

The Church.

"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

THEREFORE I WILL NOT BE NEGLIGENT TO PUT YOU ALWAYS IN REMEMBRANCE OF THESE THINGS, THOUGH YE KNOW THEM AND BE ESTABLISHED IN THE PRESENT TRUTH.—2 PETER 1, 12.

VOLUME II.]

COBOURG, UPPER CANADA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1839.

[NUMBER XXX.]

Original Poetry.

For the Church.

THE EMIGRANTS' HYMN.

It was a holy scene; a forest deep
And vast and still, as tho' a mystic sleep
Had wrapt its creatures up, its branches bending,
In leafy arches hung,
To the bright sunbeams a new beauty lending
As they had crept among
The tangled tresses, a sweet softness blending
The verdant painting with the golden hue,
The sunlight left stealing the branches through.

It was a place for prayer; the pine tree high,
The flowery beach, the oak that veiled the sky,
Were the dim temple's pillars, lightly weaving
The vaulted roof above,
Their clustered foliage so like night deceiving,
That yet the meek-eyed dove
Shook not its wings, the silent arbour leaving,
And the soft scent moss was the altar spread,
With the morning light on its flowrets shed.

And were there none to pray, no voice of praise
To rise in worship to the full of days?—
Yes, there were beings in those still aisles kneeling,
Children of other climes,
O'er whose glad hearts a spirit music stealing,
That breathed of olden times,
Came like the bell of England's Sabbath pealing,
And from their lips then burst the joyous song,
That through the wild far echoes bore along:—

Our fatherland, our fatherland,
Our thoughts are turned to thee,
Tho' we've found a home, o'er the dark sea's foam
Beneath the greenwood tree;

In the forest dim, in the forest dim,
Where the summer insect plays,
We have blessed the isle, with the sunny smile,
The home of early days:

We have found a shrine, we have found a shrine,
Where footstep never trod,
And our voices rise, 'neath the balmy skies,
To our own, our fathers' God.

We remember Him, we remember Him,
When morning spreads its wings,
And the evening hymn, in the twilight dim,
From our forest temple springs.

He has been our guide, he has been our guide,
When the storm was on the sea,
He has watched us still, in pain and ill—
Shall our hearts ungrateful be?

Then breathe the strain, then breathe the strain,
Here from the humble sod,
Shall our voices rise, 'neath the balmy skies,
To our own, our father's God.

They ceased, their song swept onward with the breeze,
Making a melody amid the trees,
When the full branches the rich music greeting
Joined in the strain,
And nature's voice and man's in chorus meeting,
Echo awak'd again,
And hill and vale and dale were all repeating
Those last glad accents bursting from the sod,
By nature caught, "OUR OWN, OUR FATHER'S GOD."
J. C.

EDMUND BURKE.*

The transition from Pitt to Burke, is from prose into poetry; from the stern realities to the embellishments of life; from the bustle of Whitehall to the bowers of verdant gardens, and the music of silvery waterfalls, and the shadows of purpled wings. If Pitt be the Crabbe, Burke is the Spenser of English eloquence. They who find in the impetuous rushing and foam of the torrent an emblem of his genius, are not more apt in their criticism than those who commend the cloudy magnificence of Pindar. The Theban Lyrist and the British Statesman were both, though in a very different degree, laboured, tranquil, and ornate writers. Not, indeed, deficient in fire, but never swept by that conflagration of passion which has been erroneously supposed to have had dominion over them. The reader who shares the preference of Boileau for the gentler over the stormier emotions, will find a rich harvest of pleasure in the writings of Burke. ***

Burke was undoubtedly the foremost man of his age, not only in splendour of eloquence, but in acuteness, sagacity, and general capacity of intellect. His wisdom was an induction of particulars, pursued through the universal history of the world. Never were oracles delivered from a political shrine with such majesty of utterance. He had beheld the descending glory of Chatham, and came amongst us with the glow upon his countenance. His first speech in the House obtained the applause of that illustrious statesman. It does not fall within our province to dwell upon the genius of Burke; yet it would ill become a patriot or a scholar to pass by without suspending a garland upon his tomb. Never, it may be feared, will such fire kindle the lips of future orators. Parr said of Warburton, that he flamed upon his readers with the brilliancy of a meteor; and of Hurd, that he scattered around them the scintillations of a firebrand. Burke had the blaze and the sparkle; he could terrify with the imagination; or please with the fancy. His invention glanced with untired wing over all the provinces of knowledge. If Milton was the most learned of our poets, Burke was the most learned of our orators. His life had been devoted to the collection of intellectual riches. He seems to have swept with a drag-net the remote lands of antiquity; so minute were his researches, that nothing escaped their inspection. His speeches abound in the most varied elements of excellence. He could descend through the beautiful in thought to the sordid in reality; from Virgil to Cocker; from the *Aeneid* to the Rule of Three. Fousin, returning from his evening walk with a miscellaneous bundle of stones and flowers, to be employed in future pictures, offers an apposite parallel.

* From the Church of England Quarterly Review.

The eloquence of Burke was the eloquence of the imagination. He has a juster claim to be called the Homer of Orators than that illustrious writer upon whom the French critic conferred the title; not indeed in the simplicity of his style, but in the exhaustless fertility of his resources. Boileau confessed that his heart drooped whenever he read Demosthenes, from the conviction of his own insignificance. Such will be the humiliating result of the study of Burke. The only English writer who in any way approaches the gorgeous pageantry and splendour of his language we believe to be Milton, in some of the impassioned passages of his prose works. In classic idioms, high self-opinion, and scorching contumely, the resemblance is striking. The genius of each walked with equal dignity and ease under the burden of Asiatic ornaments, or ancient armour. When the Beauties of Shakespeare were shown to an eminent critic, he asked for the other volumes. The reader might adopt a similar interrogatory if we attempted to dismember the orations of Burke to illustrate these observations. *** Wilkes might complain of the want of taste amidst all the brilliancy of his mind, and of the coarseness that induced one to suspect that he ate potatoes and drank whiskey; but it may be affirmed, without any fear of contradiction, that no writer ever produced so much, upon topics so exciting, who required the sponge so seldom. He could not, indeed, have exclaimed that he had written no line "which dying he would wish to blot;" but his errors are comparatively few.

In the speeches of Burke we meet with none of that delicate irony, that Attic railery, with which Canning delighted to irritate and vanquish an opponent. He rarely stings with the concentrated malignity of Junius; or inflicts his wounds with the sportive cruelty of Horace. His humour has the saturnine air of Ben Jonson; or the cumbersome and unwieldy gait of Milton, in his combats with Salmasius. But though he could not bend the bow of the Epigrammatist, he could wield the sword of satire, like Juvenal. With what imitable vividness and indignation does he design and work out the portrait of the Duke of Bedford! "I know not how it has happened, but it really seems, that, whilst his Grace was meditating his well-considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer nods; and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams (even his golden dreams) are apt to be ill-pieced and inconspicuously put together, his Grace preserved his idea of reproach to me, but took the subject matter from the Crown grants to his own family. This is the 'stuff of which his dreams are made.' In that way of putting things together, his Grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the House of Russell were so enormous, as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the Leviathan among all the creatures of the Crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk; he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst 'he lies floating many a rood,' he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me over with the spray,—every thing of him and about him is from the Throne. Is it for him to question the dispensation of the royal favour?"

A very graceful poet has observed of a writer, with whose productions the kindred mind of Burke must have been familiar, that he always appears to be in his study; never going to meditate in the fields at eventide, or meet Beauty without her veil in his solitary meditations. The English orator has not escaped the same objection. A Michael Angelo is censured because he wants the softness of Correggio; the florid richness of a Rubens is not enjoyed, because it offends the chaste simplicity of Raphael. This is neither a wise, nor a beneficial criticism. To search the many-coloured page of Horace for the stern severity of *Æschylus*, would not be a very profitable occupation. The element of Burke's imagination was grandeur; but he frequently moves in the softer atmosphere of grace. Numerous instances will occur to the readers of his works; but it will be sufficient for our purpose to mention his elegant character of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which has been pronounced the eulogium of Parrhasius, spoken by Pericles. "It is," said a political opponent, "as fine a portrait as Sir Joshua Reynolds ever painted." If the pictures of Reynolds were all destroyed, he would still live in the portraits of Burke and Goldsmith.

An essential property of the mind of Burke was universality of acquisition. To a stature of intellect which might have awed the giants of an elder age, he united a wonderful flexibility and ease of movement. The orator descended into the drawing-room, the liveliest, the pleasantest, the most unaffected of the guests. His most celebrated friend declared him to be the only man whose common conversation corresponded with his general reputation in the world. Take up whatever subject you would, Burke, he said, was ready to meet you. But while he awarded him this ardent praise, he expressed a belief to Robertson, that Burke had never made a good joke, and that he was destitute of the faculty of wit. Nothing delighted Johnson so much as fighting for a paradox, or arraying a sophism. That a genius like Burke's should have been paralyzed on the side of humour, would indeed have been a curious fact in the history of the understanding. But Sir Joshua Reynolds, a judge not more acute than impartial, and familiar with all the brilliant talkers of the age, expressly assures us, that he had heard Burke in a single evening say ten things, upon any one of which a professed wit might have subsisted for a year. If Burke had found a Boswell, the dispute might easily have been settled. The few specimens of his conversation which have reached us, display his address in seizing the topics of the moment, and the amiable disposition with which he surrendered himself to the current of society. His play upon words was often very happy. When Wilkes was carried upon the shoulders of the mob, he quoted the lines of Horace,

"Numerisque fertur
Lege solutus"—*Hor. iv. Od. 2.*

which Reynolds said was dignifying a pun. He found also in the same poet a very accurate description of a good manor.

"Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines;" that is to say, a *modus* as to the titles, and certain fines. Of Marlay, afterwards Bishop of Waterford, he observed, "I don't like the deanery of *Ferns*, it sounds so like a barren title." Or to give another example of a similar description:—There happened to be in London a quack who called himself Dr. Brock. Burke happening one day to address his friend Brocklesby by that name, and the Doctor being offended at the jest, he offered to prove the identity of the appellations; which he performed algebraically, "Brock—b=Rock;" or, "Brock less b makes Rock." It was asserted by one of the great masters of Grecian philosophy, that the tragic poet ought to unite in his own person the powers of the comic poet. The history of genius confirms the aphorism of Plato. The eye that flashed upon the soul of Richard, or the malignity of Shylock, shone with mirth at the jokes of Falstaff; Homer, who painted Achilles, drew also the portrait of Thersites; Scott, who filled our eyes with tears at the story of Jeanie Deans, made our sides ache with the blunders of the Dominie. Who more tender and humorous than Cervantes, than Chaucer, or Goethe; than Tieck or Lamb?

We shall indeed, experience no difficulty in conceiving that Burke might have been equally obnoxious with Coleridge to the remark of Madame de Staël, that although he was a master of monologues, he was totally unacquainted with dialogue. Johnson always spoke of him as an impatient listener. But we may imagine a wide distinction to have separated the philosopher of Highgate from the statesman of Beaconsfield. Of the former it has been confessed by one of his ablest admirers, the English Opium eater, that to many he seemed to wander, even when his resistance to the wandering instinct was the most determined. He was so tardy in returning from his airy circuits round the throne of discussion, that the eye of a spectator, unaccustomed to follow such lofty gyrations, lost sight of him altogether. Had he lived in the time of Socrates, Aristophanes would, doubtless, have found a seat for him in the Clouds. Whether, as his disciples affirm, during all these wanderings his mind was guided by "logic the most severe," we shall not venture to determine. It was, at all events, a most delightful occupation of a summer evening to listen to him; and we can assert for ourselves, that his obscure rhapsodies breathed upon the mind the charm of music heard in the night; the mist diffused over the senses, lending toil a sweeter and more mysterious influence. Coleridge was a visionary, and his conversation was coloured by his dreams. Burke, on the other hand, was in the widest sense practical, without despising the embellishments of the imagination. Coleridge, with the enthusiasm of a poet, pursued an image for its beauty; Burke, with the severer judgment of the statesman, valued it chiefly for its adaptation to an object. The erudition of the first melted into a luminous haze, in which few things were distinctly recognizable; the learning of the second was employed to set the precious axioms of wisdom which experience had taught him. Never have we conversed with any distinguished individual from whom so little could be carried away, as from Coleridge. You felt that a rich and varied composition had been played; the effect remained, but the notes were forgotten.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA.*

No. IV.

PERGAMOS.

"And to the angel of the Church in Pergamos write: These things saith he which hath the sharp sword with two edges: I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is: and thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith, even in those days wherein Antipas was my faithful martyr, who was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth.—But I have a few things against thee, because thou hast here them that hold the doctrine of Balaam, who taught Balak to cast a stumblingblock before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed unto idols, and to commit fornication. So hast thou also them that hold the doctrine of the Nicolaitanes, which thing I hate. Repent; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against them with the sword of my mouth. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches: To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."—*Rev. ii. 12-17.*

Pergamos is situated on the right bank of the river Caius, about sixty miles to the north of Smyrna, and contiguous to the sea. It was the ancient metropolis of a powerful and independent kingdom; a seat of oriental learning, as well as an early and impressive scene of Christian triumph. The advantages of its situation, at the foot of an elevated hill, commanding an extensive plain, rendered it a most important stronghold; and, owing to the genius of its inhabitants, it became a splendid metropolis under the Aetolian kings. The Egyptian monarchs, jealous of the increasing fame of Pergamos as a place of learning, prohibited the exportation of the papyrus, which was commonly used for writing; and this gave rise to the manufacture of parchment, with which the people of Pergamos began to make their books. A magnificent library was here formed, which was afterwards transported by Cleopatra, and added to that of Alexandria.

Pergamos is not mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles; and there is no authentic record as to the period when Christianity was introduced into that city. It is obvious, however, that when this epistle was addressed to the Christian Church, its members had boldly testified their adherence to the faith of the Gospel.

The Almighty Saviour is here represented as "He which hath the sharp sword with two edges," or, as it is elsewhere said, "out of whose mouth went a sharp two-edged sword," ready to destroy his enemies. His language is that of com-

* From the Church of England Magazine.

mendation, not unmingled, however, with reproof. "I know thy works, and where thou dwellest." He commends their piety, steadfastness, and zeal—all which had been testified in a situation and under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. Pergamos is here spoken of as the very seat of Satan, "the prince of the power of the air, the spirit which now worketh in the children of disobedience." Here he exercised a fearful dominion over the souls of his wretched captives, giving them up to strong delusion, that they should believe a lie. And the enmity against the Gospel was so great, that Antipas, styled by the Saviour "my faithful martyr," suffered for the truth. We have no certain account concerning this individual; and although he alone is mentioned by way of eminence, it is more than probable that others witnessed a good confession in this city, and sealed their belief in the doctrines of the Gospel by their blood.

So far the picture is bright; so far there was much to commend in the state of the Church of Pergamos; but still it was not faultless; for there were among them that held the doctrine of Balaam. St. Peter (2 Epist. ii. 15, 16), foretelling the springing up of false teachers, who should disturb the peace and unity of the Church, and bring in abominable heresies, speaks of them as "those which have forsaken the right way, and are gone astray, following the way of Balaam, the son of Bosor, who loved the wages of unrighteousness; and St. Jude (ver. 11) describes such persons as those who have "gone in the way of Cain, and run greedily after the error of Balaam for reward." It is obvious that this description is intended to imply that there were some even of the professing Christians of Pergamos who had thrown aside the wholesome restraints of the Gospel—who had indulged in the same vices which were so shamelessly practised by the heathen. The corrupt doctrines and practices of the Nicolaitanes, already referred to as disgracing some of the converts at Ephesus, had here also their adherents. The state of the heathen world was indeed deplorable, and Pergamos appears to have been sunk in the lowest depths of moral degradation. The inconsistent professors of Christianity should have been excommunicated. Their bearing the Christian name, while they disgraced the Christian character, had a natural tendency to bring the religion of the Saviour into disrepute. They ought, therefore, to have been cut off from the body of believers, who should have protested against their inconsistency.

The call to repentance was here made by the Saviour; with the assurance, that if not listened to and laid to heart, inevitable destruction would ensue. How compassionately does he expostulate with the sinner! "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Jesus is exalted a Prince and a Saviour to grant repentance and remission of sins.

The address concludes with the most gracious promise "to him that overcometh." First, he is told, that he shall eat of the hidden manna, namely, those rich spiritual consolations which are the result of a living faith in that Saviour, who speaks of himself as "the bread of life," "the living bread," of which, if a man eat, he shall live for ever. Moses commanded Aaron to fill a vessel with the manna which had been so graciously provided for the sustenance of the Israelites, and to lay it up in the tabernacle as a perpetual memorial of the goodness of God. This manna was accordingly placed in the ark of the covenant, in the most holy place, where it remained secret, as none entered that place but the high priest, once a year. Reference is unquestionably here made to this circumstance. Another gift to be bestowed is a white stone. This refers to the custom of the ancients in their courts of judicature, in which the judges used to announce their decisions by pebbles, the white denoting that the prisoner was absolved from the charge brought against him, the black that his guilt was fully established. On this white stone a new name was to be written, declaring his adoption into the family of God; and it is further added, that no man knoweth this name save he that receiveth it—testifying that religion is a matter of private personal concern. He who is refreshed by the bread of heaven feels the refreshment in his own soul, of which the world knows nothing; it is therefore hidden manna on which he feeds. He who is adopted into the heavenly family has the witness in himself; the Spirit also bearing witness with his spirit, that he is a child of God. The blessings of pardon, adoption, and grace, are here promised to the conquering Christian. They are all comprehended in the gracious assurance vouchsafed to the faithful at Pergamos.

The Church of Pergamos continued for several centuries to send a bishop to the councils of the Church; but, by degrees, we lose all trace of its spiritual condition.

The modern city, which occupies the place where Pergamos stood, is called Bergamo; amidst which many ruins are discoverable of the ancient grandeur of the place.—Among the remains of Christian antiquity which still exist, the ruins of a church of the Agios Theologos, or St. John, are pointed out, supposed to have been one of the erections of the Emperor Theodosius. To this the Greeks still occasionally repair for worship, and some paltry figures of saints are hung up in it. There is another ancient church on the banks of the Selinus, called Sancta Sophia, but now used by the Turks as a mosque. Tradition regards this as the identical church wherein the first Christians of Pergamos assembled for worship. The supposed tomb of the "faithful martyr Antipas" used to be shown in it. Mr. Arundel thus speaks of Pergamos:—"At twelve o'clock the grand plain of Pergamos was in full view before us. At a quarter past one, the river Aksou (Caius) was again by our road on the right, and in the front distance rose the majestic Acropolis. The country, before entering the town, was of an unpromising aspect, rocky, and bare of trees, and in the winter must be very desolate. . . . On entering the town, now nearly dark, I was struck by some enormously high masses of walls on the left, strongly contrasted with the diminutive houses