

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.

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[NUMBER I.]

Poetry.

For the Church.

NAPOLEON AT BOULOGNE,
(1804.)

THREATENING ENGLAND WITH INVASION.

"Of the three British nations the English have since shewn themselves possessed of the same steady valor which won the fields of Cressy and Agincourt, Blenheim and Minden. The Irish have not lost the fiery enthusiasm which has distinguished them in all the countries of Europe, nor have the Scots degenerated from the stubborn courage with which their ancestors for two thousand years maintained their independence against a superior enemy."—Scott's Napoleon.

Proud trumpets on the summer air, fair banners on the sea—
Round Boulogne sweeps the giant host of the Gallic chivalry;
Broad realms that own'd that iron rule pour'd northward their array,
And the shouts peal high, for the chieftain comes to marshal them to-day.

High o'er that dazzling world in arms, that death-fraught multitude,
Like the Persian or blue Salamis the MIGHTY LEADER stood—
Know ye that quiet smile of Fate, that battle-guiding glance?
'Tis the youngest born of Victory, the Thunderbolt of France!

He speaks—ten thousand fiery hearts drink in each boastful word;
Marengo's banner o'er him floats as with his spirit stirr'd;
His right arm's rais'd, his brow contracts, with fire his cold eyes glow
As o'er those waves his curse he hurl'd to smite some hated foe.

A fearful hour for Britain then! the warning cry was given—
Youth, manhood, age, to combat sprung—frail woman bow'd to Heaven,
And happy hearts their dearest sent to swell the glorious ring
Around the Father of the Isles, their gallant Christian King.

On swept the call—green Erin heard and spring exulting forth,
The Scot was ready on his hills to guard his faithful North,
And flags that wav'd o'er ancient fields were shaken in the breeze—
Drake, Eppingham, and Blake were gone, but NELSON kept the seas!

Another year had pass'd away—the Victor's fiery star
Sank dimm'd and bloody 'neath thy waves, immortal Trafalgar!
And Fate the Giant Despot warn'd to bound his way to earth,
And leave old Ocean's waves to guard the Briton's island hearth.

Time fled on—what fate the Gaul's embattled train,
Search the stern Russian's thawing streams, the mountain gleams of Spain;
For Europe's galling chain was rent, when broke their shatter'd line
Before the Germans' deadly charge, and the shout "The Rhine! the Rhine!"

But Hie, the child of Destiny?—Red was the Belgian field
And o'er the din of battle hosts St. George's war-cry peal'd—
And motionless each serried square, firm as their native rock,
Flung the mail'd warriors' deluge back, the horsemen's foaming shock.

There stood the soldiers of the Isles, firm in their lock'd array—
Time! bid thy latest annals tell who fought, who died that day!
Brief be thy tribute to their fame; say, that as bold and true
As once they kept their native cliffs, they stood at Waterloo!

Far in the blue Atlantic wild the everlasting surge
Moans round an ocean sepulchre, a lone and solemn dirge—
Meet voice to sing of shiver'd lance, of crimson'd banner fur'd
And requiem for th' Imperial Dead, the trampler of the world.

Fast anchor'd ride the glorious Isles, as free from foes as slaves—
Fair paradise that Ocean guards with all his tribute waves;
With sunny vales for peace and love—dark mountains stern and high
For Faith and Freedom's safe retreat should Tyranny be nigh.

Then, if the trumpet wake the land, the beacon light the hill,
The old army's embattled yet—the CHIEFTAIN liveth still;
And names to match the past shall rise, fields like the past be won,
When foemen meet on British ground a British Marathon!

Toronto, July, 1840.

* See the account of the Germans sweeping the French over the heights of Hockheim, into the Rhine.

DUTIES OF THE CLERGY IN REFERENCE TO THE PRESENT TIMES.*

The time is past, when the minister of holy things in the English Church should be restrained by any motives, however plausible, from speaking of that Church as his conscience dictates, without compromise, and without reserve. We have too generally neglected to enforce upon our flock either their duties or their privileges as members by baptismal profession of a spiritual community, ordained by Christ himself, through the instrumentality of his Apostles, (however it may have been extended and perpetuated) a spiritual community not the less Catholic, nor the less one with the great body of believers throughout the world, because it appears as an ecclesiastical establishment, set up with certain special provisions in a particular realm, and bearing a distinctive name. The very existence of such a society, (except as a lifeless notion, incapable of any practical application), is rather taken for granted, than distinctly asserted.—The fact that Christians were at the first, still are, and ever must be, united by sacramental communion (however received) under one Head; that they form one vast incorporation, inheriting, in this capacity, the promise of the Spirit, and retaining, as a most sacred trust, that "form of sound words" which was "once delivered to the saints," is seldom brought prominently forward. In a word, Christ's holy Church universal is seldom alluded to in our pastoral exhortations, except in the most general terms, timidly, and as it were doubtfully. Although this, or an equivalent term, repeatedly occurs in the Book of Common Prayer, although it forms an article of our creed, and consequently passes the lips of ten times ten thousand worshippers, many times told, in their daily or weekly devotions, yet how few attach to the phrase, thus solemnly employed, any definite meaning! how few connect it with any doctrine, or any duty! If it be explained at all, how often is it explained away! The important question on whom the ministerial office has devolved, and under what sanctions it is exercised, is still less frequently examined; and hence it is not surprising that the nature, necessity, and manifold advantages of Church membership, should be passed over in silence, or set forth in a vague and unimpressive manner. Controversy itself has long kept aloof from this topic, pregnant as it is with consequences, and once its perpetual theme; as if this discordant string, so often struck, but never harmonised, had been torn in despair from the mystic harp, and its jarring notes were henceforth to be heard no more. Vain thought! As if in removing a fundamental chord, we could preserve "the perfect diapason," and so procure "an undisturbed song of pure consent."

Of late, indeed, the discussion has been renewed in the high places of theological learning, (with what judgment is not here the question), and has excited general attention, not unaccompanied with alarm. A subject of such grave importance, and in effect so novel, could hardly fail of producing exaggerated views,—in

discreet advocacy on the one side, and unmeasured opposition on the other. The immediate results of controversy are almost always painful. But with a few striking exceptions, and those of recent date, it has formed no part of pastoral instruction. It has received no general diffusion, except through the press. It has not been instilled quietly and practically, "here a little, and there a little," in just proportion with other divine monitions, into the religious heart of the people. It has not been admitted into that "sweet counsel" which Christians "take together" who "walk in the house of God as friends." Thus a class of truths of high concernment, both directly and incidentally, to the spiritual interests of mankind, having been suffered to fall into abeyance, it is no wonder that the corresponding duties should be neglected and forgotten, or remembered only to be despised.

If this lamentable result were imputable solely to the established pastors of the Church, I should not have presumed to notice the deficiency, though confessedly involved in the same general censure. But the root of the evil lies deeper. It belongs to the character of the age in which we live. It is the effect of causes in universal operation, and as the lesson which they teach is equally applicable to the laity, as to their spiritual guides, it may not be without advantage to point them out.

Now it is evident that the feelings to which I have attributed the long silence of the clergy, on what are called Church questions, are in the strictest accordance with the spirit of the age. Delicacy of feeling, the absence of religious pretension, inwardness, and spirituality of mind, and general candour, are to a certain extent characteristic of the most cultivated class of the community, from which the English Protestant clergy are for the most part taken, and it cannot be denied that these qualities are in themselves as estimable as they are amiable. They are liable, however, to be supplanted by counterfeits, against which we cannot be too much on our guard. The love of ease, the want of moral courage, hesitation, or at least indistinctness of belief, and general deficiency in zeal, will present the same outward appearance, and claim to be considered as charitable judgment, religious humility, and the desire of peace.—In every case it will be necessary to keep the moral balance even; to prevent even our better tendencies from becoming extreme, and to observe the signs of the times with a view to their useful application.

A crisis in the affairs of the Church is now at hand, or rather has already arrived. It has not come upon us without warning, and has not found us altogether unprepared. Accordingly, a somewhat different manner of feeling, speaking, and acting in this matter is becoming general, both among the clergy and laity. On the former there lies a special obligation to declare the whole counsel of God, in this as in every other particular. The Lord has "set them to be watchmen upon the walls of Jerusalem," and he admonishes them by indications of no doubtful character, to be very zealous in their office: and yet, perhaps, it is the lay members of our Apostolical Church to whom this divine call is now particularly addressed. Let the trumpet of the Gospel Ministry be heard ever so clearly, and woe be to the watchmen if it remain silent, or "give an uncertain sound," yet may the people, as a body, refuse to hearken.

That an indisposition to submit to any authority, however beneficially exercised, has been for a long time widely manifested, both in this country and elsewhere, is but too evident. With the causes that have produced this temper I am not now concerned, or with its justification, should that be possible, in a worldly point of view. Without doubt, it is attended with extenuating circumstances; and although in the first outbreak, replete with mischief, it may ultimately be overruled for good. It may, or it may not. A perpetual and indefinite advance of improvement in the moral constitution of the world is, indeed, generally anticipated by men of cheerful piety, with what slender support from Scripture needs not now be shown. Certainly it is liable to long and fearful interruptions. What if a restless, self-willed desire of change, emancipated from the wholesome checks, by which in the vigorous maturity of nations it is universally controlled, indicate the fretfulness of declining years,—the beginning of that train of sorrow, by which the long and apparently hopeless old age of states has hitherto been visited,—rather than the impatience of a second youth? Or, to give our thoughts a wider range, what if the secular scheme of God's providence were drawing to an universal and final close? Whatever view may be taken of the prophetic Scriptures, and I am far from disposed to fix the chronology of the divine predictions, (is it for man to compile how many revolutions "the turning wheels of vicissitude" may have yet to perform?)—yet surely it betrays an unsubdued, and somewhat of a carnal spirit, to prolong this present scene indefinitely, and as it were, immortalize the world, whether in millennial dreams, or in a lengthened chain of causes and events, too hopelessly calculated.

Be this as it may, the temper, above described, when applied to religion, and what I must venture to call Church-government, becomes awfully characteristic of those "perilous times" which are to take place in the last day. From this we may at least infer that it is extremely displeasing to God. Yet without implicating any particular party, we cannot but perceive, that it is at present fully as life in church as it is in state. And this is no more than might be expected. For what is the voice of the christian watchman in every critical conjuncture? Is it not in the language of the prophet Jeremiah, "Thus saith the Lord, 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." The foundations of religion are all laid in the past; it is old truth which we have to proclaim; new error against which we have to warn. And with respect to our own religious establishments, it is the ancient paths from which the people have wandered, and into which we have to guide their returning steps. In particular, the rights and powers of christian ministers, whether temporal or spiritual, are essentially prescriptive. Even if created, and not merely sanctioned by human law, confirming and adapting to its own purpose an order of things which it found in effective operation, still the legislative enactments to which we refer are for the most part of very early date, and belong to the "days of old."

Now the present time is distinguished beyond any that have preceded it, not merely by the neglect, but by the dislike of antiquity. All the world appears bent

upon "laying again the foundation" of all things.—Customary usage, far from being a recommendation, is taken as argument either of folly, or of fraud. To plead length of prescription in favour of an existing practice, or an established right, is to confess that no better reason can be urged in its defence. A remote origin affords, it is argued, a presumption not in favour of a given institution, but against it; because length of years is likely to have occasioned a change of circumstances, and what may have been right and fitting long ago, can hardly fail of being obsolete and unsuitable now. Thus, whatever is ancient, is presumed to be antiquated, more especially in an enlightened age, preceded by centuries of comparative darkness, when the human mind, freeing itself from the restraints by which it was formerly fettered, has sprung forward with a sudden and unexampled bound.—That such has been for some time the tone of public feeling is testified, not only in the course of political events, or in the conduct of a political party, but in the literature, habits, and manners of the people at large.—It may be regarded as a moving principle in the formation of popular opinion; a principle sometimes nearly dormant, and overborne by a dead weight of custom; sometimes nicely balanced by counter influences, and tending to progressive improvement; sometimes acquiring a rapid and uncontrollable development, and menacing total destruction.

That this way of thinking, like every other that obtains widely and forcibly among mankind, has a side of truth, and when properly limited, has been productive of good; nay, that at certain periods it has been usefully called forth into unusual energy in the service of religion, need not be denied; but that, as at present exhibited, it is mischievous, extravagant, and unreasonable, is felt by all sober-minded persons, and scarcely requires proof.

And first, it greatly over estimates, not merely the superiority of the present over past ages, in substantial wisdom, and that knowledge, of whatever kind, upon which it is founded, but even the difference in kind, existing between our times and those of our ancestors. It is not asserted that there has been no advance in useful knowledge, or that no real variation in the actual state of things has taken place, but only that the degree is vastly over-rated.

In regard to the first, the supposed superiority of the present age, the mistake arises in various ways. A part of knowledge, perhaps the least important, is put for the whole. No balance is struck between what is gained in one department, and what is lost in another. The worthiness of the end pursued is not considered in determining the value of the means. Thus science, the doctrine of many, usurps the place of philosophy, the doctrine of ultimate ends. The economy of wealth is taken as the measure of national welfare; legislation passes for jurisprudence. So again, the study of nature may have flourished, the study of mind may have drooped, the arts of life may have advanced, domestic wisdom may have lost ground, education may have been diffused, scholastic learning may have declined. All our gains are counted, but our losses are not set against them.—And again, personal comfort, convenience, or luxury, mental or bodily, is openly proposed, not only as the best, but as the only object of intellectual pursuit; whereas formerly the search of truth was supposed to bring its own recompense. Thus a lower end is substituted for a higher, and by over-stating the claims of our fellow-creatures, once too much neglected in these studies, we forget the more sublime relation between the human spirit and the God who gave it. The effect which has resulted to the religion of the day is very striking, and far from unmixedly good. It is the recoil of monastic piety in matters of devotion, as of monastic philosophy in the pursuit of intellect.

In regard to the second head, the variation so much insisted on in the external state of things vanishes away; the more deeply we are read in past history, the more we become aware that the same things reappear in different ages, under new names and altered forms. We find that we have been deceived by appearances, till we are ready to exclaim with the wise man, "Is there any thing of which it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us."

More especially is this shown in the history of religion, in which we find a perpetual recurrence of the same description of events, so that the accounts of one age appear to anticipate the next, as if "the thing which hath been, is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun." The same errors in doctrine, exploded in one century, are brought forward in the next, as something wholly new; again confuted, and again produced, perhaps at the expiration of a thousand years: now condemned as a heresy, now discussed as a speculation; and little said on either side, that had not been as well, or better said, by the men of old time, as by the best of their successors.

In a word, the contempt of antiquity, so commonly manifested, places the age in a false position, more especially in ecclesiastical affairs. A single generation is drawn up in array against all that have preceded it, and has to make good its pretensions, not only with no assistance from the great and good men that "sleep in the Lord," but against their united forces. Covenant is broken with the mighty dead; and they, whose ever-living wisdom, whether it speak to us in books, or yet more impressively in the institutions which they have contributed to form, to sanction, to improve, are set aside to make room for the new, capricious, dogmatical, untied authorities of the day; for partial interests, sectarian prejudice, and temporary fashion; for the despotic sway, and idolatrous worship of the present, as if there were neither voice nor vision in the oracular past.

The issue of such a procedure cannot be doubtful. Baseless theories, driven like the clouds by every gust of fancy, and soon dissolving into air,—embodied vapours, floating in the thin elements of thought, and neither fixable in any settled shape, nor applicable to any practical purpose,—take the place of a defined and authorised creed; while, for the divine economy left by the Apostles in their Master's kingdom, how large a number of his professed disciples would substitute an illusive phantom, or a cold negation! The spirit of enthusiasm, or the dead frame-work of human law! Not content with tearing off the decent vest of primitive custom, as non-essential and cumbersome, there are those who would dismember the body itself, as if in this way the living soul might be detected and laid bare. Suppose it done. Alas! the subtle essence is fled, and its place knows it no more.

Religion, both in its vital powers and essential forms, let me add, in much of its outward dress, the beauties of its holiness, as they are seen by mortal eye, is an heirloom from our fathers. Its visible presence is every where the emblem of stability: it exists under the condition of permanence, and thus its very accidents are less unstable than any thing else in this shifting world; as if their natural transiency were arrested in that heavenly service, like the garments of the Israelites, that "waxed not old" during the forty years that they wandered in the desert. Thus the present becomes linked to the past, and both to the future, by a chain of venerable and inspiring associations, equally reasonable and affecting; a mystic unity, imaged to the senses in the traditional ordinances of the Church which we now see, and realized to the feelings by blessed memories, by perpetual consolations, and by glorious hopes.

* Deut. xxix. 5.

LAST DAYS OF CHARLES I.

He was now a prisoner in the Isle of Wight—separated from his wife and children, his clergy, and his friends. His only consolation was the New Testament, which was allowed him, and the Prayer Book of our venerable Church Ritual, the more prized, as it had been sternly interdicted to his solitude and tears.

If there are those who think hardly of him as a King, let such remember the difficult, and arduous, and trying circumstances in which he was placed. Let them compare his public and private character with the Sovereigns before him—the leathensome and tyrannical Henry the Eighth, on whose head, if the storm had fallen, Mercy might have smiled by the side of Justice. I pass over the youthful Edward, who stood graceful, ingenious, and pious in the front of the Reformation. I need say little of the reigns or characters of the two sister-queens, Mary and Elizabeth,—one the persecutor, the other, whose name is connected with her country's glory, and the establishment of that scriptural and mild form of religion which King Charles died in supporting. I will only entreat of those who condemn this sufferer as a King, to compare his public character with that of those who preceded him on the throne, and even with his immediate predecessor, the cold-blooded murderer of the accomplished Raleigh; and if Charles the First is still to be condemned as a King, let those who so condemn him, remember his piety, his domestic virtues,—his affection for his children, his kindness and gentleness to all his attendants, his love and fidelity to the altar of his Faith,—and, at least, shed one tear of generous pity for him, as a most religiously faithful husband to that beautiful Queen who shared his heart and his sorrows! When the sternest judge thinks of these things, let him remember his later hours of utter desolation, separated from all he loved upon earth, in his gloomy prison-house, looking back—not on a perishable crown, but dwelling, more sadly, as the long, lone night came down, on those tender relations which occupied all his thoughts, except those devoted to heaven,—his only consolation being the New Testament, and that book of almost Divine breathings of prayer, to which has since been appended the solemn service for his death. And here, if what I have said may have excited a moment's commiseration for his fate, perhaps I might be able to excite some further interest, when I inform those who hear me, and who come to this place of worship with their Sabbath book of prayers, that the text I have chosen was selected from that identical Prayer Book which had been in the possession and constant use of this miserable King in captivity. From his own Prayer Book—in more frequent use, as his hours appeared numbered, I chose this text—the page which contained this Psalm, opening accidentally—a proof how often he had communed with it in his solitude.—This book, in the possession of King Charles in his prison, at the closing period of his life, must have been kept in secret; and when he was hurried away, it was left behind. I need not say how anxiously, how minutely I examined it. It is bound in black, and, though printed as long ago as 1637, it appears as if it had been but yesterday in the pale hand of him, who has lain in his quiet grave for nearly two hundred years. It is evident how intently his heart must have communed on those particular passages, which even now most readily presented themselves, though so many years had passed away. One page, which thus presented itself, contained two prayers, not retained in our Common Prayer Book. On what subject were these most pathetic prayers?—One, "For patience in trouble"—the other, "A prayer to be said IN THE HOUR OF DEATH!"

These circumstances show how deeply such sad thoughts, at this period, occupied his heart. Among the Psalms the 55th appears to have been, from the circumstance I have mentioned, very frequently the subject of his mournful meditations, being indeed most peculiarly applicable to his fate.

I now approach the concluding act of this tragedy. The axe in the masked executioner's hands—the last prayer is said—there is a stillness as of death—the axe descends—the blood streams—there is silence again—tears and audible sobs follow—and all earthly trials are ended. But I cannot leave this sad scene without saying a word respecting the funeral of him, who, after his lot of no common sorrow upon earth, was conveyed from the block to his long and last repose. The corpse (having been delivered to some faithful friends) was conveyed to the resting-place of Kings, in the Cathedral chapel of Windsor. The black pall of the coffin was covered with snow. It was in the depth of night: a grave was dug in the centre of the Cathedral aisle, and there—lighted by a few trembling tapers—the body of the King was laid in consecrated earth, the prayers of a few friends only heard.

He was brought to this untimely grave—not with solemn funeral rites—but in sad silence. They who laid him in earth, only breathed a few words; and then left the long aisles of the Cathedral, echoing again to the winds of winter without.

A few years afterwards the Lord Protector was also borne to the abode of mortal corruption,—but how different the pomp of death! He who had ruled, with far more than kingly power, was buried with far more than kingly magnificence.

The spot where the remains of this unfortunate king lay, was not known, or at least forgotten, in the thoughtless reign of the Restoration, when revelry and unrestrained licence, as extremes follow extremes, succeeded the gloomy dominion of the fanatic. In the midst of scenes of dissipation, Charles the Second was smitten, and the cup of licentious pleasure was dashed from his palsied hand.

Another reign succeeded, when the brother of Charles, having proved a traitor to his trust, was exiled and died in a foreign land.

Another Prince is called to the throne—another dynasty succeeds—George the First, George the Second, succeeded, and George the Third who, in his life-time being from infirmity and age obliged to lay down the sceptre, was succeeded by a Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth, now also gone down to the grave with

* Southey.

† Belonging to Dr. Pearson, the Dean of Salisbury, inherited from his mother, with some other articles, left behind in Carisbrooke Castle.

‡ Mr. Herbert, (afterwards Sir Thomas) who never left his side till all was over. He wrote the affecting memoirs of his last days. —See Herbert's Life in Wood.

§ The trial of the Bishops was the foundation of our religious liberty. Somers (afterwards Lord Chancellor and Head of the Administration) as Counsel, defended the Bishops.

his ancestors. It was during his Regency, in digging out a place of rest for an illustrious departed relative, that a coffin was discovered, with a silver plate, inscribed, "King Charles," having the date, 1648. By the Regent's permission, the coffin was taken up, and the sad remains of this martyred King submitted to inspection. The body, having been embalmed, the head was found attached to it with cement. The beard appeared exactly as in the common pictures. The countenance still placid—the eyes for a moment open, as if to reproach those who disturbed the long repose of the dead, and the next moment they collapsed into dust. One lock of hair was severed from the head. This last relic of a man of sorrow I myself saw, with what feelings I need not say.

The King has been described, in the time of his captivity, as having his hair changed, from anxiety, to premature grey: on the contrary, this lock, cut from his head nearly 200 years after his interment, was of the most perfect auburn, such as in his youth, and first days of nuptial happiness.

I here pause.—Having, from my public duty, been called upon to preach on this subject, I have endeavoured to speak, as I hope, without offence to others, the sentiments of a faithful member of the Established Church. I have spoken of a sad event, which took place in troubled times. We may live to see troubled times again, but never, I trust, in this kingdom, to witness such an event.—Rev. W. L. Bowles, Sermon on the Martyrdom of Charles I.

UNCOMFORTABLE CONDITION OF BACKSLIDERS.

It has been my lot, alas! to witness more than once the melancholy spectacle of persons, who, after making a fair religious profession, and receiving to take the Lord for their portion, have again returned to the vanities of the world. "But if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men." Never was this pregnant saying more amply verified, than in the case of such deserters. They, who had cast, and never could regain it. They never could recover their former position in society. They had rebelled against the world's authority, and they now come back to it, with no recommendation but that of having forfeited their allegiance to their new master. They had spoken with unmeasured severity of worldly pursuits, and worldly pleasures, and worldly characters; (for no zeal flames like that which soon goes out;) and they vainly expect to be on the same gay and easy terms with those, many of whom they have personally and lastingly offended. Besides, there is an unpleasant seriousness about an apostate which they cannot shake off; and which ill accords with scenes of merriment. It is not the seriousness of religion, but it is the seriousness of having renounced religion. "The smell of its fire has passed upon them," and there is no getting rid of it; and thus they are unfitted for the element in which they live. They glide like gloomy spectres through places of public amusement, as if in scenes to which they did not legitimately belong. Their movements are not natural; their gaiety is forced; their part is overacted; and their high spirits seem like an effort to stifle the cries of conscience. They may find a few bad spirits who reject God and goodness on deliberate calculation, and will hail them as doubly traitors to the King of heaven. But the lighter circles are not generally composed of such stern depravity. Many of the gayest of the gay would turn with high disdain from one who had taken up the cross, and then trampled it under his feet. Among the apparent votaries of pleasure, many sigh for purer scenes. They respect religion: they find the world no resting place to the soul. Their hearts are not at ease. They begin to find a mighty famine in that land. They often resolve on giving their whole affections unto God. They have come to themselves, and thought upon their father's house. They meditate a return. They long for the happy moment when they shall have fortitude to go into the presence of their God, and say unto him, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight; make me as one of thy hired servants." It is at such a point of transition, at such a crisis in its destiny, that the soul views with peculiar horror those deserters from the camp of Israel, whom it meets, as it were, flying in an opposite direction, and returning to that city of destruction, from which it seeks its own escape. But I need say no more. For the world itself despises those who fall from a high religious profession; and it may be said of such, that "men cast them out." If they were of the world, the world would love its own. But they are not of the world.—They were once indeed, in appearance at least, above the world; but now they are sunk below it.

RUSSIAN SUPERSTITION.

An old ceremony takes place at Petersburg, during winter, namely, that of pronouncing a benediction on the Neva! This religious rite, at which the Imperial family are present, is marked with extraordinary pomp. A temple of wood is erected on the ice, with an effigy of John the Baptist, and ornamented with painting, representing various acts connected with the life of our Saviour.—In the centre, is suspended a figure of the Holy Spirit, over a hole perforated in the ice, around which carpets are spread. The military are formed into line along the river, the bells of the churches are rung, a cannon fired, while the metropolitan, accompanied by a number of dignified ecclesiastics, enter this sanctum sanctorum. The metropolitan dips a crucifix into the aperture in the ice three times, uttering, at the same time a prayer or ejaculation; and on this occasion, St. Nicholas comes in for his share of adoration, as an indispensable part of the ceremony; a prayer being especially addressed to him. The pontiff then sprinkles the water on the people around, and also on the colours of the regiment. On the departure of the procession, a scramble takes place among the crowd, each striving to kiss the sacred aperture. Nor do they omit, likewise, to carry to their homes, some of the water itself, to which they ascribe great virtue, particularly for purifying those infected with certain diseases. It may also be mentioned, that it is a practice in the Greek church, to extend its blessings to inanimate objects; and it is supposed, that the safety or destruction of these depend on the degree of fervour with which the benediction is bestowed. But it must not be supposed, that well informed persons put the least faith in such absurdities; and as for the vulgar, they are pretty nearly the same every where; witness the mass of superstitious rubbish, the farrago of rabelais and imposture that has been published in England in the shape of almanacks. This ceremony is an expedient most admirably calculated to promote devotion, if we can for a moment allow ourselves to bestow that name on such absurd and puerile mummery, which, whilst it cherishes abject superstition among the vulgar, produces a no less deplorable hypocrisy among those who are educated.—Rae Wilson.

DRAYTON-BEAUCHAMP AND RICHARD HOOKER.

Drayton-Beauchamp is an extensive but very poor and thinly populated parish, stretching several miles in length, though containing little more than 250 inhabitants. The parsonage is an old fashioned country building, within about a stone's throw of the church. It has undergone many repairs and additions since Hooker's time, but the room supposed to be that good man's study still remains. After duly inspecting the parsonage, and indulging for a time in those meditations which the associations connected with the place naturally awakened in my mind, I crossed the garden

* This lock of hair was shown to me by Sir Henry Hallford, who has published the interesting account of the discovery.

* From the "Scriptural Character of the English Church" by the Rev. Berwent Coleridge—1839.

* 1 Cor. xiv. 8.
† Lord Bacon.
‡ Jude 18. 1 Tim. iv. 1. 2 Tim. iii. 1. 2 Peter ii. 1, &c.

* Eccles. i. 10.
† Eccles. i. 9.