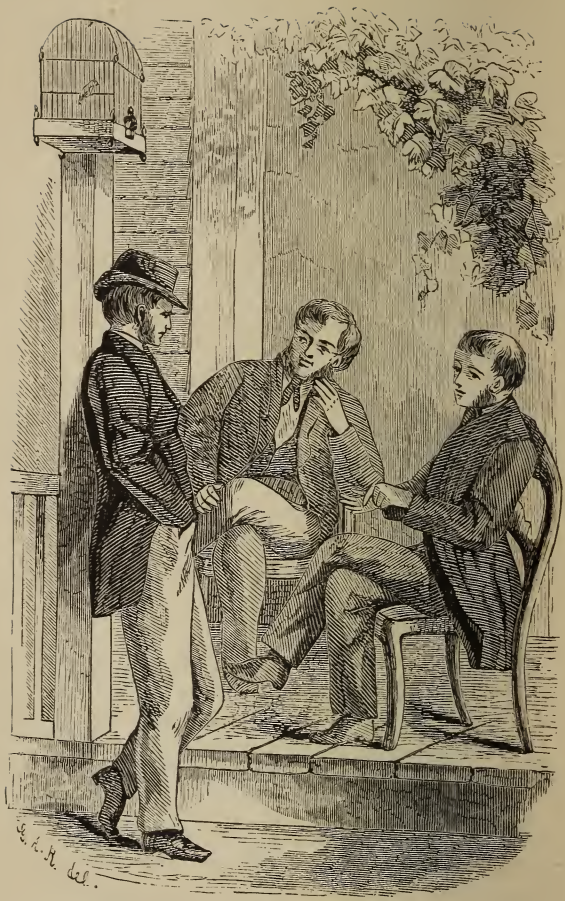
Emigrant's Quest



THE EMIGRANT'S QUEST. Front.

THE

EMIGRANT'S QUEST;

OR,

"IS IT OUR OWN CHURCH?"

BY

M. E. BEAUCHAMP.

"Thy holy Church—the Church of GOD,
That hath grown old in thee,—
* * * * * *
At least that holy Church is mine!
And every hallowed day,
I bend where England's anthems swell,
And hear old England pray:
And England's old adoring rites,
And old liturgic words,
Are mine—but not for England's sake;
I love them as the LORD'S."

COXE'S "*Christian Ballads.*"

NEW YORK:
GENERAL PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL SUNDAY SCHOOL
UNION AND CHURCH BOOK SOCIETY,
762 BROADWAY.

1867.

TO THE

REV. JOSEPH M. CLARKE, D. D.,

THIS LITTLE BOOK,

UNDERTAKEN AT HIS SUGGESTION,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

Smith & McDougal, Stereotypers. C. A. Alvord, Printer.

PUBLISHED

BY THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFERINGS

OF

ST. JAMES' CHURCH,

Syracuse,

AND

ST. JAMES' CHURCH,

Skaneateles,

Western N. Y.

PREFACE.

A VALUED friend said to me, "I wish you would write a book showing the points in which the American Church differs from that of England." This little volume is the result of my attempt to comply with this request.

The slight frame-work of narrative is nothing more than a means of displaying readily and naturally the manner in which various matters connected with our Church would strike an ordinarily intelligent emigrant, and as, at the time of writing it, I had recently returned from a visit of a year and a half in England, I was more likely to perceive and feel the differences between the sister communions than might otherwise have been the case.

M. E. B.

THE GENERAL PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION AND CHURCH BOOK SOCIETY was organized at a meeting of the General Convention and others, in November, 1826, for the purpose of providing approved books for Church Sunday School Libraries, and approved books of Instruction for Church Sunday Schools.

This Society consists of the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of the Clergy of the same, of the Lay Deputies of the General Convention, and all other members of the Church who shall contribute not less than One Dollar annually to its funds.

Every member of the Church who contributes Thirty Dollars in one payment, is a Life Member; one who contributes Fifty Dollars at one time, is an Honorary Manager; one who contributes One Hundred Dollars in one payment, is a Patron of the Society.

Every Life Member is entitled to Two Dollars' worth of Books; every Honorary Manager to Three and a Half Dollars' worth; every Patron to Seven Dollars' worth of Books. The Books must be drawn each year, as arrearages are not allowed to accumulate.

Meetings are held triennially, during the session of the General Convention.

The Board of Managers consists of all the Bishops, and one hundred members elected triennially by the Society.

The Executive Committee consists of all the Bishops, and twelve Clerical and twelve Lay members, elected annually by the Board of Managers, who, together with the Secretary, Editor, and Treasurer, *ex officio*, conduct the business of the Society.

The Union publishes Sunday School and Parish Library Books, Cards, Tracts, Books of Family and Private Devotion, Sunday School Requisites and Books of Instruction; also the CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE and CHILDREN'S GUEST. Depository, No. 762 Broadway, New York.

The Annual Meeting of the Board of Managers is held in October, at the time of the meeting of the Board of Missions.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to "The General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union and Church Book Society," organized in the city of Philadelphia, in the year of our Lord 1826, and incorporated by the Legislature of the State of New York, April 15, 1854, the sum of.....

Dollars, to be applied to the uses and purposes of said Society.

SOLICITATIONS.

Every Churchman, and every Churchwoman throughout the United States and the Canadas, is solicited to become a member of this Society, either by annual subscription, or by being made a Life Member, or an Honorary Member, or a Patron. Payment may be made to the Agent, E. M. DUNCAN, or sent, addressed to the Treasurer, E. HAIGHT, Esq.. No. 762 Broadway, N. Y.

For terms of Membership, see preceding page.

The Emigrant's Quest.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

MY father was a surgeon, residing in the pleasant little English village of Croscombe, of which he had the entire medical practice. This had been considerable enough to enable him to live, in much comfort, in one of the best houses of the place, and to bring up a large family very respectably. This, however, was nearly all. There had been little laid by, and it caused some perplexity when, our school-days being over, it seemed necessary to plan out our future—to know what to do with us all.

My eldest brother was destined to be my father's assistant, and ultimate successor, in his business, and the next eldest had been offered a place in the counting-house of a distant

relative. I wished to be articled to an attorney, but my father shook his head. He did not like the profession, and besides, he could not afford the premium; I must decide on something else. But as nothing else offered any attractions to my mind, and my father did not meet with any opportunity of placing me out to his own satisfaction, I was allowed to make my home with an uncle, who farmed a portion of a large estate in the neighborhood, till I had acquired a decided taste for agricultural pursuits.

My father fretted at my waste of time; but, as nothing better offered, was the more easily satisfied with my being sufficiently employed to be kept out of harm's way, and when at length I had determined on following my uncle's example in the choice of an avocation, he gave a not very reluctant assent.

At the age of twenty-four I was married, and settled on a farm, which my father had assisted me in renting, and which I looked upon as my home for life. Strong local attachments are perhaps more common to the English than to Americans, and to this hour I cannot think without tears of the long, low-browed farm-house, in which my children

first saw the light. It was a very homely building—at least my readers would think it so—though we thought it a very substantial and respectable abode. It might have been two hundred years old, and houses were not built in the modern style two centuries ago.

Each of the three gables of the front contained a window, half hidden in the projecting thatch. These windows were casements (there was not a sash-window in the house), and were made of very small, diamond-shaped panes of glass, set in frames of lead. The rooms were large and low. The parlor was not seven feet high, and it had a large, square beam running across the ceiling, which must have taken eight or ten inches from even this height. This was the only room in the house that boasted of a carpet and mahogany furniture. The floors were of stone in the lower rooms, but in the upper apartments they were of wood, kept marvellously clean and white by frequent scrubbing. Everything about the farm-house at Waywick, always seemed as clean as hands could make it, and the very air seemed purer within its walls than elsewhere.

My wife was a nice little woman; a farmer's daughter, who had passed through the

ordeal of a year and a half at boarding-school, without losing her relish for domestic duties. I never found but that her dairy was just as well managed as if she had never touched a piano, or filled a drawing-book; and certainly the gorgeous ottoman covers, that adorned our parlor, had not monopolized any of the finger-skill requisite for making shirts and darning stockings.

Many, very many happy years passed by, as we dwelt in Waywick. Children were born to us, and friends increased about us. It seemed as if we had taken root in the land, and we thankfully felt that the lines had fallen to us in pleasant places—that ours was indeed a goodly heritage. But a change was at hand. Nothing very alarming was to happen, and yet the whole course of our lives was to be turned out of its present channel. Instead of pursuing the even tenor of our way in our peaceful and quiet home, the violent shock of being torn away from its familiar loveliness, the shock of removal and emigration, was before us.

Our farm was life-hold property, and, as one of the lives had lately dropped, I went to my landlord to negotiate the terms of having a new life put in; but, to my consterna-

tion, Mr. Langton declined renewing on any terms. He wished to have the estate in his own hands, and should allow the leases to run out.

"But that need not trouble you, Grey," said he, seeing me look very blank, "the farm may be yours for years yet. There are still two good lives upon it; lives as good as yours or mine may be."

I felt very little cheered, for I knew that old Ruth Perry had been ailing unusually of late, and Mark Elwood (the other life), was a dissolute young fellow, whose health was already beginning to break. So it was in a somewhat moody state, that I plodded homewards. It was early in December, and as I rode along, I heard the faint, sweet voices of distant bells from the surrounding parishes, reminding me that the season of Advent had begun, and that the bell-ringers were "ringing in Christmas." How clear and silvery the hallelujahs of those sacred bells.

> "From hill to hill, like sentinels,
> Responsively they cry."

I little thought at the time, that I should never again hear those sweet chimes filling the air with their "melodious jangling," and welcoming a Saviour's birth.

It was with new interest, that we sent the next day to inquire after the health of Dame Perry, and the answer that she was failing, and that "the parson came to see her every day," did not tend to raise our spirits.

But there is no necessity for going into details. Suffice it to say, that before the next midsummer our farm had reverted to our landlord, and we had resolved on emigrating to the United States of America.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST SUNDAY IN AMERICA.

I PASS over the painful seasons of leave-taking and removal, with all their sad accompaniments. The disruption of nearly all the ties that bound us to the earth and to our race, was included in the necsesary pains of exile. Our parents--our friends—our home ;—the church in which we had been sprinkled with pure water in our infancy, in which we had plighted the vows of wedlock, in which we had statedly worshipped the God of our fathers, and in which we had presented our little ones to the Lord—the church-yard, where, in the shadow of the great yew-tree, slept our fore-fathers for many generations, and where our own dear parents would lay them down to rest when their summons should come—all must be left, and perhaps to be seen by us no more forever!

What wonder that our hearts were heavy,

and that we would have been willing, but for incurring thereby the charge of fickleness, to give up our plans for a trans-atlantic home, and to remain contentedly in the land in which God had placed us.

But, passing over all these topics, I proceed with my narrative from the date of our landing in New York, early in September. We were fortunate enough to secure a very pleasant boarding-place, at which the family were to remain for a few days, while I went up the river, to see a part of the country which had been recommended to me as very healthy, and particularly rich in farming lands.

"To-morrow will be Sunday," said my wife, as we sat around the tea-table in the evening. "I wonder if the parish church is near at hand? The sea-sickness has left me so weak, that I am hardly equal to a long walk."

I inquired of our hostess, who seemed much puzzled by the inquiry. She belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church, she said, and obligingly directed me where to find it. "But perhaps you'd rather go to the Episcopal or the Methodist," she continued; "English people generally go to one or the other."

I thanked her, and felt somewhat puzzled

in my turn. I knew very little of the religious state of the country, excepting that I had always understood that all the bodies of Christians to be found in England, were represented here; and of course, I expected to find the English Church prominent among them. I hesitated a little, before asking if an English Prayer-book would do to use.

"Oh yes, I guess so;" replied the good lady. "I don't know much about the Episcopalians, but they use Prayer-books; I know that much." And hereupon Mrs Ten-Eyck proceeded to direct me to the nearest Episcopal church.

My wife, though enfeebled by sea-sickness, and still dizzy from the motion of the ship, resolved to accompany me, though the walk was not a short one. We left the children under the care of Edward, their eldest brother, and when the bells struck up on Sunday morning we sat off to find a place in which to worship.

It was a very handsome edifice which we entered, but, though of Gothic architecture, it was hardly church-like. There was too much of upholstery, perhaps; certainly the decorations were too obtrusively rich and gaudy to harmonize with one's idea of the

solemnity of a holy place. Nor did the gathering congregation bear altogether the aspect of a worshipping assembly: jewels glittered and fans fluttered in every direction, and the gaily dressed young ladies, who came sailing up the alleys of the church, might have been entering a concert-room, for all that their deportment testified of reverential feeling. Some were even whispering and giggling together till after they had taken their places in the richly-cushioned pews, and their indecorum (to call it by no worse a name) annoyed me so much that I found it difficult to keep my mind employed in a manner suitable to the time and place, till the commencement of the service claimed my full attention.

As we left the church, my wife exclaimed:

"How delightful! It seems like being at home, to go to church again."

"And I never felt less at home in my life," said I, a little out of humor with myself; "somehow it did not seem like a church to me."

"No," rejoined my wife, "I don't think it can be a parish church. It looked more like a chapel of ease—a proprietary chapel I mean—and I should not wonder if it was

one. There were no poor people there, you know, and they had four or five persons to do all the singing, just as they used to in Mr. Ashley's chapel in London. But then, after all, there was the dear old service, and a good sermon, and it seems pleasant to find one's own Church in a strange land."

"Very true," said I; but in my heart there was an unexpressed doubt whether this should prove to be *our own Church* after all.

On this point, however, I resolved to keep my doubts to myself, till I had had time and opportunity to form a fair opinion; and, taking the two elder children with me, went in the evening to ——— church, whose chimes had attracted my attention in the morning.

The congregation was composed of very different materials from that in which I had found myself in the morning. There was a much larger proportion of men, and there was less of finery and display to offend the eye, but I could not say that there was much more to indicate an assemblage of worshippers. There was quietness, but not the stillness of reverence, and many of those in our immediate vicinity seemed to have come out of mere curiosity, and to be more engaged in

looking at the building, than in thinking of the uses for which it was designed.

As the service commenced, however, and the full, varied responses rose from all parts of the noble edifice, I forgot for a while that there was anything uncongenial in the congregation, and only felt a little annoyed, when a man, who sat nearest the wall in our seat, pushed by us all to leave the church, just as we were about to kneel for the prayers after the Creed.

Many of those around us *sat* during the entire service. Some did not use their Prayer-books at all; others opened them, but did not join in the service. We were glad to avail ourselves of the books with which the seat was supplied, as I had found, by my morning's experience, that our English books differed sufficiently from the American to make it unsafe for us to join audibly in the services. As we were early, we occupied ourselves in noting these differences before the service commenced.

As in the morning, we had an excellent sermon, and I was inclined to suspect then, what I afterwards found to be the case, that the American clergy are, in general, better pulpit-orators than their English brethren.

They are more animated, and have less mannerism. Their sermons are usually more elaborate than I had been in the habit of hearing; less simple and practical, but with more depth of thought and originality of expression.

It was late when we reached home, and we were too tired to talk over what we had seen and heard; only Jenny said, as she took off her bonnet:

"Mother, they did not sing the Evening Hymn to-night."

"I have been in some churches where they do not," replied her mother; "but we will have it now, before we part for the night."

So hearts and voices joined in the earnest hymn of good Bishop Ken, which had concluded the evening service in the parish of Croscombe ever since I could remember, and peacefully we went to our slumbers, with its holy strains still soothing our minds.

CHAPTER III.

OUR NEIGHBORS IN THE COUNTRY.

THE next fortnight was spent by me at a distance from my family ; nor was it till I had settled on a future home for them, that I returned to New York.

I rejoined them in very good spirits, for I had bought an excellent farm, at a bargain, of a young man who had just inherited it from his father, and was in haste to turn it into cash, with which he proposed to buy a farm of six times the size, in Wisconsin or Iowa. I had never before estimated the importance of ready money. I was not a rich man, but my property was, I found, greatly increased by having been converted into the circulating medium. But for having it in my power to pay down the sum demanded, I could not have purchased this property for three times the price now asked for it, which is the same as saying that it would have been hopelessly out of my reach.

It was a pleasant, and, as I was informed, a very healthy spot. There were several neighbors, and a school-house within a mile; and a village, only four miles distant, was well supplied with places of worship, amongst which was an Episcopal church.

I need not say that we were delighted at being settled. After the discomforts of a sea-voyage, and a crowded New York boarding-house, any kind of a home would have been welcomed, and the change from our confined apartments in the city to the large, airy farm-house, was charming. The little ones seemed almost crazy over their recovered freedom, and my wife heaved a sigh of relief, as she unpacked the chests, in which she was no longer obliged to find room for all the clothing of the family.

"God has been very good to us, my dears," she said occasionally, as the children came running to her, with noisy exclamations of delight. "God has been very good to us, and I trust that He will bless us in this new home of ours."

I knew that she was comparing it, in her own mind, with Waywick.

"Waywick was better than this, my dear," said I, "but you must remember that there

we were only tenants, while this place is our own."

"Yes, Edward; that is just what I was thinking. If it pleases God to give us health, we may be very happy here."

Before we were fairly settled in our new home, the neighbors began to call upon us. First came a Mrs. Hibbard, our nearest neighbor on the right hand. She and her husband were English, and had been in the States but a few years.

"Seeing as you was from the old country," said she to my wife, "I thought I'd make bold to call pretty early, that I might help a little about getting things to rights. But seems to me it's all done. You look as if you'd been settled here a year. Ah! it's a terrible piece of work, this moving with a family! Nobody knows what 'tis like but them as have tried it."

"I have found it a great trial," said my wife, "but I hope the worst is now over, and we shall begin to feel settled again."

"No, ma'am, the worst is not over yet; you'll be homesick for a year to come, and wish yourself back in the old country twenty times a day. Sometimes it'll seem to you as if you would die to see your home again.

Ah! I know what it is, for I've been through it, and nobody knows, but them as has tried, what a dreary, heart-sick time it is, when a poor woman has to make her home among strangers."

"But," said my wife, a little dismayed, "you like America now, don't you, Mrs. Hibbard?"

"Bless you, yes, that I do. I wouldn't go back now, unless 'twere just for a visit. Where one's family is, is a woman's home; and we soon get to be fond of our home, wherever it is."

"And this is a pleasant neighborhood," said my wife.

"'Tis very pleasant, and you've a good farm. We've good neighbors, too, as anybody could wish to have. Right opposite from us is Deacon Warner's house. They're Baptists, you know, and they are downright good folks too. Mrs. Warner is one of the sort that's so good in sickness. My youngest girl had the fever pretty bad, when we first come here; and Mrs. Warner nursed her up, and did her more good than the doctor. Then there is Squire Bowen. He lives off next house but one, the other side of you. He's Episcopal; but I believe he's a real good man. He

brought us a load of firewood, the first winter we was here, when we was pretty badly off."

"I suppose, then, you are not an Episcopalian," said my wife, somewhat amused at the tone of her visitor.

"No, indeed! Be you?"

"I suppose so, if the Episcopal Church is the same as the Church of England."

"Well," remarked Mrs. Hibbard, patronizingly; "I hain't got nothing to say against Church people. I believe there's good and bad in all, and a good Churchman 'll be saved just as soon as a good Methodist. I ain't noways uncharitable. Some folks think no one can be saved unless he is of their way of thinking, but I ain't one of that kind; I believe in charity."

"If charity consists in believing that people will be saved," said I, "it seems to me that it cannot be perfect unless we believe that all men will be saved."

"Why not, Mr. Grey? That would be going clear against the Scriptures."

"Why, Mrs. Hibbard, we ought to have charity for all mankind, and so we must (if your test of charity is correct) believe that all

will be saved, which, as you justly observe, is contrary to the Scriptures."

"Well, now," said Mrs. Hibbard, "I declare, that never struck me before. But what is charity, then?"

"I don't think it has so much to do with our belief as with our feelings and actions," I replied. "I may, for instance, believe a man to be very wicked, and yet not be uncharitable."

"No," responded Mrs. Hibbard, half assentingly, half inquiringly; "we can't help believing some people are bad, when we know it, I suppose."

"And yet," continued I, "we may be full of charity towards those we believe to be bad, if we love them, and try to do them good."

"Well, that's queer," said Mrs. Hibbard; "but, after all, I don't know but you're about right."

"But," interposed my wife, "we are interrupting Mrs. Hibbard's account of our neighbors, and I am very much interested in hearing all I can about them."

"Let me see," resumed Mrs. Hibbard; "Deacon Warner's people, and Squire Bowen's—then there is Colonel Adams, lives

right opposite to Squire Bowen's. They're gay sort of folks, at least the young ones are, and they don't profess much in the way of religion. Sometimes they go to the Presbyterian meeting, and sometimes to the Episcopal—just as happens. Guess they don't get much good anywheres. Oh! I forgot to tell you that the Allens live in that little brown house between yours and the Squire's. Jim Allen is a poor drunken coot, and his wife has to manage every thing, in-doors and out. She was brought up amongst the Universalists, and never goes anywhere herself, nor will let the children, so they're growing up a set of little heathens. They're the worst neighbors about here, Mrs. Grey, and as you have to live next house to them, you may be thankful that your houses are a good way apart."

"I wish they were farther off, however," said my wife. "But, perhaps, they won't trouble us."

"Then, just round the corner, by the school-house," resumed our visitor, "there's a very pretty, tasty place. That's where Jacob Barker lives. They're good neighbors, I can tell you, Mrs. Grey; and I know you'll be pleased with Mrs. Barker. I've

washed for her two or three times, so I know something about her kind, pleasant ways. They are Quakers, and so are the next neighbors—the Priors; but the Barkers are Orthodox, and the Priors are Hicksites—so they don't fellowship, you see. Then, there's Squire Everett's folks—they're Presbyterians. There's a large family, and they're pretty strait-laced at home, but folks say as they're the wildest youngsters round when they get out of sight of their father and mother. Then, I'd almost forgot Elder Carter, and he wouldn't like to be forgot neither; for, go where he may, he always thinks himself the biggest frog in the puddle. But we've all our failings, and I suppose that's his. He's a kind of leader among the Congregationalists (the same as what they call Independents in the old country), and that's why they call him elder. There's another Elder Carter about here, but he's a Free Will Baptist, and we don't reckon him among the neighbors, because he lives on the upper road. Folks generally call him Elder Amasa, and our Elder Carter is Elder Ebenezer. The Fitzgeralds live in a little tenant-house of his. They're Irish, you know, and Catholics,—poor, ignorant creatures, but not as

bad as might be. They're sober and industrious, though folks give them the character of looking out pretty well for their own side. Take it altogether, Mrs. Grey, you might have worse neighbors than you have. If two or three are not quite up to the mark, some of the others are good enough to make all even."

"Did you ever hear anything like it?" said my wife, when our loquacious, but kind-hearted neighbor had taken her departure. "Eight or ten different religious bodies represented by the settlers in a little country neighborhood!"

CHAPTER IV.

DIFFERENCE IN CHURCH USAGES.

THANKSGIVING-DAY had come, and, like my neighbors, I "harnessed up," and took my family to the village, to join in the religious services of the day.

Our little church was not very full, but there was a tolerable congregation, though consisting more of the villagers than of the agricultural population, for whom the services of the day seemed particularly designed. It was the first time I had ever joined in a service of this kind, and I was extremely well pleased with every part of it. The opening sentences, the lessons, the hymns—everything about it, in short, was so strikingly appropriate, that I could not imagine in what manner any part of it could be altered for the better.

We were talking it over, after returning home.

"The service is not in our old Prayer-books," said Edward.

"And the Restoration, and Accession, and Gunpowder Plot are not in our new ones," said Jane. "Why are they all left out?"

"Because," said I, "they all have reference to the English government, and would not be suitable in this country."

"But there are a great many things altered that don't have anything to do with the government," said Edward.

"Yes," added Albert, "they don't have the same chants. The song of Simeon and the song of the Virgin are left out, and there are only four verses left of the song of Zacharias."

"Those lines on St. Luke's Day in my 'Christian Year,' would hardly be true in this country, would they?

> "'And taught by thee, the Church prolongs
> Her hymns of high thanksgiving still.'"

"But," said I, in reply to this remark of my wife, "I don't know but that those which are substituted for them are more appropriate to the ordinary occasions of public worship."

"Very true," said my wife, "I have no

fault to find with the change, nor do I object to the leaving out of the Athanasian Creed, though one misses some parts of it very much. I never could bear to respond to the first clause, and am very glad not to be called upon to do it."

"The Commination Service is also omitted, I have observed. Like the Creed of St. Athanasius, I cannot help regretting some portions, but on the whole I think the omission is wise. Well, Jenny, do you find any more differences between your old Prayer-book and your new one?"

"Yes, papa, a great many. They don't read the whole of the Litany here."

"No, my dear, but it is in the book. Perhaps they read it during Lent."

"Well, another thing is, they don't read the same lessons. I should not have noticed that but for reading every Sunday in the 'Christian Year,' that Aunt Julia gave me, and I found that the pieces did not always suit."

"Well," said I, "I am glad we have found nothing to object to in the alterations that have been made in the Prayer-book. It seems to me that they are wise and expedient,

and I have no fault to find with the American Church on that score."

"O papa," cried Jane suddenly, "may we go to Sunday School? A lady asked me to-day, as we were coming out of church, if I wouldn't be in her class."

"*You* go to Sunday School indeed!" said I, very angrily. "I wonder what next you will want to do!"

"My dear," interposed my wife, gently, "I fancy that Sunday Schools here are different from what they are at home. *All* the children go to them, and not the poor children only."

"*My* children shall not go," said I, decidedly. "A pretty story that would be to get back to England—that, before we had been in America six months, the children were going to Sunday School! I don't know what my father would say to such news."

It was a very foolish speech of mine, and yet I should, even now, have something of the same feeling, though I trust from wiser motives. The religious instruction of children is peculiarly a parent's duty, and I have had reason to notice that parents are very apt to forget that it is a duty which cannot be delegated to others. When they send

their children to Sunday School, it is too often the case, that they think that all that is necessary is done for them by the Sunday School teachers, who are frequently inexperienced young people, and whose personal intercourse with their pupils is usually limited to an hour in a week. It might be different, I admit. The Sunday School might be a valuable auxiliary to the faithful parent, and, doubtless, in many instances this is the case. But it is also a temptation to those whose consciences are easily satisfied, to relinquish entirely a duty, the performance of which might have proved a blessing to their own souls as well as to those committed to their charge.

Christmas, with its pleasing and painful memories, its joyous hymns and festive evergreens, its solemn services and sacred altar feast, had come and gone, and the long, cold winter had drawn to a close; when, early in May, another little one was added to our home-circle. Our dear, little, blue-eyed blossom we named Theodore—the gift of God; and, soon after his birth, I called on the minister of the parish to consult about his baptism, which we at once agreed should take place the next Sunday.

"After which service?" I inquired.

"After the second lesson in the Evening Service," replied Mr. Morrison, "if that would suit you. Or, would you prefer having it in the morning? The service, then, is so much longer that I usually have baptisms in the afternoon."

"But couldn't it be *after service?* I know my wife would prefer waiting till after the congregation have left."

"But, my friend," said the clergyman, "it is against the rules. Just read the rubric. You see it is explicit."

"I suppose there is the same rubric in the English Prayer-book," said I, after reading it; "but I never in my life saw a child baptized during Divine service."

Mr. Morrison looked troubled.

"I am afraid," said he, "you think me very disobliging; but I do not know how to consent to having it at any other time. If the presence of a large congregation is an objection, Mrs. Grey might come on a week-day. You know there are prayers every Wednesday morning."

I thanked Mr. Morrison, and assured him that this latter arrangement would answer very well.

"As Baptism is the rite of admission into the Christian Church," said the good rector, "you will perceive that there is a fitness in its being performed in the presence of a congregation. Besides, I hope you attach some importance to the prayers which are thus secured for your little one. I can easily understand that it is often a trial to parents to come forward, but is not the blessing to be secured worth the sacrifice of one's own personal feelings? There was a time when Christian parents braved death itself to procure baptism for their children!"

My wife was taken by surprise. She had supposed the American Church less strict than the English, and could hardly think Mr. Morrison serious in declining to baptize after service, but she was very readily convinced that he was right.

"It will be a trial to me," said she, "but how slight a trial, compared with that of a Jewish mother in similar circumstances."

So our little one was enrolled amongst the soldiers of Christ, and, when the brief but important ceremony was over, we took him home, purposing to train him up in the fear and love of his adopting Father.

But vain were our hopes. Our little May-

flower was not destined long to brighten our house. With the heats of summer, it drooped and withered; and, before the month of August closed, He, to whom we had given our darling, claimed him at our hand.

For the second time he was borne into the church, but this time it was not in our arms; my wife leaned upon me, weeping, but I heard her murmur, as we crossed the threshold—"Thank God, that we did all that we could do for him!" and I knew she was thinking of his baptism.

The church was half full, and eight or ten carriages followed our baby's body to the grave. It was very different from our English customs, but, even in the midst of our grief, we could not but feel soothed and softened by the sympathy of those around us.

We laid our little one to rest—

> "Not on his cradle bed,
> Not on his mother's breast—"

but we trusted that he would be safely kept by the love of that Father to whom he had gone in unsullied innocence, purified from all native defilement, and free from stain of actual sin.

The high thanksgivings of the burial service never touched me before as they did then. Our precious lamb was safe, and we need not lament for the departure of one whom we should so soon follow.

CHAPTER V.

CONVERSATIONS WITH SQUIRE BOWEN.

FOUR or five years passed by, and still I had not decided whether or not I had found our own Church in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. We attended service there generally once every Lord's Day, and my wife and I did not altogether forget the Lord's Table, yet we did not feel at home. We knew few of our fellow-Churchmen, excepting by sight. My wife had, it is true, been invited several times to meet with the sewing society of the parish, and had done so on two or three occasions. But she had returned early each time, and much depressed. She felt herself lonely among strangers, who, though they were politely attentive, never seemed to think of being *friends*. She fancied that they remarked and ridiculed the little peculiarities of expression or accent, in which the natives of one country differ from

those of another, and had felt, in consequence, awkward and constrained.

"The heart of a stranger," said she to me, on one of these occasions, "is a very tender thing. I never fully knew, till now, the force of that sentence in Exodus—'for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.' It is only by experience that one can *know the heart of a stranger*."

I have mentioned before, that one of our neighbors, an Englishman, in much lower circumstances than my own, was a Methodist. I could not but remark the different positions which our families held in their respective communions. Brother Hibbard was a class-leader; his daughters sang in the choir, and were always in demand for singing meetings and sewing circles, and little social gatherings of various kinds. Jenny grew acquainted with them, and frequently accompanied them to evening meetings, both on Sundays and week-days.

Deacon Warner's people were found to be excellent neighbors; kind in sickness, pleasant and sociable at all times. They were strict in keeping up family worship, and in attending upon the public services of the

Lord's Day; while, in the simplicity of their dress and deportment, their perfect sincerity and unpretending benevolence, they presented a pattern of the Christian character, that it did one good to contemplate. I was much pleased that Edward should become intimate with George Warner, and very readily allowed him to accompany his friend to the Baptist meeting on every occasion when I did not go to church myself.

Till this time, I had become very little acquainted with any neighbors besides these; but, as my knowledge of the neighborhood increased, and people had time to form an opinion of us, I found that we were beginning to feel at home with some of the others, especially with Squire Bowen. The old gentleman often dropped in for an hour's chat, and sometimes brought his wife, with her knitting, to spend the evening. They were a pleasant old couple. The husband, tall and slender, with something of a military bearing, and retaining a good deal of youthful fire in his keen grey eyes; the wife, somewhat dumpy in figure and homely in speech, but most kind and motherly in deportment, and with an ever-ready smile on her good-humored face.

As we became intimate, we were occasionally led, by our new friends, to converse on the customs of our native land, and especially of those relating to her Church; and I one day expressed my surprise that Americans should take so much interest in the English Establishment.

"I don't like to hear you call it by such a name," said the old gentleman, rather hastily. "Excuse me, Mr. Grey, but really it is strange to me, how you English—brought up in such a pure Apostolic Church—the one that fought the battles of the Reformation, and that has preserved the truths of the Gospel free from the errors that have infected other religious organizations, handing them down in all their purity and fulness, as the heritage of her children forever—it seems strange to me, I say, that you, the sons of such a Church, should rest her claims to your love and obedience on no higher ground than that of her being the Established Church of your country."

"But surely, Mr. Bowen, the National Church has claims on the citizens of a Christian land!"

"It is hardly worth while, my good friend, to seek a lower reason for doing our duty,

when we have a higher one. It is true, we might say it is right for children to submit to their parents because the law requires it, and we owe obedience to the laws of the land; but who would think of rendering such a reason, when we can say God has commanded, 'Honor thy father and thy mother?'—I see you understand me. If the Church of England should cease to be the National Church to-morrow, she would still possess the same authority, the same claims to love and obedience, that she has now."

I looked a little doubtful, though I could say nothing against my neighbor's assertion.

"Perhaps I don't quite understand you," I said.

"I will try to be a little clearer. You will admit that all power to minister in sacred things comes from God."

"Certainly. But kings and rulers are, in one sense, ministers of God, you know."

"True, my good friend, but only in things temporal. Saul, you remember, lost his kingdom by presuming on the duties of the priesthood, and Uzziah was smitten with leprosy for a similar offence. You never heard of king or parliament consecrating a bishop."

"They nominate them though," said I.

"I don't think they ought to have *that* right," rejoined Mr. Bowen. "The Church ought to nominate, as well as elect, her own bishops. But still, though Parliament may nominate, no power on earth could make a man a bishop, if the consecration was withheld."

"Very true."

"That shows that he derives his episcopal authority, not from his nomination, but from his consecration; not from the government, but from the Church; and thus, from the Head of the Church—Christ himself."

"I am afraid that I know very little of the grounds for the Church's authority, except the nationality," said I; "I was always satisfied with it, and always intended to remain in it, so it seemed a matter of little consequence to me; and, in fact, I don't think I should quite understand the matter, if I *were* to study it."

"And yet it appears to me very simple," said Mr. Bowen. "Perhaps I can give an illustration. Our president appoints a postmaster-general, and the postmaster-general appoints subordinate postmasters throughout the Union. But, though he may appoint thousands, the power by which they are ap-

pointed is really the president's; and, in the remotest corner of the country, no man can take the office of postmaster, without offending against the authority of the highest power in the nation, unless he has been lawfully appointed by the officer to whom alone the power of making such appointments has been delegated."

"I perceive that you consider your Church to be essentially the same with the Church of England."

"Certainly. She differs only in having no connection with the state, and in a few slight alterations in those rites and ceremonies which each particular church has authority to establish for itself. You remember the article on that point?"

"I know the preface to the American Prayer-book claims to have departed from the Church of England in no 'essential point of doctrine, discipline or worship,' and I am not disposed to dispute the assertion. But, though forms and doctrines may be the same, the spirit may be so different as to make it, in reality, a different church."

"Very true; we know that a galvanized corpse is a very different thing from a living man, though it may move, and though

all the bones and muscles, all the framework of a man, are in perfection. But I do not believe there is any difference between the two churches, further than what unavoidably results from the circumstances in which each is placed."

"Well now, for example, I have been living on this farm for four years, and during all that time have received only two visits from our clergyman. Is not parochial visiting an essential part of the Church system? I believe that private as well as public monition of his people is amongst the duties that, at his ordination, a priest promises to perform."

"My good neighbor, did it ever occur to you, that you live four miles from the village, and that your pastor's salary does not enable him to keep a horse?"

"But our clergymen were, in general, equally destitute. They usually walked, in making parochial calls, and they made a business of it, too. On four days out of the seven, from ten o'clock till three, our clergyman was always engaged in this way. I don't think local circumstances can have made all the difference in this respect."

"I think I have heard you say that the

climate of England is more suited to walking than ours is, and that your roads are not often rendered impassable by snow or mud."

"I never thought of that," I replied, hastily, as I recalled to mind the smooth, white roads, on which, in the rainiest times, the mud never reached the depth of an inch. I could not help thinking, too, that if the thermometer had kept above eighty in the shade for weeks together in summer, and remained in the neighborhood of zero for days together in the winter, our parish clergyman would have felt a walk of several hours rather too severe a trial to be encountered regularly four or five times a week.

"Besides," continued Mr. Bowen, "there is the difference of procuring domestic help, that makes a clergyman's home duties more laborious. Mr. Morrison, for example, cuts his own wood, milks his own cow, does the marketing, cultivates his own garden, and frequently, no doubt, is obliged to assist his wife within doors. You stare, my good friend, but this last is an unavoidable part of a country clergyman's duties, in a part of the world where girls are hard to find, and hard to keep when found."

"But other classes have these difficulties,"

said I, after a pause; "and a clergyman's home duties are not greater, I suppose, than a lawyer's or a doctor's. Why can't he devote as much time to the business of his calling as they do?"

"He *has* more home duties," replied Mr. Bowen. "The wife of a lawyer or doctor is undisturbed by her husband's clients or patients, but the time of a clergyman's wife is perpetually broken in upon by the claims of her husband's parishioners. Calls at all times are perfectly in order at the parsonage, and if the wife is kneading the bread, or scrubbing the kitchen, the husband must leave his study, though, by so doing, he loses a fine train of thought, and spoils his next Sunday's sermon. Be assured, my good friend, that it is from no defect in our Church, but merely from local causes, that the duty of parochial visiting is so much neglected. Were the clergy as numerous, and as well provided for, as in England, there would be little complaint on that score, I think."

"Pshaw!" said I, with more energy than politeness; "every one seems to think that in England the clergy are all rich. It is a great mistake, Mr. Bowen, a very great mis-

take. I know several, in small parishes round Croscombe, who do not receive so much from their livings as Mr. Morrison receives from this parish, and some were positively poor, keeping house on a smaller stipend than an assistant in a commercial school could command."

"I have no doubt there are many such cases," replied Mr. Bowen, "but, generally an English clergyman has something besides his 'living' to support him, which is very rarely the case in this country. Very few of our clergymen have any private property, and many enter on the work of the ministry encumbered by debts, contracted in acquiring the education and the books, necessary to prepare them for it. Besides, a person can live on a much smaller income when he has a settled home, and though your poor curates do not possess that luxury, I suppose every 'parson' does, and that, when he enters his parsonage, it is with the comfortable feeling that every improvement he makes will be his to enjoy for life."

"There's another thing I don't like," I resumed, after a pause. "A poor man, in England, feels that he and his family have a perfect right to be accommodated in their

parish church. Such a thing as their *paying* for the privilege is never thought of. You know that is not the case here, and I have no doubt many a poor family is kept away from church by want of ability to pay the pew-rent."

"Would that our land were filled with free churches!" said Mr. Bowen, earnestly; "may the time come! though I cannot hope it will be in our day. You know that in England religious privileges for all are provided at the cost of government, while in this country people must provide them for themselves. There are a good many disadvantages in our way of doing things, I am willing to admit, but the fault of not providing for the religious instruction of the people rests with the civil government, not with the Church. I should not wonder, my good friend, if things in England look a little brighter to you now than they did when you were there. Perhaps you did not relish the payment of tithes much more than some other people."

I smiled at Mr. Bowen's shrewd guess, which was not far from the truth; but, though the conversation was soon changed, I did not forget the old gentleman's remarks.

One thing is certain, thought I, that American Churchmen know more about the Church than we do. Very natural, too, that they should. It is our national Church, and unless we dissent from its doctrines or forms of worship, we belong to it as a matter of course, while here people do not belong to it without some reason for preferring it to all others. Certainly Mr. Bowen seems to know the reasons why he is a Churchman.

One of the effects of this conversation was to induce me to say to a poor Englishman, who had recently emigrated, and whom I sometimes employed on my farm :

"Jeremy, I haven't seen you at church for a long time."

"No, measter, I goes to the Methodist meeting."

"Oh, I didn't know that you were a Methodist."

"No more I weren't, sir. I beant no more of a Methody than you be, only I goes there 'cause they be more sociable like than the Church folk."

I was inclined to say, "But you don't go to church to be sociable, but to worship God ;" but I checked myself, for I felt that poor Jeremy's experience was the same in

kind with, though differing in degree from, my own. How could I blame him?

"You see, sir," continued Jeremy, "the Church parson never came a-nigh us all the weeks we was down with the fever, and I couldn't stand it, nor wife neither, to be treated in that way. So we've been to the Methodist ever since."

"And does the Methodist minister come to see you any oftener than Mr. Morrison did?" I inquired, a little curious to know whether this neglect of parochial duty was peculiar to our own clergy.

"Why, no, measter, I can't say as he do. But then the people do come, and very friendly sort of folk they seem to be."

I wonder if that is not the grand obstacle to my feeling at home in the Church, thought I. We don't feel acquainted with the members, and they are not very sociable with strangers, I think. I believe this coldness and distance on their part makes the great difference between Churchmen here and at home.

I mentioned this opinion of mine to Mr. Bowen, when we next met, and he smiled, as he asked me, if I had ever tried the experiment in England of going from my native

parish, where I knew every one, into one in which I was entirely unacquainted.

I never had.

"I thought not," rejoined the old gentleman, "for, if you had, you would not have supposed coldness and indifference towards strangers to be peculiar to American Churchmen."

"However," continued he, "there is too much of it amongst us, no doubt. I wish we could cultivate a little of the fraternizing spirit of our worthy friends the Methodists, and treat those who kneel at the same altar more as if we believed them to be in truth our brothers and sisters, instead of merely *calling* them so in our offices of devotion. This, however, concerns our duties as individuals, and its neglect can hardly be charged upon the Church, any more than any other failure in Christian duty, on the part of her members."

"We cannot help feeling the difference, in this respect, between the members of our own communion, and those of other religious bodies—the Baptist and Methodist for example. It certainly is a trial to one's faith."

"My good friend!" said Mr. Bowen, looking earnestly at me, with his accustomed cordial smile, "it appears to me, from your own

account, that you have been enjoying the privileges of the Church, in their full extent, all your life hitherto. Are you not willing, now, to sacrifice something for the sake of showing your attachment and gratitude?"

"I would, very willingly, if the sacrifice concerned only myself, but it is harder to do so when my children are concerned. They would be prominent members, as good as anybody, in some other religious society, while in our own they are nobodies, and will grow up there, neither valued nor useful."

"Take my word for it, Edward Grey, that if you remain loyal to your Church, your children will thank you for it, in ten years' time. I confess it is a trial for you, but, if you prove true to your faith, all will turn out well in the end. But," continued the old gentleman, after a considerable pause, "do you feel that you have been true to your faith, my good friend? I know it is often the case, that one is most inclined to criticise others when in fault one's self. The poet's advice is good:

> "'Search thine own heart; what paineth thee
> In others, in thyself may be:
> All hearts are frail, all flesh is weak,
> Be thou the true man thou dost seek.'"

"I don't understand in what respect I have failed."

"Think of it, and you may find out. I don't want you to confess to me, but only to set you to examine yourself. In this country, where clergymen are so few and far between, perhaps we may take it for granted that laymen have a large share of parochial and missionary work to perform. The duty of kindly intercourse with one's fellow-Christians, and of co-operation with the clergyman in schemes of usefulness and benevolence, I need not mention, as we have just been lamenting the evils produced by the want of social feeling amongst us."

I felt guilty. I knew that I was by no means ready in visiting the poor and sick, and that, with the conviction that he had neglected us, I had held myself very much aloof from Mr. Morrison. Perhaps Mr. Bowen knew what was passing in my mind, for he did not wait for any answer, before proceeding:

"I think you will always find, that, for whatever we blame others, we may detect something of the same fault in ourselves. Every head of a family, especially every father, is a priest by God's special appoint-

ment; and his family is his parish, to be by him instructed and disciplined in all the doctrines and duties of religion. You will please excuse me if I speak very freely."

"Certainly, certainly. It is for my good, I know, and I thank you for doing so."

"Then I will ask you, if you think you are doing your duty towards your children; your two eldest, more particularly?"

"I suppose you think they ought not to leave the services of our Church for those of others," said I, with some warmth. "But, Mr. Bowen, you do not appear to understand my character. If there is one fault I detest above all others it is that of bigotry."

"Perhaps we should not quite agree in our definitions of bigotry," said Mr. Bowen, without noticing my rudeness; "you will often find it combined with the most latitudinarian views of religion. For my part, I should not think it bigotry to bring up children in the faith which I had promised that they should keep."

"But my children have no thought of abandoning that faith."

"If they are influenced by the teachings that they hear every Sunday evening, it will not be long before they are ready to do so."

"Well," said I, "it would give me much pain, no doubt, to have my son relinquish the Church of his fathers, but he might do worse than to become a Baptist. I believe our Baptist neighbors to be a truly excellent class of people."

"Readily granted, my good friend; but excellent people often do very bad things. You took your son, in infancy, to the baptismal font: are you prepared to hear that he looks upon that solemn sacrament, the sign and seal of his adoption into the family of Christ, as a mere idle ceremony, of no value whatever? that he is ready to renounce its benefits, and seek for baptism anew?"

"Impossible!" I exclaimed, "I thought the repetition of baptism was always regarded as sacrilege."

"If your son becomes a Baptist, it is only by such a sacrilege that he can be admitted to their communion. Think, then, what a temptation to commit a grievous sin he is exposed to, by the preaching he is in the habit of hearing."

"But with Jenny it is different," I persisted, after an uneasy pause; "the Methodists never re-baptize. In fact, I don't think they trouble themselves much about baptism any

way, and in doctrine, they do not differ from the Church of England."

"Setting aside the sin of schism, and the question as to the lawfulness of their ministry," said Mr. Bowen, "we can see that there is much to object to in their usages. I do not like to find fault with a body of Christians, whom I highly esteem for the zeal and brotherly love, of which they appear to possess a larger share than most others; but you have been to some of their 'protracted meetings,' I think?"

"I have, and was thoroughly disgusted."

"And what do you suppose would be the effect of often witnessing such scenes on those who do not fully sympathize with them? Pain and disgust at first, perhaps, but by degrees, the quick perception of irreverence becomes blunted, and one of the most beautiful traits of a religious mind is soon destroyed. I scarcely ever knew a young person, brought up amongst the Methodists, who possessed that reverence for sacred things, which seems to me so essential a part of a religious character."

"Then you would have me forbid Edward and Jane going to any other place of worship than our own."

"You have allowed them to begin, and it would appear unreasonable and capricious in you to forbid them now. But you should see to it that they are well instructed in your own faith, if you wish that they should continue in it. It often happens, that the young leave us from neglect of teaching."

"I have need to be taught myself," thought I, as I hung my head, and called to mind my many deficiencies in the practice, and ignorance in the doctrines, of religion.

My neighbor's words had roused me to self-examination. Sure enough, while finding fault with my fellow-Christians, I had done very little credit to the cause I professed by my example. Family prayers and reading the Scriptures had been gradually neglected, till now we never thought of having them but on Sundays. The catechising of the children, a duty which I had been too proud to share with Sunday School teachers, had been very irregularly performed, and at long intervals. Religion had been put aside, as the thing of least importance, to be attended to when everything else was done, instead of being regarded as first in its claims, and all-pervading in its nature.

When one's errors are detected, one very

important step is taken towards finding the way back to the right path, but it is far easier to leave that path, than to regain it.

I was deeply in earnest, however, in making the attempt; and, with many prayers for Divine guidance, and after consulting with my wife, decided on two things—the re-establishment of family worship, and the regular instruction of the children (including Edward and Jane) for an hour at least, every Sunday evening. As I did not wish to act a capricious or unreasonable part, or to rouse opposition to my measures, I said nothing against their accompanying their young friends as usual, after the hour of catechising; but trusted that, by instructing them in the principles of a sound faith, they might be preserved from the danger of imbibing erroneous doctrines, or of conforming to objectionable customs in religion.

CHAPTER VI.

SETTING TO WORK.

EVERAL months had passed by, and things went on smoothly in our family. We had set in earnest about the work of making ours a Christian household, and the blessing of God seemed to accompany our endeavors.

It was with a deep sense of my own ignorance that I set about the work of instructing the children. I had learned the Catechism at school, where that and the Collects formed the regular Saturday morning's lessons, and the elder children had learned it in the same way while in England, so that neither I nor my wife had any experience in this kind of instruction. With the Prayer-book in my hand, I began to teach as I had been taught myself.

A copy of "Beaven's Help to Catechising" proved a great assistance, and in looking out the references, I found my own knowledge

materially increased. We sang a hymn at the beginning and close of our catechetical exercises, and as one tune readily leads to another, we sometimes spent an hour or more in music, in which my flute and my wife's voice took the most prominent part.

The children were highly pleased with the music; and, on other than Sunday evenings, we began to employ it in closing our family worship. Edward and Jane were very fair singers, and chants as well as hymn-tunes soon became familiar sounds in my house.

I have said that I began with the Church Catechism. After a while, as I found myself more at home in teaching, I procured a series of questions on the Gospels, as an additional exercise for the older ones. It happened about this time that, for some cause or other, the Hibbards gave up going to evening meetings (I believe because they had a preacher they did not like), and the two eldest fell into the habit of coming in during our teaching hour. As I did not care to have an audience, I used to address questions to them in turn with my own children, and very soon we heard that they were members of "Mr. Grey's Bible Class." This was making a great matter of my poor little attempt to in-

struct my own household, but I had no objections to the Hibbards' coming, though it made public, in some measure, what was intended to be merely a family affair. Sunday evening was a very cheerful, happy time with us. With a map of Palestine spread on the table, around which we sat with our Bibles and Prayer-books, we busied ourselves long after the hour of regular instruction was over, in linking together the places and events of Scripture.

"Find *Damascus* on the map," Edward would say to one of the little ones, and when found, he would ask:

"What can you say of Damascus? What is there about it in the Bible?"

"It existed in Abraham's time," said Albert, "so it must be the oldest city in the world."

"St. Paul was going there when he was struck blind," said Jane.

"And he remained there, in the street called Straight, till Ananias restored him to sight," added Fanny Hibbard.

"Abana and Pharphar were rivers of Damascus," said little Emily.

"And Damask roses, Damascus swords, Damascene (or Damson) plums, and the

silken fabric called Damask, all came originally from Damascus," added I.

Then one would ask:

"How many miracles are recorded in the New Testament?"

And as they were recounted, the scene of each was found on the map as nearly as possible. The miracles served us with matter for instruction for several evenings, while we grew familiar with the season and locality, in which each was wrought, together with every attendant circumstance.

We had often regretted that some of the children of the neighborhood, the Allens and Fitzgeralds, should be growing up so utterly devoid of religious knowledge.

"Perhaps," said I to Edward, "this is a little missionary work that we ought to do. Do you think we could get up a little class of Sunday scholars amongst them?"

"I don't believe we should get the older children," said Edward, "but we might try. I think the younger ones would be very likely to come. There is no priest about here, so the Fitzgeralds don't feel under any restraint. Mother and Jenny had better call and see them."

My wife and Jane went, and succeeded in

finding seven scholars in the two families, who were duly instructed to be at our house by six o'clock precisely on Sunday evening.

Edward and Jenny were to teach this little ignorant flock, of whom the oldest was about eleven, and the youngest nearly six. They consulted with us, however, as to the plan of instruction, and began by giving them some of the simplest outlines of religion, and teaching them the Lord's Prayer, proceeding thence to the Ten Commandments, and their application to the duties of daily life. As the children evidently cared little for the instruction they received, I wondered that they should continue to be in their places promptly after the novelty had worn off, but the mystery was solved when I mentioned it to my wife. Jenny had a currant *cookie* ready to give to each of the children after their walk, and as these were distributed as soon as the clock struck six, the little ones were obliged to be punctual, if they would come in for a share.

Our young teachers sometimes complained that their labors were all in vain; that the children were as rude, and rough, and unprincipled as ever, and that they seemed to understand very little of what they were

taking so much pains to impress upon them.

"You cannot judge as yet," said I. "The seed is thrown into the ground long before it makes itself noticeable above. Sow in faith and prayer, and your labor will not be in vain. You remember what you were reading last night, Jenny,

> "'And if thou miss the victor's meed,
> Thou shalt not lack the worker's pay.'"

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONFIRMATION.

IT is surprising how much better satisfied I grew with my Church, when I began to work with her. I think we all felt more of union with her, and prized her services more than we had ever done before. We often remained to the afternoon service, though it was somewhat inconvenient to us, as there was an "intermission" of two hours, during which we scarcely knew how to dispose of ourselves.

We began to feel more acquainted with the members of the congregation, and my wife occasionally went to a meeting of the Sewing Society, taking Jenny with her. It was one of the rules of this Society that an hour of each meeting was to be spent in reading, and it happened that they were about this time engaged on Kip's "Double Witness of the Church." My wife was so

much interested in the portions she heard, that she procured a copy of the work for the benefit of our family, and it did more towards clearing up my ideas of *the Church* as dissociated from *the Establishment* than any book I ever read. I had come to this country with a vague traditional belief in the Church of England *as our National Church*, and was disposed to think that in a country where there was no National Church, one religious society had as much claim to my regard as another. Though I considered myself to belong to the Episcopal Church, it was only (to my mind) a matter of choice. I was accustomed to her mode of worship, and preferred it to any other. That was all; I had no idea of her claims on my faith and obedience.

One Sunday notice was given of the expectation of an approaching visitation of the Bishop of the Diocese, and candidates for confirmation were desired to give in their names to the rector of the parish. Of course, this furnished us with matter of conversation as we sat on the shady side of the church, eating apples and gingerbread during intermission.

"I never saw a confirmation but once,"

said Jenny. "That was nearly three years ago. You were not there, father. At that time there were only seven persons confirmed."

"When I was confirmed there were nearly seven hundred," said I.

"Oh, father! How I should like to see so many."

"A confirmation in England is a very pretty sight," said my wife. "The candidates are all young, and the girls wear no bonnets, but have little close white caps on their heads; though some wear lawn veils instead, which almost cover them. They are usually dressed in white, too, and sit all together, in the body of the church."

"But how can there be so many to be confirmed?" asked Albert.

"The Bishop does not visit every parish, but only some large churches, to which the clergy of all the parishes around, bring their candidates. I do not like the custom. There are more evils attending it, than the clergy imagine; and, even if it did no harm to the candidates, there is not so much solemnity about the rite where there are such numbers as to fatigue the Bishop, as there is when it is administered in every parish, amongst the

friends and neighbors of those who are confirmed."

"Yes," said my wife; "there was more impressive solemnity, in the quietness and earnestness of the confirmation Jenny saw, in this little church, than in any I ever saw in my life."

"Father, how old were you, when you were confirmed?" asked Edward.

"I was a little older than Jenny;—fifteen, or a little over. They usually come to confirmation much earlier in England than is the custom here."

"Do you think me old enough to be confirmed?" asked Edward, flushing to his forehead.

"Certainly, Edward. But confirmation implies a great deal. Have you made up your mind to go on, if you take this step?"

"I think so, father; I have been thinking of it for a long time."

"Then we will speak to Mr. Morrison at once. Jane, you look as if you wanted to say something."

"Do you think me too young, papa?"

"I do not, but perhaps Mr. Morrison may. I will ask him."

Mr. Morrison looked much pleased at finding Edward a candidate for confirmation, and requested him to join a class that he was forming for particular preparatory instruction. He thought Jenny rather young, but still, if of thoughtful, steady character, not too young, to receive the rite. "Some were older at fifteen than others at twenty," he observed.

"And Jane is considerably over fourteen," said I; "I believe she is half-way towards the completion of her fifteenth year."

The two names were accordingly entered —the first that had been given in—and Edward and Jane were both required to give their attendance at the confirmation class.

"Year by year, I feel more and more the necessity of having the preparation for confirmation deep and thorough," said Mr. Morrison; "I am afraid that, at one time, I was sadly remiss on this point, and thought it enough that the candidates should be in earnest in their professions. I now feel that they cannot be too well grounded in the doctrines, and instructed in the practice, of religion. I have met with some sad disappointments amongst those whom I, at one time,

regarded as most valuable members, and am afraid I prepared the way for disappointment by my own neglect."

"The Catechism seems a very full compendium of doctrine and precept," said I.

"It is. But many of those who come to us for confirmation, have had no early acquaintance with the Catechism; and, though they learn it now, as they are required to do, it is often without much sense of its teachings being binding upon them. So it has come to pass, that I have found amongst my flock, some who object to infant baptism, some who disbelieve in eternal punishment, and some, who hold unscriptural and dangerous opinions of our Saviour. I was a long time in finding out these things, for it seems a point of common honesty, that one should hold the doctrines, and conform to the usages, of a body to which he deliberately joins himself; but there is a terrible laxity of principle in some people's way of regarding religious duties, especially those which are matters of faith. It would seem, sometimes, as if the truths which the Son of God came down from heaven to establish, and for which martyrs have shed their blood, were considered of no importance at all to many

who call themselves Christians. Your English clergy have not so much to fear from evils of this kind. I suppose their examinations for confirmations are very easily managed."

"There are different usages in different parishes, I think. Examination in the Catechism is, I should suppose, never omitted by those who examine most slightly; but, in many parishes, classes are under instruction for many weeks, and in some, the clergy are very particular not to grant tickets for confirmation to any who they have not reason to suppose will live suitably to their profession in that rite. But, as you observed, sir, things are very different in England. There, every child is brought up to learn the Catechism, and, whether it influences his conduct or not, it is pretty certain to remain in his memory, and to exercise some influence over his belief."

"It is strange, that I have never met with English peasants who seemed to be Churchmen. Sometimes they are Methodists, and sometimes a worthless, irreligious set, who call themselves Churchmen, but whose only claim to the title rests on their having been baptized. But I must talk with you again

on this subject, Mr. Grey. At present I have no time to spare, as the bell informs me."

I had never felt myself really at home in our Church, till the day on which my children were confirmed. Why it should have been so, I could hardly have told at the time, but I have since thought of several reasons, amongst which I may mention two or three.

In the first place, the church was filled, and thus looked more like the parish churches of my native land, where I had rarely seen other than full congregations.

In the second place, while I had found Morning and Evening Prayer, the Litany, the Baptismal Offices, and the Burial Service, in some respects changed from the old formularies, I now found a portion of the Prayer-book that had remained unaltered. The Bishop, whose vestments resembled those of the bishops I had previously seen, pronounced over the kneeling candidates the same words that I had heard accompanying the gentle pressure of Apostolic hands on my own head, nearly thirty years before. The same vows were made, the same prayers offered up, and, in my heart, I felt as if kneel-

ing beside my children, and renewing with them my baptismal vows. I was at home—at home again. This Church was, indeed, MY OWN CHURCH.

CHAPTER VIII.

VISIT FROM THE MORRISONS.

"THE religious character of your countrymen, at least of the generality of those I have met with, puzzles me very much," said Mr. Morrison to me, a few days after the confirmation.

According to previous agreement, we had sent Edward with the team, in the morning, to bring all the family to spend the day with us. The little Morrisons were, with Albert and Emily, hen's-nesting in the barn and farmyard; Mrs. Morrison was chatting with my wife in the parlor, and Mr. Morrison and I had taken our seats on the little verandah (or *stoop*, as all the neighbors called it), where, partially screened by the lilacs, and shaded from the sun by a row of maples, we were so comfortable as to feel no disposition to quit the spot.

"I cannot understand," continued Mr.

Morrison, "how it happens, that, in a country where the truths of religion are certainly very generally taught, people can grow up so extremely ignorant on such subjects, as I have found the mass of English emigrants to be. I read in books of a peasant population, who are modest and prudent, sensible and religious, even though ignorant and prejudiced; but I find no specimens of such a class amongst the emigrants to our shores. Pray tell me, Mr. Grey, does such a class exist in reality, or is it to be found only in the pages of fiction?"

"There certainly are such characters to be found in England," I replied, "but there are a good many reasons why you should never have encountered any. Men who are sober and industrious, honest and religious, have fewer inducements to leave their homes than others. Foreign emigration takes off the scum of our population, just as, in this country, the same class is drifted off to the frontiers."

"But what surprises me," observed Mr. Morrison, "is that it is chiefly amongst those who claim to belong to the Church, that so much evil is to be found. The Methodists, on the contrary, receive some of their

best members by emigration, and they have the same ties to bind them to England as their worthy neighbors who are Churchmen."

"Hardly," I replied. "No English Wesleyan or Dissenter is as strongly attached to his native land as is the English Churchman."

"Well, perhaps not. There must be the dissatisfaction with the established religion, of course, to prevent."

"And then," pursued I, "when Churchmen emigrate, those who are sincerely and warmly attached to the establishment usually go where they can still enjoy its advantages, and where they can still remain under the same civil government. In our country, loyalty and sound Churchmanship go together."

"How do you reconcile that statement with your own case?" asked the clergyman, smiling a little.

"By acknowledging that there was not much sound Churchmanship in my case," I replied. "I did not regard such matters as of paramount importance. If, before leaving England, I had thought as I do now on this subject, I should never have had the

pleasure of making your acquaintance, Mr. Morrison."

"That being the case, though I regret that you once estimated your religious privileges too lightly," rejoined Mr. Morrison, "I think you are not likely to fall into that error a second time. I can easily fancy that, to one accustomed to find the Church in every little hamlet, the spiritual destitution of our New World must appear frightful. How many parish churches were there, Mr. Grey, within a circuit of—say, twelve miles around your former home?"

"Twelve miles! Indeed I could not say. There were over ten, within a circuit of six miles, I should think."

"And here—note the difference: I am the only clergyman of our Church, within twelve miles."

"But," said I, "there is a difference in your duties. An English clergyman is expected to visit all in his parish, while you are required to exercise pastoral care and oversight only amongst the members of your congregation, who do not constitute a twentieth part of the population."

"But these members are scattered over the country, often miles away from church.

Believe me, Mr. Grey, it is easier to deal with a dense population, than with these unmanageable distances. What can one do with such an extent of country? Must it be left entirely uncared for? I find it sufficiently difficult to keep watch over my own congregation, and yet I can hardly reconcile myself to the idea of making no effort to bring the homeless, wandering sheep around us into the Saviour's fold."

"But what can you do?" I asked.

Mr. Morrison did not reply for a few moments, and when he spoke again, he seemed to have quitted the subject.

"I noticed amongst the books on your parlor table, that charming little work, 'The Rectory of Valehead.' You have read it, I have no doubt."

"More than once. It is a great favorite with my wife."

"Perhaps you remember a passage in which the author compares the Church to 'those perfect bodies in unorganized nature, which, however you divide them, and however far you carry your division, still present, though on a lessening scale, parts similar to each other, and to the whole.' Do you remember that idea, Mr. Grey?"

"Quite well. It is the leading idea of the book. The household of Valehead is a miniature Church, having its liturgy, adapted to its own peculiarities, its anniversaries of joyous or sorrowful events in the family, its—but I am forgetting that you have read the work, Mr. Morrison."

"Well, I was thinking that, if this idea of good Mr. Evans is not a fanciful one, it points out to us a double class of duties towards the Church. If, in one relation, we are subordinate, in another, we are at the head. So, if every family constitutes a miniature parish, every parish should be a miniature diocese. In that case, I ought to be, in one sense, a bishop; but then, where shall I find my staff of clergy?"

"Ah! you think there are none willing to work under your direction, Mr. Morrison. I hope you are mistaken, if you really suppose that to be the case. You could organize a band of earnest laborers in this parish, I am very sure, if you feel in need of their services."

"Do you think so? Ah! here comes our worthy friend, Mr. Bowen," as the good old gentleman appeared at the gate; "you took us quite by surprise, my dear sir. We were

talking so earnestly, that you were close upon us before we perceived you."

"I heard nothing," replied the Squire; "but you were hatching some dreadful plot, I'll engage; so you had better confess at once, before you are found out."

"Yes, we are plotting," said Mr. Morrison, "Church matters, as usual. Do you know this parish has just been developed into a diocese? I am coming out bishop, of course, but where are my clergy?"

"Well," said Mr. Bowen, as our pastor paused for a reply, "where are they? I am afraid echo must answer, *where?*"

"Why, don't you think," said I, very quickly, "that the laymen of the parish will consider it a privilege to assist Mr. Morrison in any way in which they can be useful?"

"But in what way can that be done? I thought nothing would do but a parochial call, once a month at least, from the clergyman himself."

This was half aside, to me, but Mr. Morrison answered:

"Of course, that would be impossible, in a scattered population like ours; and yet, all the people who have no other religious attachments, should be, in one respect, under

my care. Now, if my lay-ministers would take special districts in charge, and report to me, say once a month, or oftener if any case needed prompt attention, it would certainly make me better acquainted with the wants of the people at large, than I could become without such aid. I believe I shall begin to organize my forces at once, by appointing Messrs. Bowen and Grey to this school district, and requesting a report from them on the first of next month."

"We are expected to perform all the lay duties of deacons, I suppose?" said Mr. Bowen.

"Exactly so;—'To search out the sick, poor, and impotent people of the parish; to intimate their estates, names, and places where they dwell, unto the curate; to fashion your own lives, and the lives of your families, according to the doctrines of Christ; and to make both yourselves and them, as much as in you lieth, wholesome examples of the flock of Christ.' These are duties which should commend themselves to the consciences of all Christians, my friends, and such as there can be no impropriety in your undertaking to perform for the good of the Church. I think to these duties may be

added the holding of lay services in some of the school-houses around. Our parishes require outposts."

"Seriously," said Mr. Bowen, "I think such a plan might work well in our parish; and, as soon as you have arranged the details to your satisfaction, you may be sure of the active co-operation of your parishioners, in carrying your schemes into effect."

"Thank you, most heartily. I will lose no time in preparing a working plan; and may God bless our endeavors to His glory, and the salvation of many souls!"

"Do you know," continued Mr. Morrison, after a pause, "I have been speculating a little on your family, Mr. Grey? I have thought, that my parish might furnish something more than under-workmen in the Lord's vineyard. Edward is a youth whose talents and turn of mind seem to mark him out as particularly fitted for the duties of the Ministry."

A thrill ran through me at the thought, and I felt that our pastor was right, though I should hardly have had the courage to make such a discovery myself. It seemed like presumption, in me, to think of a son of mine as a sworn priest of the Most High.

"Would you feel willing to give up your first-born to such a duty?" asked Mr. Morrison.

"If he desires it, and it is in my power to forward his wishes, I should think it wrong to oppose his obeying a divine call."

"I am almost sure that it is the great desire of his life—unconsciously, perhaps; as he probably has never thought of such a wish being gratified, and is too modest to think that his talents could fit him for extensive usefulness. That is a point on which others can judge better than one's self, or the members of one's own family; and it is on that account, that I have taken the liberty of broaching the subject to you. With your permission, I will go in and find out Mrs. Grey's opinion."

"I suppose we shall, some day, have a chance of seeing a clergyman who does his duty," said Mr. Bowen, in a tone of good-humored raillery as our worthy rector left us; "or, perhaps, the influence of climate or circumstances may prove too strong, even for Edward."

"My dear sir, I have long ago retracted, in a great measure, my first unjust opinions of the American clergy. It is true, they do not

give themselves up, body and soul, to the discharge of the duties of their station, as I have known their brethren at home to do, but I can now see that they have trials of the most wearing description, of which our parochial clergy have no experience.

"For example?" said my friend, inquiringly.

"For example: the uncertainty of income, and its depending on the likes and dislikes of individuals; and the consequent necessity of having a church filled with those who are able to contribute to its support, rather than with those who, in other lands, are the principal objects of a pastor's care—the poor of the flock."

"That is an evil that the systems of endowed livings and free churches will eradicate," said Mr. Bowen; "but at present, it is a day of small things with us, and I, at least, cannot hope to see 'the good time coming.' Edward may, and may contribute to bring it about, too."

"Then there is the custom of frequent change," continued I, "which never, in the end, works well either for pastor or people. It is impossible, that the rector of a parish, who expects to remain for only a few years,

can lay out any extensive plans of usefulness among his people. There is no use in planning what he will not be suffered to remain long enough to carry out."

"How different," said Mr. Bowen, "from what the state of things might be, if a clergyman could enter on a charge, feeling that it was probably to be his life-long work, and that he must be deeply responsible for the well-being of a people amongst whom he is to pass his days, as their teacher and minister in sacred things. I am afraid this evil is beyond remedy, in our case. I have no doubt, neighbor, that in your own country, changes would be frequent if they could be made at the will of the parish."

"In one respect, however, the American clergyman has a less arduous task than the English," I resumed, after a pause; "the country parson finds so many secular duties attaching to his position, that, to discharge them rightly, he needs a great deal of business tact, quickness and decision of character, and a capability of governing, that is less requisite here, where the spiritual needs of the parish are all that he is required to attend to."

"Perhaps, on the whole, the scales are

more evenly balanced than we supposed, at a first glance," said Mr. Bowen; "but I am still inclined to think, that the English clergyman would find himself a little the better off. However, if Edward, ten years hence, is of the contrary opinion, I shall be better pleased than if he should agree with me. He is a dear, good boy, Mr. Grey, and I hope his future career will be equally useful and happy."

"I am happier than I ever hoped to be," said my wife that night, after we had held a long conversation with Edward; "I can now see how good may come out of evil. It almost broke my heart to leave home, and I never dreamed the time would come when I should be glad of it. But it has come now. It has always been one of my castles in the air, that Edward should be a clergyman, and you know that would have been next to impossible, situated as we were."

"Very true," said I; "most likely he would have become a Methodist preacher, like your brother Thomas."

"Yes, most likely. Do you suppose, Edward, that poor Tom would have left the Church, if he could have worked for it as he is working for the Wesleyans? I have often

heard him say, that he loves the Church as much as Wesley ever did, and that he holds all its doctrines, and admires all its usages."

"If he were to come to this country, he would return to the Church," said I; "there would not be the shadow of a reason why he should not."

"I believe I will write to him about it," said my wife, in a sleepy tone; "he and Edward—wouldn't it be nice? they may help each other so much!—out West—perhaps—on the prairies"—and I am inclined to think she was dreaming, before she had fairly closed a sentence which ended with the words, "missionary bishop."

CHAPTER IX.

CONCLUSION.

IT is now nearly a year since Edward entered into Holy Orders, as a Deacon of the American branch of our own dear birth-right Church; and now it may be supposed, that we have fully succeeded in finding the spiritual resting place, of whose identity we were, at first, so doubtful.

It may be thought, by some, that there is not much connection between the means and the end, and that I have not given any very cogent reasons for our coming to this conclusion. I do not pretend to have written a logical treatise, but only a simple little narrative of some circumstances in the history of a plain, unpretending household; and it appears to me, in penning them down, that others may find, as we have done, that the best way to enjoy the privileges and comforts of the Church, is to identify ourselves with her

interests, and live up to her precepts as far as possible. If we hold ourselves aloof, we are likely to think we have found only a cold step-mother, instead of our own loving, cherishing parent; and, missing the social friendliness, and the constant pastoral care, to which we have been accustomed, we soon regard ourselves, and are regarded by others, as strangers in our Father's house.

Perhaps our American brethren might do more to aid us in making ourselves at home amongst them. Had not Mr. Bowen advised me as a brother might have done, things would have gone very differently with my family. But we must have patience, if we are neglected and slighted for a few years. In a change of situations, we might have found it difficult to care for the stranger, especially where there were unpleasant peculiarities, and no particular claims to regard on account of wealth, or talents, or connections. It is very difficult to carry out in practice, the Apostolic rule, "Honor all men." It is much easier to be critical and supercilious, and to forget that those whose habits, and manners, and modes of speech, differ from ours, may yet have perceptions as

quick, feelings as keen, and souls as valuable, as our own.

It is often, too, that one is disappointed. In showing kindness to all strangers, and especially to those who come from the land of our fore-fathers, that land through which the blessings of religion descended to us, how often we find, that the objects of our interest prove to be such as we could not wish for the associates of our families, and mortify, as well as grieve us, by sinking from one stage of degradation to another. Perhaps such may be our experience, in nine cases out of ten, but if the tenth prove otherwise, surely we have encouragement enough. We are not to expect every effort to be crowned with immediate success (though no earnest, no devout endeavor will ever entirely fail), but if we withhold our exertions, and one of Christ's little ones suffers harm through our neglect or contempt, it were better for us that a mill-stone were hanged about our neck, and we were drowned in the depths of the sea!