellers, may be approached with safety. It is however so virulent a poison that no prudent person would handle it without proper precaution.—*Family Herald.*

HORRIBLE PUNISHMENT.—One of the most dreadful punishments devised by the cruelty of man is practised by the Cingalese, and some of our soldiers in former times were victims of their atrocity. When any of these were taken prisoners, they were stripped naked, smeared over with wild honey, and tied to a tree in the vicinity of ant-hills. Thus exposed, they were speedily covered with myriads of these insects, which in a few days consumed their flesh, and left nothing but bones to bleach in the sun.—*Ibid.*

Cabinet of Sacred Extracts.

THE CHURCH—"THE WITNESS AND KEEPER OF HOLY WRIT."—The Church of England has proved the faithful depository and guardian, for ages, of 'the faith once delivered to the saints.' The concession may fairly be asked, that a Church above all others faithful as 'a witness and keeper of Holy Writ,' and which has been, under God, the honoured instrument of preserving for ages the truth of God in its purity and fulness, has claims on our attachment of no common magnitude. On this ground, the venerable Establishment of our country strongly appeals to us. She secures the reading of large portions of the holy Scriptures—eight chapters, at least, including the psalms—every Lord's day; a provision this, for the instruction of their people, made by no other Church in existence. By this means, as also by her Articles and by the use of her Liturgy, she has maintained the truth of God for ages; while others, destitute of these advantages, have erred from the faith, and fallen an easy prey to false doctrines, which false teachers have privily brought in among them. It is a most instructive fact, that out of two hundred and twenty-two Unitarian congregations supposed to exist in this country, only forty-six appear to have been founded by persons of that persuasion. The other one hundred and seventy-six were originally connected with orthodox Dissenters. In the Church of Geneva, no sooner was the subscription to the Helvetic Confession abandoned, than Arianism took possession of the chairs and the pulpits. It is also a striking fact, that, although Unitarianism has prevailed to a great degree in the eastern States of America, and particularly in Boston, and has swept away many orthodox bodies of Christians, it has not made its way into a single episcopal congregation. 'Persons accustomed to the Liturgy,' says a well-informed examiner, 'the instant any one comes to them, saying, "I deny the Trinity," refer to their Prayer-book; and the fruit of such reference is, that, since the Liturgy of the American Church was agreed upon collectively, not one Episcopal congregation has fallen into Arianism.' Facts like these prove, in the strongest manner, the immense importance of established creeds and scriptural formularies of worship, to preserve in a church the truth of God; and warrant us in claiming not only attachment, but conformity to the Religious Establishment of this nation, which has thus been honoured of God, as the depository and faithful guardian of his own truth.—"Reasons for Attachment and Conformity to the Church of England. By the Rev. Robert Meek.

THE PRAYER OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM.—The prayer of St. Chrysostom at the close of our Morning and Evening Service, is evidently addressed to our Lord Jesus Christ, as we learn both from the reference made in it to his promise, Matt. xviii, 19, 20, and also from the omission of that explicit reference to his name and mediation at the close of it, which is a distinguishing feature in nearly every prayer of our Liturgy. Now, when we consider that the previous prayers have been addressed more particularly to God the Father, the expressions in this prayer, "who has given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise, that when two or three are gathered together in thy Name, thou wilt grant their requests; fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants," &c., would seem, at first sight, to be a continuation of the prayers addressed to God the Father. Their being addressed, however, in these terms, to "the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father," (2 Epist. of St. John, ver. 3) seems to be a beautiful practical illustration of his own words, "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it," (John xiv, 13, 14.) The previous prayers having been offered up to the Father in his name (according to his own words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you," (John xiv, 23) we then plead his own gracious promise, that He "will do it," (John xiv, 13, 14.) C. H. D.

THE SIMPLE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.—The simple and unprejudiced study of the Bible is the death of religious extravagance. Many read it under a particular bias of mind. They read books written by others under the same views. Their conversation runs in the same channel. If they could awaken themselves from this state, and come to read the whole Scriptures for everything which they could find there, they would start as from a dream, amazed at the humble, meek, forbearing, holy, heavenly character of the simple religion of the Scriptures, to which in a greater or less degree, their eyes had been blinded.—*Cecil.*

Poetry.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE FIRST VERSE OF PSALM XIX.

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

Ye wild tornadoes o'er the earth that sweep,
Wasting the woods and fields as ye pass by!
Ye howling storms that wake the midnight deep,
And o'er the forests waives impetuous fly!
Ye lightnings leaping from your murky sky,
And glancing on into infinity!
Ye dreadful thunders peeling from on high,
In long recesses pouring fearfully,
How loudly ye proclaim, how terrible is He!
Thou setting sun, whose soft and mellow light
Sheds peace upon the path of closing day;
So calm, so pure, so beautifully bright,
Till thy soft beams in twilight melt away!
Thou sister orb, of mild and pensive ray!
Ye stars that stud yon blue immensity!
Group after group in glittering array:
Resplendent orbs—how beautiful ye be!
How proudly ye proclaim, how great and wise is He!
Ye woods and fields! Ye hills and fertile vales,
Op'ning your verdure at the touch of spring!
Ye new-born insects sporting on the gales
That waft the flowers with dew-drops glistening!
Ye little birds, how sweetly do ye sing,
Flitting from bough to bough, and tree to tree!
Ye limpid streams and fountains murmuring—
How pure the homage of your minstrelsy!
How sweetly ye proclaim, how kind and good is He!
C. C. L.

THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

BY ARTHUR C. COXE.

From the Christian World, a United States Magazine.

The chimes, the chimes of Motherland,
Of England, green and old,
That out from lane and ivied tower
A thousand years have toll'd;
How gloriously must their music be,
As breaks the hallow'd day,
And calleth, with a seraph's voice,
A nation up to tell a thousand tales,
Sweet tales of olden time!
And ring a thousand memories
At vesper and at prime:
At bridal and at burial,
For cottager and king;
Those chimes—those glorious Christian chimes—
How blessedly they ring!
Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,
Upon a Christmas morn;
Outbreking as the angels did,
For a Redeemer born;
How merrily they call afar,
To cot and baron's hall,
Wide holly decks and holly mistletoe
To keep the festival.
The chimes of England, how they peal
From tower and Gothic pile,
Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
The dim cathedral aisle,
Where windows bathe the holy light
On priestly heads that fall,
And stain the florid tracery
And banner-dighted walls,
And then those Easter bells in spring,
Those glorious Easter chimes;
How loyally they hail their round,
Old queen of holy times!
From hill to hill, like sentinels,
Responsively they ring,
And sing the rising of the Lord,
From vale to mountain high.
I love ye, chimes of Motherland,
With all this soul of mine,
And bless the Lord who thus impregns
Of good old English tone,
And like a son, I sing thy lay,
That England's glory tells;
For she is lovely to the Lord,
For you, ye Christian bells,
And heir of her ancestral fame,
And happy in my birth,
Thee, too, I love, my forest land,
The joy of all the earth;
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,
And here, where God is king,
With English chimes, from Christian spires,
The wilderness shall ring.

THE PAST.

Reminiscence Jubilee.

Our infancy! our infancy! what sunshine settled there!
When ever we watched a mother's eye with all a mother's care,
And marked our growth with tender pride, and joyed to hear us frame,
With lisping tongue and laughing eye, a loving parent's name!
Yes, fancy loves to hover there, when memory lingers not,
As hearts in foreign lands recall a long forgotten spot;
We may not look with listless eyes on childhood's helpless mien;
So sweet it is to moralise on what ourselves have been.
Our childhood! when at first we learned along the floor to crawl,
And next to walk from chair to chair, though later many a fall;
Who treasures not the dancing thoughts that lightly bound away
To that sweet age of infancy, and glad and careless days?
The age of round and ruddy cheeks, of buoyant, happy hearts;
We ask, in very childishness, why such an age departs!
Oh! lean, decrepit age must come with wrinkles and disease,
When wealth no more brings ease and gladness, and pleasure fails to please!
The old grey-headed man looks on with tears of fondest joy,
While round him sports in playful youth the wild light-hearted boy:
"Bless you," the old man says, "my child, be happy while you can,
For sage experience shows that grief is still the lot of man."
Our boyhood! when like yesterday, our memory may recall
The days when pleasure's way we took, and dallied with the gill;
Ere we began with tireless steps through learning's paths to tread,
Ere yet we knew a task to hate, a teacher's frown to dread.
Our school-days! blest days indeed, that dear, delightful spot—
The playground of the village school—what heart has been forgot?
The memory may frown; in midlife, care, may turn our hair to white,
But world or our schoolboys throw a gleam of lasting light.

Yet why do these sweet halcyon spots stand forth in high relief
From an overclouded atmosphere of trouble, toil, and grief?
Is, that the steep we struggled up to learning's lofty brow,
Was rugged then when forced to climb, but seems not toilsome now.
As when, with weary feet and hearts, a mountain's top we gain;
The sun shines out, and we look down, with pleasure on the plain;
We soon forget the steep ascent, and rapture only know
Of nature's varied landscape spread in loveliness below.
Our school companions! where are ye—fond links of former joys?
We think on you; the mournful thought our happy dream destroys.
We scarce have reached to manhood's verge, and yet how few there be
Who launched with us their bark at school, and still are on the sea.
Where are ye? If your lot has been to roam to other climes,
Do not your bosoms swell, like ours, to dwell on former times?
Though severed wide by many a sea, your youth with us was passed;
We loved you then, we love you still, and still our love shall last.
Where are ye? Some, we know, are snatched to an untimely tomb;
The sun shines out, and we look down, with pleasure on the plain;
Most scattered—some for ever gone—and some are sought in vain;
Tis ours to cherish in our hearts the few that still remain.
Farewell, our first, our fondest friends! whatever may be our lot
Of worldly wealth or poverty, ye shall not be forgot;
For, journeying through life's chequered scene, so oft with clouds o'ercast,
A gleam of sunshine lights the gloom while looking to the past.

STRUGGLE OF THE PEOPLE WITH THEIR RULERS.

(Abridged from the Church of England Quarterly Review, for July, 1848.)

THE moral world, like the earth, has its seasons, its seed time, and its harvestings—its periods of repose and of teeming produce. It is given to one to sow, and another to reap; and this is true of generations as of individuals. Men who stand distinguished from their fellows by their painful toils of mental labour, or their hardy speculations, scatter principles of good or evil broadcast upon the surface of society, and leave the fruits to be gathered by others. Where they are for good, many reap them, with little thought of the patience and suffering in which the seed has been sown: where they are for evil, those who are the most affected by the result too often slumber whilst they are germinating, and then, too late, wake up affrighted, in some period of social strife, to behold a pruned fruit of calamity, and to assist unwillingly, in its harvestings. "Too late!" what a significance is there in these little words! They contain the history of fallen dynasties, the wreck of great resolves, the abortion of noble plans, the death of freedom, the agony of frustrated ambition, disappointed of its prize at the very moment when it was nearly reached. Read the history of banished kings; what is it but a repetition of the same thing? The privilege of prerogative forced one step too far—just demands conceded one moment too late. Great conspiracies have failed, from the miscalculations of an hour's time; nations have been thwarted in their struggle for freedom, by a short procrastination in striking the decisive blow; and many a lofty scheme of social regeneration or benevolence has missed its aim by the passing over the exact period when the one would have availed, and the other have been appreciated.

Another signal lesson has been added to the many which the world's history contains. The King of the French, who stepped to the throne upon the ruined fortunes of a house to which he owed attachment by blood, and allegiance as a subject, has in the hour of trial followed the example of his predecessor, and experienced a similar fate. Elevated to authority upon principles of pure democracy, accepting it with the promise of giving to those principles their fullest development, he soon betrayed the trust reposed in him, and broke the pledges which he had given. In doing this, he neither understood the moral force of the power which had carried him to the throne, nor the inevitable working and ultimate tendency of the spirit with which he was called. Superior in talent to Charles X., he relied on his own resources for the establishment of a despotism which could only be accomplished by the destruction of the theories to which he had yielded a solemn adhesion. He was ignorant of the struggle which awaited him in his attempt: with a Bourbon's infatuation he trusted to the prestige of royalty to bear him through it scatheless, though he had himself weakened and dishonoured the prestige on which he relied; and, with a Bourbon's obstinacy, he refused to consider the demonstration which were daily accumulating to the fact that, however he might be able to prolong the struggle, he must finally succumb. The only thing that could have saved him was timely concession; it was the most important part of the lesson which the three days of July should have taught him. His recollection and his sagacity failed him at the very moment when he most needed them; and there is a curious and melancholy coincidence both in the confidence with which these hapless monarchs braved the conflict, and the manner in which they yielded when it was too late. There were circumstances in the policy of Charles X. to excuse it, and great want of foresight and preparation to account for its failure. Yet he stood consistently throughout by a principle, and fell in its maintenance. He had never been other than a monarch, inheriting power by legitimate

right; and his firm conviction in the righteousness of his claim, blinded him to the nature and amount of the moral force arrayed against him. Hence, being ignorant of, or refusing to believe in, the strength of the democratic element in his kingdom, his preparations were by no means adequate to the occasion. With Louis Philippe, however, the case was different. He was well acquainted with the difficulties of his position; and, as far as physical force could go, fully prepared to meet them. It seems therefore something like a retributive judgment that, with all the advantages of his predecessor's example before his eyes, a knowledge of the causes that led to his failure, and a consequent provision against a like calamity, he should yet, at the last, have pursued a similar course, and met with a similar fate. Charles the X. could not see that the struggle was, in his case, against legitimate monarchy, and therefore he considered that he sufficiently met the exigency of the crisis by abdicating in favour of Henri of Bordeaux. Louis Philippe fancied that his dynasty was founded on a principle, which though he had himself outraged it, would be fully satisfied by his own withdrawal, and the substitution of his grandson in his place. The proposition was met in the tumultuous assembly that had taken possession of the Chamber of Deputies by the solitary cry of "*Il est trop tard!*" and that one cry not only sealed the fate of monarchy in France, but was the expression of a force that has since shaken all Christendom to its centre. It was a memorable sentence; kings have learnt their weakness, and subjects their power in considering it.

Charles X. was the King of France—the descendant of a long line of chivalry and nobility—the inheritor and champion of the spirit and immunities of high estate—the first gentleman of his kingdom. Louis Philippe, on the contrary, was the King of the French (a significant distinction)—a *bourgeois* monarch, pledged to maintain the claims of wealth, who commenced his reign by walking about the streets of Paris with a cotton umbrella, in true tradesman's guise, to show the people how he understood the condition of his elevation; and who ended it by trampling on the class which had raised him, to show them how he despised it when it had served his purpose. After all, there was something more of nobility in the fate of him who fell in a consistent struggle to uphold the privilege of his rank than in the ignominious defeat of one who entertained the vain idea of building a monarch's dignity on the base elements to which he was indebted for a monarch's name.

In every great political crisis there is always some one circumstance which is supposed to be its cause—which stamps a character on it and gives it a name. It will be found, however, that the real causes of all revolutionary movements are more remote—have been long in operation; and that the peculiar and characteristic circumstance of the movement rather furnishes the fitting opportunity than the original motive. The famous ordinances of July, like the hindrance of the banquet in February, yielded occasion for the explosion of the elements which had been long in process of combustion; but the elements owed their origin to the existence of principles of which those acts were but isolated expressions. Under the empire, the *bourgeoisie* had been taught to understand their power, but had not been elevated to the position which they coveted. The restoration was, as they fancied, one step towards its attainment; but, with the return of the Bourbon, came a host of titled idlers, who had recollected nothing in their exile but their misfortunes, and learned nothing from their misfortunes but the desire of retaliation. The aristocracy of wealth was again at a discount; as a natural consequence, it struggled for the ascendancy; and, maturing in strength of purpose with the progress of events, it finally found a fitting opportunity in the ordinances of July for the assertion of its power.

But if, in the creation of a citizen king, with a banker for prime minister, they complacently beheld the work of their hands, and the elevation of their order, these results were by no means satisfactory to another class who had helped to attain them. With a very different interpretation of the word "people," and a very different understanding of their rights, these beheld in the monarchy of Louis Philippe but another form of the despotism against which they had protested. They soon felt that the barricade must be again erected, but with another object in view. With indefatigable energy they, therefore, seized upon every opportunity which the events of the last fifteen years have presented; and, though often foiled and defeated, at last found the one fitted to their purpose. The names which figure most in

the recent doings, and at the present moment in Paris, are the very names which meet the eye in reading the relation of every republican insurrection or *emée* during this period. He who is an anarchist whilst in subjection becomes a maintainer of order when he is in authority; and so we cannot wonder that the men who are now eloquently wise in the advocacy of moderation and subordination are the self-same men who have violently broken through the bounds of both when endeavouring to attain their object.

But the grave question which remains to be settled is—have they found the true *terminus* of the movement which they love to designate as the movement of the people? Can they rule and coerce the spirit which they have evoked? They have given to the democratic element an enlarged development—have they given to it its final one? They have passed by the plotters of 1830 in their notions of popular rights and privileges—will they not in their turn be successfully distanced by others? This is what the world waits to see.

Almost all the capitals of Christendom have witnessed imitations of the Parisian movement; the measure of success attained by the democratic party greatly varied; but one of two results is everywhere manifest. Success has contributed to the consolidation of a mighty and irresponsible power: failure has furnished fresh elements of exasperation, and energized the hope of revenge. "The people" are now words which denominate a formidable class. Many assert that the important aspect usurped by this class is but a political phenomenon of ephemeral existence; that after a time, out of the present convulsed condition of society, a better state of things will arise; that order will resume its reign under purified forms; and that the people will naturally and easily fall back into the place of subordination which properly belongs to them. We confess that we are not of this opinion: that which we are called to witness is another step towards the final result of a great tendency of centuries. * * * Whenever the advent of the people's power is near, the time of popular tyranny is not far distant. This, if we read the Scriptures aright, is the last form in which the tyranny of man over man will be manifest; and if the facts of history are worth anything, it will be the most fearful. * * * The people have still a faith—a religion—no longer, alas! a pure and unmixed Christianity; but a creed composed of its rationalised forms, in which the popular will is recognized as the divinity, and its elevation to the throne of absolute authority is accounted as a sacred duty. There is sufficient power in this popular faith to give force to fanaticism, but no one principle on which to build a restraint upon evil.

MR. SCONE'S BOOK ON THE PAPAL CLAIMS.

We have no intention at present to make any critical remarks on Mr. Scone's recent publication on the Supremacy of the Papal See, a subject on which, we understand, he has chiefly relied for a complete vindication of his own position, and for a refutation of all adversaries, as we purpose to enter upon a full consideration of this point of controversy, on a review of the argument, after Mr. Allwood shall have delivered his contemplated course of Lectures.

But this we must say, that Mr. Scone, in his attempt to maintain the authority of the Roman Pontiff has effectually destroyed all pretensions to be regarded as a theologian, and we had almost said, a Christian. Alas, how changed his spirit! how deeply fallen from what we once thought him! Who would have believed it possible that he could ever have been so possessed by a spirit of reviling as to make even the Index to his book the vehicle of slander and abuse of a much respected Presbyterian of the Church of England. Yet even this we notice under the word "Allwood," who is there charged with "calumniating," "wantonly accusing," "mis-translating," "mutilating," "interpolating," "falsifying," &c., the whole of which, we need scarcely say, is proofless. Truly "a little learning is a dangerous thing." See again the foot-note at page 122, and the reference to page 32 note. This last we hesitate not to pronounce abominable. Really the balance of his judgment seems to be overthrown. There is evidently an incapability of weighing testimony. He overlooks points of the greatest consequence, and at the same time attacks the highest importance to mere words of courtesy. Upon such a basis does he build up his body of testimony, if we may so dignify it. Yet we might

forgive the weakness of all his special pleadings, the one-sidedness of his case, if he had not indulged in so rancorous a spirit. His sneers, sarcasms, revilings, his arrogance, dogmatism, and uncharitableness—these are the things which must recoil on himself, and betray the unsoundness of his cause. We are indeed most heartily sorry for him. We give him our pity; his book, what it merits, our contempt.

Register of Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

THE Committee of the Sydney Choral Society have at length been able to make arrangements for establishing a School of Music in connexion with the Society. Its leading object is declared to be "to secure to the children of the Church choirs, and others, an uniform system of instruction in the rudiments of vocal music, embracing musical notation, time, correct intonation, distinct enunciation, practice of scales, solfeggi, intervals, &c.; such instruction in fact, as shall qualify them for taking their part in the offices of Divine Service with decency and seamliness, to the greater edification of the congregation and more truly to the glory of God."

The details of the plan are as follow: the society's conductor will be the teacher of the school, and will receive a salary from the society as a remuneration for regularity of attendance and for instruction given to members. Those boys who are on the society's books will be admissible to the singing school free of charge. All boys belonging to the parochial schools or choirs of the Sydney parishes who are recommended by their several clergymen, will be received into the school as pupils, on payment by the churchwardens, of a small quarterly fee for each child, and any other boys, children of members of the Church of England, and recommended also by their clergyman, will be admitted on payment of five shillings per quarter, for each child. The school will meet once a-week, for two hours, in the society's room, one hour to be devoted to instruction in the rudiments of music, the other to the practice of choral pieces sanctioned by the Committee. Strict discipline will be maintained, and rewards and punishments will be dispensed by the Committee. It is hoped that the society will be able to form an adult class, either in connexion with, or distinct from the boys' class.

This school carries out most directly the prime object of the society, in endeavouring to help to the improvement of the Church music of the Sydney parishes. Its establishment will, it is hoped, serve to remind the members and others, that the Choral Society is not, what it is too liable to be accounted, a mere *Concert Singing Society*, which is to provide its contributors with so many musical performances for so much of their money, and as such, offering its music to all the severity and fastidiousness of ordinary musical critics; but that it is in truth, in the most strict sense of the word, a handmaid to the Church; keeping up a standing choir of singers sufficiently proficient to execute with decency the ordinary musical portions

of Divine Service, and cultivating a gift which God has given for a high and holy use. If innocent and wholesome recreation and a closer feeling of brotherhood amongst a small band of Churchmen be combined with this, there is a still further good effected. Unless members and visitors can be induced to keep all this in mind, it is hardly desirable that the practices should be thrown open to large assemblages as they are on the "visitor's nights"; and the society had far better go on with a small band of members, who keep the only true object and aim in view, than seek to swell its numbers and increase its pecuniary resources by the endeavour to make it more generally attractive. Usefulness rather than popularity is what is to be chiefly sought after. If what is directly useful to the Church can also be made popular, well and good; but if popularity is to be obtained only at the cost of principle, Christian men must have the courage to go on their way of usefulness without it. The committee of the Choral Society by the establishment of this school, and by the regular maintenance of practice in choral music by the members of the society, has in view the remedying an acknowledged evil. Church music has been subject to a twofold-kind of abuse: on the one hand, it has been made the occasion of mere vain-glorious display of artistical skill; on the other hand, it has been degraded to the most contemptible inefficiency by utter neglect. Its true character therefore, has been misunderstood, and the hope and aim of the society is to help to assign it its proper place in the estimation of Churchmen as a vehicle of devotion, and to secure for it the care and attention which are required to make it serve to sacred uses. While it would be extremely *desirable* to introduce into all the parishes a uniform mode of singing whatever portions of Divine Service are sung in the various Churches of Sydney, it is by no means intended that the School of Music should interfere with the duties or responsibilities of the parochial organists, or those who have the direction of Church choirs. All that is more immediately intended, is, to improve the existing choirs and to raise up a continual supply of duly qualified boys as they are wanted. The committee earnestly hope for co-operation and good-will from the parochial organists, as cordial as that already manifested by the parochial clergy. The main object which the society has in view has been already fully stated. There will be an ample reward if that object is to any extent attained.

The Australasian Botanic and Horticultural Society's second exhibition will be held in the Botanic Gardens, on Tuesday, the 5th December.

The Lord Bishop of Newcastle returned a few days since from a visitation of New England. He was three weeks in the District, eight days of that time being spent in Armidale, the rest being occupied in visiting, in company with the Rev. Henry Tingemore, the various stations within a distance of about 120 miles. While we write this notice we rejoice in the thought of the good that must result

from these pastoral visitations of the Bishop through the Squatting Districts, where a frequent stimulus is wanted to keep alive a due sense of Christian obligations in the minds both of employers and employed. How much occasion for thankfulness does the recent increase of the Colonial Episcopate constantly suggest.

We have been exceedingly gratified to learn that amongst other good things effected by the Lord Bishop of Newcastle during his late visit to New England, has been his organization of a plan for establishing lending libraries on the various more important squatting stations. The books will be selected by the clergyman of the district, and their issue to a certain degree controlled by him, but they will be in charge of the masters. The proposal has been most cordially and thankfully received by the people themselves. An immediate effort will be made to obtain books from England.

The Lord Bishop of Sydney intends to hold an Ordination in St. Andrew's Cathedral, on the third Sunday in Advent.

Newspapers and private letters from Wellington, New Zealand, give a lamentable account of a succession of earthquakes which had occurred there during the month of October, and even during the early part of the month of November. All buildings, save those of wood, were either totally destroyed, or rendered uninhabitable by their insecurity. Yet, providentially, though some of the severest shocks took place during the night, no loss of life appears to have occurred, except in the case of Sergeant Lovett and his two children, who were crushed by the sudden falling upon them of a wall, near which they were passing. Happily the Church, which is a well designed wooden structure, escaped without injury. In the midst of our thankfulness for this, we find still greater reason to rejoice at the tone of sound religious feeling which is observable in all the public mention by newspapers and authoritative documents, of the visitation, because we have every reason to believe it to be an undoubted indication of the state of feeling prevailing throughout the community. The worst shock appears to have been on Thursday morning, the 19th October; in the course of the same day the people and the Lieutenant-Governor were simultaneously, and unknown to each other, planning for a general act of solemn humiliation, and before the memorial which was in course of signature from all quarters, could be presented at Government House, a Proclamation had issued appointing the very next day, Friday, to be held as a day of public fast, prayer, and humiliation, "for that," as the preamble stated, "it had pleased Almighty God to visit this settlement with a great and grievous calamity, and it is fitting that a public acknowledgment be made of the Divine Power, on whom all the operations of nature and the security of his creatures depend; and that prayers and supplications be offered up to Almighty God to avert the occurrence of any similar visitation." The appointed day appears to have been observed with very becoming solemnity by all classes, and to have had the wholesome effect of drawing forth in the strongest manner possible, that recognition of the disposing hand of an Almighty Providence, which it is too commonly the characteristic of new colonial communities to put out of mind. The Rev. Robert Cole, the minister of Wellington, wisely availing himself of the state of religious feeling among his parishioners, continued Morning and Evening daily Services in his church, and writes to Sydney for a supply of Prayer Books in consequence of the increased demand for them, produced by the large attendance at Divine Service during the panic. While we have no reason for immediate alarm on our own account, these "earthquakes in divers places" have occurred in sufficient nearness to ourselves to make us hope that the religious good they have produced may extend to us also. We are anxious to hear more particular accounts from Auckland, to which, as far as could be ascertained up to the 29th of October, the visitation had not extended. The report that a subterranean movement had been felt at Melbourne, if correct, would seem to imply that the volcanic action is on a very extensive scale. It is far from improbable that we may hear of its showing itself yet nearer to us.

CONSECRATION OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE, CANTERBURY.

From the Times, June 30, 1848.

YESTERDAY the new College of St. Augustine was consecrated with great solemnity at Canterbury. It is long since any event has occurred connected with the history of our national church so interesting to all its members, or so likely to have a large influence

upon its future prosperity. Attempts have been made at various times to engraft upon our system of ecclesiastical polity a missionary scheme worthy of the great Anglo-Catholic Church, of the necessities of our colonial empire, and of the duties which the pre-eminence of England among the nations invites us to discharge. Innumerable difficulties appear, however, hitherto to have intervened—difficulties partly founded on the basis of church government settled at the Reformation, and still more in the want of those pecuniary resources, without which the most valuable undertakings too often languish. Private munificence has at length succeeded in effecting what the wants of religion have long hopelessly demanded. The Church of England now possesses, under the shadow of Canterbury Cathedral, a noble institution, where the missionary spirit may be fostered among her clergy, and whence pure and undefiled religion may be expanded over the world.

The new missionary college is founded on the site of the ancient monastery which was assigned to Augustine, in the year 605, by Ethelbert, King of Kent. It was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, and was under the Benedictine rule. The monastery appears to have been designed by its original founder as a place of Royal sepulture. Ethelbert and Augustine were interred there, and many of their successors. The monastery, by Royal favour, and by the especial patronage of the papal see, grew in power and wealth. Canute, the famous Danish monarch, was one of the contributors to its grandeur, and nearly every Sovereign down to the reign of Edward the Confessor. Indeed, so great was its influence, that though from its foundation to the Norman Conquest it acknowledged the control of the mother church, in after years it refused to do so, and in the end so far established its side of the quarrel, that the archbishop's benediction on the abbots was conferred within the abbey church, and without any profession of obedience being exacted. In the midst of its pride, however, this famous monastery suffered many reverses, and was at length reduced to the same ruined and degraded condition as all the other religious establishments of the kind in this country. It was frequently sacked by the Danes; in 1168, it was nearly consumed by fire, and in 1271, an inundation did great injury to a large portion of the structure. The final overthrow of its power took place in the reign of Henry VIII., by whom it was seized as a royal palace. Queen Elizabeth, in 1573, kept court there in a royal progress, and Charles I. and Charles II. lodged there, the former on his marriage with the Princess Henrietta, and the latter in passing through Canterbury on his restoration. But the building which in its high and palmy days had a frontage extending 250 feet, with a noble gateway at each extremity, soon became completely ruinous, and at the present time the gateways are the only monuments left of its ancient grandeur. A public-house skittle-ground and bowling-green occupied different portions of the site, and until the task of renovation was undertaken by Mr. Hope, nothing could be more deplorable than the neglect and contempt that had fallen upon a spot assigned in remote ages to the missionary Augustine, who with forty monks came to England to preach for the first time the truths of the Gospel to our Saxon ancestors. About the year 1842 the wants of the Church in the supply of missionaries for the colonial dioceses became so urgent that general attention was turned to the subject.

The site and buildings of the old monastery and abbey of St. Augustine, in the course of the year 1844, happened to be for sale. Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P., for Maidstone, inherited a taste for architecture from his father, whose posthumous "Essay on Architecture" is well known. But besides this taste, Mr. Hope is better appreciated as a most liberal and devoted Churchman. He purchased the site of a considerable portion of the desecrated abbey, and having entered into communication with the promoters of the intended Missionary College, undertook to rebuild the small chapel of the monastery, and to contribute a considerable sum of money towards the settlement of the college. The buildings were commenced at the latter end of the year 1844, by Mr. Butterfield, to whom the commission of restoration and rebuilding was intrusted by Mr. Hope. The new college is built in the style of the 14th century, and harmonizes admirably with the fine old gateway, which has been incorporated with it, and now forms the grand entrance. The walls all round are faced with square flint and ragstone, which contrasted with the red tiled roofing and the quaint Gothic forms of the stonemasonry where it intervenes, has a singular but very pleasing effect. The use of flint in this way is almost entirely confined to ancient times, and this may be considered the most successful

modern imitation thereof. To a spectator the walls look like one immense mass of honeycomb—so curiously and regularly are the flints arranged. The general effect of the buildings is excellent, their character and subordination as a consistent whole being skillfully preserved, while over them is cast an air of modest and grave seclusion, well befitting an institution dedicated to theological study. Entering the gateway you find yourself in a turfed quadrangle, with diagonal and straight gravel walks; a gravelled terrace runs round the north and east side and part of the south. On the north terrace stands the cloisters, with the students' dormitory above them. The cloisters are 150 feet in length, and occupy the space of eight arches. Seen under ordinary circumstances, they will no doubt wear that pale and studious aspect with which poetry associates them; but yesterday a long range of tables, loaded with the delicacies of the season, robbed them of all that seclusion with which the mind, after reading Milton's *Il Penseroso*, might feel disposed to invest them. Instead of sedate looking monks, they were crowded with ladies and gentlemen to the number of 1200 or thereabouts, who kept up a well sustained attack upon cold fowl, *petits*, lobster salads, fruit, jellies, and a thousand other dishes cunningly prepared for the occasion by Messrs. Bathe and Brech, of the London Tavern, who provided the monster party who visited the College at the sole expense of Mr. Hope, the founder.

In the buildings above the cloister are apartments for fifty students, consisting of a sitting-room and small bedroom adjoining for each; the rooms warmed with hot water pipes, and opening from either side into a gallery 250 feet long. On the east side of the quadrangle is an undercroft, intended for a museum, a fine room, floored with red tiles and vaulted with brick, the arches having stone grainings. Into this space also the preparations for luncheon had extended. Above the museum is the library, the entrance to which forms the principal feature in this portion of the buildings, and for the unostentatious beauty of which the architect deserves great praise. The library has a fine pitched oak roof, and is lighted on each side by six windows, and at the end by a large one, with stained glass. Some progress has already been made in the collection of books, and the arrangements for reading are very good. There remains upon the east and south sides of the college a considerable space of ground unoccupied by any buildings, and which seems by the ruined walls which close the view, to invite the same munificent spirit of reproduction which for modern purposes has again raised up so large a portion of these ancient foundations. On the south side of the quadrangle stand the apartments of the warden and five fellows, the chapel of the college, the dining hall, and the kitchens. The chapel is fitted up with surprising taste, and merits, from the chaste simplicity of its details and its elegant proportions, a minute description. It is fitted up with sixty-four stalls of carved oak, ranged in double rows on either side. The great window at the east end of the chapel is in excellent taste; the upper lights in it are circular, and filled with stained glass, the colours of which are very brilliant; the lower half is divided into five millioned compartments, filled with figures of saints and scriptural subjects, in stained glass. The altar candlesticks are of silver-gilt, and of a rich and ancient design. The sacramental plate is of the same material, and also carefully modelled after mediæval examples. The great feature, however, of this exquisite little chapel is the sacarium. The altar is raised on three successive steps, distinguished by tessellated pavement of distinct patterns. The lowest step is covered with tiles relieving a *fleur-de-lis* stamp. On the second are tiles of a circular form, bearing each the inscription in old English, "*Miserere domine Jesu*." The foot-pan of the altar is a rich mosaic pattern of enamel work, the colours being dark brown, green, red, and blue. On either side of the sacarium are two windows filled with stained glass of somewhat weak tints. The hall which adjoins the chapel is that part in which the ancient building has suffered least, the roof being purely original. To this hurried sketch of the building it is right to add, that the architect has sought, as far as possible, to restore each particular part of the ruins in detail as well as style. Thus the present library, chapel, and dormitories are built upon the exact foundations of the old. Perhaps the most picturesque feature of this beautiful reproduction of our ancient monastic buildings is to be found in the "fair conduit," which occupies the centre of the quadrangle.

The constitution of the College is that of a warden and fellows, to be under the appointment of the two archbishops and some of the bishops. Bishop Cole-

ridge, formerly Diocesan of Barbadoes, has been appointed by the trustees the first warden. Mr. Pearson has been nominated the sub-warden, and one of the vacant fellowships has already been bestowed on Mr. Moore. The College will receive its first students in about two months or less from the present time. The Queen has given the College a charter of incorporation, which was signed on Wednesday.

The ceremonial of the day commenced very early by the consecration of the chapel, which was fixed for eight o'clock, but did not commence until nine. The Archbishop, Mr. Hope, and his party of immediate friends, left town at five o'clock by a special train from the London-bridge station. The Archbishops and other Bishops present were received by the Corporation of the College in the common room, where they robed. The remainder of the congregation, which, owing to the small size of the chapel, was confined to about 130, took their places in the chapel. The procession from the common room consisted of the College officers, the Bishops, and Archbishop attended by his chaplains. The ante-chapel was occupied by Lady Mildred Hope, and six or eight ladies.

Among the congregation were: Bishops—London, Oxford, Brechin, Lichfield, Frederikton; Deans—Canterbury, Hereford, Chichester; Archdeacons—Thorp, Harrison, Merriam; Warden of Winchester College; Rev. Doctors—Jelf (Principle of King's College, London), Mill, Vaughan, Moberley, Wordsworth, Russell, Spry; Revs. Lord C. Thynne, Lord G. Thynne, Lord H. Kerr, G. B. Murray, J. Wallace, R. Eden, S. Bowden, W. J. Chesshyre, J. Mills, T. L. Cloughton, E. Hawkins, F. Faithful, T. Blomfield, W. Vallance, W. Dods-worth, C. Marriott, T. Allies, H. Wilberforce, Richards, B. Webb, Abraham, Hon. R. West, W. Harness, D. Coleridge, W. Carter, Hon. R. Grey, Wilkinson, W. Maskell, G. Williams, R. C. Trench, W. G. Humphrey, Dupuis, T. Chamberlain, W. Buller, W. Scott, J. M. Neale, T. Helmore, I. Rodwell, W. Trower, F. Lockwood, J. Moseley, Earl Powis, Earl Nelson, Mr. A. B. Hope, M.P., the founder: Justice Pattison, Justice Coleridge, Baron, Alderson, Lord Campden, Sir T. Phillips, Sir S. Glynn; Messrs.—W. Forbes, C. Pullen, H. Bowden, G. Gippes, E. P. Baslevir, J. C. Sharpe, H. Tritton, Puller, G. Frere, H. R. Haggitt, M.P., P. Hoare, C. Manning, H. Champenowne, J. R. Kenyon, G. Watts Russell, H. Lestrangle, G. Anderdon, C. Crawley, and Captain Moorsen.

The consecration service was read; after which the Holy Communion was celebrated by the Archbishop, the Warden reading the Epistle, and the Bishops of London and Lichfield assisting at the administration. The alms given at the Offertory amounted to nearly £460.

The morning service at the Cathedral commenced at twelve o'clock. Before the doors opened the choir was crowded by a vast concourse of ladies and gentlemen; there could not have been less than 600 clergymen among them, nearly all dressed in their academic robes and who, as they moved up the centre aisle of the Cathedral and passed under the noble screen, produced a very striking effect. The whole service was very beautifully celebrated, the choir of Canterbury having of course put forth all its strength on this occasion, the anthem being, "The Lord gave the word," with the well-known treble solo, "How beautiful on the mountains!" Dr. Russell, one of the canons, read the lessons, and the altar service was taken by the Dean, Dr. Spry reading the epistle. The Archbishop then preached the consecration sermon, choosing for his text the epistle to the Ephesians, chapter 3, verse 10, "To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God." His Grace was listened to throughout with deep attention by the immense congregation assembled in the choir, the grand proportions of which added to the solemnity of the service. The amount collected at the cathedral and chapel was £900. At the close of the service, as already stated, Mr. Hope received his friends at luncheon in the college, and with this the proceedings terminated. The founding of this College must have cost Mr. Hope from £30,000 to £40,000, but he has reason to feel proud of a work which has now received the whole authority and sanction of the Church, and which, if the objects for which it has been raised are adhered to, will fulfil a lofty mission of usefulness. It may not become as wealthy as that institution, founded and fostered by kings and popes, from the ruins of which it has been raised, but resting its security upon the basis of Divine truth, it may hope to weather the storms beneath which the proud walls, the ancient monasteries, and that of St. Augustine among the number, have long since crumbled into dust.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. P.—The proposed translation is of questionable utility, but it will be submitted to the Committee of Management for the next year.
L., received; the name of the contributor is required, and it must always be stated whether or not the article is original.

THE AUSTRALIAN

BENEFIT INVESTMENT AND BUILDING SOCIETY.

(Established in July, 1848, under the Acts of Council 7 Victoria, No. 10; 11 Victoria, No. 10; and 11 Victoria, No. 53.)

479, GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

G. P. F. GREGORY, ESQ., CHAIRMAN.

THE OBJECTS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE TO BENEFIT ITS MEMBERS—

I. AS BORROWERS.

1. By advances to shareholders for the purchase of freehold and leasehold property, repayable in easy monthly instalments, secured on the property so bought.
2. By enabling them in the same easy mode to pay off any incumbrance to which their property may be subjected.
3. To increase their capital by a mortgage of it, if unincumbered, redeemable on the same easy terms.
4. To enable tenants to convert rent into the means of purchasing their own dwellings.
5. To enable mortgagors to convert interest into the means of reducing the principal.
6. To assist parties desirous to build by advances for that purpose.
7. To aid intending purchasers by advance of deposits for purchase of approved properties at auction.
8. To secure to such of the foregoing classes, to whom the expense of conveyances, mortgage deeds, and insurance is too great an outlay at the outset of their operations, arrangements by which such expense may be liquidated in gradual instalments.

II. AS DEPOSITORS.

1. By furnishing them with the means of a highly lucrative investment for small savings, if continued for the whole period of the duration of the Society.
2. To afford to parties desirous of accumulating a sum certain within a given period, (less than the computed duration of the Society), a higher rate of profits in return for small monthly deposits than is generally yielded through the Savings' Bank.
3. To enable a father by the time a child attains manhood, to establish him in trade, or to provide for an apprentice fee, or both, by an easy and yet fruitful mode of saving.
4. On the other hand to place it in the power of the young to provide, by a small monthly payment saved from their earnings, a residence for parents, or an aged relative.
5. To afford trustees of benevolent and religious institutions an easy and convenient mode of raising funds.
6. To enable a few persons contributing monthly subscriptions readily to extinguish a debt affecting such, or any other institution.

The steady progress of the Society will be seen from the subjoined statement:—

		1848.	£
July 24	Shares taken	116	Amount paid 87
25	—Ditto increased to	131	Increased to 98
26	—Ditto ditto	151	—Ditto 113
29	—Ditto ditto	170	—Ditto 130
Aug. 7	—Ditto ditto	192	—Ditto 228
14	—Ditto ditto	230	—Ditto 317
Sept. 4	—Ditto ditto	259	—Ditto 438
11	—Ditto ditto	331	—Ditto 584
Oct. 2	—Ditto ditto	342	—Ditto 708
9	—Ditto ditto	344	—Ditto 772
Nov. 6	—Ditto ditto	351	—Ditto 881
13	—Ditto ditto	417	—Ditto 1068

Papers in explanation of the working of the Society may be had on application at the Offices of GEORGE JOHN ROGERS, Esq., George-street; of EDWARD SANDFORD, Esq., Solicitor to the Society, Foster's Buildings, Elizabeth-street; and of the undersigned,

CHARLES LOWE,

November 15.

Secretary.

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