

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

EUROPEAN MEMORANDA.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

LONDON, Nov. 7.

ROMANISM IN THE CHURCH.

Archdeacon Denison for some years past, has in his sermons and works taught something very like transubstantiation—he says, consubstantiation. Such gave great offence to a portion of the Established Church, and the cause has been tried by the Archbishop of Canterbury and doctors learned in ecclesiastical law: the result being, a decision that the Archdeacon's doctrines were opposed to Protestantism; he was accordingly removed from his office. I cannot, nor is it worth while, follow the course of arguments pro and con, or refer to the old folios called in as evidence on either side. The indecision of the decision is the same: ordinary men cannot split hairs with lawyers about the inductions of old Fathers' writings, or decide on the exact bearings of the old Reformers' opinions on a subject which was to them most tender and difficult. Even Luther did not get quite clear of the fog which Romanism left in his mind in some points; Elizabeth, the so-called champion of Protestantism was in heart a Catholic, long after she professed to renounce it: and now the decision is not based on the simple word of God, and the tenets of the Church plainly propounded on it alone, in common sense language; but lawyers scramble and fight over the affair, leaving it involved in a mist of legal opinion that sickens those who think religion a thing higher than mere legal shreds and patches—a belief of the heart, and an open faith, clear with the light of God's own countenance.

Nor is the doubt confined to this question of what the church really means by its Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Semi-idolatrous usages are openly practised by many in the Church still: even confession is attempted; baptismal regeneration and other heresies are taught as plainly as plain words can speak, in the Prayer Book: the Tractarians say they only carry out the Rubric in its full meaning: and yet Evangelical Churchmen try to explain away the words, saying they mean what certainly the explanations do not convey. Thus there is a first-rate jumble; and when plain men fall out about the matter, then, forsooth, lawyers must decide in a religious question, and worldly tribunals decide on the gospel of Him who said, "My kingdom is not of this world!" The Prayer Book was made to suit the light of its own age, and minds which yearned towards the old apostasy: a compromise between truth partly known and error but partially discarded. There was none of the free, vigorous untrammelled life of dissent about it. And yet while religious truth has been shining clear and more clearly ever since, this Book with its old-age cramping dogmas, is still the chief text-book of the age, condensed into catechisms, and held as the mystic double-meaning, unexplained Canon of the Church.

It is said that Archdeacon Denison and his followers will establish another sect, professing church doctrine according to their interpretation. This will bring the Church one step nearer to Romanism, transmission to which is already so easy. Well, it will serve to further display the rottenness of the whole system, and so perhaps bring about a separation the more speedily. And, with the majestic Litany of the Church, the many true and holy portions of her services, it is indeed sad pity that they should not be divorced from their present union with so much that is false.

Apocryphal separation, the Anti-State Church Society (now known as the Society for the liberation of Religion from State aid) is about to open a new campaign by attacking the Protestant Church of Ireland—that great enormity forced on a Catholic people. Its evil is even more palpable than the English Establishment, and therefore sooner appreciated; while, if one go, the principle is enforced, and the other must follow. Nor will true religion suffer. As the Ark needed no support from Hophni and Phineas—as Nero's massacres only extended and purified the faith they were meant to annihilate—and as Constantine, on the contrary, only debauched Christianity by his State aid: so, now, Christ's truth can do better without false support than with it, and English or Irish christianity will soar into higher and purer life when divested of those golden robes which but hide her beauty and celestial graces from a fallen world. Peddle, tinker, botch, about worldly things; but heaven and heaven-

ly things are mocked and degraded by such cobblering.

GUIDO FAWKES' DAY, AND THE ANNIVERSARY OF INKERMANN.

The 5th of November stands as a glorious day in our Calendar: then, long since, we were delivered from that plot whose fearful memory has been handed down generation after generation. Its outward celebration, however, now lapses into ridiculous exhibitions. The Guys of our days are less gorgeously attired—less faithful resemblances of the arch-traitor—than those of our fathers' youth. Little boys are still emulous of half-pence, but badly earn them, fire-work-makers find their profits restricted by police restrictions; and though "gunpowder treason" is not "forgot" in history, its street tableaux have degenerated into grotesque libels of the "human form divine," worthy only of the jacketed artists who produce them.

A more recent and glorious victory now robs Guido of the notoriety hitherto associated with that day—the glorious victory of Inkermann. Surely the tale is not so threadbare of interest as to prevent recaptulation. An hour before daylight on a cold foggy morning, the Russians, previously half frenzied with raki, and stimulated by their priests as well as by the presence of Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, suddenly rushed on our forces, drove in the pickets before the army knew a foe was near, and burst on our devoted army with the force of a hurricane. Who shall say, looking at the result, that chivalry has departed from the humble rank and file who met and braved that fearful storm? Already worn out with toil, half starved, pierced with cold, and aroused from that deep slumber which only the weary and famished know, 8000 poor English soldiers kept 70,000 foes at bay for six hours, fighting hand to hand for dear life! No distinctions of rank were known; officer and private strove foot to foot in the crowded melee. At last the serried ranks, pouring on like waves of the sea, faltered and hesitated: then 6000 French came up for the coup de grace; and the Russian double-eagle disappointed of his prey, stooped like a quarry before the falcon. Had that battle been gained, our thinned force would have been annihilated; Sebastopol might have stood to this day, and the war still be raging. But 15000 Russians strewed the bloody field, heaps on heaps with 3400 English and French. The victory was gained, and "Inkermann" shines in proud vaunt on the clasps on our soldiers' breasts.

THE GERMAN LEGION.

Now disbanded, has been drafted off to the Cape, to form a sort of border force against the Kaffirs. Many landed at Hamburg, in order to provide themselves with a very important but singular outfit: and what should that be but—a wife! Fancy the hurried courtship, the blushing "I don't mind"—the hasty realization of wedding breakfasts, tearful leaves-takings, and honeymoons diversified with sea-sickness! Perhaps, Mr. Editor your young lady readers may desire some fuller particulars; your special correspondent however, feels modest in such matters and so must decline to satisfy their curiosity, passing on with a polite bow.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION JUBILEE MEMORIAL BUILDING.

In the Old Bailey, is now completed (the first stone having been laid last November,) and is worthy of its mission. It is in the Italian style of architecture, with a frontage of 38 feet and a depth of 110 feet. On the ground floor is a capacious shop, with large stone warehouse adjoining. The committee room will hold 100 persons. The basement is devoted to domestic offices. The whole first floor frontage will be given to the valuable library, with large reading rooms for ladies and gentlemen. The upper story contains a lecture hall for 400 persons, with height enough to erect a gallery for 100 more, if required. There are also two class rooms, and the whole floor is adapted for a soiree when wanted. Other suitable appliances are added, and the whole forms a noble building.

Tuesday, Oct. 28, was the day for opening. A prayer meeting was held at half-past seven; breakfast provided at eight, and a conference took place at ten. In the evening, tea was fixed for six o'clock, and a spirited meeting took place afterward, Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M. P., presiding.

This will enable the Union to better unite its friends and supporters, as also enable its now vast and increasing business to be carried on with greater efficiency.

THE ACCIDENT AT SURREY GARDENS.

The verdict of the Jury was—it could be no

other—"Accidental deaths"; coupled with a recommendation to the Directors of the Hall to alter the narrow treads of the stairs, which caused so many to fall, and, with others on them, to be suffocated. The recommendation has been attended to, and Mr. Spurgeon announces his intention to preach there again.

The evidence appears to prove that the lamentable affair originated in the first instance from an idea that the building was falling, and not from thieves raising an alarm solely for the purposes of plunder, or from an organization of Mr. Spurgeon's opponents.

The press generally has taken occasion of this catastrophe to keenly criticize Mr. Spurgeon's peculiarity as a preacher, and opinions have been as varied as the *animi* of the writer's minds. Into that question I cannot enter: merely adding that, to be popular, should not induce a preacher to use eccentricities below the solemnity of his subject and the dignity of his office. That he has great innate power cannot be denied: is not that power sufficient in itself, without resorting to artificial aids? If their employment be necessary to collect and rivet the attention of vast masses, will not the very using such means produce only effects which arise from gratified novelty, tickled ears; and fail to arouse that deep, heartfelt, solemn, and abiding change, which alone proves the force of truth received to the saving of the soul? Perhaps many of your readers may not sympathize in these opinions, and deem me as treating the subject in a manner unworthy its results. But I must speak from my heart, or not at all; many good and holy men share my convictions; I am responsible solely for their utterance; and, if I were not to candidly express them, I should be unworthy the office of

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OBITUARY NOTICES.

MISS LOUISA CHURCHILL.

Died on the 30th ult., in the 21st year of her age, at Locke's Island, of Consumption, which lasted over twelve months. Her patient endurance of pain and resignation to the will of her covenant God, encourages us to hope that she has made a happy exchange of worlds.

When we take a view of her situation in life, of the flattering hope which persons of that age are apt to indulge in, we are led to inquire what but the christians hope can make one like her willing to lay aside this earthly tabernacle? The near approach of death did not alarm, and though she loved her earthly friends, of whom she had many, yet she seemed to love her heavenly, better. And now that she is gone, and we make public this brief notice of her life and death, we do it not to praise her. She was in her own estimation an unworthy creature, a great sinner, fitted only by the grace of God, to dwell in heaven. She obtained hope during the revival last spring, although not able to attend the meetings, still the Lord could and did bless his own prisoner. May the bereaved and widowed mother experience the consolations of religion to sustain her under this trying dispensation of God's providence.

W. H.

I gazed upon that beauteous brow  
Of marble cold and fair,  
The silken lash lay folded now  
In dreamless, peaceful sleep, and thou  
Sweet-tongued of promise, where?  
Ah where no ill can reach thee more,  
Brief voy'ge was thence to Canaan's shore.

O why I thought should'st thou so soon  
Be riven from earth and die,  
One whom 'twas joy to look upon  
Whose morn foretold a brighter noon,  
Yet thou art not, and why?  
As thus I asked, a voice replied  
'Twas His who blest her, ere she died.

I've marked this youth, said he,  
This slender gentle form;  
It ill could bear in blight to be,  
Or bide the woe which earth must see,  
And thus I take her home to me  
To house her from the storm.  
In yonder world 'twould find no rest,  
But here with me supremely blest.

The grave could naught of darkness show  
To one so pure and fair,  
I love the Saviour, wish to go,  
Can part with all I loved below,  
To dwell with Jesus there.  
No doubt her piercing eye could trace  
The glories of that happy place.

But ah for one who called her mine,  
The mother's heart is lonely now,  
Quenched is the ray that used to shine,  
And warm and bless and light the shrine,  
And round with fond endearments twine;  
O what can cheer her now?  
The faith that whispers "all is well"  
Can light her way with us to dwell.

planation pierced my heart. I am also forced to complain for the want of more originality. Believe me, O my children! rough nature is more beautiful and acceptable in the pulpit than the most refined art. The former will break more bones with its little finger than the other with its most ponderous hammer. There is as much difference between the original thinker and the plagiarist, as there is between life and death. I also mourn most sincerely that I hear more reading than I did. Even a child will tell his mother that saying an anecdote is better than reading it. If the weight of manuscripts continue much longer to press as they do on my front-board, I shall most certainly break down. I cannot—I will not bear the unnatural load.

I complain because there is not more attention paid me. Hitherto I have been beating my own bosom, and mourning over the plague of my own heart. But the malady is not entirely within. I often speak to all without being heard by any. I fear that no one labours more in vain than I do. I have talked many a Sunday till my mouth was dry, and even my tongue tired, but the audience might as well congregate themselves under the oak tree, to hear the branches clapping hands together at the bidding of the wild wind. When the family moved their habitation to the river side, the noise of the water first disturbed their night repose, but now they are accustomed to the sound, and like it;—it helps their sleep. My voice has become similar. I recollect the time when some where exceedingly uneasy, and acknowledged that they could not sleep while I uttered my voice; but now they can dream and smile under my ministry. Had there been nothing in this but an insult to me personally, I might look at it with indifference; but, oh, when I think of the awful solemnity of my embassy, such conduct makes my heart turn within me.

Agriculture.

Charcoal and Salt for Hogs.

One of the best articles that can be given to swine, while confined, is charcoal, pulverized, and common salt. Salt and sulphur are very good articles, and should be constantly supplied. We would not, however, be understood as urging the necessity of keeping these articles continually by them or introducing them daily into their food. The first is necessary to obviate the bad tendency of certain kinds of aliment and should be supplied in quantities varying from one pint to two quarts, as often as once or twice a week. Salt should always be introduced as a seasoning in food. When it is not so used, it should be given twice a week, or it may be placed in a box in the sty to which the animals can have access whenever they wish to partake.—*German Town Telegraph.*

Protect your tender Plants.

Great complaint was made last spring that trees, shrubs and valuable plants were injured, or killed outright, by the winter. To prevent a recurrence of such results another spring, we suggest that wherever a plant or vine can be bent over and covered with earth, that it be done. Prune grapes immediately, and do not be afraid of cutting away too much of last summer's growth; then take them from the trellis, lay them along the ground, and cover three or four inches with earth. All weeds, grass and leaves should be removed from them, as they afford a harbor and materials for mice to construct their nests from. Even if a grape is considered hardy, it will be benefited by this process, as the vine and buds will be plump and juicy in the spring, and will start more vigorously than if desiccated by the wind of three or four cold months.

The Laying of Geese.

This is a matter which depends a good deal on the kind and manner of feeding—the better the food, the greater being the number of eggs. If hatching early be desired, they should have an extra quantity and quality of food, so as to induce early laying, and their accommodations should be rendered as comfortable as possible. The time of laying begins at about the same period as in the case of the turkey, and when the female is seen to carry straws about in her beak it may be known that she has an inclination to lay, and she should be restricted to the apartments provided for her, as closely as practicable, and the eggs should be taken away unobserved, as fast as they come.

Seedless Pear.

Mr. Samuel Davis, of Haverford, Pa., exhibited one evening at the U. S. Ag. Society's rooms in Philadelphia, during the recent Fair, examples of a pear grown on a tree in his garden of perhaps twenty years of age. They were entirely seedless, of small size, but excellent in flavor, and the tree was said to be a great bearer. So far as we were able to judge from the sample we saw and tasted, we should think it an acquisition, aside from its being quite a curiosity to most people.—*Country Gent.*

Preserving Eggs.

The *North-Western Farmer* has tried the following method of preserving eggs, and recommends it. Take a sieve, and cover the bottom with eggs; then pour boiling water upon them, sufficient to give them a thorough wetting, permitting the water to pass off through the sieve, take them out and dry them; then pack them in bran, the small ends down; and your eggs will keep forever.