

broken by a contest with England. But, instead of this, she has profited; and it is only with regard to her ulterior dishonest views on India that she has been circumvented; but even for that, slight as is the affection we otherwise cherish toward him, we shall thank Lord Beaconsfield, if it prove that he has finally been successful. There is only one other point, then, on which we see reason to feel content: it is that Russia has shown out in her true colours, and that now there can be no question of her being a humane or civilized country as many people chose to believe. They must, indeed, have easily followed the bent of their inclinations who persuaded themselves that the slow torturer, the enduring murderer of Poland, was civilized or humane. But no one can think this now. Russian atrocities have been worse than Turkish. During the months of May and June, the Bulgarians, Cossacks, and Russian regulars burned and destroyed ninety-eight villages. They committed the most brutal enormities on the people of these villages; it was common for them to burn people alive, and there was nothing that ruffians could picture to themselves which they did not execute. A crusade of civilized Europe against this great brutal power that disgraces her would be but a just deed; it is a crying shame to see that she has in fact extended her boundaries.

It is wonderful what men who set out in life with opinions ready made for them, and which worldly wisdom and self-interest oblige them to maintain, can bring themselves to believe and utter in the way of nonsense. The Archbishop of Canterbury speaking at Canterbury in June last expressed himself as follows:—It was his great privilege to welcome to the cradle of Anglo-Saxon Christianity those who were engaged in the spread of the Gospel of Jesus Christ wherever the sun shines. No difficulties greater than those which St. Augustine overcame could beset them in their paths. Nay, they had blessings which he had not. They stood nearer to the pure Primitive Church of the Apostles than he ever stood, and that gave them a motive power to touch the hearts of men that was probably denied to him." The question that forces itself on us in reading this is simply: Is this man a hypocrite or a fool; which of the two, either he must be? But on reflection we acknowledge he is not necessarily anything of the kind. He has been educated in false beliefs; his interest and tastes have led him to cherish them, and every scrap of talent he possesses has been employed to prove to him that his false beliefs are truth. He honestly believes the outrageous stuff he utters. Candour obliges us to acknowledge this; and yet it requires, we confess it, an effort on our part to yield belief to this conclusion of our own reason and experience. We will not enter upon the question raised by the Archbishop in declaring that no difficulties faced him and his brethren greater than those encountered by St. Augustine; although, perhaps, we might rationally question as to whether it may not be more difficult to raise up again a dead or dying Christianity, such as that these Anglican dignitaries have to deal with, than to awaken Christianity where it has never before existed, as it fell to the lot of St. Augustine. But we take the Archbishop at his word: he has laid it down that on the power to move hearts hangs the proof that ecclesiastics are nearer to a pure creed. He asserts that since the Anglican Bishops are nearer to the "pure Primitive Church of the Apostles," they have probably more power to touch hearts than had St. Augustine. Let us then, so far as our limits will allow, decide this matter by the facts that have happened and that are recorded concerning it. When St. Augustine arrived in Kent he found there a heathen king and heathen people; the queen only was a Christian; St. Augustine converted the king, he evidently touched his heart, for it was the example of this holy bishop that led Ethelbert to beg for baptism. Who is the Anglican bishop who has converted a king? Is it not the other way? was it not a king who made the first Anglican bishop—converted him if you will? Surely it was Cranmer who followed in the wake of King Henry VIII., and not King Henry VIII. who was led by Cranmer. But if it were so it would be all the worse; for the bishop who would arouse such passions as those of that king would prove himself not empowered by a divine creed to "touch" the heart, but by a hellish one to rouse the devil that lurked in a wicked man. This is what Lord Macaulay tells us of the archbishop in question—"Cranmer rose into favour by serving Henry in the disgraceful affair of his first divorce. He promoted the marriage of Anne Boleyn with the king. On a frivolous pretence, he pronounced that marriage null and void. On a pretence, if possible, still more frivolous, he dissolved the ties that bound the shameless tyrant to Anne, of Cleves. He attached himself to Cromwell while the fortunes of Cromwell flourished. He voted for cutting off his head without a trial, when the tide of royal favour turned. He conformed backwards and forwards as the king changed his mind. While Henry lived, he assisted in condemning to the flames those who denied the doctrine of transubstantiation. When Henry died he found out that the doctrine was false. He was, however, not at a loss for people to burn. The authority of his station and of his grey hairs was employed to overcome the disgust with which an intelligent and virtuous child regarded persecution." What power of touching hearts had this man which could prove him nearer

to a "pure primitive Church" than was St. Augustine? Besides he was the convert of Henry VIII.; in this instance the king had touched the heart of the bishop. St. Augustine converted the king, and he also converted the people. Ethelbert would not force them to become Christians. He left the gospel to work its own way preached by the mouth of St. Augustine. It touched the hearts of the people and they like their king became Christians. What people have the bishops of the Anglican Church converted? What nation's heart have they touched that proves them nearer to a "pure primitive Church of the Apostles" than was St. Augustine? Did they "convert" even their own land when that dire labour was taken in hand? Or is it not true what Montalembert says?—"The Saxon king had learned from the Italian monks that no constraint is compatible with the service of Christ. It was not to unite England to the Roman Church, it was in order to tear her from it, a thousand years after this, that another king and other apostles had to employ the torture and the stake." From these "other apostles" it is that this Archbishop of Canterbury is descended who tells us to-day that he and his brethren prove by their power to touch hearts, that they stand nearer to a "pure primitive Church" than did St. Augustine. Where are the hearts they have touched. They have gone out into heathen lands backed up by all the power and prestige of mighty England. Not as Augustine came with his poor monks—forty poor men travelling on foot, their only treasure a cross and a picture of the Saviour; and with solemn chants instead of the sound of a great armament. But what have they done? Where is the land that was once heathen and that belongs this day to the Anglican Church? Where are the hearts they have touched? They have not been able to bind to them the hearts acquired for them in their own land; if they have touched hearts, indeed, it has been to smite and repel them. Body after body has separated from them because they had evidently no power over hearts, and these in their sore need were obliged to turn elsewhere—alas! that it should have been towards shrines as cold as that deserted by them. We acknowledge that there is a certain power in the Anglican Church, but it is not over hearts. It is the Church of good taste and elegance, of respectability and self-respect, and propriety. But as for hearts, it has but emptiness to offer them.

It would appear that amongst the signs of the times the increase of earthquakes is to be reckoned. Since some time in last year they have been on the increase, and it is believed by competent authorities that they are still destined to increase. The eighteenth centennial of the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii will occur next year, and we have seen it stated that it is probable this will be celebrated in a most appropriate manner by at least a year of disaster in many places. We do not recollect that anyone has gone so far as to predict that there will be a repetition in these cities' immediate neighbourhood of the tragic and awful scene that took place in the reign of Titus. Some commemorative scene, however, is to take place there, the nature of which we have not had as yet the means of ascertaining, if indeed this has been determined on, and we are rather at a loss to divine what would be the fitting thing to have transacted on the occasion, or what will be the transaction that will actually take place. These cities were heathen; their citizens worshipped the pagan gods,—they are said to have been particularly devout to the Egyptian deity, Isis. No Christian ceremonies therefore can be performed in memory of them; no *requiem* sung for their eternal rest. But even if it were not so, we greatly doubt if the Italian Government would invite the Church to take part in the contemplated ceremonies. With respect to this very neighbourhood an insult has lately been offered by the Government to the Holy Father; it has been demanded of him that he should make the appointment of an Archbishop of Naples on the recommendation of the Government, or at least submit the name of the ecclesiastic chosen to their approbation, and on his refusal, that as a matter of course was given, the revenues of the Archiepiscopal See were appropriated by the authorities that be. A good opportunity, therefore, will be afforded of following up this insult and injury to the Church by a public display of those heathen principles that now prevail. But how will the display be made? Festivities in these cities of the dead in honour of the terrible catastrophe that overtook them would assuredly be an outrage on good taste, if nothing more, that we can hardly conceive possible at the present stage of society's degeneration in Italy; it must, we should say, progress a little further for this. We shall probably witness some grotesque solemnities, theatrical processions, and displays of oratory. Perhaps even M. Victor Hugo may be invited from France; if he last so long, to delight all who understand his language and share in his sentiments with a torrent of that spasmodic yelping, which when he speaks replaces the epigrammatic style of his writings. The pirate of Caprera perhaps will also be there to point a moral and adorn a tale, within view of the remains of that society towards which he has so much contributed to lead back the Italians of the nineteenth century. Some great heathen display at any rate we expect, and we cannot forget that the men of the "Reformation" will be to a large extent accountable for it. Such things follow naturally from disturbing the Catholic Church.