

dilatory, that I went up every day to hurry their movements. At last, by dint of continual pressing, I contrived that the papers which I waited for were ready on the day before the wedding, and I took them down with me.

'Angelina,' said I, 'you told me that you were a portionless bride, and I felt hurt that you should say so. This is no longer the case. Here is a deed by which you have unreserved power to do just as you please with £15,000, which I have transferred in the stocks to your name. Accept it as proof of my love and confidence.'

Angelina colored as she took the paper, and shed a few tears: I kissed them off with rapture. I wished her good night, and retired to bed, but not to sleep—I was too happy. I was up early the next morning, and dressed myself with the greatest nicety, and dressed the wedding ring which laid upon my dressing table. As soon as I was dressed I went down stairs, but I was up before anybody else, and I walked out on the terrace. When the time approached for breakfast, I returned to the house, but neither Edward nor Angelina were yet down. I rang the bell, and the butler came in.

'Why, what is the matter, James?' said I, 'you don't look very cheerful this morning.'

'Why, sir,' replied the man, 'to tell you the truth, Mary says that Miss Angelina is not in her room, and Mr. Edward I know is not to be found anywhere.'

At this moment the lady's maid came into the room, with a note she had found upon her mistress's table. I tore it open—it was as follows:

'I have no excuse to offer for my conduct except that Love is more powerful than Gratitude. Before you read this I shall be united to Edward.'

ANGELINA.

I dropped down on the floor in a fit, and was taken to my room. Medical advice was sent for, and I was recovered by profuse bleeding; but for weeks I did not leave my chamber, so great had been the shock. I raved at the baseness of the world and the folly of my father's creed—I became a misanthrope and a miser.

I am now an old man, and I hardly need say, have remained a bachelor. I have somewhat recovered from disappointment, and have, perhaps, a somewhat better opinion of the world than I have had. I will not say that there is no gratitude in it, but I do say that it is the exception, and not the rule; and when it is found, it must, like the diamond, be weighed only in the carat scales, and, like the diamond, it is the more valuable from its extreme scarcity.

From 'Poems on Slavery.'

THE QUADROON GIRL.

The Slaver in the broad lagoon
Lay moored with idle sail;
He waited for the rising moon,
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,
And all her listless crew
Watched the gray alligator slide
Into the still bayou.

Olores of orange flowers, and spice,
Reached them from time to time,
Like airs that breathe from Paradise
Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,
Smoked thoughtfully and slow;
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,
He seemed in haste to go.

He said 'My ship at anchor rides
In yonder broad lagoon;
I only wait the evening tides,
And the rising of the moon.'

Before them, with her face upraised,
In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half amazed,
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were, like a falcon's, gray,
Her arms and neck were bare;
No garment she wore save a kirtle gay,
And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile
As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle
The features of a saint.

'The soil is barren—the farm is old;
The thoughtful Planter said;
He looked upon the Slaver's gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
With such accursed gains,—
For he knew whose passions gave her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak,—
He took the glittering gold!
Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek
Her hand as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,

He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
In a strange and distant land!
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

ORIGINAL.

CHURCH SOCIETY,
GLENELG.

Extracts from an Address delivered at the late meeting of the Glenelg committee of the Church Society of the Archdeaconry of New Brunswick, by the Reverend the Visiting Missionary Priest for the Miramichi River, published at the request of those who heard it.

Concluded.

And now before I pass on to any other object, let me here repeat the advice often given you in this place: to prize the Book of God; to read it *day by day* as the Church commands,—to read it with humility, and not with that critical, curious, prying spirit, now so much in fashion, and to teach the words contained in it, *diligently* unto thy children, and to talk of them, when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

Better advice, or more consonant with the injunctions of 'our dear mother the Church of England,' I cannot offer you. Oh! that God may give you grace to follow it faithfully and painfully!

Have I not sometimes told you in this 'dreadful place' that that branch of the Catholic Church to which we have the high honor and happiness to belong, rests, (as the Church used to do in Her best and purest times) more on Prayer than Preaching? I now repeat that observation upon the authority of a late very eminent writer, who justly remarks that 'even as an instrument of christianizing man, prayer is better than preaching. Prayer requires the active exercise of our minds—preaching places as at our ease, to be moulded and fashioned by an outward influence. Preaching fixes our thoughts on man—prayer upon God. Preaching may make us vain, conceited, judges of our teachers—prayer leaves us humble and contrite. We sit during the one—we kneel at the other. Preaching is precarious, and its power in human words—prayer can never fail, and the answer to it is always at hand. Preaching is the help of ignorance—prayer the exercise of faith. Praying may come home to our hearts—prayer takes us from our hearts into a better world, and better thoughts. Preaching may bless ourselves—prayer is the means of blessing thousands.'

Acting upon these Scriptural and Catholic principles, THE CHURCH SOCIETY year by year imports and distributes among us, hundreds of copies of the ancient Book of Common Prayer, a volume which, next to the Translation of the Bible, has been justly styled 'the greatest effort of the English Reformation.' I have just said that this is an ancient volume, and that it is so will evidently appear from the following statement by one, of whom, I feel an honest pride in telling you, that he is an Irishman,—'the English Prayer Book was not composed in a few years, nor by a few men; it has descended to us with the improvements and the approbation of many centuries; and they who truly feel the calm and sublime elevation of our Hymns and Prayers, participate in the *Spirit of primitive devotion*. The great majority of our formularies, are actually translated from Latin and Greek Rituals, which have been at least *fourteen or fifteen hundred years in the Christian Church*—and there is scarcely a portion of our Prayer Book which cannot in some way be traced to ancient offices.'—Preface to Palmer's Origines—Vol. 1, page 2.

I would to God that all the enemies to that precious Book, as well as all who call themselves Churchmen, would read, mark, and inwardly digest the words contained in the foregoing remarkable and weighty sentence, from the able pen of the Rev. Wm. Palmer, of Worcester College, Oxford, (for there are two authors of the same name). * * *

Coleridge, speaking of the English Liturgy says.—'But for our blessed and truly Apostolical Liturgy, our Churches' Pews would long ago have been filled by Arians and Socinians, as too many of their desks and pulpits already are.' The same beautiful writer also observes, with how much truth I cannot say, 'That he never distinctly felt the heavenly superiority of the Prayers in the English Liturgy, till he had attended some Kirks in the country parts of Scotland.'

If your time and patience would permit, I might relate many touching and interesting anecdotes of the great usefulness of the Prayer Book in turning helpless sinners into the ways of Righteousness and Peace.

But I will now only mention two, and these are very remarkable indeed:—

'A young man, a graduate of one of our Southern colleges, was elected to a tutorship. As tutor, it was his duty to conduct the morning devotions of the chapel. He was not then a religious man. As he himself told me, he did not know how to pray. It was a most irksome, and it must be feared, an unprofitable task. A friend had compassion on him, and gave him a Prayer Book. It was the first

that he had ever seen, and it rendered that easy, which before was difficult and unsatisfactory. I know not how long after this it was that he attached himself to the Episcopal Church. But I know that that young man is now Bishop of Tennessee.'

'Somewhere about the year 1810, while Bishop Hobart was travelling through bad roads and new settlements, in one of the northern counties of the state of New York, the carriage broke down, and the travellers took refuge, while it was preparing, in a small, but neat, neighbouring farm house. On quitting their temporary shelter, the author presented to the son of their hostess, a pleasing boy of some ten or twelve years of age, a Prayer Book he chanced to have with him, as some acknowledgement of the kindness with which they had been received.

'Years rolled on, and the trifling incident had long been forgotten by the giver, when he was courteously addressed, while travelling in a steamboat on the Hudson, by a young student of divinity from the Seminary. Upon the author's evincing that his new acquaintance was unknown to him,—'Sir,' said the young man, 'you ought to know me, for it was you that made me a Churchman. The Prayer Book you gave me (he here recalled the circumstance) made me what I am. My mother had been brought up in the Church, but our removal to the new settlements had long separated us from it; that Prayer Book renewed her love for the Church and awakened mine.'

These, I assure you are facts, the two Bishops are still living, and working away in their respective Dioceses in the United States, and the anecdotes were narrated, (if my memory is correct) at a late meeting of the Prayer Book Society in that country, by the good Bishop Doane.

Surely, the bare mention of these facts ought to move and animate our faint hearted Churchmen to come forth and help the Society to circulate freely (and gratuitously if necessary) the Book of Common Prayer.

But long as I have dwelt on this subject, I cannot quit it, without offering a word of advice to you who have the blessed privilege of using this ancient book. Be it your care, whenever you are assembled in that House, which is emphatically styled by the Saviour 'THE HOUSE OF PRAYER,' to join audibly and distinctly in repeating with the lips, as well as with the heart, each and every part of the service assigned 'to the people,' and not to the Clerk. To Clerk it through Sunday after Sunday, however beautifully it may be done, is utterly opposed to the spirit and the letter of the Rubrics in the Book of Common Prayer; by which 'the People' and not the Clerk (a puritanical abomination not once named in the Liturgy) are positively and frequently enjoined to *repeat* such and such portions *after* the Priest, and to *respond* to him. Indeed, so long as this anti-rubrical, lazy, lifeless, Presbyterian practice prevails among us, we cannot surely be much surprised, that any among our own people should be continually crying out 'what mean ye by this service?' what a weariness it is; nor can we on the other hand blame the dullness of those opposed to us, for not perceiving, when they do attend God's Church, the remarkable beauties in the solemn and majestic service of the Church of England.

And now, in closing this part of this address, let me tell you with a learned Christian Bishop of our own day, that 'if a man will live as the Prayer Book would have him live, he will not miss his Salvation!' and let me add also that if a man will so live in this world, men will 'take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus.'

JAMES HUDSON,
Visiting Missionary.

AT GLENELG.

Feast of St. John the Evangelist, 1843.

The people (in whose presence the foregoing extracts were delivered) respectfully requested that the whole Address might be printed at their own expense; it will therefore, in compliance with their expressed wishes, be immediately published in the Tract form, and circulated among the members of the Anglo-Catholic Church on this River, by the Reverend the members of the Presbytery of Miramichi.

MR EDITOR,

Having stated in your last number, that 'Mr Allsides, a member of a very numerous family in the Church at this place,' had advised that a reply ought now to be sent to one or both of the communications from M. G., alias the Rev. James Souter, I proceed at once to the fulfilment of the promise then made. Here let me mention, that I have taken up this old stump of mine, (mended some seven years ago) to gratify the desire of Allsides alone, who, when we lately parted, observed that 'M. G.'s letters, if left unanswered, might do some mischief in a populous community to me and the Church;' adding with a significant nod of his head, that 'a scratch, if neglected, will mortify with constant collision.' Now if I were to study mine own pleasure, and the wishes of judicious friends, I would treat both M. G. and his communications with my usual silent contempt, it being one of my maxims (lately broken by the way) 'not to give reasons to those who have no right to ask them.' First of all, you should know, Mr Editor, that this Mr Allsides, (respecting whom you have been making some inquiry) is a mercantile gentleman, of active business like habits, settled down in these peaceable and harmonious parts, a personal

friend of mine, but a sheer *Establishmentarian*, that is, he belongs to the Church, if I am to credit his own queer statements, just because it happens to be the State Church, and, therefore, a *respectable* Church; indeed not many days have elapsed since he gravely told me in his own store, that if he were residing in Scotland, he should certainly be a member of 'the *sister* Establishment' as it is now named; and a quiet! non-intrusionist; upon the same principle it is presumed that if Allsides were trading in Turkey, he would be a member of 'the Turkish Establishment' too. I must however, do my friend the justice to add, that at times (not very often to be sure) he says something about the Church of England being the Church of his father and mother, and so forth, which is (as I much fear) his chief motive for joining himself to this pure branch of the Church Catholic.

In short, Mr Editor, this Allsides is 'all things to all men,' and is very *consistent* in *inconsistencies*; with the greatest sincerity, (apparently at least) he prides himself upon his happy freedom from 'bigotry! illiberality! exclusiveness! and prejudices of all sorts!' and boasts that there is not a 'mission house or (Presbyterian) manse, or Church (for he calls every preaching house a Church) built upon the river, to which he has not been a bountiful subscriber.' Seldom indeed do I look upwards to that appropriate and significant emblem usually surmounting the lofty steeple of a meeting house in this religiously-distracted country, the richly gilded, nicely painted weathercock, swiftly veering one way, then another, blown about with this wind and that wind, without thinking of the wavering and *mischievous* principles of my dear friend Allsides, and his numerous relations; I say numerous, for it is a well known fact that these Allsides are to be met with in all parts of the Province. As the religion of himself and his family is confined chiefly (if not exclusively) to a Sunday Evening Service in THE CHAPEL OF EASE, you will of course be prepared to hear, that his knowledge about the Church is (like M. G.'s) very vague and limited. He cannot be induced to read a short Church Tract, or a thin Church Book, the careful perusal of which might enable him 'to give an answer to the scattering' 'of the hope that is in him;' no, it is his often, and plainly avowed desire, that the 'Rector of the parish' should do every thing for him; in fine, to see his own language—'he seldom troubles his head about these religious matters,' the family motto being, as he tells me (what M. G.'s ought to be) 'Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam.'

But this Mr Allsides and his kinsfolk must be left to the undisturbed enjoyment of a little comfortable reflection upon the foregoing friendly hints, while I make a few preliminary remarks before I get into this *grand Religious Controversy!* if M. G.'s crude and superficial objections may be dignified with the epithet 'controversial,' I will not now say anything about the *honorable, gentlemanly, and christian* Titles, viz., 'apes,' 'blind leaders of the blind,' 'wordling clergymen,' 'proud dignitaries,' 'clerical coxcombs,' 'immoral incumbents,' 'sporting parsons,' 'Rectorial idlers,' &c. &c. so frequently bestowed upon the Clergy in communications inserted in that 'miserable mis-named print' the 'Halifax Guardian;' communications written by two *meek, pious, Bible Christians,* members of that Reverend Body, the self-sent, self-formed, so called Presbytery of Miramichi; nor will I stop to notice the *assassin* like attack made last winter, upon my friend the missionary for this district, by X, of R—o, one of these same 'meek, pious, Bible reading Christians,' who charitably charged him with the holding of 'heresy,' and entertaining and propagating the sinful, if not blasphemous thought of 'ascribing to timber and plaster, the peculiar work of the Holy Spirit;' nor will I pause to make any comment upon the *manly* or *cowardly* act of the crafty and cunning M. G. [Mr Archibald's avowed manly and able ally] transferring himself, in fancy at least, to a neighbouring county, and there endeavoring to 'blacken' (for he evidently intended it as a blackening for) the character of the writer, accusing him (the writer) with 'holding the tenets of Puseyism, rank (stinking) Puseyism (so called) and not the doctrines of the Church of England.' But be assured, M. G., that I have, if I know anything of my own heart, long since forgiven, but not forgotten the infamous, but happily futile attempts of yourself, X, and all others to 'blacken' me and mine, and be further assured that Churchmen will continue to remember you in that petition of the Church's solemn Liturgy, [which by the way is enjoined to be read three times in every week] in which 'we beseech thee good Lord to forgive our enemies, persecutors and slanderers, and to turn their hearts.'

And now, M. G., before I look at your first communication, let me tell that I have annexed 'Reverend' to your name, not because I consider that you have the least claim to that title in this country; but from courtesy, or charity, or to express my sentiments more correctly from a want of true charity; let me also add, that I object to your making use of the expressions 'Puseyism' and 'Puseyite,' as being ungenerous and unchristian abuse of the name of a very amiable and learned clergyman, 'whose thoughts' [as his most bitter enemies will allow] 'are more in Heaven than on earth,' and who may, or may not be quite mistaken on some theological points. Pray M. G. how would you like me to *nick* the