

Poetry.

PSALM CXXII.

Theodore Zuingler, of whom some account may be found in Thuanus, when he lay on his death bed, took his leave of the world, in a paraphrase on the foregoing Psalm; giving it the same turn with that given to it above. I have never been able to get a sight of the original; but one may venture, I believe, to say, that it has lost nothing in a translation of it by the late learned and pious Mr. Merrick; which is so excellent, that I must beg leave to present it to the reader. Some of the lines are retained in his more liberal poetical version published in 1765. It may serve as a finished specimen of the noble and exalted use which a Christian may and ought to make of the Psalms of David.

1
What joy, while thus I view the day
That warns my thirsting soul away,
What transports fill my breast!
For, lo, my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest.

2
The festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to the hallow'd dome,
Thy presence to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread th' ethereal floor.

3
E'en now to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
E'en now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions that contain
Th' angelic forms, an awful train,
And shine with cloudless day.

4
Hither from earth's remotest end,
Lo, the redeem'd of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring:
Here crown'd with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the immortal King:

5
Great Salem's King; who bids each state
On her decrees dependent wait:
In her, ere time begun,
High on eternal base uprear'd,
His hands the regal seat prepared
For Jesse's favour'd son.

6
Mother of cities! O'er thy head
See Peace, with healing wings outspread,
Delighted fix her stay;
How bless'd who calls himself thy friend!
Success his labours shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

7
Thy walls, remote from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild waste deplore;
There smiling Plenty takes her stand,
And in thy courts with lavish hand
Has pour'd forth all her store.

8
Let me, bless'd seat, my name behold
Among thy citizens enroll'd,
In thee for ever dwell.
Let charity my steps attend,
My sole companion and my friend,
And faith and hope farewell!

(Horne's Commentary on the Psalms.)

* The original is given in some of the later editions of Horne's Commentary.—[Ed.]

CHURCH CALENDAR.

March 18.—Third Sunday in Lent.
25.—Fourth do. do.
"—Annunciation of Virgin Mary.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. XIX.

GLASGOW; PAISLEY; ELLERSLIE, &c.

No one who visits Scotland would think of confining his observations to its cities and towns, however marked by beauty of locality or by the magnificence of their edifices; because Scotland is a land of mountain, islet, and lake, and in the boldness and beauty of the varied scenery which its Highlands especially present, no tourist—with a particle of the tourist's proper taste—would neglect to scan, and view again and again, the peculiar attractions of this ancient and romantic country. Accordingly, in less than a week after entering Edinburgh, I had planned, and was upon the eve of accomplishing a tour to the north, embracing the ancient towns of St. Andrews, Aberdeen and Inverness, where abundant letters of introduction would have secured a warm welcome in that proverbially hospitable land.—From the latter town, a visit would have been natural and easy to the sanguinary field of Culloden, so decisive of the Protestant ascendancy of the House of Brunswick; and a descent from thence down the Caledonian canal—a contemplation of the rich and noble prospects from Ben Lomond's summit—a sail upon the romantic waters consecrated to fame by the poetic tale of the Lady of the Lake—a visit to the Trosachs whose wild and rude grandeur enchants every traveller—and a voyage afterwards to Fingal's Cave in Staffa and thence to the Giant's Causeway;—all these were enjoyments in prospective then, which the heart even now bounds to realize. But alas! these were pleasant schemes doomed to sudden and unexpected disappointment: a summons to London put these agreeable speculations to flight, and all were dissipated like some of those bright and golden dreams in which the sleeper's fancy revels until his eyelids open to the dull and cold reality of a wearying world.—And the summoner, who was he, and where is he now? One whose wishes it was a pride and pleasure to regard as commands: one

high in the grades of earthly society, but higher far in the graces of a Christian heart; but one alas! who has preceded the weak and erring one who had the privilege of being so long his companion and friend, to a world where wanderings and journeyings are over; where "rivers of pleasure," and "pastures" of unchangeable green allure the released sojourner; where the melody of angels' harps invites the ransomed pilgrim to the everlasting praises of his Redeemer and his God!

Having, however, had a few days still to spare, I was resolved to employ them in a visit to Glasgow, and, if possible, to make a circuitous return to Edinburgh, by the Trosachs and Stirling Castle. Accordingly I took the coach direct for Glasgow, and arrived in the latter city after a journey of about five hours. The interjacent country is not particularly interesting, although occasionally there is a pleasing view of some bold scenery in the distance; and in the vicinity of Airdrie, we pass a small lake which affords an agreeable relief to the general monotony of the way.

On arriving at Glasgow—for its numerous manufactures and the thousands employed in them, often styled the Manchester of Scotland—I employed a portion of the limited term of my present stay in walking down to view the majestic Clyde, and the bustle of the Broomielaw. The Clyde, wide and deep, sweeps along with a bold rapid current, at this time from fierce gusts of wind lashed into foam; and hundreds of vessels and steamers lined its quays, sped along with the favouring stream, or dashed in proud defiance against both wind and tide.—From the Broomielaw and the Clyde, I proceeded to a hasty inspection of the venerable Cathedral; one of the few old religious edifices, scattered here and there over Scotland, which the levelling zeal of the followers of Knox omitted to demolish. It is of large dimensions in the Gothic order, but from the storms of seven centuries, it exhibits the hoariness of old age. Its painted windows within are fine, its vaulted roof magnificent, and its pillars and other ornaments massive and grand; and its tower without, rising to the height of more than 200 feet, renders it a commanding object throughout the city.

In less than two hours, I took the coach that proceeds towards Paisley, but alighted at a gate about two miles from that town, whence a road leads to a little village on the left, named Hurler. At this gate I met one of those strolling pedlars, so often to be met with in the vicinity of towns in the United Kingdom, bearing about upon their heads a tray full of rude earthenware resemblances of various statesmen and heroes, both ancient and modern; who, notwithstanding his inconvenient burden, readily volunteered to be the porter of my little supply of luggage for the couple of miles we had to walk. This was subsequently shared by a loquacious dame from one of the neighbouring manufactories; and the little donative which kindness added to service may have enhanced, being speedily transmuted for the stimulant of the gin-shop, made the quiet inn of the Hurler ring for hours with their boisterous mirth! On the way, I paused to contemplate the ruins of the old castle of Crookston, where Queen Mary and Darnley for a time resided, and whence many persons viewed the famous battle of Langside described in Sir Walter Scott's tale of the Abbot. Arriving at the Hurler and turning a corner, I suddenly encountered an individual, long and well known in another land some thousands of miles off, and to whom the meeting was so unexpected that, in the surprise of the moment, he could scarcely believe it to be other than an apparition which he saw before him. But the mystery was soon explained; and in a few minutes I was the welcome partaker of the hospitality of his kind father's roof.

Hurler is the seat of a manufactory of alum and coppers, which, on the following morning, I inspected through all its process: the country round also abounds with coal; so that the air, the day too being extremely hot, seemed impregnated with a stifling vapour which there was no breeze to relieve. We walked afterwards to Paisley, a distance of two miles, passing on the way many neat houses and fine farms; and after taking a hasty view of this most unattractive town, we entered the canal boat for Ellerslie, and proceeded for about two miles through a very beautiful and interesting country. We disembarked opposite the spot where stood the house of the gallant Sir William Wallace; and although the oak still stands,—putting forth its green leaves more and more faintly every succeeding spring, weakened and palsied by the blasts of so many centuries,—the oak in which Wallace sheltered himself when Edward's soldiers ransacked his house and terrified his affectionate Marion, there is nothing left of the former abode of this champion of Scotland but a little strip of wall to which there is now annexed a stable! But the oak—that stands a link between generations long gone and the present race: though many of its sturdy branches have been lopped off in consequence of decay, and it stands solitary there in the decrepitude of old age, it seems a living chronicler of the deeds of other days, and brings with a better freshness to the mind the heroism of the soldier whom it shrouded, than could the antique armour which that hero may have worn, or than could the marble statue which perpetuates the remembrance of his form.

We returned and dined at Paisley, and visited afterwards the Old Abbey Church,—an edifice which though still extensive seems but a small appendage, a mere fragment of an ancient monastery of immense size, as the remains of mouldering walls and nodding arches testify. Adjoining the Abbey is an aged building of smaller size, called the Sounding Aisle,—which had the property of producing extraordinary reverberations of sound, the effect of which was tested, to a degree almost astounding, by the firing of a pistol within. A thousand echoes answered to the shot throughout the aisle and around the vaulted ceiling, as if the spirits of the fathers who slept beneath the sacred pile were murmuring at this rude interruption to their repose!

We returned soon after, sauntering leisurely along, to the quiet village of the Hurler; but the intelligent and amiable host, with whom I sojourned and who was this day my companion to all the interesting sights I had viewed, is, like so many others—estimable and dear—encountered in these travels, no more a sharer in the fluctuations of this trying world. But he has left many behind him to whom his name is precious; and the present writer will not soon forget the refreshments both to mind

and body, under considerable indisposition and exhaustion at the time, which his mild attentions and intelligent conversation imparted. There I abode another full day—bodily indisposition, and the excessive heat forbidding the attempt to visit the Trosachs; and as the sun was sloping his course towards the west, I returned on foot, past Crookston Castle, to the toll gate already mentioned, and mounted the coach for Glasgow.

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISH REFORMATION.

To the Churches of the Roman communion we can say, that ours is reformed; to the reformed churches we can say, that ours is orderly and decent: for we are freed from the impositions and lasting errors of a tyrannical spirit, and yet from the extravagancies of a popular spirit too: our reformation was done without tumult, and yet we saw it necessary to reform; we were zealous to cast away the old errors, but our zeal was balanced with consideration and the results of authority. Not like women and children when they are affrighted with fire in their clothes; we shake off the coal indeed, but not our garments, lest we should have exposed our churches to that nakedness which the excellent men of our sister churches complained to be among themselves.—(Ep. Jeremy Taylor.)

EPITAPHS.

The following quaint but good Epitaph is from a brass plate in the floor of the Church near Felbrigg-Hall, in Norfolk, the seat of the Windhams, one of which celebrated family (T. Windham, Esq. who died A. D. 1599.) it commemorates.

Livest thou, Thomas? Yeas. Where? With God on high.
Art thou not dead? Yeas, and here I lie.
I that with men on earth did live to die,
Died for to live with Christ eternally.

Deo-duc.

I do not ask when a man first believed in Christ, but does he now believe in him? I do not desire to know when people were awakened, nor how they were awakened, unless they were awakened to go on living to God. I am not fond of the reverie stories that some tell about conversion, laying emphasis on the hour when, and the place where. I go not by instantaneous impulses, but by the permanent effects of the holy mind of God created in the regenerate.

PRIVATE TUITION.

A MARRIED CLERGYMAN of the Church of England, who has taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and whose Rectory is situated in one of the healthiest parts of Upper Canada, is desirous of receiving into his house four young gentlemen as pupils, who should be treated in every respect as members of his own family, and whom he would undertake to prepare for the intended University of King's College,—or, if preferred, give such a general education as should qualify them for mercantile or other pursuits. The strictest attention should be paid to their morals and manners, and it would be the endeavour of the advertiser to instil into the minds of his pupils those sound religious principles, which form the only safeguard in the path of life.

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