

Poetry.

My Prayer Book.

THE CHURCHING OF WOMEN.

"We give thee humble thanks, for that thou hast vouchsafed to deliver this woman thy servant, from the great pain and peril of childbirth."—*English Prayer Book.*

In mother's love there bides a spell
Maternal hearts alone can see;
Transcending all that tears may tell,
Or man could be.

Far down within the spirit's deep
Her fountains of affection lie,
Like currents which in darkness sweep,
Nor face the sky.

Tender abyss of peerless love!
To heaven's omniscient eye-glance known,
The WOMAN-BORN, Who reigns above,
Thy claims doth own.

A pillow'd Babe on mother's breast,
Beneath Him throb'd the virgin's heart,
And, Woman, thou on HIM canst rest,
Whoe'er thou art.

Oh! magic force of nature, felt,
Far as the sun and sea extend,
Beneath whose law all beings melt,
All spirits bend.

The Indian mother, stern and strong,
Cradles her infant on the tree,
And wildly chants her loud wood-song
For lullaby.

And the stern negress, seeking food,
Fastens the babe upon her back,
To roam each rocky solitude,
Or lion's track.

Nor scene, nor change, nor earth nor sky
Enfeeble love's maternal force;
Distance and time before it die,
Whate'er their course.

A passion this, so pure, so deep,
That while bereaved fathers moan,
Of, worldless mothers only weep
In heart alone.

But why did God such love create
Unquenchably supreme and pure?
Because from mothers' Spirits date
Their curse, or cure.

Thus, saints and martyrs, heroes, all
Whom wond'ring Time delights to praise,
In heaven itself may still recall
Their infant-days.

When learn'd they from maternal lips
Lessons of holy love and prayer,
No clouds hereafter could eclipse,
Nor soul's despair.

Then, pallid mother, draw thee nigh,
Perill'd by pangs, but saved in birth;
And gently lift thy downcast eye,
From heaven to earth.

The virgin whiteness of that veil
Becomes thine inward purity,
And hides upon thy forehead pale,
What angels see.

Of blissful worship;—deep and mild,
Which mothers for their first-born pay,
And love, with conscience undefiled,
Offers to-day.

Thou art the parent of a soul,
The mother of a deathless mind!
And Christ to thee imparts control
For this design'd.

Self-discipline and prayer-born love,
And persevering wisdom calm,
Breathe, Holy Spirit, from above
With soothing balm:

That from thine altar she may part
In saintly mood serene and high,
And worship Christ with yearning heart,
Until she die.

Mothers are more than mines of wealth
If God-devoted souls they be;
And what makes Empire's moral health
And purity

They guard. For, when do nations sink
Into dark graves of sin and woe?
When church and state no longer think
What debt they owe.

To christian mothers; unto whom
Both God and nature have consign'd
Existence, from whose dawning bloom
They nurse mankind.

Review.

A COPIOUS AND CRITICAL LATIN-ENGLISH LEXICON, FOUNDED ON THE LARGER LATIN-GERMAN LEXICON OF DR. WILLIAM FREUND; with additions and corrections from the Lexicons of Gesner, Facciolati, Scheller, Georges, &c.—by E. A. ANDREWS, LL.D., New York: Harper and Brothers, publishers, 1851. For sale by Messrs. Armour and Ramsay.

A valuable publication, and not too large for the use of schools, being somewhat smaller than Scott and Liddell's Greek Lexicon. The information is copious, and so far as we have been able to test it, is accurate, and the arrangement very judicious. Amongst its prominent features we may mention, that quantity is duly marked, archaic forms are specified, derivations given, and proper names with brief notices introduced into the body of the dictionary. Our classical readers will be competent to judge pretty well for themselves as to the merits of this Lexicon, from the references and citations which we quote below, as the results of our own examination, in connexion with the text of two or three Latin authors:—

Virg. Georg. iv. 39—Walker is incorrect in taking *fucus* here to mean *sea-weed*: the Lexicon is right;—"For propolis, the reddish juice with which bees stop up the entrances to their hives; *bee glue*." This is according to Heyne, and Heyne has adopted the best rendering.

Georg. iv. 275—"Violæ subluet purpura nigra." The passage is quoted in the Lexicon, and the exquisite beauty of the word as it is used by Virgil in this place, preserved in the definition.

SATURA or SATIRA, we observe, is connected with *lanx satura*, which agrees with the derivation preferred by the Rev. Dr. McCaul, in the Preface to his valuable Edition of the Satires and Epistles of Horace.

Some peculiarities of TACITUS, for which we have turned the Lexicon, have not been overlooked: as a specimen, take definition 3 of "*Adductus*: of character *measured, grave, serious, severe*: modo familiaritate juvenili Nero et rursus adductus, quasi seria consociaret, Tac A. 14, 4: adductum et quasi virile servitium, ib. 12. 7. *Sup* not used: Adv. only in the Comp., Tac H. 3. 7: Germ 43."

In cases where, by any possibility, notwithstanding quotations, the young student might remain in doubt, the degree or the absence of classical authority is stated. The four following will serve as a specimen:—

"LICEO, cui, citum, 2. v. n. *To be for sale; to have a price put upon it, to be valued, esteemed at so much (rare, but quite class.): omnia venibunt, quicquid licebunt, presentis pecunia, Plaut. Men. 5, 9, 97:—quanti licuisse tu scribis (hortos), how much they were valued at, Cic. Att 12, 32, 5: unius assis Non unquam pretio pluris licuisse, Hor. S. I. 6, 12.*

SUBSTANTIA, æ, f, (substo).—*That of which a thing consists, the being, essence, contents, material, substance, (a post-Aug. word): hominis, Quint 7, 2, 5; rerum, id. 2. 21, 1: sine substantia facultatum, without store of riches, without fortune, Tac. Or. 8—substantia omnis paternorum bonorum, Aur. Vict. Or. 19; rei familiaris, Paul. Sent. 2, 2, 9, et al.*

IRRUFUS (irr) avi, atum, 1. v. a. *To make red (post-class) capillum, Hier. Ep. 107, n. 5: barba facta (it ought to be, tactu) irrufata, Tert. Ap. 22.*

INSAURIO, ire, v. a. (in—auris) *To give hearing to, to cause to hear (a post-class word): sardos (christus) Lact. Epit. 45.*

By the way, we are glad of the opportunity to say something about Patristic Latinity. The instances cited above will show that it has been noticed in this Dictionary; and besides these and others, we have the christian meaning of *seculum*, though we have not met with that of *disciplina*.—We cannot recognize the justice or the wisdom of slighting, and indeed completely ignoring, the Christian Fathers, as is done at our public schools. Their Latin—we are speaking now of the Latin Fathers only, in connexion with this Lexicon,—their Latin, it is true, is tarnished, in some instances, with several harsh peculiarities; but with the most of them it is by no means so impure as is by many supposed. We do not, for our part, apprehend that the young student, who has done his duty on the usual school-course of Cicero and Cæsar, will be much, if at all, injured, in point of imitative style, by reading even the Apology of Tertullian,—less still by the writings of Lactantius. We Christians of the present day ought, assuredly, to feel an interest, deep, warm, and heartfelt, in the writings of our glorious forefathers—the great hearted Ancients of the Christian Church,—even though it be true that they could die for their faith better than they could write for it. The Reverend Christopher Wordsworth, if we mistake not, has published Excerpta from the Fathers for the use of schools.

In regard to the merits of the Lexicon, we have nothing more to add than that it is good on the particles. The article on *demum* (e. g.) is excellent.

COMMON PLACE BOOK.

THE WALKING ON THE SEA.

In the first storm He was present in the ship with them * * * But he will not have them to be clinging only to the sense of His bodily presence—as ivy, needing always an outward support—but as hardy forest trees which can brave a blast; and this time He puts them forth into the danger alone, even as some loving mother-bird thrusts her fledglings, from the nest, that they may find their own wings and learn to use them. * * * As that bark was upon the stormy sea, such is oftentimes the Church. It seems as though it had not its Lord with it, such little way does it make; so baffled is it and tormented by the opposing storms of the world. But His eye is on it still; He is in the mountain apart praying; ever living, an ascended Saviour, to make intercession for His people. And when, at length, the time of urgent need has arrived, He is suddenly with it, and that in marvellous ways, past finding out—then all that was before laborious is easy, and the toiling rowers are anon at the haven where they would be.—*Trench.*

VALUE OF MUSICAL EDUCATION.

Horace Walpole, writing to the Countess of Ossory, says:—"Had I children, my utmost endeavors would be to breed them musicians. Considering

I have no ear, or yet thought of music, the preference seems odd; and yet it is embraced on serious reflection. In short, madam, as my aim would be to make them happy, I think it is the most probable method. It is a resource which will last their lives, unless they grow deaf; it depends on themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles; and of all fashionable pleasures, it is the cheapest."

SLANDER.

Surgery may heal a bodily wound; but what balm can bind up the bite of a slanderous tongue? It runs like a contagion over the whole country, and cannot be recalled. Robbery may be recompensed by restitution; but who can you ever make amends to the man whom you have traduced? I tell you truly, not all the wealth you have in the world can wipe away the wrong you have done in such a case.—*Robert Bolton, 1634.*

THE DEATH OF INFANTS.

How peacefully they rest,
Cross-folded there
Upon his little breast,
Those tiny hands, that ne'er were still before.
But ever sported with his mother's hair,
Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore!
Her heart no more shall beat,
To feel the touch of that soft balm;
That ever seemed a new surprise,
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes,
To bless him with her holy calm;
Sweet thoughts, that left her eyes as sweet.
How quiet are the hands
That wove those pleasant bands!
But that they do not rise and sink
With his calm breathing, I should think
That she were dropped asleep;
Alas! too deep, to deep
Is this his slumber!
Time scarce can number
The years ere he will wake again.

He did but float a little way
Down the stream of time,
With dreary eyes, watching the ripples play,
Listening their fairy chime;
His slender sail
Ne'er felt the gale;
We did but float a little way,
And putting to the shore,
While yet 'twas early day,
Went calmly on his way,
To dwell with us no more;
No jarring did he feel,
No grating on his vessel's keel;
A strip of silver sand
Mingled the waters with the land
Where he was seen no more!
O, stern word, never more!

Full short his journey was; no dust
Of earth unto his sandals gave;
The weary weight that old men must,
He bore not on the grave.
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way,
And wandered hither; so his stay
With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That he should be no deliver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet,
To stand before his God.

CLERGYMAN'S LIFE.

To a person who regretted to the celebrated Dr. Johnson that he had not been a clergyman, because he considered the life of a clergyman an easy and comfortable one, the doctor made this memorable reply:—"The life of a conscientious clergyman is not easy. I have always considered a clergyman as the father of a larger family than he is able to maintain. No, sir, I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life; nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life."

HOW TO DESTROY AN ENEMY.

Nangfee, Emperor of China, being told that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces, said—

"Come, then, my friends, follow me, and I promise you that we shall very quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but they were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity.

"How?" cried his first minister, "Is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed and behold, you have pardoned all, and have caressed some."

"I promised," replied the Emperor with a generous air, "to destroy my enemies; I have fulfilled my word, for see they are enemies no longer, I have made friends of them.—*Goldsmith's Citizen of the World.*

A HINT TO PREACHERS.

Louis XIV. of France, said one day to the famous Masillon, "I have heard many great orators in my chapel, and have always been satisfied with them; but every time I hear you I am dissatisfied with myself."

DEPTH OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE.

Those that do but superficially taste of divine knowledge, find but little sweetness in it; and are ready for the unpleasant relish to abhor it; whereas, if they would dive deep into the sea, they should find fresh water the bottom. That it savors not well is the fault, not of it, but of the distempered palate that tastes it. Good metals and minerals are not found close under the skin of the earth, but below in the bowels of it. No good miner casts away his mattock, because he finds a vein of touch clay, or a shelf of stone; but still delveth lower; and passing through many changes of soil, at last

comes to his rich treasure. We are too soon discouraged in our spiritual gains. I will persevere and seek, hardening myself against all difficulty. There is comfort even in seeking hope; and there is joy in hoping good success; and in that success is happiness.—*Bishop Hall.*

NECESSARY EVIL.

As surely as God is good, so surely there is no such thing as necessary evil. For by the religious mind, sickness, and pain, and death, are not to be accounted evils. Moral evils are of your own making; and, undoubtedly, the greater part of them may be prevented. Deformities of mind, as of body, will sometimes occur. Some voluntary cast-aways there will always be, whom no fostering kindness and no parental care can preserve from self-destruction; but if any are lost for want of care and culture, there is a sin of omission in the society to which they belong.—*Southey.*

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Oh, Autumn leaves!
Summer's bright roses one by one are past,
Gone is the beauty of the golden sheaves;
Ye come at last,
Prophets of winter hours approaching fast!

Oh, Autumn leaves!
Why look ye thus so brilliant in decay?
Why for the dying year when Nature grieves,
Are ye so gay
With richer hues than graced her opening day?

Oh, Autumn leaves!
Ye, as ye don your crimson robes of mirth,
While dull decay a moment scarce reprieves
Your forms from earth—
Ye tell us, happier far is death than birth.

Oh, Autumn leaves!
Like you the dying saint in splendor grows;
With each faint pulse of life that feebly heaves
At evening close,
His every grace with added glory glows.

Oh, Autumn leaves!
Like you he casts aside all hues of gloom,
And of his bright'ning hopes a chaplet weaves
That o'er his tomb
Throws the glad promise of eternal bloom.

HINTS FOR IMPROVEMENT.

Charles Butler, a distinguished English lawyer and a fine scholar, ascribes his saving of time to these rules: Very early rising; a systematic division of his time; absence from all company and from all diversions not likely to amuse him highly; from reading, writing, or even thinking on modern party politics; and above all, never permitting a bit or scrap of time to be unemployed—have supplied him with an abundance of literary hours.

His literary acquisitions are principally owing to the rigid observance of four rules—1. To direct his attention to one literary topic only at a time; 2. To read the best book upon it, consulting others as little as possible; 3. Where the subject was contentious, to read the best book on each side; 4. To find out men of information, and when in their society, to listen, not to talk.

CHRISTIAN BOLDNESS.

The following anecdote is related of Dr. Porteus, Bishop of London, when an aged man, and labouring under great bodily weakness and infirmity.—He had heard it reported that a club had been instituted under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, which was intended to meet on a Sunday. Under this impression, he requested an audience of the Prince, to entreat him to fix on some other day. The audience was granted: supported by two servants, and hardly able to move with their assistance, he got to the apartment of the prince, and with great earnestness conjured him to fix on some other day for the meeting. The prince received him most graciously, and promised that the day, if possible, should be changed to Saturday.

This is but one instance of many illustrative of the advantages derived to the cause of piety from the station which is occupied by our bishops. As peers of the realm they mix with persons of the highest rank, and are enabled very materially to influence the tone of society; nor, as we have seen, is royalty excluded from their reach. It is the privilege of peers to demand an audience of the sovereign. It was this privilege that Bishop Porteus claimed in the present instance.—*Book of Anecdotes.*

HUMILITY.

"Remember, Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone. Looking at our own shining face is the bane of spiritual life and of the ministry. O, for the closest communication with God, till soul and body—head, face, and heart—shine with divine brilliancy; but, O, for a holy ignorance of our shining."

PERTH CATHEDRAL.

(From the London Guardian.)

At a time when the out-cry against all warmth of devotion or decency of ritual is so loud, it is remarkable that religious men should be actually engaged in raising a new Cathedral Church. If we except the reconstruction of our metropolitan cathedral after the great fire, no such work has been undertaken in Great Britain, so far as we know, for some six hundred years; and now, in the very midst of the storm which threatens to overwhelm our land-marks in a tempest of secular confusion, Churchmen have the faith and the courage to devote their energies to raise at Perth a building that