

Poetry.

My Prayer Book.

THE ORDINATION.

"The congregation shall be desired, secretly in their prayers, to make their humble supplications to God."—*Rubric for the Ordering of Priests.*

SAVIOUR of spirits! if the burden'd life
Our ransom'd being into action bears,
Be ever with some wordless mystery rife
That mocks what adoration's lip declares.

Oh, is it not, when truth's devoted hour
To Thine own altar some young Levite leads,
And the high gift of Thine absolving power
Endows the priesthood for celestial needs?

Yes, long as awe'd remembrance can remain
Shall I that everlasting moment feel,
When in the silence of St. Asaph's fane
Heart, soul, and conscience did these word o'ersteal,

"Receive Thou, for Thy priestly work divine,
A promised unction from the Holy One;
Anointed be thou at this hallow'd shrine,
Watchman of Zion! lo, thy work begun!

"Absolve for Christ what sin pure grace forgives,
For Him reserve what He himself retains;
Dispense the food by which the spirit lives,
The ruling sacrament wherein He reigns."

And when a stillness, thrilling, rapt, profound,
Breathed from the depths of each adoring soul,
Eternity seem'd closing all around
And shaded conscience with divine control.

With seven-fold gifts that Grace did here descend
Hearts to illumine with celestial love,
And to each priest below some unction send
Perfumed with incense from THE PRIEST above.

Let Faith believe, and ever hope and pray
Lord of the Temple! Thou wert nigh to bless
Each shepherd, vow'd to feed Thy flock that day
And find them safe in life's vast wilderness.

To guard, premonish, and with truth provide
The Saviour's Body, here on earth which roams;
Pure unto death, to preach The Crucified,
And beckon pilgrims to their sainted homes,

Such was the charge we messengers received,
Such the high call our stewardship obey'd;
Woe be to us! if truths were unbeliev'd,
Our bosom Christless, and the Church betray'd.

Thou, living Shepherd of immortal sheep!
If to our pastoral work the soul was given,
Though for sad errors all must wail and weep,
Still, let us hope there breathed a gift from heaven.

Years since have roll'd, of trial, change, and grief,
But still that ordination-vow is heard;
And what can soothe us with sublime relief,
But, "I am with you!" oh, Incarnate Word?

And, blent with awfulness of faith and fear,
For each young watchman then for Christ ordain'd
Prophetic fancy sketch'd some quiet sphere,
Where souls for Jesu might be sought, and gain'd.

Visions, perchance, of rural cots retired
Hover'd around the priested hearts of those
Who, ne'er by sad ambition inly fired,
Haunt the lone hamlet where the poor repose.

Such was the scene our peerless Herbert loved,
Pictured in quaint and quiet Walton's lines;
Which Hooker sought, and Hammond's taste approved,
In whom the image of a pastor shines.

Yet, little boots it, what our destined place
In the large vineyard of the Lord may be,
Weave but the spells of Thine ordaining grace,
And time and scene are lost, O Lord! in Thee.

Whether in haunts of fever, homes of gloom
Where squalid Woe retreats, and years to die,
The toil-worn pastor cheers some tatter'd room,
And calms the anguish of a mourner's sigh;

Or, haply down where greenwood dales retire
Through hawthorn lanes he wends his thoughtful way
What time pale sunset gilds the village-spire,
And seeks the cottage where he comes to pray,

Wherever duty, discipline and care,
Faith, hope and meekness grace his onward path,
A shepherd finds his flock, and feeds them there,
And the rich promise of his Master hath.

Spirit of light, of pastoral love and peace,
Divine Sustainer! send thine unction now;
And teach the watchman, time gives no release
To light the burden of a priestly vow.

But bear thou up, and bear thou nobly on!
To warn the wicked, and the saints to guide,
Till thou be summon'd where the dead have gone,
Who lived for duty, and for Jesus died.

Reviews.

A GREEK GRAMMAR FOR THE USE OF HIGH SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES; by PHILIP BUTTMAN. Revised and enlarged by his Son, ALEXANDER BUTTMAN: Translated from the eighteenth German edition, by Edward Robinson. New York: Harper and Brothers Publishers, 1851. For sale by Messrs. Armour and Ramsay, Toronto.

To praise Buttmann's book is like extolling the height of the sun, assuming the superfluous office of commending publications, the merits of which, amongst competent judges are undisputed. The work before us is well known to classical scholars, and is worthy of the author of the *Lexilogos*. It is accurate, learned, and comprehensive; supplying a mine of information judiciously arranged—of great value to tutors, undergraduates, or boys at school in the higher classes who have mastered the usual abridged grammars of the Greek language.

"Buttmann (we quote from the preface) was not a mere recluse—a scholar acquainted only with books, and deriving his views and principles merely

by way of inference from untried theories. Himself a teacher, and living in the midst of a great capital (Berlin), in daily and social intercourse with eminent scholars and practical instructors—every thing he has written bears the impress of practical application and practical utility. His works every where exhibit comprehensive learning, united with perspicuity and terseness, and with that practical sagacity and tact which are essential to the success of every teacher. In this respect he differed widely from Matthiæ; whose grammar is a vast mass of excellent materials, which the author knew not how to reduce to order and philosophic method. * * * * It is no slight praise of the son, to say that he has ably and successfully carried forward the plan of his distinguished parent with a like spirit, and with like results. We find every where the same careful revision and elaboration; the same judicious expansion and adaptation of the work to the progress of knowledge; the same uncommon clearness and practical tact which mark the successful teacher; and, not least, the same general impress of practical application and utility. The son, like the father, has avoided extremes and all mere innovations; and has rested satisfied, in respect to things already known, with calling them by their familiar names, without seeking to attract notice by a new nomenclature, or unusual phraseology."

The grammar is arranged in three grand divisions. (1) Orthography and orthoepy, comprising the rules of prosody, accents, changes of vowels, &c. (2) Grammatical forms and flexion of words, which occupies 250 pages of the book, and treats in a copious manner of inflexion of nouns, pronouns and verbs; irregular verbs, anomalies of signification, derivation and composition. The third part embraces the syntax, to which 250 pages more of the grammar have been devoted; besides these we have an introduction affording a general view of the Greek language and its dialects; and an appendix furnishing several pages of miscellaneous matter useful and interesting to the student of classical literature. The chapters on particles and formation of words will be found peculiarly serviceable and very satisfactory.

THE UPPER CANADA MEDICAL JOURNAL.—Toronto: A. F. PLEES. 1851.

There is before us the July number of this meritorious periodical, which we have reason to believe is rapidly acquiring a most respectable amount of reputation. The article on "Medical Politics" contains some pertinent and vigorously expressed remarks, regarding the evils of quackery, and the disadvantageous position which the faculty at present occupy in the Province. By the way, we perceive that the "Dublin Medical Press" has copied in extenso two articles from the Journal under review:—one, Dr. Hodder's interesting case of Cæsarian Section; the other, Dr. O'Brien's excellent paper on "Syncope, Asphyxia, and Asthenia." This is an unusual compliment to a colonial periodical.

THE TRAGEDIES OF EURIPIDES, literally translated or revised, with critical and explanatory notes, by THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY, of Christ Church. Two vols. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1850. For sale by Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, Toronto.

These volumes form part of a valuable series of translations published by Bohn. Our classical readers will probably be familiar with that part of the *Phænissæ*, where Jocasta first observes her son Polyneices, and addresses him in the touching language of maternal love. In the passage the whole of which we quote as a fair specimen of the merits of the version, it will be seen that a rather difficult part of the Greek text has been judiciously managed.

Joc.—Hearing the Phœnician tongue, ye virgins, within this mansion, I drag my steps trembling with age. Ah! my son, after length of time, after numberless days, I behold thy countenance; clasp thy mother's bosom in thine arms, throw around her* thy kisses, and the dark ringlets of thy clustering hair, shading thy neck. Ah! scarce possible is it that thou appearest in thy mother's arms so unhop'd for, and so unexpected. How shall I address thee? how shall I perform all? how shall I, walking in rapture around thee on that side and this, both with my hands and words, reap the varied pleasure, the delight of my former joys? O my son, thou hast left thy father's house deserted, sent away an exile by wrongful treatment from thy brother. How long'd for by thy friends! how long'd for by Thebes! From which time I am both shorn of my hoary locks, letting them fall with tears, with wailing;† deprived, my child, of the white robes, I receive in exchange around me these dark and dismal weeds. But the old man in the palace deprived of sight, always preserving with tears regret for the unanimity of the brothers which is separated from the family, has madly rushed on self-destruction with the sword and with the noose above the beams of the house, bewailing the curse imprecated on his children; and with cries of woe he is always hidden in darkness. But thou, my child, I hear, art both joined in marriage, and hast the joys of love in

* The construction is, ἀμφιβαλλέ μοι τὸ τῶν παρρηδῶν σου ὄρεγμα: that is, *genarum ad oscula porrectionem*. It cannot be translated literally. The verb ἀμφιβαλλέ is to be supplied before ὄρεγμα and before πλόκαμον. See Orestes, 950.

† Locus videtur corruptus. Porson. Valckenauer proposes to read δακρυόεσσι ἀνείσα κ. τ. λ. Markland would supply φωνῇν after λέισα. Another reading proposed is, δακρυόεσσι ἐκείσα πειθήρη κονίον. *Lacrymabunda lugubrem cinerem inficiens*. Followed by Dindorf.

a foreign family, and cherishest a foreign alliance; intolerable to this thy mother and to the aged Laius, the woe of a foreign marriage brought upon us. But neither did I light the torch of fire for you, as is customary in the marriage rites, as befits the happy mother; nor was Ismenus careful of the bridal rites in the luxury of the bath: and the entrance of thy bride was made in silence through the Theban city. May these ills perish, whether the sword, or discord, or thy father is the cause, or whether fate has rushed with violence upon the house of Œdipus; for the weight of these sorrows has fallen upon me.

SCENES IN OUR PARISH.

NO. IV.

MARY, THE SAILOR'S WIDOW.

And what her learning? 'Tis with awe to look
In every verse throughout one sacred book,
From this her joy, her hope, her peace is sought;
This she has learn'd—and she is nobly taught.

CRABBE.

It is just the weather when country people, that is, people like some I have known who really love the country, and are determined that every body else shall think so, make a point of taking a walk. To be sure it is very dirty under foot, and very gloomy over head, and a cold rain drop, that has not determined whether or not to become an icicle, hangs from every spray; but there is a feeling of independence with which a thoroughly-bred country woman sets out for a walk in such weather, that she would do ill to exchange for the ease of a luxurious ride; and a degree of pleasure when she considers the exact suitability of her dress to the place and season, which more delicate and costly array does not always afford. The bright broad pattern plaid, real double Scots, and nearly as thick and heavy as a carpet, is an old friend, has been wet many times, but never wet through, has kept out many hail-storms, and will probably keep out many more; and the snug cottage bonnet, rather coarse plat, I should guess it was home manufacture—is of far too decorous a shape to think of flying away with the wind, should it blow ever so hard: then the pattens, which after all, are necessary evils, add a little to one's stature, so that through the degree of self-approval felt, on making a successful effort to leave the fire-side in such weather, the amplitude given to the figure by the capacious folding of the cloak, and the increased height, this is just the time to feel a person of consequence. And yet the consequence is materially increased by the comfortable contents of the little covered basket. Ah! we are only the bearers of another's bounty. I can guess who has filled it so kindly, and I know who it is for—poor Mary the Sailor's widow.

If we go the field-way we shall meet with few interruptions; and we will look as we pass the side of the churchyard hedge, perhaps we shall find some of those very fragrant and singular flowers, the scented coltsfoot. Yes; there is one half hidden by its broad rough leaf: it is not a wild plant: we set it in the garden border, on the shady side; but though a winter flower, the little thing did not understand why it was to be deprived of the degree of sunshine winter could afford, so it broke through all hindrances, forced its tough and knotted fibres through the heavy clods of clay, shot up its broad leaves on the graves, and amongst the nettles and thorns; and in the first gleam of a December sun, lifted up its pale and fragrant blossoms, smiling for joy at having accomplished its purpose. And, really, the little flower was right. I have learnt, lately, that in so stormy a world as this, sunshine is a thing worth seeking; and to be yet more serious, we should all be wiser if, like that little flower, we sought happiness in—what ought to be the human soul's sunshine—the light of God's countenance, though it shine amid the thorns and nettles of affliction; aye, and on the very borders of the grave. I am happy to say I know many who understand the secret, and poor Mary is one of them. She has had great troubles, but the Psalmist's God "delivereth out of all."—When quite young she lost her mother, and O, how much is told in that little sentence! How many kindnesses unperformed! sorrows unsoothed! hours of sickness unattended! Her father married again, and she, a child of seven years old, was sent to a farm-house, to nurse an infant, and to wait upon two or three children younger than herself. Being naturally of a tender and affectionate disposition, she felt her situation more than some older children might have done; and she has told me that she used some times to steal away from her little charge, and sitting down under the hedge, hide her face in her pinafore, and cry for her mother; and the sound of the tolling bell would generally awaken a passionate expression of grief, and a wish that it was tolling for her, that she might see her mother. But if the sorrows of children are as hard to bear as the troubles of maturer years, they certainly do not last so long, and He who, when father and mother forsake, taketh up, raised up poor Mary, in her next place of service, a kind and watchful friend. Those times were not called so 'liberal' as the present—whether these are wiser and better remains to be proved; and Mary's old-fashioned mistress, besides teaching her the Catechism, and hearing her daily read the Bible, expected her to attend, twice on every Sunday, the ordinances of the Church, by God's mercy established in her native land. She did attend—long, perhaps because it was a duty to obey her

mistress; afterwards, possibly, because it was a decent and respectable habit; but it has been my lot to know, in more than one instance, that the God of order is often pleased to bless an orderly and regular attendance on the outward means with his inward spiritual grace. (I wish every one thought so, the church-path between this avenue of trees would be better trodden.) So it was in her case. She was preserved from the many evils to which she was exposed after the death of her excellent mistress, and providentially provided for, day by day, when ill health compelled her to leave her place, and she applied diligently to learn the trade of a glove-maker. She took lodgings with a respectable young woman, whose husband was at sea; and on his return he brought home with him his brother-in-law, Mary's future husband. I do not wonder the young sailor liked her, so very neat in her person, so civil and industrious, and so pretty as I am sure she must have been then.

Perhaps you can fancy, better than I can tell you, all that happened next; how happy they were together; what pleasant walks they took in each other's company, at twilight on summer evenings; how poor Mary wept at parting, and lay awake listening to the high wind on long stormy nights; and when he came home, how he used to bring her curious things from beyond the sea—beautifully polished shells, such as our English fish never heard of; ears of Indian corn; and little pictures of the "Madonna," cut curiously at the nunneries; and cocoa nuts, and a coloured basket from Portugal, and all sorts of things from all quarters of the world; for he made many voyages, both before and after their marriage; and you can fancy that the gifts he brought were very precious, and some of them we may still see hanging in different parts of her neat house, and carefully treasured there; for the hand that gave them is in the grave.

It will be well to walk a little faster. It needs some philosophy to own, that, in weather like this, it is a duty and may be a pleasure to walk at all, for the wind is piercing on the brow of this hilly field, yet the mist hangs so sullenly on the river and over the beautiful fields beyond, that we cannot but enjoy the fair prospect. The lanes into which we next enter are more sheltered, and if we were disposed to loiter, we might even now find wonders enough, and beauties enough, for a long day's consideration, in the leafless hedges and the withered banks. For in the hollows lie masses of snow, that came from the region of heaven, to show us the brightness of those garments which are white "as no fuller on earth can white them;" which comes we know not whence, and will return we cannot tell how; and where it has melted it discovers to us long shining wreaths of ivy, and beneath the dark leaves the soft green moss, of which nature weaves her velvet inner robe at this cold season, and in which she wraps up her delicate children, young buds, and seeds, and sprouting roots; and of which she forms secret and warm hiding-places, for innumerable glittering insects, through their quiet winter sleep. I like to look at moss, for it reminds me of poor Mungo Parke, and the comfort he once derived from the thought that the God who had made so beautiful, and so tenderly guarded this, one of His meanest creatures, would not surely be unmindful of him.

But if I do not go on with my story, I shall get to Mary's house, before I have told you all. She married—but a sailor's wife, I always think, must have a double share of sad partings and feverish anxieties. Poor Mary at least found it so. Her husband was long in a French prison, saw dangerous service at the taking of Gibraltar, and was at the siege of Genoa. During many years, she had few months of his company, and once he was absent from her for more than three years. All this time she diligently followed her business, living with her sister-in-law. They were fellow sufferers, for their husbands served on board the same ship; so having like hopes and fears, they were well suited to each other's society; and Mary looks back, with evident pleasure, to the remembrance of those quiet months, and speaks with satisfaction of the regard which was always maintained between herself and her sister by a scrupulous attention to the discharge of every day duties, and by paying that degree of respect, (which is too often neglected amongst near relations even in more polished society,) but which after all is perhaps the surest way of securing esteem, and consequently of maintaining real friendship.

But the years past on, and his country was willing that her weather-beaten servant should rest at last. Samuel came home from the last voyage, and receiving his well-earned pension, brought his wife from the country where she had all her life resided, to our parish, which was his native place. She to our parish, which was his native place. She was our next-door neighbour for years, but I was a child then and knew nothing about her name. Her husband's pension amounted to sixteen pounds a year, and she was still able to increase the little income by her business; but the greatest earthly blessing, health was lost to them both for ever. The small house in which they lived is pleasantly situated, and was, I am sure—for she is one of the neatest women I ever knew—kept in beautiful order. Her husband had no temptation certainly, and I believe never did seek for any recreation but