

The Church.

"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

STAND YE IN THE WAYS, AND SEE, AND ASK FOR THE OLD PATHS, WHERE IS THE GOOD WAY, AND WALK THEREIN, AND YE SHALL FIND REST FOR YOUR SOULS.—JEREMIAH VI. 16.

VOLUME III.]

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[NUMBER IV.]

Poetry.

THE POOR MAN'S DEATH-BED.

Tread softly!—how the head—
In reverent silence bow!
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! how great so'er,
With lowly reverence bow!
There's one in that poor shed,
One by that wretched bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that pauper's roof,
Lo! Death doth trust his state;
Enter—no crowds attend;
Enter—no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No whispering couriers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Clasping with pale thin hands,
A dying head.

No busy murmurs sound;
An infant-wail alone—
A sob suppress'd—again
That short, deep gasp—and then
The parting groan.

O change!—oh, wondrous change!
Burst are the prison-bars!
This moment there so low
In mortal pangs—and now
Beyond the stars!

O change! stupendous change!
There lies the senseless clod;
The soul from bondage breaks,
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

CAROLINE BOWLES (now Mrs. Southey).

THE LOVER OF NATURE.

A watcher I, by bush and stream,
A loiterer by the field and fold;
A lover of tradition's dream,
And peasant tales of days of old.

A gazer on each flower that springs,
And bud that grows on heath and wild;
A questioner of hidden things,
Nature's unwise, but loving child.

A follower of the bee and bird,
As to their secret homes they hie;
A listener when the voice is heard,
That wakes the shrouded butterfly.

God of the wonders that I love,
Let me each day know more of thee;
Till in Thine unfaul'd world above,
Through no dark glass Thy face I see.

Give unto one, who nothing knows,
Through this dim earth Thy steps to trace,
Thy might, O Lord, each atom shows,
And every flower displays Thy grace.

If nought I know, Thy wisdom more
May, through Thy grace, beam forth in me;
Sun! shine, whilst I the page explore
Of Thine own nature's mystery.

Scenes in our Parish.

DR. JOHNSON.*

The republic of letters is a community exposed to constant changes of government. It presents at different times the appearance of a wild democracy, of a stern oligarchy, of a stringent despotism. When the minds of men in general are awake and active, when they are hurrying headlong into new fields of knowledge, and are engaging in fresh pursuits without concert or subordination, literature is a democracy, exhibiting all the energy and vigour of that form of polity—adventurous, original, independent, but at the same time rash, extravagant, unchastised, and always rapidly tending to the repose offered by more settled rule. When society has advanced in manners, institutions, and intelligence, when individuals regularly fall into prescribed stations and the various branches of knowledge are cultivated almost exclusively by professional men, literature presents the image of an aristocracy. But let a man of unusually powerful parts or genius arise, who, by his surpassing talents, or from his being the representative of opinions or feelings to which the age is already disposed, becomes an object of general attention; and it frequently happens that he is lifted by his comrades to the seat of empire, and hailed by the acclamations of the multitude as the monarch of literature. Such, indeed, is the natural disposition of mankind to subordination, and such the force of superior minds, that though the whole realm of letters has regularly been united under one man, its various departments and provinces are usually subject to a single master.

The establishment of a literary monarchy has perhaps in most instances been effected by violence and faction, and has often been characterized by the worst features of an act of usurpation. Yet it has not unfrequently been introduced by unexceptionable means, and has sometimes exercised a most favorable influence on the interests of mankind. The dictatorship enabled Cincinnatus and Fabius to save, though it was abused by Sulla and Caesar to destroy, their country. The malignant effects of the influence exercised in France by Voltaire were scarcely more remarkable than the happy results which in England attended the literary supremacy of Dr. Johnson.

The high principles and great abilities of this eminent man, fostered as they were, and enjoying free scope for their exercise, in our happy institutions, placed him for the last twenty years of his life at the head of English literature. His success was honorable alike to himself and his country. With scarcely a friend, and without a party, he rose, without any adventitious advantages, from the lowest depths of obscurity and indigence to the greatest distinction which can be procured by letters. After having spent the earlier part of his life in attempts to gain a scanty subsistence, when the royal bounty had placed him in easier circumstances, in spite of uncouth manners and a rough and independent bearing, he became the companion of nobles and senators, and dictated the laws of morals and criticism in the intellectual circles of our metropolis.

In power and independence he pursued the course which he had followed in obscurity and poverty. At the splendid tables and in the brilliant circles to which he was admitted in his latter years, he asserted the same truths, and maintained the same opinions on the great points of life and literature, as he had defended when his lot was very different. He was conscious of his vocation. It was a noble one. He was guided by Providence to

bear his testimony to the principles which alone could enable his country to weather the greatest storm which ever agitated the world. Some may think that he enunciated them in a form somewhat exaggerated. But if England had not been under the influence of a respect for religion and royalty, which calculating men might sneer at as superstitious, she would scarcely have escaped the convulsion which devastated France.

More than fifty years have now elapsed since the death of Dr. Johnson. The interval has been filled with great events, and by nearly two generations of men of letters. The progress of society in the meantime has been unusually rapid. The tumult of war and change has torn us from our ancestors, and in fifty years the world has, as it were, lived a century. The consequence is, that we think very little of what immediately preceded the mighty events which are even still in the course of development. Material and delicate engage more of our attention than the subtle and deft influences which form the bond of union between the past and the present, and serve to perpetuate national identity. But rightly to estimate any particular period, we must always make due allowance for these secret or less obvious causes. After all the great events which have been crowded into the last fifty years, we cannot duly estimate our present position without taking into account the influence which was exercised upon English society and literature by Dr. Johnson.

The admiration with which Johnson was regarded by his contemporaries has long given place to a very different view of his merits. It has of late become the fashion to depreciate and despise him. He has been ridiculed as a vulgar pedant, and a narrow-minded bigot. His style has become a by-word for what is labored and pompous. His criticisms have been pointed out as exhibiting the very dotage of an obsolete taste. His works have been represented as destitute of force and feeling, and as burying good sense and truth under a load of verbose formality.

It is not the object of the writer of this paper to undertake the advocacy of Johnson, or even to attempt an estimate of his intellectual and literary character. In the study of the writers of a very different school he has become abundantly sensible of his faults and deficiencies. He is willing to admit that the extravagant estimate formed of him by his contemporaries was characteristic of the state of things which prevailed at the period, and that his criticisms and learning could only be admired by a formal and superficial age. He is well aware that much of his direct influence is gone, since the great German critics have discovered the true philosophy of literature, and given better views of the principles of art and criticism than were ever taught by the *modera* classical schools. But he would have justice done him for what he effected among his contemporaries, and for what we ought to acknowledge ourselves indebted to him even now. In directing attention to undoubted historical facts, he will be rendering the highest praise to the memory of Johnson.

To those who have been in the habit of regarding Johnson as having corrupted our language by his free use of words of Latin origin, it may seem strange to represent him as the writer who first rendered the English tongue perfectly correct and grammatical. Yet this was most certainly the fact. Poetry with us, as among every other people, was correct and elegant, when prose was scarcely cultivated at all; and we had undoubtedly great models of prose from an early period of our literature; but Englishmen generally wrote loosely and ungrammatically, and some of our most eminent authors were in their style negligent and inaccurate till the middle of the last century. Johnson effected a complete and permanent reform. His extreme accuracy banished solecisms and vulgarisms from the written language of his country. And from his time negligence in composition has been regarded as a proof of vulgarity and ignorance. No one will consider this as a small service who duly estimates the connexion which must always subsist between language and manners.

This was not the only service which he rendered to our literature; but his services in matters of literature and philology are of small account, when compared with the influence which he exercised upon the state of English society and morals. We have had no man of letters who has contributed in any thing like the same degree to improve the national character. The political convulsions of the seventeenth century had produced a most injurious effect on the public morals. The reign of Puritanism had been followed by a dreadful reaction. Freethinkers, politicians, and the latitudinarians had brought about a melancholy relaxation of principles and manners; and the earlier part of the eighteenth century was a period of general profligacy. The most successful works of our literature were, with a few admirable exceptions, sceptical and licentious. Literature appeared to be entirely dissociated from religion. All classes were more or less infected with gross vices. There was no earnest attention to great principles; the most exciting and awful subjects were treated with coldness and levity. As the century advanced, there was a manifest improvement. There was still little real philosophy, little originality or deep feeling; but men became more serious and regular, more thoughtful and reflecting, more willing to attend to and examine serious subjects. And yet this was the very period when an opposite process was going on elsewhere. France was becoming infidel, and a spirit of profane scepticism was spreading over all the rest of Europe.

This memorable result was chiefly due to the influence of Johnson. It was he who reclaimed the truant spirit of literature, and brought her back to the service of religion. He formed a link between the world and the Church. Even the admirable example of George the Third would, as far as we can calculate, have operated much less beneficially, if the great principles of morality and religion had not been maintained, and vice and profaneness rebuked by this great man.

The author of "Rasselas" and "the Rambler" must have exerted a powerful influence upon mankind if he had been a retired student. But was not merely, or chiefly, as a writer that Johnson acted upon his generation, and, through his generation, on posterity. His great conversational powers rendered him an object of respect and attention to people who would not have been affected by books. His eccentricities made him an object of curiosity. He was universally courted and listened to. Wherever he came he pulsed his principles. He put down what was noxious with a high hand. Vice and sophistry cowered before modern Socrates. His vigorous and eloquent talk purged and elevated the minds of his hearers. Filthy complication and profane swearing, which had so long been the disgrace of English society, fled from his presence. Very company which he entered became a school of mop.

We still feel the effects of his influence, though his reputation has decayed. It is thus the world treats its benefactors. These few words are written by one who reveres his character, and who would have it estimated as it deserves. This, therefore, is not the place for qualification or complaint. It is not the time to point out the deficiencies of his moral system, or to show how that love of society which led him so much into the world acted injuriously upon his own character, and led him to take up with views which came far short of the purity and elevation of Christian morals. He taught all he knew. We have to be thankful that he was brought to know so much. His vocation did not extend further. What is highest and holiest cannot profitably or safely be exposed indiscriminately to all. Pearls must not be cast before swine. His was an honorable duty. If any in these times are called to a duty still more honorable, let them not forget that he has made it easier for them to perform it. The unclean spirit must be cast out, and the man be brought to his right mind before the soul is in a state to receive the deep things of the Gospel.

ON THE QUIET SPIRIT OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.*

BY THE REV. ABNER W. BROWN.

No. I.

Few persons will hesitate to own, that the present day is characterized by uneasy excitement and restless change throughout society. It is our privilege to look beyond immediate agents and second causes, and to bear in mind, that "the Lord is King, before the people never so impotent;" that "he sitteth between the cherubim, be the earth never so unquiet." It should enter our minds to remember, that commotions in the human family happen only by his permission, and are, in his providence, overruled for good to his Church. Under such other changes of time and circumstance, the duties of the Church of Christ will more or less alter; but the spirit which it becomes her to maintain cannot vary; for the excellence of it consists in conformity to the spirit of Him who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." The degree of conformity which she manifests is always a good test of the state of her spiritual health.

We profess and call ourselves Christians; and as our union with the Holy Catholic or universal Church is through that branch of it which is planted in this kingdom, we ought often to contemplate those rites, institutions, and formularies, by means of which we have that union. Thus may we compare our habitual character with that which becomes members of the body of Christ, and ascertain how far we possess the mutual like-mindedness which, as such, we ought to have. Thus, also, may we learn to draw from the Church the aid which her suitability to the exigencies of every passing time is able to afford us in our intercourse with mankind. To be content with saying, that the Church of England is built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone, is to rest satisfied with barely affirming that to be true of her, without which, as she would not otherwise be part of the Church of Christ, so otherwise we could have no warrant to belong to her. We are in general familiar with the truth and soundness of the Church of England; her holiness, fervour, and spirituality; her apostolical antiquity; her elasticity and adaptation to the circumstances and necessities of human nature. But there are other points of character which we are less apt to observe, and amongst the rest that peculiar temperament—one might perhaps call it a *spirit of quietness*—in which is carried on all her intercourse as a Church with mankind. Nor is the subject unimportant. Surrounded, as we now are, with an atmosphere of party, threatened and assailed, through error or malice, by enemies, among whom is displayed every grade of malignity against the truth, the members of the Church should identify themselves with the spirit (and it is the spirit of our Head) which breathes through her, in order that they may be united as an army; which, when in good discipline, moves and acts as if one spirit, in the spirit of its general, were infused into every soldier's breast. Nor ought these subjects to be considered appropriate only to the clergy, as though the Church consisted of them alone; for the Church—the body of Christ—comprises all the members, is complete only in him, and thrives only so far as this spirit pervades both laity and clergy.

St. Paul commands Christians that they "study to be quiet, and to do their own business; with quietness to work, and eat their own bread." St. Peter directs them to "seek their adorning in the hidden man of the heart," "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." Although these injunctions refer immediately to domestic and private life, yet the substance of them pertains to all the ordinary circumstances of the Church at large. In reference to ministerial duty, St. Paul warns the servant of the Lord not to strive, but to be "gentle to all men, apt to teach, patient; in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves." The spirit which these Scriptures describe as becoming God's "household, the Church," breathes remarkably through the Church of England. We perceive it in her manner of professing doctrines, of conducting worship, and of applying religion to daily life; in her ecclesiastical institutions, her ministerial requirements, and her operation upon society. If her children or her ministers forget her principles, or forsake her spirit, and she is evil spoken of on their account, the blame rests not upon her, but upon them. There is in all she does, as a Church, a placidity and calmness, a gentleness and peace; like the tranquillity of one who "walketh with God, and goes softly all his days." It is not that she is inert, or secret, or ready to shrink from arduous duty, but that she is quiet. With the mighty energy of a giant's strength, and the unyielding firmness of conscious truth, she combines the simple cheerfulness of a little child and the composure of one that leathens habitually upon God. She has no bustle nor restlessness, no excitement, nor any thing to feed excitement. She urges forward "the instruction of wisdom," earnestly contends for the faith once delivered to the saints," labours to "turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just," and stirs up the affections of the soul towards God; but all is done in a manner so chastened and subdued, so reverential and filial, as keeps before the mind that God is in heaven and we on earth; and avoids setting on fire our unsafe excitability, lest it should cause languor and reaction, or end in aversion and deadness of soul. She aims not at satiating the appetite for novelty, and has nothing to gratify "itching ears," or persons who would "heap to themselves teachers;" she resolutely

refuses to feed in her worshippers the pride of human nature, or to encourage "that fermentitious religion which quickly degenerates into self-pleasing." Many of her enemies have become so because they cannot endure her sound doctrine; others because they cannot bear the equalising, humbling principles upon which she acts in public assemblies, in social worship, and in private devotion. Not a few of her maligners resemble those "whose diseased eye can only be pleased with a single ray of colour, and are dazzled with the light which results from the well-proportioned union of all."

The quietness of spirit so characteristic of our Church belongs to genuine Christianity. It was constantly conspicuous in the tenour of our Lord's actions: as, for instance, when he rebuked those who sought to call fire down upon his contemners,—when he withdrew himself because the multitude wished to make him a king,—when he seized passing occasions to convey instruction almost unconsciously into the learner's mind. It accompanied the zeal and energy of St. Paul, and the "Sons of Thunder," and is evident wherever it was permitted to appear by their peculiar situation as bearers of miraculous power to astound and awaken the slumbering world. It made the apostles become all things to all men, that they might win some, and led them to do their work without clamour or noise, without partiality, without hypocrisy. It made them, among the flock, "gentle as a nurse cherisheth her children;" warning all "not to think more highly of themselves than they ought to think." The like spirit will be found operating more or less evidently in all Christians, according as they grow in grace, and as their spiritual views enlarge. And it has been justly observed respecting the Church of England, which so remarkably evinces that spirit, "that although there have been holy and conscientious men in other communions, she has produced saints of the highest order—a numerous class of divines, to whom a body completely parallel could hardly be discovered elsewhere since apostolic ages,—men in whom the energy of Divine grace is so united with the ease of nature,—in whom there is such a combination of reason and piety, liberality and strictness, true philosophy and childlike faith, deepest seriousness and happiest cheerfulness."

But however readily the excellence of such a character may be conceded, it must be owned, and the admission is sorrowful, that the meek and quiet spirit shewn by our Church is practically little and little ebbing at this day. Through the good hand of God upon us, our attention has of late years been awakened to soundness of doctrine and the value of a true zeal; but, it may be asked, whether we have not been often forgetting the temperament which becomes the members of Christ's body, and losing sight of the importance and power of that precious spirit. Our great enemy has not been slow in seizing the opportunity thus afforded; and has been insidiously introducing amongst us a counterfeit of that spirit, and one which exactly suits his purposes. Mark the springing up and fearful extension, in late years, of a false and destructive principle of quietness—one that is external and not inward,—a specious meekness, under the various seductive names of candour, liberality, enlightened views, religious freedom, forbearance, charity;—names which entirely delude, because, in their modern and conventional acceptation, they do not stand for what they literally express. The consequences which are evidently resulting from this dangerous substitution would be most alarming, did we not know that the gates of hell cannot prevail against the Church of Christ. But we are painfully taught by their progress, that, as often happens, the Church militant, by not walking carefully, has been preparing for herself difficulties which she might not otherwise have had to encounter; has stirred up enemies, and given them new weapons; has placed a rod in the hand of her foes for her own needful chastisement.

When the world is deliriously after novelty, true wisdom will be more than usually watchful to "hold fast that which is good." It is our wisdom in such changing times to adhere to the spirit which our Church manifests, because proceedings conceived and conducted in such a spirit are well suited to meet the wants of our fallen nature. Amid the sin and debasement of our ruined state, in which nothing is perfect, and nothing perfect can be expected, we need not hope to prevent man from meeting with temptations and encountering spiritual danger; for, until the times and seasons shall be altogether changed, the adversary will go about seeking whom he may devour. True wisdom lies in choosing, of two paths, that which is likely, on the whole, to present the smallest amount of temptation; or that method, among several, which will probably elicit the least degree of evil. Of two alternatives, it will accept whichever seems the less dangerous to individual souls, and the more conducive to the ultimate spread of the Redeemer's kingdom: it seeks to avoid inducement to hypocrisy, yet fears to encourage neglect of religion: its medium point is selected at the greatest possible distance from unbelief on the one side, and from superstition on the other. Such wisdom is evident in the Church of England, as she quietly and circumspectly uses the means within her reach, leaving the issue with God, and letting her "moderation be known unto all men."

HOLY BAPTISM.

"Mysterions to all thought
A mother's prime of bliss,
When to her eager lips is brought
Her infant's thrilling kiss.

She joys that one is born
Into a world forgiven,
Her father's household to adorn,
And dwell with her in heaven.

So have I seen, in Spring's bewitching hour,
When the glad earth is offering all her best,
Some gentle maid head o'er a cherish'd flower,
And wish it worthier on a parent's heart to rest."

Christian Year.

We read of certain heathen nations, amongst whom it was the custom to make great lamentation at the birth of a child; deeming that another wretched being was born into a world of misery. But such is not the voice of nature, nor the language of true religion. "Lo, children and the fruit of the womb are an heritage and gift," says David, "which cometh of the Lord." The voice of joy and gladness is heard, and cheerful faces are seen, when a new member is added to a family. Fond looks and warm welcomes await the little stranger. The thankful mother "remembereth not the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world;" and hard indeed must be that father's heart, who does not feel a glow of affection, when his helpless offspring smiles upon him. It is a remnant of our better nature,—a reminiscence of that blessing which God pronounced to his creatures when he bade them increase and replenish the earth.

In a Christian parent this joy is rational and consistent. For though he is aware that his child inherits from him a corrupt nature, he knows also of a sure remedy. Though he believes that every infant is conceived and born in sin, he knows of a fountain opened by his heavenly Father, in which the corruption of nature may be washed away; and he takes his child to the baptismal font in the firm belief, that he is using a safeguard against sin prescribed by God himself. He believes, without reservation, that, by virtue of Christ's promise, his "child is made," then and there, "a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven;" that the precious privileges, purchased by the blood of Christ, are signed and sealed to him; inasmuch that, if his child were taken from him that moment, he would be a sure partaker of God's covenant mercy.

Thousands and tens of thousands, we doubt not, are the sons of those happy infants, who, being washed in their Saviour's blood, are spared the temptations of an evil world, and early taken to their kindred paradise. For children thus snatched away in the dawn of infancy, a few natural tears are due,—a few flowers scattered on their grave. But our thoughts of regret are mixed with cheerful submission to the will of the Almighty Ruler. We exclaim with Elie, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good;" or with Job, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Great, however, as are the benefits of Holy Baptism, they are, I fear, received by many with little thankfulness. The prevailing want of seriousness, with which the ordinance is attended, shows too plainly the absence of right religious principle. The holy sacrament of Baptism, which is nothing less than grafting the child into the body of Christ, and signing and sealing a covenant with God, whereby the highest privileges are conferred, and the most solemn engagements entered into,—this holy sacrament is sometimes called "standing the child!" Sponsors are chosen without any reference to their fitness to perform their solemn duties, but such as will most honour the ceremony, or leave the child a legacy,—a legacy of woe perhaps; and the whole affair is looked on as a mere family festival. When the holy ordinance is performed in the house of God, it is not unfrequently even then marked with levity. What then shall we say of that most indecorous habit which prevails amongst the highly respectable, but not very highly educated, persons, who constitute the middle class in our great towns, of preferring their parlour or drawing-room to the hallowed font in God's holy temple. Whence can have arisen this most irreverent and unchristianlike practice? If any persons think it refined and fashionable, let me assure them they are quite mistaken. It requires a very moderate knowledge of the world to observe, that the most refined persons are above the mere modes of fashion when inconsistent with propriety. In religious matters, nothing can be more preposterous than to consider whether a thing is fashionable or not. The question should be, "Is it right? is it according to Scripture, and the ordinances of the Church?" Persons of real refinement, and unprejudiced by vulgar notions about fashion, will make this their principle.—*Rev. W. Grosvenor's Portrait of an English Churchman.*

THE STATE SEVERED FROM THE CHURCH.

Will it be said, "all this anxiety is very much disproportioned to the case, if you are sincere in your belief, that there is safety within the church as an ark which shall float on the waters when the fountains of the great deep of human desire are broken up?" It is true that we have nothing to fear for her, who bears a charmed life that no weapon reaches. She pursues her tranquil way of confession, adoration, thanksgiving, intercession, and divine communion, concentrated alike for the present and the future, upon one object of regard, her Lord in heaven. This of the Church of Christ.—And in the Church of England we find all the essential features unimpaired, which declare her to be a fruit-bearing tree in the vineyard of God. The scriptures faithfully guarded, liberally dispensed, universally possessed and read; the ancient bulwarks of the faith, the creeds, and the sound doctrine of catholic consent, maintained; the apostolical succession, transmitting with demonstration of the spirit, those vital gifts which effectuate and assure the covenant; the pure worship; the known and acknowledged fertility in that sacred learning which, when faithfully used, is to the truth what the Israelitish arms were to the ark; and the everywhere reviving and extending zeal, courage, love: these are the signs which may well quiet apprehensions for the ultimate fate of the Church of England in the breast of the most timid of her sons.

But we need not be ashamed, with all this, to feel deeply and anxiously for our country. For that State, which, deriving its best energies from religion, has adorned the page of history, has extended its renown and its dominion in every quarter of the globe, has harmonised with a noble national character supporting and supported by it, has sheltered the thick-set plants of genius and learning, and has in these last days rallied by gigantic efforts, the energies of Christendom against the powers and principles of national infidelity, but every now and then derelict and repelling failures, but every time renewing its determination and redoubling its exertions, until the object was triumphantly attained. For this State we may feel, and we may tremble at the very thought of the degradation she would undergo, should she in an evil hour repudiate her ancient strength, the principle of a national religion.

I do not dream that the pupils of the opposite school will gain their end, and succeed in giving a permanent and secure organization to human society upon the shattered and ill-rested foundations which human selfishness can supply. Sooner might they pluck the sun off his throne in heaven, and the moon from her silver chariot. What man can do without God was fully tried in the histories of Greece and Italy, before the fullness of time was come. We have there seen a largeness and vigour of human nature such as does not appear likely to be surpassed. But it does not comfort us that those opposed to us will fail. They are our fellow creatures; they are our brethren; they bear with us the sacred name of the Redeemer, and we are washed for the most part in the same laver of regeneration. Can we unmoved see them rushing to ruin and dragging others with them less wifful but as blind? Can we see the gorgeous buildings of such an earthly Jerusalem, and the doom impending, without tears? Oh, that while there is yet time, casting away every frivolous and narrow prepossession, grasping firmly and ardently at the principles of the truth of God, and striving to realise them in ourselves and in one another, we may at length know the things which belong to our peace!—*The State in its relations with the Church, by W. E. Gladstone, Esq. M. P.*

OLD CHURCH OF ENGLAND ROYALISTS.

From Dr. South's Sermons.

When a violent, victorious faction and rebellion had over-run all, and made loyalty to the King, and conformity to the Church, crimes unpardonable, and a guilt not to be expiated, but at the price of life and estate; when men were put to swear away all interest in the next world; to secure a very poor one in this; (for they had then cast to murder souls, as well as sword and pistol for the body;) nay, when the persecution ran so high, that that execrable monster Cromwell made and published that barbarous, heathenish, or rather inhuman Edict against the poor suffering Episcopal Clergy, that they should neither preach nor pray in public, nor baptize, nor marry, nor bury, nor teach school, nor, nor so much as live in any gentleman's house, who, in mere charity and compassion, might be inclined to take them in from perishing in the

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