

Christian Observer of Public Events.

THE PRINCE'S VISIT.

The eagerly desired visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, has been accomplished, and the youthful and amiable Prince is now on his way to the Palace of His Royal Mother. We have no broad sheet at our command to chronicle even the leading events of this unusual visit; this, however, has been done to satiety by our daily journals. We simply take note as a Christian Moralist, and as such we have been painfully struck with the great want of Scriptural enlightenment and Christian practice, prevalent among the elevated, distinguished, and powerful in our great and Protestant Empire. What a sad moiety of time has been devoted to anything like religious duty, or observance! What microscopic amount of genuine Christianity has been witnessed throughout! True the Royal party were punctual in their attendance on mid-day at the Episcopal Church, but if we are to judge by the ceremonial of Trinity Church, New York, we question, if the whole had much influence in enlightening the mind or affecting the heart, as true and simple and spiritual worship tends. We give an extract from the correspondent of the *Globe*. who was present:—

“The church was full, thirty-six clergymen and four bishops with the whitest of surplices—washed at their own expense—marched out in Indian file, and took their seats in the stalls prepared in orthodox fashion for their use. Twenty-four choristers, also in surplices—presented for the occasion by the ladies of the congregation—followed the clergy for a space and then moved off to their separate compartment.

“The service was performed by ten clergymen—only ten—selected for their powers and intonation. The prayers were intoned, the litany was intoned,

the communion service was intoned, the psalms were intoned; the epistle and sermon were read. The service was very good. None, not even the most frivolous, could fail to be affected by the grandeur of that glorious old litany, displayed as it was in complete beauty. I cannot say as much for the sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Vinton. Great truths were told, great and important in themselves. But they were told in a way little calculated to impress them upon the minds of the people. It was an easy, slippery, in at one ear and out of the other style of sermon that was read. Dr. Vinton moved along a smooth, level railroad, with no heavy grades requiring an exertion of strength to surmount. The delicate nerves of the well known Mr. Fairlie would not have been affected in the slightest. He would have borne all without a murmur. He would have met no original ideas to set his mind a thinking; no sparkling thought, no telling expressions, to harass him into admiration. His only trouble would have been the “crackling of the manuscript leaves as they were turned over, slowly and carefully one after the other.” From the sixth chapter of Daniel and the 4th and 5th verses the text was taken.”

We were never more strongly impressed with the impotency of man in contributing the real happiness of those they desire to honour and to please, than on the occasion of this visit. Everything, of course, that gratify the eye, the ear, or the pride of man, was contributed throughout: all the luxury of the table, all the sweetest strains of music, all that could tend to his ease and repose, under the circumstances, was added. Every expression of homage, and of loyal affection, was constantly repeated. But even a Prince had his price to pay for these. Who that saw him, could but have noticed the look of languor and fatigue? Who could but have felt an emotion of pity