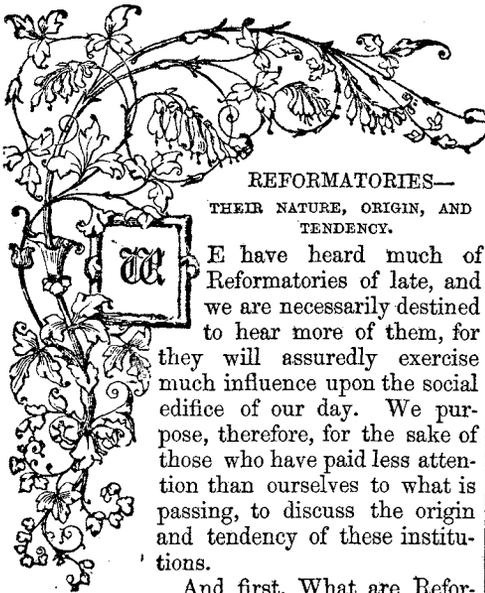


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REFORMATORIES—
THEIR NATURE, ORIGIN, AND
TENDENCY.

WE have heard much of Reformatories of late, and we are necessarily destined to hear more of them, for they will assuredly exercise much influence upon the social edifice of our day. We purpose, therefore, for the sake of those who have paid less attention than ourselves to what is passing, to discuss the origin and tendency of these institutions.

And first, What are Reformatories? They are establishments founded by private benevolence or associated charity, and maintained by the support of the state for the purpose of reforming the youthful criminals of the country. Hitherto, those youths who fell unhappily into criminal courses were abandoned to the tuition of rogues yet riper than themselves in those repertoires of crime—the gaols. Henceforth, in Reformatories, they will receive a corrective education; moral and religious instruction will be sedulously inculcated, and industrial knowledge enforced, to the end, that when again mingling with society, the sometime guilty shall become self-sustaining and virtuous members of the community. The principle of this new system is such as to deserve the utmost success. The system itself is one to which every Christian is bound to bid God speed. The objects it contemplates are the eradication of crime, and

the restoration of virtue, and no man should hesitate to contribute as much as in him lies to these most Christian purposes. It is true people say, pooh! pooh! what is the use of this? you cannot eradicate crime. Repression is necessary, or, at all events, inevitable—leave that in the hands of the law and the police, and for the rest, leave that to the dispositions of the Eternal. In the world, this sort of wisdom goes very far. It satisfies the careless, and suffices for the unfeeling; but it is as hollow and hard-hearted as they. Crime and sin, like poverty, “will never depart from off the land;” but we have never heard the latter admitted as a reason why charity should be neglected, or the multitude permitted to go unfed.

Wise men who made the law, and good men by whom it was administered have frequently lamented the absence of all provision for the restraint and instruction of erring youth. To send them to a prison was to commit them to a career of crime; to let them loose, was in most instances, to devote them to a like goal. The progress of the age had rendered some plans inevitable, which at least should propose a remedy for those evils, and the Reformatories are the development of those plans. It is for us whom a happier fortune and a more virtuous training have, with the Grace of Providence, kept in the straighter paths to manifest our thankfulness for such favors by the alacrity of our support to these new institutions.

And now let us state in as few words as may be, the method by which youths become amenable to the operations of the law which has constituted these Reformatories. At the outset we may explain that there are two conditions preliminary, though not absolute. The first, that the youths shall not have been previously convicts, and the other, that they shall not exceed sixteen years of age. A child or youth of either sex—let us say a boy—is ob-

served by a police-officer to commit a crime ; or a private citizen is cognizant of some criminality which he denounces to the authorities. The boy is brought before the magistrate, and the case inquired into. There is proof that the crime has been committed, but it is the first, and is perhaps attended with circumstances of temptation, or it arises from evil suggestions, or importunity, or direct seduction, or not unfrequently, the miserable delinquent is driven by threats to dishonesty. In any such cases, and they are of daily recurrence, the magistrate acting legally has heretofore had no alternative but to send the offender to a prison. And what was the result? The creature who entered the prison yet terrified by the horrors of crime, or trembling in that strange balance which holds the victim over the gulph of sin, into which a terrible curiosity impels him to plunge, emerged from the hideous domicile no longer a neophyte in iniquity, but a professor. This aspect of the question we are considering is so well known that we have all concluded a committal to a prison always makes a thief.

It frequently occurred, indeed, that a magistrate whose kindness of heart was in excess of his sense of legal obligation, refused to punish a youth for an offence, not of a grave character, when the offence was his first known transgression. He thought it safer, with a view to the future, to turn him out into the world, than into a prison. In some cases the decision was a fortunate one—in all, the act was influenced by a Christian benevolence, no less amiable than praiseworthy. But it often happened, that to send the child again into the world, was to subject him to the same influences, and with fewer means of combating them, and “the last state” of that child was indeed “worse than the first.” If he were without friends, then the consciousness of having fallen from the upright, was not mitigated by sympathy, or the necessity of reformation strengthened by counsel. In these circumstances he was but an easier prey and a more recognised mark for the designing. If again, the youth had evil friends—or worse still, wicked parents—and unhappily there are many such in Liverpool, the humanity of the magistrate was made a scoff, and the escape from punishment a lucky chance. Perhaps it was set down as the effect of some “dodge,” and the miserable tyro in crime, was taught to rely upon its repetition for another escape, but never to receive it as a warning and a mercy. The

inefficacy of the treatment was extremely galling. The disease was seldom mitigated, perhaps never eradicated, and not unfrequently such was the means of rendering it more malignant. But the practice was repeated, because the humane administrator of the law refused to abrogate a custom which was adorned by even a single retrieval. The beauty of virtue is so great, and the consolation of redeeming even one criminal so deep and lasting, that it could not be overborne by even a hundred failures.

Hence it is that the law was not rigidly enforced, when the law did not discriminate, and human benevolence, in setting aside the behests of human legislation, endeavored to compensate for its shortcomings. Now, the law is changed, and we shall state its provisions in some detail.

Under the provisions of 17 and 18 Vict. cap. 86, it is now possible to provide for the young who fall into crime, a place of penitence as well as of punishment. The title of this most excellent statute is “An Act for the Reformation of youthful offenders in Great Britain,” and the preamble is in these words: “Whereas Reformatory Schools for the better training of juvenile offenders have been and may be established by voluntary contribution in various parts of Great Britain, and it is expedient that more extensive use should be made of such institutions, be it enacted, &c.” And then follow the enacting clauses. The first of these clauses empowers Her Majesty’s Home Secretary “upon application, to direct an inspection of any Reformatory School and enquire into its conditions and regulations,” and if he certify under hand and seal his approbation of these, then the institution is constituted a Reformatory under the Act. The school is thenceforward authorised to receive youths as contemplated, and continues so until the certificate be withdrawn. We have already stated that youths who come under the contemplation of this statute shall be not more than sixteen years of age. We may add that they shall also be parties convicted before one or two magistrates, either summarily, or on indictment. And the provision is that the party shall *in addition* to his punishment, be sent to a Reformatory, for a period of “not less than two years, and not more than five.” The Treasury under the Act, is to defray the cost of the maintenance in the Reformatory, and the parties so committed are subject to punishment for absconding; of course, there are ample means of preserving discipline within the school.

By a subsequent statute, the 18 and 19 Vict. cap. 87, a provision of the former Act is made more operative and summary. The provision we speak of renders parents or step-parents liable for the support of their children or step-children, confined within Reformatories. The Home Secretary, in the first instance, orders payment for the maintenance of the youth from the consolidated fund; but the statute enables him to recover the sum expended, or a competent portion of it, from the parent or step-parent of the prisoner. A summons before two justices, and an order by the latter for such sum as the party can afford to pay, is the short proceeding necessary under the statute. And payment, if withheld after order made, can be recovered by summary sale of goods, and even by imprisonment. Thus the careless parent, or the wicked one, who flings or drives his child into temptation, will find the law prepared to make him do his duty. He must not hope to escape the only retribution such a person can be made to understand—a money payment. The honest man and the virtuous father, has the consolation of knowing that he is not to pay the penalty of the culpable abandonment of duty by his neighbor.

We have stated the principal provisions of these statutes, because we have recently had the Catholic community of our locality assembled, under the highest ecclesiastical sanction, and we rejoice to know, under the most brilliant auspices, to take steps to establish a Reformatory for the Catholics of Liverpool. In the success of that movement we take the deepest interest. We feel the interest which becomes us, we hope, as obedient subjects of the Bishop of Liverpool—a prelate who gains the love of those he governs, by the gentleness of his rule, and ensures respect and co-operation by the zeal with which he discharges his high and holy functions. We feel an interest in this subject as good citizens, desirous that crime should be repressed, and as philanthropists solicitous that the young should be withdrawn from those necessities which unhappily render them obnoxious to the provisions of the statute. And, we do this for another reason. Many of those who will inevitably—unhappily inevitably—be the objects with which Reformatories will have to deal, are of the faith we ourselves profess—and will prove children of a land in which we have many ties, that neither time can break, nor distance lessen. We therefore feel such an interest in this question, as justifies to ourselves, as we hope we do to the readers of this Magazine, the length at which we discuss this subject.

And now we shall be asked, whence this new zeal upon the question of reforming the criminal errors of youth, and whence the plan and system of Reformatories in England; what hopes should they stimulate and what support should they obtain from us? To what extent are they coincident with our wants, and accordant with our religious principles; and what are the promises they hold forth? Upon all these points we shall have a word to say, communicating what we know with as much brevity as possible.

The problem is one which has exercised the intellects of statesmen and philanthropists before the commencement of the present century. But the determination of transporting to Australia, which the colonists had protested against with an energy not to be mistaken, and which a few years since was reluctantly conceded to their demands, left it impossible any longer to postpone a solution of the difficulty. Our youth could be no more deported to mature under the more pastoral influences of society in Australasia, and prisons crowded to plethora with festering crime, left no access for those discriminating arrangements which provided a separation of the elements yet retaining somewhat of primeval purity, from those which were irretrievably corrupt. What was to be done then? Could our statesmen walk by the light of experience? Had no economist calculated the cost of the new condition? Had no statist arrayed in formidable figures its results? They cast about and found that the question was not new—that the idea had already been matured. And although those who were its originators had not stopped to count the cost, knew little of political economy and despised many of its received canons, yet had they demonstrated the practicability of that, which we in England had launched into a speculative sea to ascertain. And who was it that had practically dealt with this question? Who was it that had trained into the growth of virtue the saplings grafted upon the tree of vice? The Church had done all this. The Church which inherits the promises and on which devolves the obligations of the Gospel. The Church, whose privilege it is to tend the flock, and whose duty it is to bring back those who stray. It was no new path, therefore, on which English statesmen were about to venture. The Church had already trodden it, and her footsteps were broad and marked upon its surface. Science and system had taken the place of speculation, and that territory, to us an incognita, we found studded with the landmarks of those soldiers of the Church whose

privilege it is to subdue the stubborn, and make the desert fertile. The Church had walked that way with the zeal which becomes her mission, and with the efficacy born of that predominance which the promises of the Eternal bestow.

Before the present century then, there were Reformatories in France and Belgium. Hence we draw the models upon which to cast our new methods of reform; and England receives another lesson, that while in the Science of Government her knowledge is supreme, there are many social questions upon which her neighbours' knowledge is superior. Let us hope that in adopting those things in which others possess advantages, we are encouraging those others in the most effective way to follow our example in that in which we are superior. Let us not forget, that if we have triumphed through Representative Government as, Prince Albert notwithstanding, is we believe, the truth, other countries who know not its advantages, have had their triumphs also; and have not neglected the interests of the poor. Again, it is a wholesome lesson that England should be taught, amid her pride of power and place, that she must draw the remedy for her social evils, and learn the means of reforming her seething population, from the wisdom and beneficence of that Church, which repudiating, she has never ceased to persecute. These are retributions which solace the good; let us hope they may correct the proud.

The State, we should not hesitate to declare, has, in this matter of Reformatories, not only done its duty, but has incited the different religious communities to do theirs. The State in adopting the erring children of its citizens, provides for their maintainance, and abstaining from all interference with the religion of the adopted, affords the utmost facilities, consistent with this course, to each denomination to develop the advantages and principles of its own. This is a great advance. Hitherto all State support has been based upon the proselytism of all who dissented from it. The principle is now recognised—silently it is true, but significantly, that proselytism makes hypocrites, and no hypocrite can be reformed.

And Government has adopted an excellent method of avoiding or overthrowing the importunities of the zealots. The statute, as we have seen, enacts that before a Reformatory shall be declared, a suitable building shall be provided. The Government, in forbearing to have any property in the house foregoes all

power to interfere in its arrangements, and avoids all importunity by providing before-hand a declaration of no right. Catholics, for instance provide a receptacle for the fallen ones of their faith, and beyond the necessary inspection of the place and the inmates, no one can interfere with the regulations or discipline of the House. For Catholics nothing can be more important. We have so much connected with the ceremonies, inculcation and celebration of our religious observances, which others will not, or cannot comprehend, though we regard them as of the last importance—our system and discipline so harmonise, and each is so contributory to our great aim and purpose, that above all things in religious affairs we should be free. Here we shall have that freedom the moment we are prepared to claim it. Is there one Catholic who will refuse his contribution to provide for that conjuncture?

Nor are there wanting other motives why we should contribute to the establishment of a Reformatory. The system of Reformatories is, as we have said, of Catholic origin. We are bound to assist in the development of that which we invent. We are bound also, because, as we have already observed, we contribute more than our proportion to the objects of the Reformatories. It is sufficiently galling, but it is generally received that the most numerous, and the most troublesome, and not the least profligate of the criminals of this community, if they are not Catholics are unmistakably Irish, and not Protestant. There are many reasons for this. The best of the laboring classes do not emigrate. Those who do, are not treated on their coming, with kindness or consideration—very much the reverse. They must descend to the worst work, and accept the worst pay. They lose the restraints of home, and that admirable moral check which is supplied by the desire to deserve and retain the good opinion of those among whom we dwell—they are on all sides treated with disrespect, and in many cases, unfortunately, they fail to respect themselves. Their new circumstances suggest brutal habits, and equally brutal enjoyments. Their children are, what the children of such parents naturally become. Those men of course are not Catholics, but they are not Protestant, and they are Irish. Sufficient candidates for Reformatories were contributed, but of late years the circumstances of Ireland have flung into the vortex of Liverpool low-life, innumerable crea-

tures, without father, mother or friend. These are indeed, beings, whom to know, is to pity, and whom no Christian can desire to leave exposed to the temptations of the world. In their course of life, their normal condition is one of crime—and it is only in Reformatories they can, without the intervention of a special providence, become Christian. It is only thus these Arabs of society can be brought under the civilizing influences of citizenship. We must not allow what we here set forth, and what is indeed too notorious to be deemed the measure of *our* estimation of the humbler classes of the Irish in Liverpool. Nothing could be farther from our intention, as nothing could be farther from justice to our countrymen. The great majority of the Irish in humble life in Liverpool, are, as they are at home, patient, industrious, and resigned; discharging their duties both towards their employers and their families as becomes good members of the community. What we desire to impress upon our readers is, that in the matter of these Reformatories a duty special and beyond that which should guide others devolves on us, to contribute generously to their establishment and support.

And the Church is on its trial. She has to show that it is hers to fulfil the great duty of an infallible teacher, and to prove her mission by the success of her dealings, with those little ones of the world. We have no right to feel concerned for the result—we know she cannot fail in her mission, but we have no right to fail in ours. And it is our plain duty to afford the Church all those facilities which it is in our power to extend. We agree with Mr. Aspinall that the Church being here the same as the Church in France and Belgium, the Reformatories which there succeed so admirably, under her guidance, cannot fail with us. We concur with Mr. Shiel in his anticipations of the glorious success she will inevitably achieve, and that her superiority will proclaim her the truest teacher, and the most successful guide, as she is the most loving mother of the young. Finally, we hold with the generous Mr. Mansfield who, himself a Protestant, does not withhold from Catholics the meed of justice—we hold with him “that the disciplined organization of our religious orders, whether at military or camp hospitals stands in brilliant contrast, as regards efficiency, with the desultory enthusiasm of impulsive amateurs.”

MUSIC OR PAINTING.

Pictor. Welcome, Harmonicus. You have arrived just in time to say a word in behalf of your own beautiful art, which Sophronia and I are almost agreed in placing second to mine.

Harmonicus. I don't know, Pictor, that I can add much to what you have already in your hands, in a very recent paper in *The Catholic Institute Magazine*. But will you have the goodness to mention the objections to my views, which occur to you.

Pictor. I must say, you have made out a very pretty case for your favorite Music: and one which I feel is almost sure to win most votes from your readers, because yours is the popular side. Still, I am convinced that there is a great deal to be said on my side too, and I will try to say it briefly. Sophronia and I think your strongest point, Harmonicus, the place of music among the Arts, compared with that of Charity among the graces; and although you may think that this is giving you the best of the argument at once, I don't think you can push it very far. The Song of the Blessed must surpass anything of harmony that we can even imagine here, where a perfect concord can never reach our ear. So that we may be speaking of two things totally distinct, when we speak of our present music continuing for ever in the choral Song of the Blessed. The spiritual ear will no doubt appreciate it, in some way; and yet for all that, it may be quite unlike anything that we call musical harmony. Indeed, have we not the highest authority for saying that neither eye has seen, *nor ear heard*, nor the heart of man conceived, the good things prepared by God for those who love him?

Sophronia. Then you must remember that the Vision of God, which is the essential bliss of heaven, is enjoyed not by the organs of spiritual hearing, but of sight; is beheld, in some way, by the spiritual eye; not by the ear. It is no longer a picture of reflected beauty, but is the reality of all that is beautiful; of all that everything beautiful, in nature and in art, faintly shadows forth. In this reality, then, the old earthly shadow of beauty is comprehended, and may be said to survive for ever; and thus our mental faculties to which painting speaks will be still actively engaged on the realities of what has delighted us here, “only in a glass in a dark manner.”

Pictor. Besides that, I will strengthen

Sophrionias's argument by reminding you that the Vision of God is the essence, but, as far as we know, the song of heaven is only an accident, of our future bliss.

Harmonicus. Two to one are rather too many for me, and Sophrionia puts her case so well, that you have more than double the advantage of me. But you surely cannot say that, because the faculties to which painting addresses itself will survive for ever, and will be more worthily occupied then, with the vision of realities, whose faint shadow was earthly beauty,—you cannot say that the art of painting will survive too. It is precisely because painting is the representation of a shadow, that it must fail, when a shadow becomes impossible; when all is real, and all intimately present; just as Faith ends when sight begins; as Hope has its final termination in enjoyment. Who thinks of a portrait, when the beloved original is beside him? Then, as to the good things which are prepared for those who love God, eye hath not seen them, indeed, nor ear heard them; but eye will yet see them, and ear hear them; and they will therefore have something similar to what charms the eye, and satisfies the ear on earth; only the degree of their perfection surpasses our present comprehension. I therefore think I may argue that the Song of the Blessed is only many stages in advance of the music which refreshes us here, but is not so dissimilar to it as to be quite another thing.

Pictor. We think *Harmonicus*, that you have not done justice to the range of human vision, as compared with that of the organ of hearing. Only consider the apparently innumerable points of light which shine in the midnight sky; add to these the far more numerous clusters of such points, the nebulous "star-dust," revealed, and partially resolved by modern telescopes. The eye takes in all of them at once. It is already prepared to take in more distant points than any of these, as soon as the thrilling pulse of light, which left them at creation, shall have reached across the vast abyss of space that separates them from us. Nay it is quite possible, as you well know, that some of these points of brightness may have been long extinguished before the trembling impulse of light ceases to act on human vision; a thought which may well enlarge our conception of its range.

Harmonicus. I am glad to be reminded of those facts, which have always appeared to me to be nearly allied to the sublimest speculations of modern science. But, after all, my dear

Pictor, what has all this to do with the range of painting in its operations. Take the most colossal painting ever executed; say the *Last Judgment* of Michael Angelo; you can't see it a hundred feet off; and that is all I meant, when I said that the limit of painting is much narrower than that of sound. Distance or want of light actually effaces the finest picture; but a much greater distance is required to reduce an orchestra to silence. The accident of light or darkness does not affect its operations on our sense of hearing, in the very slightest decree.

Sophrionia. *Harmonicus* ought in fairness to have contrasted the wonderful subtlety of light, with the slower, more material motions of air, or vibrations of wood, metal, and the rest, which produce our sensation of sound. The quivering light flashes through nearly two hundred thousand miles in a second of time; while in the same time the sluggish vibrations of sound creep over a poor space of some hundred feet; or while a thrill of light quivers through a million of miles, a sound has travelled only one mile. In like manner, if we count the number of vibrations which make what we call a color, and compare it with the number of vibrations which form a corresponding sound, we shall find that slow-moving sound counts its pulses by a few thousands in a second, at its very swiftest pace; while subtle light, in its slowest motions, is measured by many hundreds of millions.

Harmonicus. I am not surprised, *Sophrionia*, at your urging this remarkable subtlety of light, in support of the intellectual and spiritual superiority of Painting over Music. There is no branch of Science better adapted than this to the study of persons of either sex, who are attracted to a pursuit at once refining and expanding in its influence on the mind. We are indebted to a lady, for many interesting facts connected with one particular department of light. It is therefore, natural that an argument drawn from so elegant a study should particularly recommend itself to *Sophrionia*. But the love of a beautiful science will not, I am sure, hinder us from perceiving that all that comes of it as far as our argument is concerned, amounts to no more than this, that we really see a picture more rapidly than we take in a sound: but when we are speaking of a distance of only a few feet, the difference in rapidity between seeing and hearing, is too minute to be appreciated.

Sophrionia. There is no chance of catching

you at fault, Harmonicus; you have an explanation ready for every difficulty. But I think I have one point to urge in behalf of Painting, which you will not easily get over. You know Campbell's beautiful lines on a portrait, in which he contrasts the effect produced on the mind by the sight of a lost friend's portrait, with the impression arising from hearing a well remembered air, last sung or played in his company. The recollections of the music are too overpowering; the sorrowing friend exclaims:—

"O hush that strain too deeply felt,
And cease that solace, too severe."

But the "serenely-silent art" of Painting is able to "give us back the dead even in the loveliest looks they wore."

Harmonicus. You have made common cause with Pictor, my dear Sophronia, to the injury of your own better judgment. Is it possible that you don't see, in this beautiful passage of the Scottish poet, a direct testimony to the fact that Music goes deeper, stirs the thoughts and affections of the heart far more profoundly than Painting? It is thus the poet describes its power:—

"What visions wake, to charm, to melt:
The loved, the lost, the dead are near."

No such illusion is within the range of Painting. It can give you reflection of what attracted you to him who is gone; but it does not possess the same power over the imagination; cannot pass with the same renovating influence over the mysterious tablets of the memory as it is given to Music to do.

Pictor. Now, Harmonicus, it is my turn. What do you say to this? Only think of the preparation necessary to an effective and correct representation of the Master's ideas, through the medium of an orchestra; the rehearsals, and repetitions, and pains that must precede the final performance. Contrast this with the ever-enduring beauty of a good picture. You leave it with its sweet influence on your mind; you return, and find it raining a shower of sweetness and gracefulness, as when you left it; it is company to you, in solitude; it is repose to you, in a crowd; in silence and from afar, it composes, harmonises, controls your whole being. How slight a cause is there for so great an effect; so slender the means in proportion to the result! A few colors; a few outlines of form; light and shade intermingled; and the thing is done. Surely there is something here of a spiri-

tual power, surpassing anything that we associate with the audible results of Music.

Harmonicus. I alluded to this before, in my recent paper; and reminded you that every effect produced by an orchestra is suggested, in the silence of his own chamber, to the mind of a musician, by the score of the Master. Still, I am not disputing merely for the prize of skill; and I will allow that a much greater number of people are constantly and invariably delighted by a good picture, than by a good musical score. The translation of its symbols into sounds, is a laborious and intricate business, and is soon over for the mass of people. Here you certainly have the advantage of me. And yet I could maintain that the inferiority lies not in the capabilities of Music, but in the incapacity of most men to understand them, without the medium of sound; or even when they are fully developed by instruments and voices. If some men have the power, many more might have it, if they took the trouble to acquire it. And after all, I suspect that the perception of beauty in painting is much more limited than you suppose. This I am sure of, that an artist's educated eye detects beauties, as completely concealed from the uneducated eye, as the Master's ideas are veiled under the crooked symbols of the musical score.—

Pictor. Tell me, Harmonicus. Is not the eye a nobler, more perfect organ than the ear. Is its office not a higher one? Do we not communicate with each other, through it, read each other's thoughts; reflect on our very souls to each other, as we are unable to do through any other sense, even through that of hearing.

Harmonicus. Well, Pictor, suppose I say I agree with you; what then?

Pictor. Why, this, if the eye is a nobler organ than the ear, the language of the eye is probably more perfect, more intellectual language than that of the ear; I mean that Painting is more likely to be superior to Music.

Harmonicus. If you can't prove it to be so, directly, your argument from probability won't go for much. Then, I think you magnify the organ of sight, rather unduly at the expense of that of hearing. I very much doubt whether the pleasure derived from the sound of a familiar voice, for example, does not very nearly, if not quite, equal the joy of seeing a long absent countenance, once again. Your argument is too indirect, Pictor, and assumes too much, to dispose me to pay much attention to it.—

Sophronia. You have said, somewhere in your paper, Harmonicus, that a picture is a solitary and isolated fact; while a piece of Music is a progressive growth. Surely you have never seen an artist at work. If ever there was a growing idea in any art, it is when a painter is developing his; touch after touch, line after line, till the poem is completed. The eye of an artist might almost detect its progress, by a minute examination of the picture, in its details.

Harmonicus. It may be a growth, a progress; it must be so, as far as the artist is concerned; but it is a coexistent whole, as far as relates to all other persons who see the finished picture. They take it all in, at once; unlike persons who are listening to a musical composition, who are carried on, at the pleasure of the composer, through every variety of emotion.

Sophronia. But now, Harmonicus, how can you imagine that pictures must be so short-lived? Have we not pictures of very great antiquity? and does not the Roman mosaic work promise to last as long as the fabric of the churches in which it is placed?

Harmonicus. I will answer your first question by a distinction. We have decorations of great antiquity; ornaments of dwelling-houses, and temples; but of pictures, representing high art, corresponding to the matchless productions of the classical chisel, we have not one, that I ever heard of. As to your second question: in copying pictures in mosaic represents your idea of painting a noble picture, the world might agree to make a bonfire, tomorrow, of all the original paintings which exist. But as it still continues to attach value, and a very high value, to those originals, I must suppose that they contain something precious, which no mosaic copy could ever acquire: which is precisely the perishable excellence, for the loss of which no copy, however perfect, could ever compensate; and which is the sure victim of the tooth of time.—

Pictor. Harmonicus; if your favorite Music is so transcendently intellectual, and spiritual, and so on, how comes it that Musical composers have been for the most part remarkable for their incapacity in every thing else?

Harmonicus. Genius is almost proverbially allied to madness. Surely Poetry is something intellectual and spiritual, yet what an array of eccentric cultivators does it exhibit! Mathe-

maticians are not always pre-eminently conspicuous for their common sense, or presence of mind. Even your favorite painters, with some few exceptions, like Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and others, were not very famous for practical accomplishments. Indeed, your objection is too much like a personality, and provokes recrimination. We must settle our question on higher grounds.—

Sophronia. I have nearly exhausted your patience, I fear, Harmonicus; but tell me this, please. You speak of the ideas of a Master of music living and reviving long after his own day. How do you know they are his ideas; how does any know what his ideas were? Take a symphony of Beethoven, for instance; how can any one say that the way it is played to-day, is the way in which its great composer intended it to be played? If so, his ideas may have died with the last traditions of his manner; what now passes under their name, is the creation of the conductor of the day.

Harmonicus. My subtle-minded Sophronia shall have such answer as the pleasure of replying to her capital objections may suggest. I can't altogether dispute the fact that the Master's ideas may have been, in part, at least, change, and so destroyed; though it is hardly possible to think that a cherished tradition should so entirely perish as you assume. But let it be as you say; perhaps the new ideas are better than the old; they form in fact, a new composition; the conductor is a genius, and has amended the Master. He will live in his amended work, till a new inventor improves upon him, in his turn. And all this may go on with the same musical symbols; for the score of the original Master is not touched or altered. Fancy a speech of Demosthenes, or a play of Shakespeare representing half a dozen fine speeches, or plays each one better than another! I have called Music a language; but it surpasses every known language; the value of its symbols is almost infinite; the same combination of them may be made to stand for almost as many varieties of idea as you please. A little faster or slower; a little louder or weaker; you have a new subject, a new theme, new treatment, new effects. What an illustration of the vast, intellectual resources of Music. In the Chinese language, every word is represented by a letter, or what is equivalent to one. In this language of Music, every letter represents a vast alphabet, on which changes may be rung, almost without end.— You smile, Sophronia; I fear I have not convinced you.

DYRBINGTON.

CHAP. XI.

POSSIBLE TRIALS IN SIGHT.

After a day or two there came an invitation from Lullingstone to Edward and Anna. Lady Westrey had written to Mrs. Julian and put it to her to decide whether or not the parents would accompany the children, and Mrs. Julian had answered Lady Westrey, that they would not now; "at present," said Mrs. Julian, "Anna is a child, and she cannot need my care: should she ever need it, I shall at that future time be perhaps better qualified to give it." So Edward and Anna were sent for from Old Court Lullingstone. Anna had got so accustomed to her friends in London, and there was so much love among them that this visit had no terrors. The carriage stopped, the grey-headed butler opened the house-door, the young folks bounded into the hall with a "How do you do, Thomas," and an answering "Very well thank you, Master Edward," and to Anna—"please Miss Julian, Histre is waiting to show you to her Ladyship's room." Then came dinner: and when all were previously assembled in the drawing-room it was found that Lepard Eastner had arrived, that he might see something of his sisters during the long vacation; and that there was another unexpected addition to the party in one who had hitherto been known to the Lullingstone family only by name. He was a young man of five-and-twenty, and of rather singular appearance. Tall and very slender, of a dark and pale complexion; every feature was handsome, but placed in that head each one wore the appearance of being larger than it ought to be. This made the singularity of his looks. The high-bridged nose was too prominent, the forehead too high; his eyes were too full, and too large, and his mouth too wide; he looked as if he had too many teeth in his head, and they were too long and too white. But about the mouth, and forehead and eyes there was great beauty of expression. It suggested a mental and moral beauty, and the expression was not false. There was thought on the forehead, feeling in the eye, and action about the mouth, and all good—but the whole man was very quiet; so quiet and still as to be felt, at first, as even too passionless. Such was Sir Giles Morton. He was the only child of one who had been Lord Westrey's friend. He had been for four years abroad, and had lately

returned to attend his father and mother on their death-beds. Now he had accepted Lord Westrey's invitation to Lullingstone, to make acquaintance with him and his family. When Anna and Mary entered the room Sir Giles Morton was talking to Lady Westrey. Lord Westrey took Mary's hand and introduced her, and Edward who was watching them, saw a sudden start, and a changed look which to his, a little jealous, heart said that Sir Giles admired her. This is set down as Edward's first pang—as his first *sight* of possible misery and disappointment. Lord Westrey's wards were also there.

The two girls were rather pretty, and Madame Lefranc's taste in dress being unimpeachable, they contrived to look better than other girls would have looked. Old family prophets of good had already said that they would be very handsome as women. Edward thought them beyond all calculation inferior to Mary Westrey. They seemed to be just like the rest of the world, and Mary was immeasurably above the world's standard. So Edward talked to his new acquaintance a short time, and felt himself by their side to be a man of very mature judgment, and of considerable discernment in those things which make up that often strange compound—an agreeable woman. But still, while he tried to do his best to those to whom Lady Westrey had introduced him, two things vexed him, made him hot, and nervous, and feverish, and kept his cheek warm, and his heart throbbing. They were, Sir Giles Morton, not talking to Mary, but looking at her, aside, furtively, again and again, and as he looked at nothing else; and Lepard Eastner in the midst of a grand career with his sister, Anna.

To his relief dinner was announced. Sir Giles Morton gave Lady Westrey his arm, and then, Lord Westrey said "Now boys and girls run on before us, if you please," Lepard Eastner looked at Anna with a smile, as if he would have liked more ceremony, and to have given her his arm, and then shook his head, as if to say that it would not do to rob it, and this made Anna blush; and Edward, who hated Lepard's audacity at that moment, more than ever, felt very angry, and so the "boys and girls" with the passions and feelings of men and women struggling in their hearts, walked on as their host directed them.

But dinner was not so great a relief to Edward as he had expected it would be. It seemed to him that no one talked but Anna and Lepard Eastner, and Lepard talked very

loudly, and it seemed to Edward's sensibilities as if this manner of his drew attention disagreeably on Anna, and made her appear to be altogether unlike her natural self. Edward was nervously exaggerating things: but his misery was real. He felt as if every morsel was choking him; he was saying to himself that people would remark Anna as *not* being gentle, modest, retiring, and all that makes girlhood attractive; that Anna would get the character of being all that she was not. But dinner was over at last, and soon after the ladies retired. And after that Lord Westrey and Sir Giles Morton took a turn on the terrace; and Lepard, saying that he was going to the drawing room, disappeared; and Edward leaned back in a chair sorrowful—really suffering, so much had his delicacy of mind been wrought upon—and meditating on the possible trials of a rising man. After a time he heard his own name spoken close by the window. He started up. It was Lord Westrey's voice in conversation with Sir Giles. They passed by, and Edward jumped from the window to the ground, and stood out in the open air. He saw them turn back from the furthest end of the terrace, and then he turned away to enter the house by the door. Lord Westrey called after him, and Edward turned back. "Here," he said, "I have been telling Sir Giles your history. It is that which you need never be ashamed of." By this time Sir Giles and Edward had exchanged smiles; and Sir Giles followed up his smile by offering his hand, which Edward took very readily; then Lord Westrey said: "That's right; I should like you to be friends," and all the troubled thoughts that had lately oppressed his mind cleared quickly off. Sir Giles Morton's remarkable countenance wore a deepened expression as Lord Westrey spoke. He looked full on Edward, and it seemed as if every peculiarity passed away and his face grew gradually overspread with a wondrous beauty.

An exquisite sense of happiness thrilled to the bottom of Edward's boyish heart; he felt as if a sweet flattery, which he might believe, had been whispered in his ear, and as if the charmed accents still lingered in tender music on the air around, heard only by himself. He could not answer; he turned and walked by Sir Giles Morton's side. There was the thought in his mind of the power that dwelt in his companion. Suddenly came another thought—"What if he exercise it upon *her*?" Edward could stay no longer with his

friends. He made some excuse, and passed quickly into the house. He rushed to his own room. He clasped his hands and looked upwards with a real agony in his heart.

He paced up and down, and tried to recover himself. The struggle was long, but his efforts were powerful and he succeeded. Again the boy stood calm and collected. The deep well-spring of passion was still again. He could gaze on its unruffled surface, and look into its farthest depths. He stood still, absorbed in this examination. Then, murmuring low, as if appealing to a higher power, and pleading his cause with it, he said: "If I deserve her?—If I bear up against *all* that may occur, and never lose hope?—If amid temptation I yet never take, for one instant, the thoughts of my heart away from her?—If I never try to win her love before the time when she may give it nobly?—If I keep firmly fixed in my soul the resolution that, should I lose my hopes, she shall never know of their having existed—If I walk thus circumspectly." Once more with regular beatings the work of life went on. Again the clear strong voice of early years issued in untrembling tones; and Edward, with a light step, was in the drawing room again. Anna and Jane Eastner were singing a duet, and Madame Lefranc was playing the accompaniment. There was silence in the room, all but the music. It was a song in which music and poetry had united to charm, and Anna was singing with remarkable feeling. Edward stood aside and studied this sister of his. There was more in her voice than any teaching could have infused into it. It was no more the voice of the timid child who plied her needle in her father's workshop and sung stories of woods and fields. It was the voice of that child, possessed of a woman's heart, and who had learnt a woman's lesson—to *feel*!

There was a burst of applause. "Our thanks must be offered to *you*," said Sir Giles Morton to Mary Westrey, "for having obtained us such a treat."

"I was sure you would like it," exclaimed Mary.

"You were very good about it," said Sir Giles to Anna, "for you evidently would rather not have sung that song, and yet, when *made* to sing it, you did your best."

"Oh yes," answered Anna, "Of course I would do my best, I should never deserve to sing here at all, if I did not do my *very* best; always, when asked to do anything here, I shall do my best."

"I should like one day to hear that song again, one day, when you don't feel any real disinclination to it, will you sing it again?"

"Oh yes!" cried Mary Westrey, answering for her, "I am sure that Anna will sing it any day. We will have a select party in mamma's room, shall it be to-morrow Anna?"

Anna made no reply.

"Anna!" exclaimed Lullingstone, in a peevish voice, a few minutes afterwards, as she passed a couch on which he was stretching himself.

"Well," she said, and stopped.

He raised himself, and said, "Here, come here. Sit by me Anna, I want to say something to you." Then with great energy, "and I *must* say it to you, I declare that I shall not be happy again till I have said it to you!"

Anna sat down by the impetuous Lullingstone's side, and asked what he had to say. There certainly was something in his face which spoke of a discomposed state of mind.

"So you have sung a very fine, difficult, wonderful song, and every body has admired your singing exceedingly?"

"I suppose so," said Anna, with a smile.

"Well, then *not* every body, Anna;" answered Lullingstone with very determined emphasis, "for *I* did not admire it. I can't bear that song; and if you ever sing it again;" and he started to an upright position, and looked at her fixedly; "If you ever sing it again Anna you must let me know before-hand, that I may go away. It will be bad enough to know that you are singing it, but to hear it—Oh Anna, I hate that song!"

"Don't go away," said Anna, very softly, and detaining him as he was going to rise, "Tell me a little more."

He shook his head vexedly.

"No, no," she said, still holding him, "I want to know more—what, perhaps, only you will tell me. Don't go I say."

Lullingstone looked at her. He sat down in a pacified and softened mood.

"Why don't you like me to sing that song? Tell me all that you feel."

"Because it is a theatrical song, and not fit for you."

"But so many songs are theatrical songs, and you like them."

"But this is not fit for you—you are doing yourself injustice when you sing it."

"But how? why? explain it to me."

"I can't explain it," said Lullingstone.

"But you can tell me what you feel—that

will be sufficient explanation for me," urged Anna.

"Do you really wish to know?"

"Yes."

"If you were to have ten guineas for it, I should have liked it very well."

"You are a provoking boy. It is impossible to understand you!"

"Well then listen to me. If you had been doing it for money, I should have believed that you were just only acting. To throw meaning into your song, and to *appear* to feel all you said and sung, would not *then* argue that you did feel it, but only that you were perfect in the profession which you had chosen. Do you know Anna," he said with great animation, "that no one on earth could have done that song better than you did it."

"And yet you did not like it?"

"No Anna, I hated it, because for you to do it so well, looked as if you felt it *really*; as if there could be no pretence about it; as if you realized all you sung; as if you were *in love*."

"You are a very dear, kind foster-brother," said Anna; "And now Lullingstone I promise you, in return for your kindness that I will never sing that song again—*never*, not even in idle amusement; and Lullingstone—I *am* very much obliged to you."

"I am happy again!" cried Lullingstone; "Do you know Anna," he went on "I have been thinking for the last half hour what it was best to do. Whether I should tell Mr. Parker, or try to make Edward understand me, or"—

"You have done the best thing of all," interrupted Anna; "You have told me yourself—always do as kindly by me, and then you will be my friend."

"What can you be talking about?" exclaimed Lepard Eastner seating himself by their side, "I heard something about friendship—are you offering friendship, Lullingstone? a very grave proposal from one of your years, I think. But," turning to Anna, "rather a treacherous gift is friendship sometimes. Ah?—do you understand now?"

Anna blushed, and Lepard laughed merrily, and Lullingstone got up slowly, and moved lazily off towards his father's chair.

Mary Westrey had been occupying a seat by her father's side. She had seen these last movements. When her brother approached she said: "Will you sit here Lullingstone," and rose up; "Are you going away?" asked the boy languidly.

"I am going to speak to Edward Julian," she said, glancing towards a distant part of the room where Edward was seated.

Lullingstone's eyes shot a sudden radiance, like that which now and then illumined the liquid depths of his beautiful sister's. She returned it with a sparkling look of love, and of woman's petting fondness. But in those beams there had been a language. The boy sat down in the offered seat, and watched his beautiful sister's stately steps as she passed down the room to where Edward sat; and then the usual expression came back to his face, and he began to talk to his father, and was again the same boy as usual.

"Anna looks well to-night," said Mary to Edward Julian.

Edward looked up enquiringly, for it was not usual for Mary to make common-place remarks.

"She is very animated to-night," said Mary again.

"She is happy where every one is kind to her," said Edward.

"Is Lepard Eastner kind to her?" asked Mary, looking towards that end of the room where they were sitting.

"Lepard Eastner, Lepard Eastner," repeated Julian, "Miss Westrey you never make unkind remarks—I think that you never needlessly say things to hurt one—but see—she is getting up—she does not seem to enjoy his society—she is looking"—

"Very pretty, and rather confused," said Mary.

"Now, Mr. Edward Julian let me tell you something; as a very old friend let me speak to you; Lepard Eastner is a *fortune hunter*. He told me himself, half an hour before dinner, that he had fallen in love at first sight. He has been acting the thing out ever since. But don't be alarmed Edward Julian; he will not propose to-night; not even during his stay here; he will only try to fasten himself upon Anna's mind, and if no easier, or more promising prize comes in his way between this and next year, he will then make her an offer, and marry her too if your father will give her as much as Lepard Eastner requires."

Edward felt quite out of breath. He could only think of what Lepard had said, and begin repeating—"He told you"—

"He told me he was the victim of love at first sight, and he told me so that I might repeat it to Anna."

"But you did not tell her."

"Of course not. Don't you understand? I am telling *you* instead. I think it a better plan!"

Edward felt that that day had been full of experience to him. But if he felt this, no less did Anna feel it. To her the great events had been her own feelings when she sung, and Lullingstone's observations.

There rose before her the pretty room in the old home, and the mind's eye was rivetted on the things then really seen—Harold's fixed parting gaze. The eloquent, fearless, noble expression of his dilated eye was again upon her—it had meant something—what? it had surely promised something—what?

"There never was a purer mind, a more noble heart, a sincerer spirit—altogether a finer character than his," was the thought of Anna's heart. She had never made the admission so clearly to herself before, "I could not have sung *that* song so well, if I had never known him," was the next admission, "I will never sing it again—never in company—only in my own heart."

CHAP. XII.

OF THINGS WHICH COLOR LIFE.

Three weeks passed, and then Edward and Anna were again asked to visit Old Court Lullingstone; and again they went. It would be their last visit for the present, for October was come, and Anna was to return soon with Madame Lefranc, and Edward would be almost immediately going back to College. Anna was delighted to be among her friends again, for her next absence was to be till the following July, and the time seemed long enough for leave-takings of a serious kind. With the exception of Sir Giles Morton the party at Lullingstone was the same that it had been before. Sir Giles had left Lullingstone about a week. He had even called at Mayfield with Lord Westrey; and after that had called again by himself to see Edward, and at each visit had staid some time, and made everyone feel delighted with him. But now he was gone, and Edward, notwithstanding certain fears which lived always in his heart, was, on the whole, sorry. He felt that he was a friend.

"Anna, when you return next mid-summer, you are going to stay at home, always?" said Lullingstone to her the first evening.

"Yes. I shall be very glad. I shall like to be always living at home," said Anna.

"You will be almost seventeen and a half."

"Very true—you know my age by your own."

"And Edward will be twenty, and thinking of his examination, and his degree; and I shall be at college. I shall like being there while Edward is there."

"Yes; he will like it very much, too."

"I shall be so glad to see you when you come back again. Everybody here loves you, Anna, I hope that you won't be altered."

"Only improved Lullingstone;" said Anna smiling.

"You will like to feel that I am improved?"

"Like it!" exclaimed the youth. "Do you know Anna, that I really believe that nothing on earth gives me so much pleasure as to hear you praised, and to know that you deserve it."

Lullingstone spoke so impetuously, and assumed an attitude to denote his sincerity which had about it so much that looked quite firm and warlike, that Anna laughed merrily. And then, making her friend sit down, they chattered on upon subjects less exciting.

Anna would have been in a state of unbounding happiness during this visit but for Lepard Eastner. He troubled her greatly. Always by her side in the house and out of the house; and, what Anna felt as a very serious injury, always making it look as if she liked it, and was inducing him—almost commanding him to come near her.

One day his assiduities had become so teasing during a walk that, on her return, as she walked up stairs to her room, Mary Westrey saw tears in her eyes. So then putting her arms round Anna's waist she went with her to her room, and this kindness made Anna's tears actually fall. Mary said nothing till she stood within the room, and then, gently turning Anna towards her, and holding up her troubled face, and kissing it, she said:

"Now Anna, don't grieve—these trifles are not worth grief. For your own part you may know that we all understand—all but papa, and he has not seen it. I assure you that if he knew of Lepard's folly he would make him repent it even more bitterly than you would desire. You must take this as an entrance on the experiences of a woman. Something shall come, I'll promise you Anna;" Mary smiled. "Better worth tears and a heavy heart than this."

Anna felt a good deal relieved. But she

could not be quite philosophical about Lepard Eastner, though she had resolved to be so. The next morning when she heard Lord Westrey say to his daughter that he wished to take her to Dyrbington, she had so great a dread of being cast into his company unprotected, that she immediately sent a message by Edward to her mother to say that she would spend the morning at Mayfield. To do this, she had had to run out of the room and catch Edward on the terrace. But when, on accomplishing this sudden determination, she returned to the breakfast room she heard Mary Westrey saying:

"Thank you, papa, I will tell Anna, she will like to go very much."

"Well, tell Anna," said Lord Westrey; and then added, "And perhaps it is as well; I shall like to take her." Mary moved towards the door, and met Anna.

"You are to go to Dyrbington, with papa and me."

"Oh, I should so much like to go—but"—

"But what?"

"When I heard what made me think that I was to be left alone—Oh, don't laugh—don't look as if your heart was laughing at me, I really have had cause for vexation."

"Ah, but to return; when you heard—go on, please."

"I sent a message to my mother, to bid her send for me."

"What was she to send?"

"My horse—Wycke was to lead it."

"Very nice. It will arrive in time exactly. Papa only hesitated because he thought that Brown Bess would be too spirited for you. He can send back by the servant to say that you are gone to Dyrbington."

"Where is Edward," said Lord Westrey at this moment.

"Gone to Mayfield," replied Anna.

"Indeed! I am sorry; my business at Dyrbington refers to him. Is he really gone?"

"Yes, certainly, I am very sorry."

"Well, if he be not at home at luncheon time, we will ride that way, and catch him if we can. Will you be ready at two o'clock young ladies?"

The hour came, and Lord Westrey and his companions set out.

Edward had not arrived, so they went first to Mayfield. There, there was a pause but of only a short time. The ladies did not get off their horses, but remained at the door,

and Mr. and Mrs. Julian stood there, talking to them, except when first one and then the other, were called on to join the conference within. The matter under consultation was, whether or not Edward would like to have the living of Dyrbington held for him, till he were able to take it. Mr. Dyrbington had written to Lord Westrey to ask him to appoint some one, and had said, that had the vacancy occurred at a time when Edward Julian could have filled it, he should, though he knew his family only by report, have offered it to him. It seemed to Lord Westrey that, being thus in possession of Mr. Dyrbington's mind on the subject, some arrangement might be come to, if Edward wished it, and that he might in three years be Vicar of Dyrbington.

Edward had never had so difficult a question put to him to decide upon in his life. To look so far into the future! He had often looked it, but, it was to see there only Mary Westrey.

But could he think of her as the wife of the Vicar of Dyrbington. He hesitated,—he was wretchedly confused. He had to give an instant answer of plain 'yes,' or 'no,' and all the while the soft silvery tones of the voice of her he loved, was heard alternate with his mother's, and made it impossible for him to speak as he was expected to speak.

At last he burst forth with a few vigorous words: "Lord Westrey," he said, "I am ambitious! I can scarcely answer you; to be Vicar of Dyrbington *might* suit my views, but, if on the time coming, it did not agree with my ambition I could not take it. How then in this uncertainty, uncertainty in everything but my fixed ambition after greatness, can I answer you? I might say 'no,' at once, and I am inclined to say so; but then I might seem ungrateful, unkind, imprudent; I might say 'yes,' but when the time came, if it did not agree with my intentions for myself, how should I avoid the appearance of having trifled with you?"

"By saying what you have now said, you have already avoided it," said Lord Westrey, "I am glad that you are ambitious. For you dear Edward, it is safe. And as for this question of the Vicarage of Dyrbington, we will consider it settled. I know a man, James Merit, he was tutor to Eastner for a short time, and had plenty of trouble with him, I believe; he will be glad to take it for three years, and then he can vacate for you, if you please. I am sure that this will please Dyrbington, and we will write to the

bishop about it, to night. I have no doubt of its being well arranged. I shall be back by dinner as usual. You shall then hear what more there may be to say."

Lord Westrey was standing at the door, going to remount his horse.

"We have been telling Miss Mary," said Mrs. Julian, "that the afternoon promises a less pleasant ride than she expects."

"Do you think it will rain?" said Lord Westrey carelessly; for, in truth, his mind was full of Edward.

"Do you think it wise of them to venture?"

"I want Anna to see Dyrbington."

"She will enjoy that, but still"——

"Oh, it will be nothing," said Lord Westrey gaily; and in a minute they were gone.

"He will see the coming storm on the common," said Mrs. Julian to herself, "He can turn back from there. It is as short a way to Lullingstone, as the way from here. They are in good hands, but there will surely be a storm."

There came a low moan, borne from far in the distance it seemed, and then a short sudden gust. The evergreens shook as if some strong hand had been a moment among their branches, and then all was still, and there was a feeling of oppressive heat. Mrs. Julian looked again around her, shook her head, murmured low—"They will never go on"—and then went into the house.

Lord Westrey and his companions rode through Watermouth, then up two steep streets, and this brought them to that open place now long known to the reader. Mary had been saying that it was a pleasanter day for riding than if the sun had not been shrouded by such full dark clouds, but Anna felt that there was something in the air that made her tremble, and she was glad to be on her own horse, and not on spirited Brown Bess.

Lord Westrey urged them on. "Come," he said, "There will be bad weather before night, but I must see Dyrbington to-day." They increased their pace, and passed at full speed over the plain where Anna had so often wandered as a child—how long ago it seemed to be, when Edward had shewn her the sky-lark's nest laid so lowly on the ground among the heather and furze, and where, always, her first spring nosegays of violets and cowslips had been plucked. On another day she might have spoken of this to Mary, who always made an exultant listener when such were the topics

but now, they were going like people pursued, and Anna felt as she passed these scenes, and as the hurried thoughts that belonged to them chased each other through her mind, that it was as if she were flying from that well-remembered past into an unknown future. Once or twice as a child, she had seen Dyrbington. She could not be said to remember anything of it; and she liked the thought of seeing it now, and being made known to its strange occupant; but still they went on their way at their utmost speed, bending their heads low before the gusts of wind which came in strange caprice from all quarters upon them.

Anna felt that there was something in that ride and its circumstances which matched well with the life which had come to her. Still it seemed like a fleeing from the past, from the well-loved, well-remembered past, and a reckless hurrying into the unknown future. Often in after-life she remembered her ride to Dyrbington.

As they got towards the forest a few drops of rain fell. They came slowly, but they fell large and heavily. Lord Westrey drew up, and spoke to some one. Anna raised her head. She had scarcely seen where she was going while her horse had kept pace with its companions, and she had bent before the wind. She looked up—and there Lyas Norwood stood answering Lord Westrey's questions. A thrill passed through every nerve when Anna felt his eyes upon her. How often, in the old house, he had stroked her golden hair, and twisted her child's soft curls around his finger, and then looked in her mother's face with an expression which, even at that innocent age, she had known to be one of admiration. And then the thought of Harold—that unfathomed feeling connected with him—and with all this the thought of herself, where she was, and as she was! Confusion for a moment overpowered her. A host of thoughts and feelings sent the tears into her eyes. There they sparkled, but did not fall; for, true to her own excellent simplicity of character, she rallied at the thought of Lyas being a friend; and meeting the full gaze of his dark eyes with a smile she extended her hand, and spoke to him: "Oh, Lyas, how do you do—it is a long time since I saw you last!"

The dark eye sparkled like a diamond. There came an expression over the man's face; no language could describe its intensity. In his own graceful way he drew up his figure, and, before replying to Lord Westrey, answered Anna. But he did not advance a step towards

her; there was a motion of the head which bade her withdraw her hand; and yet a smile which told her that she had done well to offer it.

"It is long," he said—"long; yet longer reckoned by events, than by days and hours. Not only to you, but to me;" and then he turned to Lord Westrey, and without speaking, seemed by his manner to denote that he was now at his service.

While these few words had been passing the storm had suddenly hushed. Lord Westrey looked at the clouds for a moment, and seemed satisfied that the danger was over. "We were going to ask your advice," he said. "My enquiries should have been about the storm, only nature has answered me already."

"Hark!" said Lyas. A lowing sound was heard. "That is nature's answer, my Lord. She wears false smiles sometimes; you would be better without your companions."

"But having them, the question is what I am to do with them," said Lord Westrey.

"Turn your horses' heads homewards, and speed there as fast as you came here," said Norwood.

"But I must see Dyrbington to-night. I have business with him. I really must get there if possible."

"To Dyrbington!—and are these going there with you?"

"Yes; I think that we shall get there pretty well; we may be lucky to shelter there, and get, after the storm, a fair ride home. I believe that we must go on; come then, come; farewell Lyas."

"Stop, stop," cried Lyas almost with agitation. "I know it will burst before you get there. 'Tis but the wood that hides the sight of it from our eyes. Think of where you are going; of how far—through the forest—and full four miles. Hush! there it is again! Go on yourself if you will, let these stay with me; or, they will be safer in the open country, let me take them back to Lullingstone."

"You make me hesitate—what—what shall we do?"

"Oh, go on papa," cried Mary.

"Oh yes; let us go on, Lord Westrey," said Anna.

Lyas Norwood looked from one to the other of the speakers. Anna's eyes were upon him. Strangely it seemed to her, did his face light up on hearing this. He was glad; in spite of his words there was gladness on his face when he heard their resolution, and he waved his hand with a bright smile when they left him, and passed into the forest path.

They rode on as quickly as they could. They spoke little. Anna thought how odd it was that Lyas should see them rush upon the danger he had warned them of, and smile. Mary liked the excitement of the ride and was silent; and Lord Westrey's voice was only heard directing them as to their way, and how to regulate their speed.

Suddenly, there was a change in the light, as if some dark object of enormous size had dropped on the tree tops, and overshadowed them; yet with the darkness there was a tinge, a very slight tinge of lurid red.

"Get on, get on; make the best of this widened path," said Lord Westrey. Anna was leading the way. She urged her horse onward, but he would not be urged. He planted his fore-feet in the ground, and from his nostrils burst a snort of terror. There was a feeling as if something terrible was encircling them. Anna shut fast her eyes, and bent her head. A low groan burst from her lips; she felt shrinking from the unseen danger.

Then came almost instantly on the flashing lightning the sound as of irregularly fired cannon. The horse jumped round on the first stroke of that fearful sound, he came upon his companions, and in an instant the poor beasts had drawn close together, and stood head to head.

The riders looked on each other by turns; making no effort, for they had no desire, to change the position the poor beasts had chosen. They stood really cowering beneath the storm; and again and again the same thing occurred, then there came a sheet of light which seemed to wrap them round.

Yet, once or twice, between the flashes of fierce lightning, Mary thought she saw the figure of a man watching them among the trees, and that that man was Lyas Norwood.

At last the thunder had rolled away, "Now said Lord Westrey "Go on as fast as you can—shall I go first?"

"No, no," cried Mary Westrey, "We would rather that you kept us in sight. Papa had better ride behind and watch us—had he not Anna?"

"Yes, I think so," answered Anna; "so, let me lead the way as before." And her horse, now as willing as herself to proceed, went forward readily, and at as fast a pace as the nature of the ground permitted.

But it was now as if the storm had found a new way for exercising its power. The gusts of wind were frightful. The limbs of

the stoutest trees were bent like willow-wands. They creaked horribly above their heads. Small branches were continually falling about them, and the side green path they were pursuing, was becoming covered with leaves, and small twigs, and Autumn buds.

And then all at once, a sudden calm would come, which in itself seemed terrible at such a time, and yet they welcomed it, unnatural as it felt, for it was a temporary respite from the actual danger that surrounded them.

They were riding fast through such a calm, Lord Westrey urging them on, desiring above everything at that moment, to get them to Dyrbington.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ESPOUSALS OF MARY AND JOSEPH.

January 23rd.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

Hail the festive morn whose shining
Dawns o'er Judah's crystal snows,
Hail the Spousal Rite entwining
Judah's Lily Judah's Rose.

Judah's Rosebud softly hiding
In her lowly cottage-bower,
Fragrance in her bloom abiding,
Light her home and peace her dower;

Judah's Lily pale, revealing
Flower and leaf in growth mature,
Age's mellow autumn stealing
O'er his bloom as childhood's pure.

To the Rose the Lily clinging
Twine them in their beauty there,
Angel-minstrels o'er them winging,
Angel-music in the air.

Through all time its perfume sending
Lovelier garland never grows
Than the wreath together blending
Judah's Lily Judah's Rose;

Love of Babes, the joy of Sages;
Farther than Time's river flows;
Twining through eternal ages
Joseph's Lily, Mary's Rose.

J. A. S.

THE MOON MUST ROTATE ON HER AXIS.

The subject of the moon's rotation must now be pretty nearly exhausted, one should think; like other controversies of more importance, it seems to leave our adversaries in the same condition as they were in, before it began. Their reply in the August number of *The Institute Magazine* introduces no new element into the discussion, and hardly affects to touch the conclusion which we urged in our paper in the July number. We might therefore have safely left that paper to do its work, without further reply; yet as a reply of some kind has been invited, and may perhaps in courtesy be expected, we shall very briefly close the controversy by a few remarks.

There are three ways in which one body can revolve round another. In one way, the revolving body presents the same side or face to the central body, as it moves round it (No. 1.); in another way, it revolves so as to present every part of itself in turn to the central body, once during each of its revolutions (No. 2.); and in a third way, the revolving body spins on its own axis, with greater or less rapidity, as it moves round the central body (No. 3.) The last is the motion of the earth and other planets round the sun; No. 2, so far as we know, is not found in the celestial motions; No. 1, is the motion of the moon round the earth, and of all the known satellites round their primaries.

Does No. 1, imply in its conditions an axial rotation, or not? That is the whole question really at issue in this matter. We endeavored in our paper of July to prove that it does imply such a rotation. We shewed that a body moving round a centre, so as always to present the same side to that centre, must make one complete rotation on its axis, in each revolution round the centre. We shewed that a body moving round a centre, without making an axial revolution at the same time, *must be seen all round*, as it revolves, by an observer at the centre. But this is not a condition of the moon's motion; therefore the moon *must have an axial rotation*. We further strengthened our argument by the orange and wire experiment; *shewing* by means of an index *the actual rotation on its axis* of a sphere, moving under the same conditions as the moon, round a distant centre. The same experiment we adduced, in a different and more convincing form,

taking a straight wire, and bending it into a circular orbit by the axial rotation of a ball moving along it. By such perfectly simple and elementary considerations, we arrived at the conclusion that the moon has an axial rotation.

What do we find in the August paper on the other side, to invalidate our conclusions? We take the liberty of saying, Nothing. It does not allude to our capital experiments with the orange and wire. They may therefore still be left to speak for themselves, as we think, irresistibly.

We are told that "Journey No. 2 is out of place, as there is no such movement in nature." p. 329. Under favor we think it is not out of place; in this way. It is not found in nature, that is, in the motion of the planets and their satellites; agreed. But *it is the only motion of revolution*, among those which are possible, *which necessarily implies no axial rotation*; as we have proved in our July paper; it is therefore very much in place, as regards our argument; for unless the moon moves as No. 2., *she must rotate on her axis, while she revolves round the earth*.

Then we are told, without any kind of proof, that the motion which is here called No. 1. is not the same as the moon's motion. A moment's reflection must convince any one that the moon's motion must be that, and no other, if we assume the condition that one and the same side only is turned towards the earth.

Objection is taken to our calling the motion No. 1 "a walk," at the beginning of the third paragraph of our paper; this is said to be an unconscious admission on our part that it implies no rotation. The object of that paragraph will be found to have been to prove that the motion there described must involve an axial rotation; we naturally abstained even from calling it so, at the outset, till we had proved it.

These are the only points in the paper for August, which seem to touch our previous argument at all. It has always been our aim to avoid anything resembling a spirit of captiousness; but we will take the liberty of offering one or two remarks on that paper, by way of strengthening our own position, and as it were, carrying the war into the enemy's camp. If we can establish a few objections to that paper on the ground of loose and inaccurate modes of expression, we shall to that extent, at least, succeed in throwing further doubt on its conclusions. In its third para-

graph, we find mention made of "an extreme eccentric rotation." Now the scientific use of the term eccentric denotes the deviation of a curved line from the circle. An ellipse, for example, is more or less eccentric, as its foci are further removed from each other, or the contrary. But either through inaccuracy, or we shall hope through inattention, the term "eccentric" is employed to denote a motion round the centre, and at a distance, in distinction from another upon it.

In the fifth paragraph, in like manner, we find a rather novel term in science, a "level line." We at first sight imagined it to be a simpler method of expressing a horizontal line; but no; it simply denotes a straight line, as distinguished from one that is circular.

We think that a more unscientific or inaccurate form of expression never occurred in our experience, than may be found in the paragraph immediately following. We will quote the following sentence, which is indeed the whole paragraph: "Exterior objects remain the same, whether we look at them from a point on which we rotate, or whether we walk in a circle round such a point; the circular orbit is but an extension of the point equally in every direction, though a person forming such a point or centre and a person walking round him form two different bodies, of which the one rotates, and the other circulates." We leave our readers to settle what this means, if they can; and how it helps to prove that our paper of July had failed in its object.

We confess that we have watched the progress of this controversy with regret and with some shame. Probably no scientific discussion in our time has brought to light looser ideas in philosophy, vaguer habits of scientific thought, even in quarters where something better might have been expected. But in this exposure of weakness, we look for a future cure. We hope that more will soon be done in our schools and training seminaries, to accustom the young mind early to accurate thinking, and accurate expression of thought, at least in the elementary principles of Natural Philosophy. We feel confident that such a series of papers as have appeared on the non-rotation side of the controversy will be regarded in another generation as a curiosity belonging to an age in which, strange as it seems to say it, a dim twilight, or something even darker, on subjects of science, involved a section of society, even in enlightened England, in the nineteenth century.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

NO. IX.—BRITAIN IN THE SIXTH CENTURY.

A bright-haired company of youthful slaves,
Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
Of a sad market; ranged for public sale,
Where Tiber's stream the immortal city leaves
Angli by name.....

Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Sketches.

While Arthur fought for the Celtic Church against the Saxons, he defended Cambria and the mountainous counties of Cornwall and Cumberland from the idolatry which possessed the whole of England; and the Christian faith lingered on there for many years, preserved by the Celtic language and Celtic hatred of the Saxons; but isolated from Rome by national calamities, and deteriorated by their uncharitable neglect of their heathen neighbors, and by a growing adherence to their own customs, which led them to view with jealousy the second glorious conversion of this island by Roman missionaries.

Before we enter on this important subject, we should endeavor to understand the peculiar government established in this island by these Saxon conquerors. Accustomed in their migrations to a sort of military republic where the warriors obeyed for a time an elected leader, the followers of each piratical prince who landed in Britain possessed the lands they acquired, and obeyed their captain, fighting his battles with the rival chiefs, and sometimes gaining or losing ground according to the respective strength of their forces. There were about seven of these chiefs, who formed what is called a Heptarchy. One of the earliest of these kingdoms was founded about the middle of the fifth century by Hengist in Kent, and his descendant Ethelbert now reigned at Canterbury. The East Saxons formed a little kingdom containing Essex and London. Norfolk was occupied by the East Angles, and Ella, another descendant of Odin, possessed the county now called Sussex, from the South-Saxons, whose capital was Chichester. Wessex comprised Surrey, Hants, Berks, Wilts, Dorset, and Devon; and extended on the south to Winchester and the sea, and touched the uncertain frontier of the Cymry, in Cornwall. Mercia joined Wessex on the south, and Deira, and Bernicia on the north; while the men of Cumbria repelled the Northumbrians on the west, as the Ordovices and Silures fought with the men of Mercia and

Wessex. The religious condition of these little kingdoms was deplorable. At the end of the fifth century Deira and Bernicia had been united under the ferocious pagan, Ethelred, who gained advantages over the British in Cumbria and Cambria, "and destroyed many of Christ's faith; insomuch," says the Chronicler, "that the bishops of London and York, together with other clergy fled into Wales, and the churches were shut up, or used for idol worship, so that great part of England was once more pagan." "London sacrifices to Diana," says one old writer, "and Thorney spends her perfumes upon Apollo; and the whole country is lost to the faith." And the few remaining Britons who were Christians, could not, even if they would have persuaded their conquerors to believe; for though these heathens might not know that they were actually divided from Rome about the observance of Easter, and that they had been infected by the Pelagian heresy, yet they could not but observe the immorality which prevailed amongst them. However, his Holiness Pope Gregory says, that the Saxons, through the mercy of God, were desirous of becoming Christians; and the gift of faith was not long withheld. St. Gregory, was at this time, Abbot of the Benedictine monastery of St. Andrew, at Rome, and he was crossing the market-place, where he saw some of the fair young Anglian slaves exposed for sale. It is known to every one how his holy zeal was awakened by the sight, and how, with truly Christian simplicity he veiled his great designs under a play of words,—and:

"Feels in slender ties
Of chiming sound, commanding sympathies."

He said that they should be withdrawn *de ira Dei* as they came from Deira; and as they were Angli by birth, they should become angels, so that the name of Ella, their king, should be turned into alleluia. Nor was this the mere recreation of leisure, but the habit of using language as symbolical of divine things. In pursuance of his resolution, he requested of Benedict, then Pope, that a mission might be sent to Britain, and, as no one was willing to undertake the task, Gregory offered himself, and set out to devote his divine charity and mighty energies to the salvation of our savage ancestors. Although these graces had as yet, only shewn themselves in a life devoted to austerities and prayer, the Romans knew the value of the young missionary; and waylaying the Pope as

he went to the church of St. Peter, the whole body of the people shouted 'Holy Father, in permitting Gregory to depart, you have ruined Rome, and offended St. Peter.' The Pope was astonished, and sent messengers to recall Gregory, who returned with great regret, but with implicit obedience, to the care of his monastery. Although prevented from being an apostle, he did not cease to pray for the infidel nation, and when he became Pope he bore the thoughts of Britain constantly in his mind. He desired that some young English slaves should be purchased, and educated, so as to become missionaries in their native country, and moved, as Bede says, by divine inspiration, he sent a mission of Roman monks under St. Augustine, then prior of his own monastery of St. Andrew's; and he recommended them to the hospitality of the bishops, as they passed through Gaul. The missionaries were told on their road, of the poverty and savage manners, and barbarous language of the Saxons, and of the dangers of their seas. They were discouraged; and sent to Gregory for leave to return. But he, 'knowing the artifices of the devil,' made Augustine their abbot, and sent him, with other letters to ask the hospitality of the kings of Gaul. He also directed them to take with them priests from the country nearest to Britain, who might know the genius of the nation, and also interpreters to explain the language of these Franks to their brother Saxons in Britain. The little band, which consisted of about forty persons, furnished with all that the Papal authority could bestow, and the prudence of man suggest, landed in Thanet in 596. Ethelbert was then king of Kent; and he had married Bertha, the daughter of a Christian king of Gaul. Though a pagan, he was a good and peaceful king, and he allowed his queen the free exercise of her religion. She had brought with her the holy bishop Luidhard as her confessor and adviser; and his exemplary life had a great effect in preparing the mind of Ethelbert for the preaching of St. Augustine, and he must have seen with reverence the holy ceremonies of Christianity, in the little church of St. Martin, outside the walls of Canterbury. When St. Augustine and his followers landed at the mouth of the river Stour, he set his foot on a fragment of rock, which was preserved and venerated till within the last few years, but there are no remains of it; and it is difficult to find the way by which he sent the interpreters to

Richborough; because the marshes have encroached upon the sea, and the deposit of soil has rendered the Stour unfit for navigation. The king's palace is described to have stood on a gentle eminence, which is still surrounded on three sides by Roman walls, of indestructible materials. The interior space is ploughed, but neither time nor labor has destroyed a deep-laid cruciform pavement of brick work, which lies uncovered amid the surrounding corn, and unexplained by antiquaries. At this palace the interpreters declared to the king that they brought good news from Rome, the tidings of salvation. These promises were not quite unexpected by the king. He desired the missionaries to remain in the island, and invited them to visit him. They came in procession, carrying a silver cross, and a picture of Christ painted on a board, and humbly singing litanies for the salvation of themselves, and of the souls for whose sake they were come. They preached "the word of life" to the king, and after listening attentively, he answered, "These are fair promises, but because they are new, I cannot give up the religion I have so long believed. But he permitted them to preach the Gospel, and commanding that as they had come a great way for his sake, they should not be molested; and he granted them dwellings and subsistence in Canterbury. They accordingly entered the city, "with the cross, and the image of our Sovereign Lord and King Jesus Christ," and chanting from the prophet Daniel "We have sinned O Lord against all Thy justice, let Thy wrath and indignation be turned away. Alleluia."

Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer.

The apostolic preachers passed their time in godly exercises, fasting, watching, and praying; despising this world, and ready to suffer anything for the truth they preached. They met in the Church of St. Martin to chant the psalms; they prayed, and celebrated Mass, they preached and baptized, until the king and many others were converted by their miracles, the purity of their lives, and the greatness of their promises. In that little church they still show a massive and very ancient stone font, as that in which Ethelbert received the sacrament of Regeneration. After he became a Christian he left his subjects at liberty to follow their own convictions, for he was taught by the missionaries that the service of Christ must be willing; only he showed greater favor to the faithful, as being fellow-heirs with

him of the heavenly kingdom. The king bestowed on St. Augustine and his monks a suitable endowment at Christ Church, in Canterbury, that it might become the episcopal see; and he built the abbey of SS. Peter and Paul, for a Benedictine monastery.

St. Augustine then went over to France, and was ordained bishop of the English Church by Vigilius, Archbishop of Arles, who was also Apostolic Legate; and when he returned in 597 or 598 he baptized at the festival of Christmas 10,000 Saxons. He sent St. Laurence, the future Archbishop of Canterbury, and Peter, afterwards Abbot of St. Augustine's monastery, that they might bear to St. Gregory the happy tidings, and ask for more aid. He also sent a number of questions on certain difficulties among the new converts; and his messengers returned some months afterwards, bringing answers, and loaded with books and vestments, and ecclesiastical treasures. His Holiness expressed his joy at the conversion of the Saxons, and at the miracles and apostolic life of the missionaries, in a letter, yet remaining, which he wrote to his friend, St. Eulogus, patriarch of Alexandria, and which is a valuable memorial of the unity of interests between the See of Rome and its Patriarchates, as well as the charity with which the most widely-separated nations rejoice at the reception of heathens, however obscure, into the one fold of Christ.—"I rejoice in what you tell me of the conversion of the heretics in Alexandria; and I will tell you in return that the nation of the English was formerly in unbelief, adoring wood and stone. By the help of your prayers, I have sent a monk to this nation which is at the extremity of the world; we have just received news of his success; and he and his companions have worked so many miracles, that they came near those of the apostles; and we hear that our brother and fellow-bishop has baptized 10,000 English at the last festival of Christmas. I tell you all this that you may see the effect of your prayers."

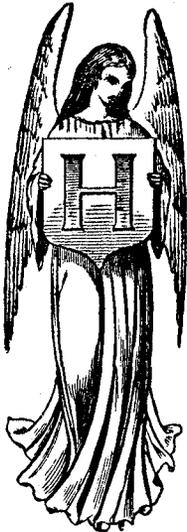
WHAT a delight to discover in the works of nature, the benevolent intention of the Creator!

A MODEST air is much more becoming than what is called a genteel air.

CURIOSITY is the failing of children who know nothing, and of fools who busy themselves about the follies of others.

PEOPLE should early learn to be old, and it is no trifling gift of nature.

FOREIGN MISSIONS—

[*The Westminster Review.*]

OW often do we hear it asserted as a thing conducive to religious feeling, and likely to advance personal holiness, to live amongst the heathens, or, in a land which, being called Christian, has, like the ancient Church of Sardis, "a name among the living, though it be dead." We are not concerned in refuting this theory, but would rather that it were true here in England, where we have so fair opportunities to profit by it. A less powerful incentive would, we are free to own, scarcely induce some of us to mingle willingly in the society of Protestants,

or, which is at times more painful, to read their books. Yet, the latter may involve something more, that the possibility of individual good, it may become a duty of charity in those who have leisure, that they may warn those who have not, of the misrepresentations and false statements, which a more cursory perusal of such publications might otherwise induce them to accept. Something of this sort we have in view, with regard to an article on "Foreign Missions," in the last (July) number of the *Westminster Review*.

The author is a Protestant in the full and complete sense of the term; that is, he believes in nothing, (so far as we can perceive,) and abuses equally with the Church, all those sects which have each retained some fragmentary portion of her teaching. This however, is in no sense our affair; we have space but to offer a few remarks on the mistakes, (wilful, or otherwise,) into which he has fallen with respect to *Catholic* principles and practices; and to express a hope that some one better qualified so do so, may be induced to publish a more elaborate and circumstantial reply.

The whole article is miserably profane, and proceeds on the principle that civilization being the highest good, religion is useful or not, accordingly as it may promote it, in the degree in which it may tend to advance temporal prosperity, and teach men to live more comfortably and pleasantly than before. Seriously, without exaggeration, this appears to

be the leading idea in the mind of the writer; and so entirely are his views of life toned down to the worship of material good, that he seems incapable of comprehending anything beyond. This however, does not hinder his dogmatizing upon what he does not understand, for we find in page 2 of the essay, (speaking of a young lady about to renounce the world to become the bride of Christ,) "*Well as we know* how ignorant she is of what she is doing, and how fatal is the step, it is easily accounted for when certainty of salvation is the bribe." Now, the youngest child in a Catholic poor school needs not to be told that there is no such thing as "certainty of salvation" for any human being on this side of the grave; but in addition to having made a discovery to the contrary, this writer knows, (or, says he does) more of any woman's fitness for the religious life, (he does not tell us whether he exercises the same presence with regard to men,) than after the most solemn consideration of the subject, and *at least* a year's trial she has been enabled to find out for herself!

There is after all however, no necessity it seems, for becoming a nun in order to be quite sure of going to Heaven; for a little further on we are told that according to the teaching of the Church, all baptized persons, even supposing their baptism *could* have been compulsory, must inevitably go there; and all who are not baptized, it matters not their having been ignorant of its necessity, will as surely be called upon to endure eternal torment. Now, were it not so common, it would inevitably strike an observer as a most singular fact, that Catholic doctrine being everywhere accessible and to be known for the asking, persons not uneducated should be found to make so silly a display of their ignorance. Those who, baptized with right dispositions die immediately after, will, it is true reach Heaven; but if they live, Baptism alone will not ensure their salvation; nay, it will put them in a worse case than before, unless they resolve also to keep the commandments. With regard to the heathen "who knows not God," they being "a law unto themselves," will not, according to the ordinary opinion of divines, *if they observe that law*, be condemned to endure eternal torment. They will have to endure the pain of loss; the pain of damnation that is *literally* speaking, but not of suffering; their state will not be incompatible with many natural blessings. This is the doctrine taught alike to the savage and European Christian, and the former equally

with the latter, knows what are the privileges which he ensures to himself on receiving Baptism, and what the obligations which he contracts.

But missions to the heathen undertaken *simply* with the view of saving souls have it is said of late years failed? How have they failed? If undertaken simply with the intention of fitting certain souls to take part in the covenant of Redemption, and if that intention has been fulfilled, they have succeeded. The vocation of the Church, except in a secondary sense, is not to make men better citizens, or more refined members of society, and if accused of not so occupying herself, she might answer with her Divine founder, "My kingdom is not of this world." Nevertheless, nothing that tends to the welfare of mankind is in any sense foreign to her; and dare we venture to repeat without a shudder, the impious question: "Leaving out the *make-weight* of salvation against perdition, have the Paraguay Indians much to thank the Jesuits for?"

We will turn to Voltaire for a reply. He says in his *Essai sur les mœurs*, "The establishment of certain Spanish Jesuits in Paraguay may well be regarded for all practical purposes as the triumph of humanity." And again, another writer whose enmity to the Church is unfortunately, for himself, sufficiently determined, says in his *History of Charles the Fifth*: "It is in the New World that the Jesuits have exercised their talents with the greatest *eclat*, and in a manner the most conducive to the happiness of the human race." But we are told, this state of things is now almost swept away; where plenty and prosperity were to be found, want and devastation now reign. What if this be so? If the descendants of men so favored have in a certain degree relapsed into barbarism? This may be the result of various extraneous causes, and is a most unhappy thing for their descendants; but it cannot annul advantages enjoyed by past generations, nor do away with the fact of numbers having of their own accord, (as Buffon relates) sought to become partakers of a law which they perceived "made man so perfect."

Further on, however, we find it stated: "Paraguay was after all, the most successful field of missionary labor.....The Jésuits of India and China were the grief and disgrace of their Church in the opinion of its head."

This is an assertion, which in the mind of every politician, and student of history will bear its own refutation. Raised up by the

Divine mercy as a special bulwark against Protestantism, the disciples of Ignatius have ever been its uncompromising opponents, and God's greater glory, and the good of the Church the end and aim of their existence. Ever one, guided in all places by the self-same spirit, we know that they are laboring now in the moral wastes of England, as they did in India and China long ago; and we can judge as the natives of Paraguay did, what these men are, by their works.

The Society has all manner of false witness borne against it, as everything that is good, and the more the nearer it approaches absolute perfection, always will have; but let us see what are the particular accusations here brought forward?

"That the Fathers occupied themselves improperly in commercial speculations, and that they suffered certain heathen rites to be retained and mixed up with the doctrines and practices of religion."

As for the advancement of the one holy purpose they had in view these messengers of God hesitated not to practice the meanest handicraft, so in turn when any good end was to be attained they occupied themselves also in the capacity of merchants. With respect to the "grief and disgrace" caused by this, we find Philip the Fourth, of Spain, issuing a decree dated the 6th of June, 1628, in which he says that "in consideration of the marvelous service done to our Lord, by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, they shall, within the Island of Japan (where this mischievous commerce was supposed chiefly to be carried on) be, on no pretence whatever, interfered with by any other missionaries, for fifteen years, or so much longer as the interests of Religion may seem to require." Philip, however, was not the "head" of the Church; assuredly not. He was, however, in close alliance with that head, and the decree goes on to say, "We desire further that His Holiness be requested to issue Briefs in accordance with these our wishes." This request was laid before the Pontiff, and the Briefs were issued which might appear conclusive; to some minds, nevertheless, Catholic testimony may possibly be less satisfactory than that of an alien. The Protestant Mosheim says in his *Historical Institutes*: "Having heard much of the commerce the Jesuits were said to be carrying on in Japan, I determined to acquaint myself with the facts concerning it, and all that I could in any way discover, tended, not only to acquit the Fathers of blame, but to render them de-

servicing of a very high degree of praise. So much for the first of these accusations. The latter is without doubt as devoid of foundation, and equally opposed to the truth.

Briefly,—the rites in question, those which the Fathers sanctioned were purely of a civil nature, pronounced to be so by the emperor, the ultimate judge, and highest competent authority, with regard to their meaning. It being thus decided that they were harmless, the singular reverence entertained for them by the people placed before the missionaries the alternative of either permitting these customs, or of at once renouncing all hope of bringing within the pale of salvation those who practised them. The fathers chose the former, and for years with varying success acted up to it. Their doing this, however, became often-time the source of much desperate and angry feeling, and in consequence Benedict XIV finally decided against the ceremonies as *inexpedient*. They were henceforth, as a matter of course, strictly prohibited the neophytes; but that they contained in themselves nothing sinful, nothing consequently that could have caused the Jesuits to become “a grief and disgrace to the Church,” is sufficiently proved by the fact, that the conduct of the latter with regard to them had been approved by Leichiro, bishop of Japan, by the General of the Society, Agnaviva, and by Clement VIII, the then reigning Pope. Innocent XI between that time and the pontificate of Benedict XIV issued a Brief, bestowing in an especial manner his apostolical benediction on the Fathers of the Society in China, and thanking them “for the opportune and wise manner, in which they had made use of their knowledge of the profane sciences to promote the salvation of the Chinese people; and for the growth and singular increase of the Catholic faith.”

But this writer who is so disturbed, at certain civil honors paid to Confucius, thinks it a great pity, “to interfere with the pious observances of Cannibalism, and the Suttee.” It appears he says “to have been forgotten that these institutions are founded upon a religious belief, and no more the product of nothing, than Baptism and the Lord’s Supper.” Blasphemous as this sounds, it is but the ultimate and necessary result of the Protestant idea; once admitting it to be true, that these horrible murders have an equal claim to toleration with the sacred truths of Christianity, and if there be found persons who in the exercise of their “private judg-

ment” call it a religion to eat, or burn their fellows, no one can have a right to quarrel with their belief upon the whole; we are desired to believe, that as religious disputes still exist, the entire world not having as yet been brought into the Church, and become civilized, Catholic missions have failed. Is this true? A modern doctor of the Church tells us somewhere of an anchorite who fancied he should like to know to whom else in the world he was equal in the sight of God, and because of his great sanctity our Lord revealed this to him. He was desired in a vision, to travel to a distant town, and at a certain bridge named, he would meet the individual. The hermit joyfully undertook the journey, and when he had arrived at the end, found to his astonishment only a poor fiddler, exercising his vocation for the entertainment of some rustics standing by. The anchorite at once took this man aside and asked him what were his usual practices of devotion. The musician surprised, answered that his calling was not one to promote piety, and that besides, before entering upon it, he had been a robber. A *robber*, exclaimed the hermit, and what good works did you perform then? Not many my master, replied the other with a laugh, rather more melancholy than joyous; I remember only, that I once dissuaded a comrade from profaning God’s presence in a Church, and another from ill-treating a maiden who was in his power.

Then the other understood, what was the merit in God’s sight, of hindering two mortal sins. Would he have thought the missions which have hindered millions had failed? Tried by this standard, have they not marvellously succeeded? According to the old world by idea, which sought the prosperity of the state above the good of individuals composing it, it is true that the preaching of the Gospel may not always have seemed a boon; but Christian ethics teach the opposite of this; they look upon the state simply as an aggregate of souls, and therefore regard the introduction of Christianity as under all circumstances an inestimable good.

“But in China and other countries where the Gospel once flourished the Churches are now in ruins, and a state of at least semi-barbarism prevails.”

This cannot be denied, and while acknowledging it as a fact, we can but briefly state some of the causes which have conspired to bring it about. For four thousand years there was no nation found fitted to receive and

welcome the Messiah; it can therefore scarcely be a matter of surprise that some are unprepared to do so now. In these lands tribes and families have been converted, have lived heroic lives, and died as martyrs; but national institutions were antagonistic to the faith; it has, as it were, taken no root in the soil, and such nations, *as nations*, in their corporate capacity remain heathen still. Unless, therefore, they be gifted with Divine prescience, no missionaries can tell before-hand where the good seed will take root; their duty is to scatter it abroad over all the earth, leaving to God when and where he will "to give the increase."

But further, native persecutions have in some cases so nearly exterminated the priests, that converts have been for years, sorely against their will, almost entirely deprived of the sacraments, and their descendants have, in consequence, come gradually to lose altogether the knowledge of God.

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of what is being done in the missionary world in the present day; the Review writer thinks (or says he does) that "Catholic missions are given up.....the field abandoned" to the Moravians or some other fanciful sect—Is this true?—*Can it be, so long as time endures?* O, no; just as with the products of nature, barrenness in one land is compensated for by plenty in another, so (from whence gathered it matters not) there is being brought into the Church continually a harvest of souls, and of the spirit in which this labor of love is carried on, it may be said as of fervor generally,—

"It is silent, like God; it is equable, like God; it is hidden, like God; only escaping to view by its own irrepressible excellence. Praise is in no way its food, neither is it desirable for it. It thinks long before acting, as God condescends to seem as if he also did. It is unenvious about results, which is one of the marvels of God. And it is fury, like God consuming obstacles, its very power causing it to make no noise."

Since the *Westminster* article, one of a very similar tendency headed *Christian Missions*, has appeared in the *North British Review*. It abounds in silly calumnies, such as, that of the "Church keeping people in ignorance, &c.," and, as it pretends to a greater spirit of fairness than the other, is consequently worst of the two; one admission however is worth quoting, in reference to the *Westminster Article*, and our own: "Rome has achieved her greatest triumphs in India, in China, and in Japan."

Reviews.

The Life of St. Vincent de Paul. By HENRY BEDFORD, M.A. 1 vol. London; BURNS and LAMBERT.

It is a fact almost universally admitted that there are few works more truly valuable to the general reader than well-written biographies. Every one subscribes to the dogma that example teaches better than precept, and the biography of a good man, in the hands of a skilful author, may be made to teach simultaneously by both. To this end, however, it is necessary that the biographer should unite to the utmost research and the strictest adherence to truth, the application of much of the constructive skill of the novelist. While carefully portraying both the merits and defects of his subject, he should be able so to use the accessories of contemporary personages and circumstances, as particularly to interest his reader in the most notable attributes, and the incidents most suggestive of matter for imitation. This, though essential to all biographies is specially important, and we may also say specially difficult as regards "lives" of the Saints. To the devout Catholic it must always be interesting to acquire a greater intimacy with the details of the life of any one of those chosen servants of God with whom he has been taught to maintain a spiritual communion, and he can, in the contemplation of those details provide for himself the application most appropriate to his state. But all Catholics are not devout, nor unhappily are all readers Catholic who may perchance cast their eyes over the "life" of a Saint. To those unused to self-mortification the austerities of holy men and women, narrated as mere matters of fact, will appear the results of insanity; their professions of humility, proofs of hypocrisy; and their acts of self-denial, fruits of deep-laid schemes of intrigue. That no ability or care on the part of an author would suffice to prevent some of these from drawing forth scandal from the purest sources of edification we well know; but we are also sure that there are many with regard to whom it depends much upon the writer whether they lay down the book filled with despondency at the contemplation of the struggles apparently necessary to obtain salvation, or animated with an ardent zeal to turn to the best account the powers under their control. Judging by his book, we conceive that the author of the biography before us fully

coincides in this belief. He has chosen for his subject a man whose long life was devoted from the first dawn, we may say, of reason to its final act, entirely to the service of his kind; who perhaps, of all men, was the most successful in leading to the paths of sanctification his fellows of every rank, and of both sexes. The son of poor peasants, Vincent of Paul commenced his career as a swine-herd. At the age of twelve, his parents, at considerable sacrifice, sent him to commence a course of study with a view to his becoming a priest, actuated not so much we fear, from pious motives, as by the hope that in accordance with the custom of that most profligate time, he might as a priest be able to promote the temporal prosperity of his family.

It is not our intention to trace in these pages the career of the young student, the patient tutor, the humble slave, the zealous missionary, the successful reformer, and the uncompromising minister. In all these characters is Vincent de Paul ably depicted to us by Mr. Bedford, and in all these various positions, whether as tutor to the children of the provincial lawyer, M. Commet, as chaplain of the Count de Joigny, and preceptor of his sons the Duke and the Cardinal de Retz; as a suffering slave in Barbary, or, as the head of a religious community, do we find him exciting in the hearts of all around him the ardor of Christian love, and the self-devotion of Catholic charity.

Living in an age when the clergy of France were a disgrace to the Christian Church, when Cardinal Ministers prostituted ecclesiastical preferments to the advancement of state intrigues, Vincent early joined the pious ranks of those who labored for Church reform, and to him, under God, is France indebted for the miraculous change which enabled her to produce that long list of priestly-martyrs that so brightly illumines that dark scene in her history—the great revolution. In 1617 he gave a mission at the request of the Countess of Joigny, to the tenants on one of her estates, and so great were its fruits, that the noble lady became most anxious to establish some means for the perpetuation of such services. Vincent gave similar retreats elsewhere, and influenced by his example a few other priests united with him in the great work; and at length in 1624 the Countess induced her brother-in-law, the Cardinal de Retz, to place at the disposal of Vincent the college des Bons Enfants as head quarters, whence these missions might issue over his

arch-diocese. From this small beginning, sprang the "Congregation of the Priests of the mission," who removing in May 1632 to the priory of St. Lazarus, have since, under the name of Lazarist Fathers, borne the consolations of the Church of Christ to every class, and every race, and have received the crown of martyrdom in every shape by which it can be gained, at the bedside of disease, or under the torture of persecution.

From this priory of St. Lazarus sprang in a few years all those noble institutions for the spiritual nurture of the clergy, which cause our author to remark:—

"Thus from first to last, from childhood till death, Vincent had provided the clergy of his diocese with spiritual nurture. The boy who entered the seminary of St. Charles might in due time pass to that of the Bons Enfants to complete his clerical studies; the priory of St. Lazarus received him at the end of his course for his solemn retreat before ordination; and when he had entered upon the duties of his state, the same doors were open weekly to admit him to the spiritual conferences which strengthened and encouraged him in his arduous duties; while once a year he was called again into a longer retreat, that he might take account of his spiritual state and prepare for the end."

Vincent at one time the despised slave of the infidel, at another, the honored friend of cardinals and kings, is never for one moment other than the humble, persevering servant of the poor and the distressed. Unwavering in his humility, and ever forgetful of himself, he pursues the work of charity and of church reform with the same success, whether while finding in Richelieu a ready and zealous co-operator, or, while quietly thwarting by his fearless honesty the duplicity and irreligion of Mazarin. Most cautious in his preparations before undertaking any new work, the success of all his plans was rapid and enduring. Whatever might be the task to which he determined to apply himself, materials seemed never wanting to his hand. Deeply sensible of the deplorable spiritual destitution to which his country was reduced by the degradation of the clergy, he endeavors to remedy the evil; and the missions which for that purpose he commences to give, become through the assistance of the Countess de Joigny and Cardinal de Retz the seeds whence springs the reformation of the clergy themselves.

Cardinal Mazarin endangers this happy result by the endeavor to employ the ecclesiastical patronage of the crown for the furtherance of his political views. Anne of

Austria appoints Vincent de Paul a member of the "council of conscience," and the wily minister is compelled to become "his reluctant ally in the work of reformation."

Anxious to relieve the hunger of a few poor villagers, he influences some of their neighbors to visit and assist them, and in a few years France is covered with confraternities of charity. A female guide for these societies becoming necessary, Madame le Gras comes to his assistance, and after bringing their organization to a state of almost perfection, founds under his direction the Sisters of charity.

His compassionate heart is lacerated with the horrors he has witnessed at the Hotel Dieu and at the foundling hospital. Madame de Goussault is at his side, and soon the *Dames de la Charite*, ladies the fairest and noblest in France, are devoting a portion of their time, and of their means to these institutions, and both became models for the imitation of the Christian world.

First Lorrain and afterwards Ireland, laid waste by war, prostrated by famine and pestilence, present a scene of human woe such as no pen can adequately describe. France herself is suffering grievously from similar afflictions, but the Queen Regent and the Duchess D'Aguillon give their jewellery to Vincent, and the *Dames de Charite* contrive to find him funds for the relief of this terrible distress.

Space will not permit us to pursue this interesting theme. To the pages of Mr. Bedford we refer our reader for an account of numberless deeds of love to which we have not alluded. Be he whom he may, he will there find abundance of example which it is in his power to imitate. He will see in striking colors the contrast between the evanescence of that which is based on merely human effort, and the stability of that which proceeds from obedience to the inspirations of Providence.

"When men were warring without, Vincent was toiling within; while heresy and disorder were pulling down the strongholds of religion in the midst of tumult and blasphemy, the zealous priest was quietly building up the inner temple in the souls of the faithful. Silently and little marked of man the holy work went on; and when calmer moments came, and the din of civil war had ceased, men marvelled to find what had grown up in the midst of them, and how that obscure man had perfected a work which should stand when dynasties had been swept away, and should carry on his name to times when those who in his day were great should be forgotten or despised."

An Account of the Opening of St. Patrick's Church, Edinburgh, with a report of discourses delivered on that occasion. Edinburgh: MARSH and BEATTIE.

This well got up pamphlet is an account of the opening of a Catholic Church at Edinburgh. The building in question was purchased a short time since, from the United Presbyterians, and is described as being well adapted to the forms of Catholic worship, having been originally erected as an Episcopalian Church.

The "account" is preceded by a very neatly executed ground plan, shewing, besides the present structure, the various buildings in contemplation. The first pages are occupied by a polished and eloquent speech at the preliminary meeting on the 4th July, from the Rev. Jas. A. Stothert—well known to our readers. The sermons which follow will repay perusal, and, altogether the nicely printed pamphlet strikes us as a very pleasing record of progress.

Books received.—*Catechism, Doctrinal, &c.*, By the Rev. P. POWER, parts 2, and No. 4; and *Mary*, a Poem.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

The death of Bertram Arthur, the 17th Earl of Shrewsbury, which took place at Lisbon of a pulmonary complaint, on the 10th ultimo, terminates in the male line a distinguished race and title honorably known through centuries of English history. His lordship was the only son of the late Lieut-Colonel Charles Thomas Talbot, nephew of Charles, 16th earl, by Julia, third daughter of the late Sir Henry Joseph Tichborne, Bart. (since re-married to Mr. Washington Hibbert, of Bilton Grange, near Rugby,) and was born December 11th, 1832. He was premier earl in the English and Irish peerages, Vice-Admiral of Cheshire, a Deputy-Lieutenant for Staffordshire, and High Steward of Allbrighton, in the same county: he also held the honorary distinctions of a Knight Commander of Malta, and a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Pope Pius IX, and it was reported only a few days since that he was about to be nominated a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick. Lord Shrewsbury also claimed the office of Hereditary Lord High Steward of Ireland, and his claim was under the consideration of the House of Lords, having been referred to a

Committee of Privileges, when his death supervened. He had been for some months in delicate health, and by his will the property of Alton Towers and the other estates have been devised to Lord Edmund Bernard Howard, second son of the present Duke of Norfolk, now in his third year, with remainder to his Grace's other younger sons, and to his brother, Lord Edward Howard, M.P., who is married to the late earl's cousin, Miss Augusta Talbot.

It is very seldom the worldly friends of the Catholic Church in this country have to regret a loss so serious. For many years this name has been as distinguished amongst us for splendid charity, as for historical *prestige*, and we learn alike from friends and opponents, that the last direct heir male of so much wealth and honor inherited also the kindness and munificence of his predecessor—whose philanthropy and bounty are well known.

Apart, however, from considerations, which but for the interests that alone prompt them, might almost be thought selfish, we may well notice here the mournful feeling in which we all learn that the grave has so early closed over so much power and promise, far away too, from home and kindred. The feeling that he who was the very first of the first aristocracy in Europe was also a most worthy member of the Catholic Church is not so flattering as to absorb all our regret for his departure in early youth; in short, while we mourn him as an ally, with much hope and pride, we may well muse for a moment on his fate as a man.

LITERARY ITEMS.

We see advertisements in poetry, cajolery, flattery, and tomfoolery, and are, we might fairly conclude, by this time familiar with well-nigh all the "dodges" for catching our eye, and getting our money; the following however, inserted in a botanical contemporary is rather new:—"D. F. as Landscape Gardener, charges two guineas per day with expenses; but having always employment, and hating dancing attendance, *he never spins out time*; in fact, he don't care a fig for employment in this branch of his profession. Everybody now-a-days is a landscape gardener; even the heads of the profession are called in, and crippled with ignorance and falsehood under the name of *tact*!"

We noticed at the time of their appearance, two fierce Review articles, in condemnation of Mr. Ruskin, which we may acknowledge,

rather staggered our high opinion of that laborious thinker, and most eloquent and beautiful writer. In the last number of the *National Review*, however, we meet a singularly powerful and fair paper.—"Pictures and Picture criticism."—which must go far to set that writer in a better position with the public.

Some days since a very clever letter appeared in "the leading journal," signed, or rather concluded with—"The London scoundrel," displaying besides considerable literary power, no small familiarity with the phraseology and ways of the scoundrels which it denounces. The writer turns out to be no less than Mr. Albert Smith, and the cause of the "cracksmen," breaking three times into his house is alleged to be the large *Mont Blanc* profits the eminent author is supposed to have acquired.

M. Thiers is travelling in Germany, in order to examine the various battle-fields to be described in the coming volume of *The Consulat and Empire*.

Mr. Macaulay is about to visit Venice, and on his return intends applying himself afresh to the *History*.

We observe Miss C. Hayes's return from Australia, Signor Tamberlik's successful *debut* at Rio Janeiro, and that Madame Clara Novello, and Thalberg the pianist intend shortly to visit America.

A new tale for the young, *Ben Sylvester's word*, is announced by the clever author of the *Heir of Redcliffe*. If we remember aright, this is the third volume for the young from her pen, since the appearance of *Heartsease*. We trust this graceful writer has not abandoned the elders altogether.

We may notice here the deaths during the past month of Mr. Charles Mitchell Charles author of several popular works; of the Rev. Dr. Buckland the eminent geologist; and of Madame Vestris, after a long and painful illness.

M. Conscience the distinguished Flemish novelist, has arranged for a translation of his coming work.—*The Gold Demon*, for the English market.

We are glad to learn that Madame Ristori purposes to revisit England next year.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe has arrived from America, to superintend the publication of her new work—*Dred a Tale*. We sincerely trust her visit will not result in another volume of *Sunny Memories*.

PASSING EVENTS.

The *Archbishop* of Canterbury has at length, to use the words of Dr. Lushington, "intimated the conclusion to which he has come" in the celebrated case of Archdeacon Denison. His Grace has given no judgment, has pronounced no sentence, but declares that the doctrine taught by the archdeacon on certain points is contrary to the teaching of the Church of England; gives that reverend Gentlemen until the 1st of October to revoke his error, and adjourns the Court until the 21st of that month; on which day if the archdeacon should still continue refractory, we are promised that sentence shall be passed on him. In the meantime, his advocate, Dr. Phillimore gives notice of appeal. The speech of Dr. Lushington, in pronouncing Dr. Sumner's decision, would afford to the Catholic much cause for amusement did not the awful interests at stake in the future overwhelm his sense of the ludicrous by his sentiments of sorrowing pity; while to the Protestant, and especially to the disciple of the Church of England, it must afford abundant subject for most anxious reflection. "The authority of Parliament," says Dr. Lushington, "has established that the Thirty-nine Articles must be taken to be the true expression of Scripture on every subject to which they advert. I state this, in order that it may be made known to all why and wherefore the Venerable archdeacon was not permitted to go into an examination of the Scriptures, with a view to justify his doctrine. The reason was this:—There could not be a more inconvenient proceeding, or one more opposed to the law than that when the legislature of the country has authoritatively pronounced in the given form of the Thirty-nine Articles what are the doctrines of the Church of England, an individual sermon should be composed—not with that standard which is the only standard of the Church, but with a number of the disputed texts of Scripture." Think of this ye whose watch-cry has so long been "the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible." Reflect on this ye whose whole energies are devoted to the publication and distribution of Bibles, in every language readable or unreadable under the sun. After this preface Dr. Lushington, on behalf of his Grace of Canterbury, proceeds to state the errors of the archdeacon as follows:—"In the first place, whereas he has preached that the Body and Blood of Christ are really present after an immaterial and spiritual manner in the consecrated bread and wine of the Lord's Supper, they are received alike by unworthy as by worthy communicants, the archbishop rules that they are received by faith by the worthy, but not at all by the unworthy. As to the preceding portion of the archdeacon's dogma, that the consecrated bread and wine, receiving the Real Presence in the act of consecration do alike contain it when presented to the unworthy as to the worthy, the archbishop says nothing." On the next point, we have as the words of the archdeacon, "It is not true that the consecrated bread and wine are changed in their natural substances, for they remain in their very natural substances, and therefore may not be adored. It is true that worship is due to the real through invisible and supernatural presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Holy Eucharist under the form of bread and wine." As to these his Grace, with the assessors simply rules "that the doctrines in the said passages are directly contrary and repugnant to the 28th and 29th articles." Does his Grace

mean to say that the bread and wine are changed in their natural substances, and are deserving of worship, or that Our Lord and Saviour being, although invisible, really present before him, is unworthy of worship; does he mean to draw a distinction between the Humanity and Divinity of our Lord, or does he, being utterly at a loss himself to decide what he should mean, or what the archdeacon does mean, think it safest to entrench himself within a vague and undefined, though very positive condemnation?

The Very Rev. John Canon Walmsley, formerly of Copperas Hill, and latterly chaplain of the Convent, Mount Vernon, in Liverpool, has been appointed Vicar General of this diocese, in the place of the Very Rev. Dr. Crook, lately deceased.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

Bristol.—The subject of an anonymous letter with this post-mark has our attention. Our correspondent cannot possibly overrate the importance of what he very kindly urges upon us. The history of the sufferings of the leading Catholic families and the missionary priests in Lancashire was promised us some time ago. The venerable priest in whose possession some valuable documents were supposed to be, could not find them. Perhaps our correspondent would kindly undertake to suggest the sources from which the necessary information might be procured. We have ever in view to deserve the attention and goodwill of the Catholics of this diocese.

A. G., Guernsey.—We have read the fresh MS. with some pleasure, and much care. The teaching and moral of the tale are valued and respected by this Journal; but it is a fixed opinion with us that fiction is worthless to illustrate virtue or inculcate duty, unless the narrative can "pass muster" with our common sense, and the details be at least probable and attractive. Your story, on the contrary, though well written and somewhat eloquent, reads too like a fairy tale.

W.S., London. seems enraged absolutely that we have not "said at least a few words" about a contribution with which he very kindly favored us, and which we duly acknowledged; he threatens we can't exactly see what, if we do not at once restore his MS. Candidly, our angry correspondent's MS. was worth nothing, and has "gone to the tomb of all the Capulets" now.

W.H., J.F.C.—We are duly sensible of your kind wishes towards our readers, but we cannot publish anything more about the lunar controversy; we may add, however, that these two communications, (the latter especially,) are clear and pleasant to read.

J. B., London.—Your valuable proposal is under consideration; we are enquiring about a translator. Pray let us know the history of the production?

M.I.L.—Please bear in mind for October. Have you received the volume.

Dyrington.—Pray send us your address.

J.H.—A.—Frank.—S.—Well wisher.—Convert.—Constant Reader, and Subscriber.—Received.

We particularly request that Contributions, Books for Review, and all communications for the Editor, be sent to the printer until further notice.

Contributions not inserted are destroyed.

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