

and the only government he would have believed to be a real one, must be one which was vested in the Church, not in the Clergy. This he would have thought so incalculable a good, that for the sake of it he would have been willing to undergo for a season almost any aggravation of actual misgovernment. "One thing I see, that if attempts be made, as they seem to be, to make the power of the Bishops less nominal than it has been, there will be all the better chance of our getting a really good church government; for irresponsible persons, irremovable, and acting without responsible advisers, are such a socialism in government, that they can only be suffered to exist so long as they do nothing; let them begin to act, and the vices of their constitution will become flagrant." On this part of the case, Lord Bacon, in a remarkable paper "On the Pacification of the Church," had pronounced judgment long ago: "There be two circumstances in the administration of Bishops, wherein, I confess, I could never be satisfied; the one, the sole exercise of their authority—the other, the deputation of it."

We have said that Arnold did not attach sufficient importance to the pressure put upon scrupulous consciences within the Church by Articles of Faith. He was quite awake, however, to the injury they did the Church from without. A National Establishment can be only just, useful, and secure, when it is nearly co-extensive with the Nation. In the hope of saving it, Arnold would have relaxed its theoretical bond—its Articles; and would have tightened its practical one—its Government. Its multifarious and complicated Articles make it the religion only of a part, and of a much smaller part than would otherwise be the case. Arnold's alternative was a short one: "Either the Church must be more comprehensive, or an establishment cannot be maintained. The Church as it now stands, no human power can save."

The Supremacy of the State is one thing; an identity of Church and State, another. Any such identity is so manifestly impossible in these kingdoms, that, if it were the only condition upon which the Church of England could be saved, we should agree with Arnold that it was not to be saved by human means. On the other hand, if it is to be considered merely as the "Theory of a perfect Church and a perfect State," it is no longer a subject of meditation for Statesmen and Divines, but for the ingenious exertions of a declamation prize. Upon any view of it, it is a theory on which, we are afraid, we are scarcely open to conviction. However, as we understand that an Appendix to the "Fragment on the Church," and also a Miscellaneous volume, in which Arnold's views are more fully stated and developed, will soon be published, we gladly put aside our pen and our objections, and wait for their appearance.

SKETCHES IN MELBOURNE IN THE YEAR 1839.

THE SEEDY CHARACTER ABOUT TOWN.

A few days back, I was strolling past the yard of an Auctioneer, when a lot of horses were exposed to view, previous to being brought to the hammer—being in want of a good saddle horse, I stopped to examine the qualities of the cattle, and make some enquiries about their breed; when a person whom I afterwards found out to be one of those fellows who are known as Seedy Men about town, who live by their wits or the d—l knows how, stepped up and asked me if I wanted a good hack—he certainly had the address and air of a gentleman and I must confess I was rather taken with him.

He said he had a friend from the bush, an extensive Squatter, who had entrusted him with the sale of a first-rate saddle nag, and one he was confident would suit me to a T. With this assurance I accompanied him to the stable yard of a tavern close at hand, when my friend called the hostler to bring out Mr. ———'s horse. The hostler looked at my friend with an air of suspicion, which rather excited my curiosity. However, after a good deal of grumbling on the part of the man, some muttering conversation took place, which ended in the horse being produced; he appeared to be a likely animal and up to his work, but the price would not suit me. However, I said I would look at him again in the course of the next day, and was proceeding to wish my friend good-by, when he pressed me very hard to step into the coffee-room and crack a bottle of Champagne.

Here I had leisure to survey the *tout en semble* of my new acquaintance more minutely; he appeared to be a man about 28 years of age, wore a dirty cabbage tree hat with a broad black silk ribbon—a linen blouse with a patent leather belt round the waist—shirt not very clean—black trousers exquisitely cut, but rather white about the seams—his boots had reached that period of their existence, when one hesitates about condemning them or getting them footed afresh—his face had that tallowy glazed appearance, which betokens the man who spends his time in swilling beer and brandy and water in pot houses.

The vivacity of his conversation, bespoke the man of liberal education and good parts, he seemed well acquainted with all the *dodges* of this new and flourishing settlement.

The Champagne being finished, I rose, bid him good morning, and had not proceeded many yards from the tavern, when I was overtaken by the waiter in great agitation.

"Twenty shillings, sir, please, for the Champagne."
 "Twenty shillings, fellow! what do you mean."
 "The Champagne you ordered, sir."

"I ordered! Mr. Seedy called for it, he certainly does not object to pay, does he?"

"Oh! I see, sir, quoth the fellow, you are a stranger, you do not know Mr. Seedy, why, Lord bless you, sir, Mr. Seedy never pays for anything."

Finding that I had been victimized, I paid for the wine and strolled into the bush, ruminating on that useful and most extraordinary talent, which Mr. Seedy appears to possess, of living for anything.

Yesterday I learned this fellow's character, from a friend who had been duped to a much greater extent. Seedy has lived at all the boarding and lodging houses in town, and is in their debt—he has run up scores at most of the hotels, but the landlords are now upon their guard—he has now taken up his quarters in a small pot house in ——— street, where he appears to have some understanding with the man who keeps the house.

Now this same Mr. Seedy has, I have already said, been born a gentleman, and brought to the Colony a considerable sum of money, but he was victimized as a new chum, and the natural indolence of his disposition prevents him from trying to get reputable employment—his pride is gone—you cannot now strike the cords which awaken the finer feelings of our nature in him—the former are broken—the latter are dead—the great business of the world—"The big wars which make ambition virtue," have no delight for him. The ruling principle of his existence, is to guzzle and fill his belly at another's expense, although he was never known to

commit any flagrant act of dishonesty, still I fear his respect for the doctrine of *meum et tuum* has been weakly grounded.

Sometimes the Seedy character has a friend just arrived from England, or from the other colonies, with capital to invest in the district, he is all in a bustle and is seen running about like a man of business, his indolence has given way to a temporary activity, the springs of action which have been so long dormant have come into play—one would suppose there were some hopes for him—flushed with the confidence his friend is about to place in him—he gives out that he is commissioned to buy 10,000 sheep—he gets suited, he is happy—visions of future success fleet before his imagination—but alas! they are soon to be dispelled—his English friend soon finds out his real character—he fights shy—next day a cool bow—the next a dead cut.

Our Seedy man relapses into his former routine of life, swilling beer and brandy and water, making a pound now and again, by the sale of some friends horse, doing a green horn out of a few sovereigns at billiards; and following many other little occupations by which men of this kidney manage to live.—Extracted from my *land log at Port Phillip.*

Punch.

SONG OF THE MODERN TIMES.

Oh! how the world has altered since some fifty years ago—
 When boots and shoes would really serve to keep out rain and snow;
 But double-soles and broad cloth—oh! I dear me, how very low,
 To talk of such old fashioned things, when every one must know
 That we are all well bred gentlefolks, all of the modern time.

We all meet now at midnight hour, and form a "glittering throng;"
 Where lovely angels walk quadrilles, and ne'er do L'E'e wrong!
 Where eastern scents, all fresh and sweet from "Rowland's," float along,
 And the name of a good old country dance would sound like a Chinese gong—
 In the ears of well bred gentlefolks, all of the modern time.

Young ladies now, of sage sixteen, must give their friends "a rout"
 And teach the cook and housemaid how to "hand the things about;"
 And they must pull Ma's bedstead down, and hurry, scout and flout,
 To have a fine refreshment room, and "lay a supper out"—
 Like well-bred, dashing gentlefolks, all of the modern time.

Your beardless boys, all brag and noise, must "do the thing that's right"—
 That is, they'll drink champagne and punch, and "keep it up all night;"
 They'll smoke and swear, till sallying forth at peep of morning light,
 They'll knock down some old woman, just to show how well they fight—
 Like brave young, English gentlemen, all of the modern time.

At the good old hours of twelve and one our grandsires used to dine,
 And quaff their horns of nut brown ale, and eat roast beef and chine;
 But we must have our silver forks, ragouts and foreign wine,
 And not sit down till five or six, if we mean to "cut a shine,"
 Like dashing well-bred gentlefolks, all of the modern time.

Our daughters now, at ten years old, must learn to squall and strum,
 And study shakes and quavers under Signor Fee-Fo Fum,
 They'll play concerto's, sing bravuras, rattle, scream, and thrum,
 Till you almost wish that you were deaf, or they—poor things—were dumb;
 But they must be like young gentlefolks, all of the modern time.

Our sons must jabber Latin verbs and talk of a Greek root,
 Before they've left off pinafores, cakes, lollipops, and fruit;
 They all have "splendid talents" that the desk or bar would suit,
 Each darling boy would scorn to be "a low mechanic brute,"
 They must be well-bred college youths, all of the modern time.

But bills will come at Christmas-tide—alas! a-lack-a-day!—
 The creditors may call again, "Papa's not in the way;"
 "He's out of town, but certainly, next week he'll call and pay;"
 And then his name's in the "Gazette," and this I mean to say,
 Off winds up many gentlefolks, all of the modern time.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURE.

"BROTHER" CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO A MASONIC CHARITABLE DINNER. MRS. CAUDLE HAS HIDDEN THE "BROTHER'S" CHEQUE-BOOK.

But all I say is this: I only wish I'd been born a man. What do you say? *You wish I had?* Mr. Caudle, I'll not lie quiet in my own bed to be insulted. Oh, yes, you *did* mean to insult me. You mean, if I *had* been born a man, you'd never have married me. That's a pretty sentiment, I think; and after the wife I've been to you. And now I suppose you'll be going to public dinners every day! It's no use your telling me you've only been to one before; that's nothing to do with it—nothing at all. Of course you'll be out every night now. I knew what it would come to when you were made a mason; when you were once made a 'brother,' as you call yourself, I knew where the husband and father would be;—I'm sure, Caudle, and though I'm your own wife, I grieve to say it—I'm sure you haven't so much heart, that you have any to spare for people out of doors. Indeed, I should like to see the man who has! No, no, Caudle; I'm by no means a selfish woman—quite the contrary; I love my fellow-creatures as a wife and mother of a family, who has only to look to her own husband and children, ought to love e'm. A 'brother,' indeed! What would you say, if I was to go and be made a 'sister'?

Why I know very well—the house wouldn't hold you. *Where's your watch?* How should I know where your watch is? You ought to know. But to be sure, people who go to public dinners never know where any thing is when they come home. You've lost it, no doubt; and 'twill serve you quite right if you have. If it should be gone—and nothing more likely—I wonder if any of your 'brothers' will give you another? Catch 'em doing it. *You must find your watch;* And you'll get up for it? Nonsense—don't be foolish—lie still. Your watch is on the mantel-piece. Isn't it a good thing you've somebody to take care of it? What do you say? *I'm a dear creature?* Very dear you think me, I dare say. But the fact is, you don't know what you're talking about to-night. I'm a fool to open my lips to you,—but I can't help it.—*Where's your watch?* Haven't I told you, on the mantel-piece? *All right indeed?* Pretty conduct you men call all right. There now, hold your tongue Mr. Caudle, and go to sleep: I'm sure 'tis the best thing you can do to-night. You'll be able to listen to reason to-morrow morning; now, it's thrown away upon you. *Where's your cheque book?* Never mind your cheque-book. I took care of that. *What business had I to take it out of your pocket?* Every business. No, no. If you choose to go to public dinners, why—as I'm only your wife I can't help it. But I know what fools men are made of there; and if I know it, you never take your cheque-book again with you. What! Didn't I see your name down last year for ten pounds? "Job Caudle, Esq., £10." It looked very well in the newspapers, of course: and you thought yourself a somebody, when they knocked the tavern tables; but I only wish I'd been there—yes, I only wish I'd been in the gallery. If I wouldn't have told a piece of my mind, I'm not alive. Ten pounds, indeed! And the world thinks you a very fine person for it. I only wish I could bring the world here, and show 'em what's wanted at home. I think the world would alter their mind then; yes—a little. What do you say? *A wife has no right to pick her husband's pocket?* A pretty husband you are to talk in that way. Never mind—you can't prosecute her for it—or I've no doubt you would; none at all. Some men would do anything. What? *You've a bit of a head ache?* I hope you have—and a good bit, too. You've been to the right place for it. No—I won't hold my tongue. It's all very well for you men to go to taverns—and talk—and toast—and hurra

—and—I wonder you're not all ashamed of yourselves to drink the Queen's health with all the honours, I believe, you call it—yes pretty honours you pay to the sex—I say, I wonder you're not ashamed to drink that blessed creature's health, when you've only to think how you use your own wives at home. But the hypocrites that the men are—oh! *Where's your watch?* Haven't I told you? It's under your pillow—there, you needn't be feeling for it. I tell you it's under your pillow. *It's all right?* Yes; a great deal you know of what's right just now. Ha! was there ever any poor soul used as I am? *I'm a dear creature?* Pah! Mr. Caudle! I've only to say, I'm tired of your conduct—quite tired, and don't care how soon there's an end to it. *Why did I take your cheque book?* I've told you—to save you from ruin, Mr. Caudle. *You're not going to be ruined?* Ha! you don't know anything when you're out! I know what they do at these public dinners—charities, they call 'em; pretty charity. Charity, I believe, always begins at home. I know what they do: the whole system's a trick. No: *I'm not a strong-hearted creature?* and you ought to be ashamed to say so of your wife and the mother of your children,—but, you'll not make me cry to-night, I can tell you—I was going to say that—oh! you're such an aggravating man I don't know what I was going to say! *Thank heaven?* What for? I don't see that there's anything to thank heaven about! I was going to say that I know the trick of public dinners: They get a lord, or a duke, if they can catch him—anything to make people say they've dined with nobility, that's it—yes, they get one of these people, with a star perhaps in his coat, to take the chair—and to talk all sorts of sugar-plum things about charity—and to make foolish men with wine in 'em, feel that they've no end of money; and then—shutting their eyes to their wives and families at home—all the while that their own faces are red and flushed like poppies, and they think to-morrow will never come—then they get 'em to put their hand to paper. Then they make 'em pull out their cheques. But I took your book, Mr. Caudle—you couldn't do it a second time. What are you laughing at? *Nothing?* It's no matter: I shall see it in the paper to-morrow: for if you gave anything you were too proud to hide it. I know your charity. *Where's your watch?* Haven't I told you fifty times where it is? In the pocket—over your head—of course! Can't you hear it tick? No: you can hear nothing to-night! And now, Mr. Caudle, I should like to know whose hat it is you've brought home? You went out with a beaver worth three-and-twenty shillings—the second time you've worn it—and you bring home a thing that no Jew in his senses would give me five-pence for. I couldn't even get a pot of primroses—and you know I always turn your old hats into roots—not a pot of primroses for it. I'm certain of it now,—I've often thought it—but now I'm sure that some people dine out only to change their hats. *Where's your watch?* Caudle, you're bringing me to an early grave!

We hope that Caudle was penitent for his conduct; indeed, there is, we think, evidence that he was so: for this is the only lecture to which he has appended no comment. The man had not the face to do it.

RAILWAY PASTORALS.

The iron hand of Railway enterprise is fast tearing up by the roots all the pastoral and poetical associations of our youth, and cottages near woods, as well as mossy cells or leafy nooks, are being superseded by Railway termini. Where the cow once lowed, the engine now screams, and the pipe of the gentle Corydon is completely put out by the funnel of the locomotive. Phillis is sent flying by the power of the steam, and the hermit of the dale is compelled to break his staff or cut his stick, to make way for the immense staff of officials required on the Railways. What is to become of those long accustomed to a pastoral state of existence, we are quite incapable of conjecturing. They cannot remove themselves by 'certiorari' to the woodlands wild or the vale sequestered from the hum of men; for it would indeed be a hum of the most grievous kind to encourage them in the hope that anything in the shape of sylvan seclusion is now open to them. As we perceive that the Isle of Dogs is to be sold right out, we recommend its being taken as a colony for the pastorally disposed population, where the shepherd might still play variations on the flageolet to a flock of sheep, undisturbed by the row incidental to every Railway. Phillis might also 'go a milking,' with a cage containing a couple of turtle doves in her hand, which, according to the poets, appears to have been the old pastoral practice. As to the gentle hermit of the dale, we see nothing left for him but Herne Bay, or the toll house on Waterloo Bridge, where, since the opening of Hungerford, an anchorite with fifteen shillings a week might make himself very comfortable.

PRINCELY PRECAUTION.

It is rumoured that Louis Philippe is in treaty with the proprietor of the Electric Gun for the purchase of the secret of its construction; for, since the statement has been published that it discharges 1,000 balls a minute, his Majesty has been most anxious to get the gun into his own hands, lest its deadly powers should ever be tried upon some of the finest buildings in France, particularly the fortifications of Paris. Should the secret be bought up, we advise his French Majesty to have boards set up the whole length of the 'eulogistic continuee,' with the inscription of 'Electric Guns set on these premises.' It will effectually save his subjects the shame of any more 'glorious' days of July.

Music and Musicians.

Agreeably to announcement the anxiously awaited Oratorio was performed on Tuesday evening; and, bearing in mind the praiseworthy object of the undertaking, it was peculiarly gratifying to see so full, so distinguished an audience. Sir George and Lady Gipps, Sir Maurice O'Connell, and nearly all the leading members of our society were present. The subject of the evening's entertainment was Handel's sublime composition "The Messiah," the surpassing excellence of which is too familiarly known to the musical world to require our humble attestation. As regards the several performances, it may suffice to say that, considering the difficulty with which their successful accomplishment is surrounded, and the amount of talent engaged on the occasion, our expectations were in no wise disappointed. The ladies sang extremely well—of the gentlemen, however, we cannot speak in such unqualified terms of praise. The trebles and basses were very good—the altos and tenors (the former particularly) might have been very much better. Still, taken as a whole, we feel assured that with all competent judges, and many such were present, there could be but one opinion—an opinion in which we cordially concur. We cannot close this brief notice without especially adverting to the judicious arrangements, (the distinction of RESERVED SEATS!! in the pit excepted), and indefatigable exertions of the Commercial Reading Rooms Committee on this occasion, and expressing our earnest hope that the proposed end, in reference to that excellent Institution, has been satisfactorily attained.

Memoranda of Men and Things.

MIDDLE AGE FESTIVALS.

Among the Romans the latter part of the month of December was devoted to the noisy and licentious festivities of the Saturnalia. In the earliest times of Rome this festival had been restricted to one day in the middle of the month; but the period of celebration was afterwards extended to seven days, and it was followed by a multitude of other festivals of the same character, called, from the circumstance of their commencing in the Calends of January, the *feriæ Kalendæ*, which were continued during the month of January, and were but just closed at the time of the Lupercals in February. This answers precisely to the period extending from the festivities of Christmas to the time of the carnival of modern times, of which the Roman festivities were undoubtedly the prototype. The resemblance between the old and the modern observances is too strongly marked to be easily mistaken. During the seven days of the Saturnalia, masters were placed on an equality with their slaves, and all classes and ranks and even sexes were confounded together by disguises and masks, under cover of which were enacted a thousand different follies and extravagances. These were precisely the characteristics of the joyous festivals of the middle ages. A theological writer who lived in 1182, Beletb, informs us that, in his time, in the archbishopric of Rheims and in other dioceses in France, at the festival of Christmas the archbishops and bishops and other high ecclesiastics went to play at various games with the inferior clergy in the religious houses. We trace this custom among the clergy, called by Beletb *Decembris liberty*, in other writers. In the Saturnalia a mock king was elected by lot, who ruled at the festival. The practice of choosing mock officers, under the names in different places of kings, popes, abbots, &c., was retained in all the burlesque festivals of the middle ages; in some parts a king is still chosen on the twelfth night. Public gambling was allowed at the Saturnalia. It is probable from the extract from Beletb that it was practised even by ecclesiastics at Christmas in former days, and from this custom we seem to have derived that of playing at cards at that period of the year. It is not necessary to point out the libertinism of speech and action which characterized the old as well as the modern Saturnalia.—*Archæological Album*, No. 4.

A GRAVE OPINION ON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

There is not a sensitive human being in existence who has not felt, and who does not continually feel, astonishment at the folly, and disgust and horror at the cruelty—at the continual taking away of life for murderous offences, which the Legislature of our country persist in sanctioning, against the voice of all enlightened and virtuous men, loudly and constantly lifted up in condemnation of it. The system is worthy only of the rudest savage, barren in expedients, and pursuing their object by the shortest course. It is a violation of one of the primary and fundamental principles of the social state, if any axiom which appears intuitively reasonable and just may be considered such a principle, namely, that no member of the community ought to be deprived of life, unless his crimes can be restrained by death alone, and the employment of his faculties can, by no expedient, be made more conducive to the good of society than their utter and final extinction. It is practically to affirm that the violation of the rights of society authorizes the law to retaliate by bringing offenders to the gallows; that it is justified in exterminating, without even attempting to reform; that over his midnight lamp the philosopher has waxed pale with thought, and the legislator applied, till attention has exhausted itself, to the study of the wisdom, and experience of ages, only to rest at last in the melancholy conclusion that the best corrector of the public morals is the public executioner, and the most effectual means with which civilized and enlightened man can furnish him for his task, the halter. If this conclusion be, indeed just, what heart does not recoil for the sake of humanity? If it be false what cheek does not feel upon it the glow of shame, for the honour of his age and country? It is not just: the abolition of the execrable traffic in human life, the existence of which distant ages will regard as fabulous, is the brightest of all the trophies with which our country is adorned; and surely the period cannot be far distant when the zeal of the philanthropist, equally noble and benevolent, shall put a stop to those horrible executions which are exhibited with a solemnity and pomp of justice, but which prove unavailing by predators carrying on their abominable practices under the eye of the dying culprit.

The same vanity which leads us to assign our misfortunes to other causes than ourselves, prompts us to attribute all our lucky chances to our own talent, prudence, and forethought. Not a word of blaming fates and stars, when we are getting rich and all goes prosperously. So deeply rooted is the tendency to make others responsible for our misdeeds, that we lapse into the process almost unconsciously. Men scold their children, servants, and dependents, for their own errors; coachmen invariably punish their horses after they themselves have made some stupid blunder in driving; and even children, when they have tumbled over a chair, revenge themselves by beating and kicking the impassive furniture.

Mr. Solomon Heine, the rich banker, who died lately at Hamburg, expressed a wish to be buried at the break of day, without noise or *cordege*, and that no discourse should be pronounced over his tomb. His executors conformed to these instructions as far as possible; but during the procession of the mourners to the cemetery of the Jews in the city, more than ten thousand persons on foot, and ninety-two carriages, joined the modest convoy. On the day of the funeral very few persons attended on 'Change, and little or no business was transacted. He was remarkable for his sentiments of justice and firmness. It was owing to him that the horrible fire of 1842 did not ruin the credit of Hamburg. By his aid and representation the bank of Hamburg was induced to continue its cash and specie payments during all the period of that great disaster, and he placed at the disposal of the Government half a million in hard money to enable it to meet all demands. He prevented the exchange brokers also from raising the rate of discount higher than four per cent. In the preamble of his will, which was certified on the 2nd instant, the deceased had reckoned that before his marriage he possessed nothing—that it was with the modest dowry of his wife, which scarcely amounted to 10,000 marks, or about £760, he began business, which prospered with him so much as to render him the possessor of a fortune of 22,000,000 marks, or about £1,640,000 sterling. The reading of the legacies occupied more than one hour and a quarter. Not a single establishment of charity or public utility was forgotten by the testator. He bequeathed even 10,000 marks, say about £760, to the reconstruction of the churches of St. Peter and St. Nicholas of Hamburg, which were destroyed by the great conflagration of 1842. All the debts below 400 marks, say £30, owing to him, were annulled by his will.—*Britannia*.

The nearest discovery ever yet made to perpetual motion is the tongue of an ignorant woman.

Original Correspondence.

MR. ATLAS—Several extracts, articles, and letters, have recently appeared in your paper, on the subject of Puseyism, upon which we deem it expedient to offer some remarks. We have hitherto doubted the propriety of discussing these matters in a daily or weekly journal; but as this colony cannot yet boast of a periodical publication in which questions in theology, literature, or science, can be examined; and as your paper is more of a literary character, than merely a vehicle for commercial information, and feeling also, that silence on our part might be construed into acquiescence of the abuses which have been allowed to creep into the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England in this colony, we have selected the peaceable mode of communicating through your columns with our brethren, in the hope that some plan will be suggested and adopted to arrest the further promulgation of doctrines and observances which are alike destructive of our faith and hope.

It cannot be expected that the parties, strangers to each other, addressing you on these subjects, should be agreed on the minutest details, but it is the duty of all to make common cause against a common enemy.

Your paper of the 6th of October, contains a letter signed "A Churchman," which, after reciting the contents of a letter he had previously addressed to you regarding the "sayings and doings at Christ Church, and elsewhere in this diocese," proceeds to give the following extract from a sermon said to be preached in that church. "My brethren, I lament to have to inform you, that there is one among us who is not of us, who sits aloof from us, who joins us not in any of our holy exercises, but who comes merely as a critic, with folded arms, to look on and find fault. To this person I would solemnly say, begone, and return not again—depart in peace while yet you may." Not having seen the first letter to which "A Churchman" refers, we were indeed startled at hearing these observations, but feel assured that language to the full extent of that said to be uttered was not used on that occasion; and as "in the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established," we say that the words at the conclusion, "while yet you may," were not used, but that the sentence as given by "A Churchman," ended with the words "depart in peace." If the whole of the sentence had been used, it would have been in spirit little short of the excommunication "ANATHEMA MARAN-ATHA;" and yet, with the exception of the last words, it is only in degree a trifle less in its alarming import. We would warn "A Churchman," that while he does not ought extenuate, that he should speak nothing in malice," because the facts are of such a conclusive nature, that they do not require the aid of untruths. It is a remarkable coincidence, that immediately preceding this indiscreet effusion, the congregation had been invited to consult the reverend preacher himself, or any other discreet minister of God's word, to the quieting of their conscience. It is a great error of judgment, and an unwarrantable assumption of power, for the ministers of religion to suppose for a moment that they can preach down the opinions that are generally entertained upon the alarming position of the church; or to expect that by requiring us to attend a place of worship in a more devotional state of mind, that a veil is to be thrown over the real matter in dispute; "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, neither against principalities, nor powers; but against the rulers of the darkness of this world, and against spiritual wickedness in high places." "For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; inasmuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect."

We shall now proceed to show that the evil lies much deeper than is imagined by yourself or your correspondents. "Honest minds and plain, we must speak truth; and they will take it so, if not, we're plain." Previously to the adoption of the offertory in the churches of the Puseyite ministers, those gentlemen waited upon a reverend doctor of divinity in Sydney, in the hope of inducing him to adopt the same proceedings with themselves, and thus publicly to sanction their innovations. His reply to them deserves to be written in letters of gold. "I am determined to preach only Jesus Christ, and him crucified." Although their zeal had consumed them, went the heart of their master with them, before that true man of God, from whose presence they turned with a spiritual leprosy, which is now cleaving to them? Better had it been that these young men had tarried until their beards had grown, instead of thus endeavouring to gain over a faithful and aged minister of the Gospel from the people committed to his charge. It may be, that the apparent success attending the Tractarian movement in England, led them to imagine that the victory was gained there; and by an effort of vanity, to suppose that they would be acknowledged as the leaders of the new sect in this colony; but the ebullition of feeling caused by the ostentatious display of new forms and ceremonies, and which, for a time, obscured man's better understanding, has happily passed away, and the still small voice deposited in his heart, has prevailed: this disappointment did not, however, prevent them from persevering in their intentions, and carrying out their views in all their glaring deformity. You shall now judge of the tree by its fruits. It is with shame for our Church that we make known the fact, "as we cry, fie on thee! fie on thee! we saw it with our eyes." On the afternoon of Sunday, the 23rd November, at the conclusion of the Service, at Christ Church, we observed a female, respectfully dressed, kneeling on the steps leading to the Communion Table, evidently in prayer; and so intent was she upon the purpose which occupied her mind, that neither the pealing Organ, nor the noise of the congregation quitting the Church, gave her the least disturbance; and the question was asked, *in the Church*, "what can all these things mean?" Far be it from us to detract from the advantages of prayer, it is the beauty of holiness! and we doubt not, that the female there spread before her Lord, the tablets of her heart, written by the invisible hand of her conscience; but we object to the mode adopted on this occasion, as indicative of the attempt now making to introduce the discipline of another, into the services of our own church. What inference are we to draw from this astounding circumstance, but, that the sayings and doings at Christ Church and elsewhere, prove that they are not the Churches of Christ; but, are churches, handed over, together with ministers and congregations to the abominations of the Church of Rome. This circumstance has arisen in one of two ways—either from the ministerial influence of the Reverend incumbent over that female, or that she is a votary of the Church of Rome, and mistaking "Christ Church," for a place of worship belonging to her own church, in consequence of the crosses erected thereon, had inadvertently entered to pay her devotions. Respecting the latter, we have to remark upon the fact of the crosses having been erected, and the impropriety of their having been permitted to remain upon our churches; that, it may have been in the early period of the colony that the cross was placed upon the church first erected for public worship, to intimate that a Christian community had been planted therein; but, when it had been determined that the tenets of the Church of England should no longer be acknowledged as the established religion of the colony, but, that the *three grand divisions* (?) of Christians, namely, the Churches of England, of

Scotland, and of Rome, should alike receive support from the Government; that period would have been the precise moment, at which the crosses should have been removed from our churches, as, having been constantly in use by the Church of Rome, they were a distinguishing feature, and ought not to have been continued in the use of our own.

The poor mariners shipwrecked upon an unknown coast, thanked the Almighty, not only for the preservation of their lives, but also that they were cast ashore in a civilized country: for, they beheld some men hanging in chains! Constantine, on his conversion to Christianity, placed the cross at the summit of his crown, as the emblem of his faith; since whose time it has been an affix to the British Crown. These are so many land marks for our guidance, which ought not to be perverted.

We have heretofore relied upon our ministers as finger-posts, firmly established, to guide us on our way rejoicing: but alas! we find them to be weathercocks, blown about by every wind; and we are now, by their tergiversation compelled, for the preservation of our soul's health, having like the Bereans, "received the word with all readiness of mind;" also, to "search the Scriptures daily, whether those things are so;" and not by the folly and absurdity of implicit faith, surrender up our belief without due examination and enquiry.

Unlearned as thine Apostles, and unaided by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, do thou pardon us, Oh God of our Salvation! that "being led by thee into the Heaven of Heavens, we have presumed;—earthly guests!"

"WHAT IS TRUTH?"

In the simplicity of His Spirit, Our Saviour had answered Pilate, "I have no kingdom upon earth, but that which is founded on truth. I am to make no conquest otherwise than by convincing the judgments and consciences of men, and gaining them to a belief of sacred truth, and a submission to it; and every one who is disposed to embrace the truth, will become a subject of My Kingdom."

From the period of man's creation to the present time, the Philosophy of Truth has formed the subject-matter of enquiry by the Law-giver and the Prophets, of the Holy Scriptures, and by the Philosophers of the Heathens. And through every age and country, the substantiated truth of the former, and the imaginary truth of the latter, as a mighty river, has strengthened, refreshed, and inspired them respectively with new life, as it directed its bold course, flowing full and exhaustless, to the ocean of immortality. While in its progress onwards, under an immeasurable sky, and in a wondrous world, glimpses into the infinite spaces of the universe, and even into the infinite spaces of man's soul, could be had; a little Heavenly seed of knowledge, nay, of wisdom, had been laid in him, and has been silently growing, as an agent, by which he might be brought into nearer connexion with his Creator: by which his soul might sometimes be freed from its fetters of mortality, and the relations of Time and Space, become no longer applicable to it: for who hath seen into the mysterious being of that immortal spirit, which we feel within us, or known the laws to which it is subject, in connexion with our material part. Seeking for truth with a pure heart, is the adoration most worthy of that God who alone is able to send us assistance. Only revelation, shows how we may comprehend "in the darkness and shadow of death" the great morn. Only among one people burned the lamp of God—like hope, from generation to generation, fed with oil from Heaven. *And the times were fulfilled!* The wisdom and the love of God appeared, visibly, concealed in human form to man. Descending they kindled the grave, out of which they arose victoriously, shedding a light which enlightened and cheered the nations. Before this light the "Shadow of the Valley of Death," with all its phantoms, vanished. Open the books of our religion, and you will find that its language is no other than that of love; and that it pretends to no power, but that of persuasion.

At the fall of our first parents, Satan instigated them to offend only against the lesser command of the Almighty, and to obtain a knowledge of good and evil: knowing, that had he persuaded them to taste of the Tree of Life, that they would have been above the reach of his machinations. His purpose was to gain dominion over their soul and body, and his object was obtained "for a time and a season." A more limited permission was given to Satan to tempt the patriarch Job, to convince him that he had been tried, and would withstand his temptations through his sufferings, to commit a sin unto death, and the Lord said, behold he is in thy hand; but save his life. And as Pharaoh was raised up to declare the power of the Almighty, throughout all the earth; so was the fall of our first parents, for his unsearchable purposes, pre-ordained before the foundation of the world, that through Christ, men, in consequence of their free agency, might have it in their power to accept eternal life, and become members of the church of the first-born, which are written in Heaven: that Angels might sing blessing, and honor, and glory, and power unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

We would fain have avoided the discussion of this question, but it has been forced upon us, by the endeavours that are now making to occasion us the loss of "so great salvation," by a perversion of the doctrines respecting the Sacrament of the Communion.

At the invasion of the ancient Britons by the Romans, to enforce the payment of their tribute, it was a notable reply of a native prince, "If you can hide the sun with a blanket, and put the moon in your pocket, we will pay you for light." And in these latter days our rights and privileges in the gospel are invaded by the modern Romanists, to whom we are compelled to pay for darkness and delusion. We have heard these ministers preach the Word of God with great power; but when they have approached the debatable ground, we have awaited with breathless anxiety, in expectation that they would expound the Scriptures, according to the tenets of the Church of England; and we could but observe how difficult it has been for them to use the expressions necessary to set forth the spirituality of the Sacrament—so loaded was the safety-valve with the errors of the Church of Rome. We hold it to be their duty to preach, upon occasion, in positive terms against the Popish doctrine of transubstantiation, to enforce upon our minds and understandings the line of demarcation between that error, and the interpretation of Scripture according to our Church, to show us plainly that the gulf which was placed between Dives and Lazarus now exists between the two churches, and that while we seek to partake of the crumbs from our master's table, that they do not administer that which to us will not be a living stone, and precious! They have not only Moses and the Prophets by whom they can prefigure the coming of our Lord: but also the gospel of Christ, to lead us by its truths, in the path of life; the doctrines of which blend together as the colors of the rainbow, and produce a pure and heavenly light.

Our church holds that the act of consecration of the elements by the minister does not change their nature or substance. The words of our Saviour are figurative, although the command is imperative. The bread could not be Christ's natural body, whilst he was alive; for it was His Body that performed the action of breaking and giving the bread; nor could the wine in the cup be His Blood, for that was still flowing in his veins. But further,