

Poetry.

A DEATH-BED SCENE.

BY THE REV. A. W. McLEOD.

From the parent stem, long had he been,
A sickly plant. Affliction's chilling frost
Had well nigh nipp'd the bud of infancy.
A parent's care sav'd the tender blossom.
Youth's bright and happy season, too, was pass'd,
And ripening manhood came—its fresh'ning glow,
With the paleness of by-gone years commix'd.
A noble mind had he,—well cultured
With various learning and truths sublime.
Studiously he had scan'd the classic page—
Into Nature's mysteries search'd with eye
Inquisitive—with thought profound, explor'd
The regions wide of science pure and fair—
And from th' historic page had treasur'd up
What e'er was well to shun, to know and do.
But in these attainments he trusted not;
Nor sigh'd to have his pale and lofty brow,
With fame's frail withering wreath, encirc'd.
To him was the applause of men as vain
As shining bubbles on the mountain-stream.
For other knowledge all was counted loss—
For knowledge saving, true, of Christ his Lord
At Jesu's feet, a willing sacrifice,
His all was laid—In Jesu's smile alone
His ardent, bounding spirit found repose.
A Saviour's glowing love inflam'd his heart—
A flame of pure, undying love, as warm,
As bright, as ever burn'd in martyr's breast:
It shed a hallow'd lustre o'er his mind—
A beauteous lustre o'er his holy life,
Like golden sun-set on a lovely scene.

The cold dew of death
Were clustering on his pale and marble brow;
As pearly dew-drops, in eve's calm, still hour,
Bespread the bosom of the beauteous rose.
Mildly, o'er his flim'd eye, the flame of life
Was gleaming, as Day's last ray just trembles
On the verge of night. An unearthly glare
Peer'd forth a moment from the dark'ning orb,
As if, concentrating all its strength, life wish'd
To take its farewell look of earthly scenes.

His hand was chill—
As were the frost of death already there.
Nature was sinking fast—the wheel of life
Was standing still—the golden bowl was breaking,
The silver chord, strand after strand, loosening,
Its last connecting link was severing—
The awful death-sound, ever and anon,
Bespoke the fearful strife that war'd within;
And he, who thus was struggling silently,
And alone, with the Grave's dread King, was sooth,
To feel the power of Death's resistless sway.
The fatal and long look'd for, moment came—
The flame of life expir'd—expir'd in death!—
Like infant gently sinking to repose
Was his last sleep as gentle and as calm,
A ray of light just melting into shade!—

Gusborne, April 1, 1839.

* The death-rattle.

Review.

A Short Catechism on the Duty of Conforming to the Established Church, as good subjects and good Christians: being an abstract of a larger Catechism, on the same subject. By the Right Rev. Thomas Burgess, D. D. Bishop of St. David's. Ninth Edition, London. RE-PRINTED AT ST. JOHN, N. B., BY LEWIS M. DURANT & CO., 1837, WITH AN ADDITION TO THE RE-PRINT. 12 pp.

A copy of this extraordinary Tract, having just fallen

into our hands, perhaps a few strictures on its contents, though it has been so long before the public, at the present time, when certain periodicals are teeming with articles on *The Church, Apostolical Succession, Dissent, &c.*, are peremptorily called for. The doctrines it advocates are so unscriptural—the spirit it breathes is so bitter and exclusive—the claims it urges in behalf of the Church of England are so arrogant—the arguments it employs to substantiate its positions are so fallacious—the passages of Scripture quoted to serve its purposes are so mis-applied,—and the alternative of non-conformity to the Established Church it enforces is so horrible,—that it must be a source of unmingled regret to every sincere lover of GENUINE PROTESTANTISM, that the Church of England is, by her own professed friends, represented similar in character to a certain fallen Church, against the errors and vain pretensions of which the SIXTH, ELEVENTH, FOURTEENTH, TWENTIETH, TWENTY-SECOND, TWENTY-FOURTH, and several other articles of the Church of England, are especially directed. The sum and substance of this Tract may be soon given. The Church of England is the true Church of Christ—the Church established by the laws of the land—Its ministers are the only qualified Protestant ministers of the Gospel—Episcopacy is of divine institution—Every other form of church polity is null and void—Its ministers derive their authority to preach and administer the ordinances through an uninterrupted succession of Bishops as a superior and distinct order from the Apostolic to the present times—It is sinful not to be in connexion with the Church of England—Those in church membership are in a state of salvation—whilst those who are not in communion form no part of that Church for which Christ died, and continuing separate from the Establishment, must inevitably “perish.” (4!!) In carefully reading this Tract, and attentively examining its tendency, we have asked ourselves again and again, Can these be the real doctrines of the venerable Church of England—the Church in the behalf of which Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley suffered at the stake—the Church which by way of eminence has been styled “the bulwark of Protestantism?” Indeed we cannot and do not believe it. Were such claims preferred by the Church of Rome, we should not be surprised; but we never can believe that such sentiments are a true exposition of the doctrines of the Church of England, as drawn up by the compilers of the Prayer Book and Homilies. But if the contrary of this be the case—if the rest of the Protestant world have been all this time deceived—if every subject of the British realm be absolutely obliged to connect himself with the Church established by law, under the penalty of otherwise being excluded from the kingdom of heaven—and if this be the real *bona fide* doctrine of this Church,—then—the sooner the deception is removed and the true character of the Church of England appears, the better.—Sure we are the urging of such haughty, intolerant pretensions, will, instead of conciliating friendship for the establishment, excite a spirit of a contrary character:—in plain words, it will make more enemies than friends. Nor can this result