

## POETRY.

## DEATH OF THE LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

Weep, England, weep,—thy glorious days are past!  
And chivalry! How quenched its ancient flame!  
None would ten thousand swords have sprung, to blast  
The blasphemers of a maiden's fame!  
Now—Righteous Heaven!—within thy palace walls,  
And near thy pure and youthful Queen—there falls,  
A distasteful tale of ignominious shame,  
On England's noblest daughter!—shall the fiend  
Who hath outlived his victim—from Heaven's wrath be  
screened!

Lo! where, within her Sovereign's high abode,  
That gentle form is full of agony!  
Not all the tears from weeping eyes that flowed,—  
Nor soothing cares,—nor friendship's pitying sigh,  
Can ease the wound that rankles in that heart,—  
Nor, but with life blood, draw th' envenomed dart:  
Nor e'en the dewy tear that dims the eye—  
Sweet incense that!—of her to whom she owes  
A subject's love—assuage. Her hope from heavenward  
flows!

Now by the bed of death the prelate stands;  
And England's Queen, who mourns her dying friend,  
Hath clasped the sufferer's wan and feeble hands,  
One radiant smile,—one gleam of joy,—doth send  
The warm blood back once more, with hectic glow,  
Through that pale cheek, where late it coursed so slow!  
Think ye her memory backward then did wend,  
And dream of youthful ties, so pure—so true—  
And friendship sweet, and love? Aye! over all it flew!

And the young Sovereign!—joyless is she now,  
For weighty cares hang o'er her sacred head!  
And tears too truly tell what thoughts of woe  
Are conjured up—the dying and the dead!  
And gazing on the wreck before her—seems  
To taste the bitter cup of grief—and dreams  
Of hours—now saddened o'er—that gaily sped;  
And all the falsehood foul that broke that heart,  
Of spotless innocence, so true, with slander's venom'd art!

But she sleeps well! the old ancestral tomb  
Hath closed its portals o'er the mortal clay,  
And the blest spirit, bursting from its room  
Of earth confined—hath upwards sped its way.  
And her fair fame is stainless—spotless—pure;  
And thus shall be, while truth and worth endure,  
And christian virtue yields with blessed sway  
Its sceptre here. Rise Britons, and hurl down  
The traitors who have stained with falsehood England's  
Crown!

Church.

## QUIET SPIRIT OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.\*

Quietness and tranquillity pervade her manner of conducting public worship. "There is a stillness about her services which lulls the passions and feelings, which soothes and calms the heart, and prepares it for those holy influences which divine worship sheds." This effect is strengthened even by the character of her places of worship—a few modern erections, perhaps, excepted, which scarcely harmonise with her ten thousand parish churches. "Her vast and venerable cathedrals, as we tread them, tranquillize the mind, and diffuse over us a consciousness of the littleness, nothingness, and transience of man. Her village churches, as we worship in them, have a still solemnity which reminds us of the dead who are sleeping around, and brings us into contract with the world unseen." As regards the worshippers, she avoids calling forth excited feelings; aims at a practical and lasting effect; speaks forth the words of

truth and soberness; and teaches the way of peace by "bringing before us continually the very sum and substance of piety." As regards the worship offered, she is careful that it shall be not only fervent, earnest, and affectionate, but also calm, humble, and chastised. Her *Common Prayer* is evidently an address to One who is our Friend, notwithstanding our offences against him; who, though we see him not, is present listening to our desires, and reading the thoughts and intents of our hearts; who knows the secret history, and holds in his hand the present and everlasting lot, of each worshipper. The petitions are varied, because our necessities are countless; yet they have substantial sameness, because all our wants and woes are symptoms of one disease, and require the same remedy. The words are few and comprehensive, because we are asking from One whose love to us has already been proved and who knows before we ask what things we have need of.—Her prayers have nothing controversial, because petition and praise, not statement of doctrine, is the proper substance of prayer and supplication. "She adds to public worship the simplicity and retiredness of private prayer: for the speaker gives nothing of his own; he may be almost lost sight of, and is not even a necessary associate with the earnest worshipper in his secret inward devotion." She keeps attention alive, not by commanding men to listen, but by changes and responses. The lowliness which breathes through her prayers "is not a low degree of desponding struggling piety," but a solid and humble tranquillity of soul, which rests itself without alarm upon the infinite merits of the Saviour, and calmly delights itself in the blessed hope of everlasting life. Not to mention the avail of effectual fervent prayer from the earnest worshipper; not to speak of the direct importance of public service, such as I have described in composing and softening the character of all who take part in it,—how much precious instruction and holy impression is indirectly, and almost unconsciously, conveyed to the minds of the worshippers! They are habituated to feel pleasure in divine worship by that mixture of the Psalms and prosaic hymns with the prayers, which not only "kindles a glow in the breast, and sheds a light within by the richness of their contents, but also diffuses a glad cheerfulness over the service, which makes a deep impression even upon children." The church, in her public service, unobtrusively stores the memories of her worshippers with all the great truths of Christianity; for her prayers are built upon them.—She silently rears a barrier against national infidelity, by requiring her members publicly in the creed to profess their belief of true doctrine. The successive framers of her liturgy seem to have been intimately acquainted with the primitive Church; for they speak throughout the language of the Apostles' Creed.—They seem also to have caught the very spirit of the Lord's Prayer, and the character of the ten commandments, which, in their letter, are adapted to the understanding and conscience of the most dead in soul; whilst, in their spiritual import and comprehensive extent, they are progressively suitable at each step to the advancing Christian, and will meet the wants and express the desires of the most spiritually minded.

The avowed and stated instruction of the Church is provided in the like quiet and unobtrusive manner, in no way depending on the individual character of her ministers; for she causes almost the whole of Scripture to be read aloud, year by year, in the midst of public worship, without human comment.—Many of these stated portions, as the Sunday Old Testament lessons, the epistle, and gospel, have a bearing more or less remote on the successive steps of a course of instruction, which circles through the year, and embraces in each day's collect some great truth of our holy religion, as a subject for that day.

We are members of two worlds; while we live here, we must use this world; how many things does this poor body need. In our passage we must have necessaries, but yet should use the world, as if we used it not; for there is great danger, lest our affections cleave to things of this present life, and we forget heaven, our home.—*Anon.*

*A Solemn Warning.*—Last week, to advertise a morning concert, Mr. Mori sent placards about town with a death's head, and underneath the words "*Memento Mori.*" Last Saturday's papers (15th June) contained the melancholy announcement of his decease, after a very short illness.—*Cons. Jour.*

*Slander.*—This crime is a conjugation of evils, and is productive of infinite mischiefs; it undermines peace, and saps the foundation of friendship; it destroys families, and rends in pieces the very heart and vitals of charity; it makes an evil man party, and witness, and judge, and executioner of the innocent.—*Bishop Taylor.*

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