

have forsaken the covenant of the Lord God of their fathers."—*Alas!* if we are distinguished by many favours, and can dwell with complacency upon many national characteristics, we must look also at the other side of the picture, we have many, many sins to deplore;—and it is "in trembling hope" that we must repose upon the providence of our God.—O let us not "speak in our hearts and say that for our righteousness" the Lord hath caused us to enjoy these peculiar blessings: let us not indulge in a fallacious belief that we positively *deserve* them; a presumptuous idea that we have a right to them. Too apt we are to be lifted up in heart and to make our privileges the food of our pride; to regard it not so much as a matter of thankfulness to God, but rather as a merit of our own, something which we have a right to boast of, and which flatters our individual self-love, that we are free-born subjects of Britain; that our country has a lofty name of renown; that her sway is acknowledged in different and distant quarters of the globe; that her institutions are the models for the improvement of other countries; that her commanding position among the nations and her internal state of light and improvement are the envy of the world,—things which ought to humble and not to puff us up with pride—for we should ask what answerable fruit we render to God? Too apt are we to forget the responsibility which attaches to our advantages, and the return that will be required from those to whom "much has been committed."—"Be not high minded but fear. If God spared not others, take heed lest he also spare not thee. Behold the goodness and severity of God—on them which sell severity—but on thee goodness—if thou continue in his goodness OTHERWISE thou also shall be cut off." Let us pray God that no such judgments may be drawn down upon the land. I do not mean by a figure of speech, to express the bare wish and hope formed within the heart that our blessings may continue—I mean that we should literally, sincerely, seriously, devoutly pray to God, the disposer of all, "who sitteth upon the circle of the earth and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers,"—"by whom Kings reign and Princes decree judgment"—who, on the other hand, "bringeth the princes to nothing, and maketh the judges of the earth as vanity"—who "putteth down one and setteth up another, and none may say unto him, what doest thou?"—I mean that we should pray to Him that our blessings may continue, and that we may have grace to feel and wisdom to improve them;—let the prayers of the Church be offered "with the spirit and with the understanding," and seconded by prayers at home: let the prayers of all the subjects of our new King and his Queen, in every remote dependency of his dominions, stream up from earth to heaven "as a sweet-smelling savour, acceptable" in the name of Jesus Christ, that his fear may be in their hearts; that his protection and favour may rest upon their heads; that He may dwell with them and be their God, and their Guardian and their Guide; that He may grant them to be blest in themselves and a blessing to their people:—The time may come when the severity of judgment may teach us to adopt the whole prayer and confession of Daniel for our country; but let us extract those parts of them which *at all times* are appropriate, and of which the language is always befitting the child of the dust when addressing his God.

"O Lord, the great and dreadful God, keeping the covenant and mercy to them that love him and to them that keep his commandments:—we have sinned and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly and have rebelled, even by departing from thy precepts and from thy judgments: O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto thee, but unto us confusion of faces as at this day—to all Israel that are near and that are afar off—to our Kings, to our Princes and to our fathers, because we have sinned against thee. To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him; neither have we obeyed the voice of the Lord our God, to walk in his laws which he set before us.—(O my God, incline thine ear and hear—open thine eyes and behold, for we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousness, but for thy great mercies. O Lord hear, O Lord forgive, O Lord hearken and do—defer not for thine own sake, O my God, for thy City and thy people are called by thy name."

Now, then, to Him by whose name we are called, &c. &c.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN SENTINEL.

Rev. Sir,—I have been much surprized not to have met in the Periodicals of the day, which have fallen into my hands, any critical notice of a poem, which has already been a few years before the public, and whose merits, in my estimation, give it a claim to honorable notoriety in the religious and literary annals of our day and country. The work to which I allude is entitled, "The Course of Time, a Poem, in Ten Books, by Robert Pollok, A. M." Although this poem may have been arraigned before some of those self-constituted tribunals of the literary world, whose *ipse dixit* of "stand" or "fall" I have not yet heard pronounced upon it, yet the apprehension of differing in opinion as to its merits from those *fearful censors and judges inquisitorial*, will not deter me from inviting the candid readers of the SENTINEL to an examination for themselves of this religious poem, which is fraught throughout with deep and absorbing interest.

It is characteristic of the great mass of those light and trivial poetical productions which crowd the pages of almost every scholastic of literary intelligence, that while they press every wild vagary of fancy into their service, for the embellishment of "airy nothings," they studiously avoid, or but casually glance at, those high themes and lofty sentiments, which fill, entrance, and renovate the soul, and render the Muse and the Harp, subservient to the high and holy destinies of man. This lamentable deficiency of sterling worth and substance, which marks this branch of elegant literature, is creating a vitiated taste, and giving a decided tone to the poetry of the age, which every enlightened Christian must deplore, and furnishes an additional argument why the voice of a "Christian Sentinel" should be raised to rescue from the blight of slight estimation, a work which so ably embodies the sublime truths of Time and Eternity. The Poem, both in its character and the style of its illustrations, is decidedly Miltonian, and brings with it the pleasing assurance that the mantle of the immortal bard, who sung *the wars of heaven and the fall of man*, whose awful numbers have so often and so powerfully borne up our souls from earth to heaven, on the sublimity of his images, has in the nineteenth century descended upon our land. Though the similitude between the geniuses of these two great masters of song must forcibly strike the reader, the dissimilarity in the texture of their poems, is not less striking. The fabric of the *Rebellion and Overthrow of the rebel Angels*, which gives to "Paradise Lost" some of its most powerful attractions, is built upon few and isolated passages of Holy Writ, which are considered by many of doubtful interpretation; his Muse thus revels in wider fields of imagination, but her wing is sustained by fewer of those absorbing truths which accompany salvation: while the "Course of Time," as sung by the "Ancient Bard of Earth," comprises in its narration all the important moral events connected with our race, from the fair creation of Eden to the consummation of the final Judgment, in which, images and flowers of inimitable hue, culled from the pages of inspiration, are interwoven with freedom and effect.

I owe your readers an apology for having thus long delayed to introduce them to the Poem itself, which I now do, by giving a few extracts, which may serve not only as specimens, but I shall also hope, as incentives to the perusal of the entire work.

The scene is opened in the regions of immortality—the period long after the destinies of all terrestrial beings are irrevocably fixed.

"Thus far the years had rolled, which none but God!
Doth number, when two sons, two youthful sons
Of Paradise, in conversation sweet,—
For thus the heavenly muse instructs me, wooed
At midnight hour with offering sincere
Of all the heart, poured out in holy prayer,—
High on the hills of immortality,
Whence goodliest prospect looks beyond the walls
Of heaven, walked, casting oft their eye far through
The pure serene, observant if returned
From errand duly finished, any came,
Or any first in virtue now complete,
From other worlds arrived, confirmed in good."