

The Church.

"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

THEREFORE I WILL NOT BE NEGLIGENT TO PUT YOU ALWAYS IN REMEMBRANCE OF THESE THINGS, THOUGH YE KNOW THEM AND BE ESTABLISHED IN THE PRESENT TRUTH.—2 PETER 1, 12.

VOLUME II.]

COBOURG, UPPER CANADA, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1838.

[NUMBER I.]

Original Poetry.

For the Church.

VASCO NUNEZ DISCOVERING THE SOUTH SEA.

"With incredible hardship he crossed the Isthmus of Darien, and from the summit where Drake afterwards stood, beheld the South Sea rolling below and stretching away in boundless perspective...displaying a banner, he marched knee deep into the rushing tide, and took possession of all those seas and shores."

(Early Navigators.)

'Twas morn on Darlen's drowsy woods;—
The forest's wild and tangled brake,
The sluggish streams, the torrent floods
Beneath the spreading radiance wake.—
There was no early zephyr's breath,
With springing hope and freshness rife,
To stir the night-mist's noxious wreath,
To kiss the drooping bough to life;
But still and slow the morning prime
Broke o'er that wild and sultry clime.

A sound the sleeping echoes stir'd
Such as their notes but seldom greet;
Thro' the dim forest depths were heard
The voice of men, the tramp of feet;—
And thro' the tangled wood paths pass'd
A dark and solitary band,
With *the* *sun* *on* *their* *breast*,
Tired wanderers in that savage land:
The spreading light of opening day
But shew'd more drear their toilsome way.

Strange were their half-elad forms—and dark
The glancing eye, the sun-burnt face;
And gaudy painted plumes would mark
The children of the Indian race.
But one was there of foreign mould,
The chieftain of that swarthy train,
Whose arms and martial bearing told
The daring son of distant Spain;
And his proud eye, that wayworn band
Mark'd, as a host at his command!

They cross'd the torrent's sweeping flow,
The yielding swamp, the rugged hill,
Their faltering steps wax'd faint and slow—
The leader's cry was "onward" still.
At length a bald steep rising cliff
Their tangled pathway seem'd to bound,
And a plum'd Indian to the chief
Murmur'd some words of foreign sound—
And pointed to its lofty crest,
As if it clos'd their weary quest.

Then forth the Spanish leader stepp'd,
And turning to his dusky band,
A haughty sign his right arm swept—
Bidding its wearied numbers stand.
They saw him toward that summit gaze
With triumph in his kindling glance—
Murmur some 'ow uncertain phrase,
Then toward that seeming goal advance—
With bearing high, and stately tread,
As if a host to fight he led!

His pulse was quick, his heart beat high—
He only saw that wish'd for spot;
Hope danced before his fancy's eye,
Shadows and fears were all forgot.
Yet ere he gain'd the steep hill's crest,
One moment his bold spirit fell,
And chilling doubt his soul oppress'd
Beneath a transitory spell—
As if he deem'd his quest was vain,
His sunny hope o'ercast again.

'Tis o'er!—the wish'd for height is gain'd;
He starts—he clasps his uprais'd hands;
Wildly his eagle glance is strain'd—
Triumphant hope his heart expands,
With mighty thoughts his soul is stir'd,
His cup of joy is crown'd at last—
The wearied pilgrim's prayer is heard,
The present veils the gloomy past;
The future's empty dream is blest
Fortune hath clos'd his daring quest!

Cloth'd in the flood of glorious light
Shed from the noon-day tropic skies,
An ocean swept its chainless might
Gigantic north his raptur'd eyes,
A thousand billows' sparkling play
Back to the sun his flashes threw,
Or borne in brightness far away
Kiss'd the broad heaven's o'erarching blue,—
And a rich music wild and free
Rose from the glad waves revelry!

The Spaniard gazes on the scene—
Rich dreams are on his spirit now,
And prouder grows his stately mien,
And loftier seems his daring brow.
A light is in his gleaming eye,
It kindles with prophetic glow;
And shadowy forms come sweeping by
In long procession, of aching, slow;—
And sounds are breathing in his ear,
As Inspiration self may hear.

The shadows of a thousand sail
Are on that bright and sparkling main,
And flutter in the summer gale
Waves the triumphant flag of Spain.
A wild voice rises on the breeze,
Attun'd to conquest's boldest note:
And booming o'er the Southern seas,
The Spanish victors' war-shouts float;—
And climes to early lore unknown
Start, as they hear the dreaded tone!

The vision faded from his eye,
The voices from his dreaming ear,—
And the wild ocean's minstrelsy
Alone, his sober'd sense may hear.
His step was toward the snowy strand,
And plunging in the flashing main,
His country's standard in his hand,
Claim'd it the vassal wave of Spain:—
The richest, fairest flower of all
That twin'd her ocean Coronel.

Wide was his tale of daring spread,
And thousands throng'd that new-found shore;
They follow'd where his spirit led,—
He saw those Southern waves no more.
Yet while that boundless tide shall sweep,
While genius lives the boast of fame,
The annals of the past shall keep
The Spaniard's unforgettable name

With those who swept those unknown seas,
Led by the mighty Genoese—
Who first the daring sail unfurl'd
To wake the west's yet slumbering world!

ZADIG.

Toronto, June, 1838.

THE ENGLISH LAYMAN.

No. XIII.

THE PRESS.

"Hew shall I speak thee, or thy power address,
Thou god of our idolatry, the Press?
By thee Religion, Liberty and Laws,
Exert their influence and advance their cause;
By thee, worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befel,
Diffused, make earth the vestibule of Hell;
Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise,
Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies;
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee."—COWPER.

"To you all readers turn, and they can look
Pleased in a paper who abhor a book;
Those who ne'er designed their Bible to peruse
Would think it hard to be denied their news;
Sinners and saints, the wisest and the weak,
Here mingle tastes, and one amusement seek:
This, like the public inn, provides a treat,
Where each promiscuous guest sits down to eat;
And such this mental food, as we may call,
Something to all men, and to some men all."—CHAMBERLAIN.

Of the many concurrent causes that combined to produce the late Rebellion, there was not one more prominent than the state of the public Press. It may seem strange to make such an assertion as this, when it is recollected that the Conservative priests far outnumbered those of an opposite tendency; but this is a contradiction in appearance only, and admits of an easy and obvious explanation. In those parts of the Province where revolt broke out, the only newspaper that had anything like an extensive circulation was Mackenzie's 'Constitution.' That wicked agitator is thoroughly versed in all the knowledge and devices of the demagogue's craft, and from the commencement of his career, until he actually presented the armed front of insurrection, the artillery with which he most effectually battered the monarchical institutions of his country, was the Press. With an astonishing sleepless industry he pursued his republican object, never for one instant losing sight of it. Possessed of a taste for general and disreputable reading, he made even his very pleasures contribute to the serious business of his life, and, year after year, accumulated a mass of materials, which he pressed into his service at some fitting opportunity. Whenever anything transpired that at all reflected on a political opponent, or whenever, in his reading, he met with a passage that favored his views, he not only turned it to a present purpose, but laid it by, to bring it forward at some future period, long after it might have been supposed to be buried in oblivion. Prompt and prolific in the coinage of falsehoods, he disseminated them with a free and unwearied hand; and, foolishly despised and uncontradicted by the friends of good government, who, because he was wicked, thought that he must also be weak, he gradually gained such an evil influence by the manner in which he wielded the Press, as to drag the Province to the brink of a civil war. There was not a cottage in the Home District belonging to a disaffected man, which had not for years past been regularly supplied with Mackenzie's seditious publications, while not a single paper, of a loyal character, ever found its way into those parts in which its counteractive influence was most required. It is easy to imagine the effect produced on the mind of any man by the constant and exclusive perusal of publications that inculcate the fascinating doctrines of social and agrarian equality, self government, and the sovereignty of the people;—especially when such a man has been born a republican, or having emigrated to this country as a pauper, has waxed insolent on being raised to the independent station and rough plenty of a Canadian freeholder.

In almost every part of the British Empire but Upper Canada, it has long been recognized as a political maxim, that every man must be confronted with a denial, and that an opponent must be met on his own ground with his own weapons. When the infidel Paine scattered his poison, pious hands prepared and circulated an efficacious antidote. When the institutions of Great Britain, both in Church and State, were assailed by that portion of the press that fraternized with the friends of the French Revolution, tract met tract, pamphlet answered pamphlet, and the awakened guardians of our glorious and Christian Constitution, by exercising a defensive vigour, not only preserved its bulwarks unimpaired, but covered its enemies with confusion and defeat. At this very moment, the same wise policy is pursued in England, and to a greater extent than at any former period. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, still occupying its old ground, has added a new field to its exertions, and combines objects of a secular character with those spiritual ones for which it was originally instituted. The *Saturday Magazine* is one of the publications resulting from this extension of the Society's operations, and it has been ably followed up by numerous cheap tracts printed by the same authority, or by private individuals, warring in the same righteous cause as independent volunteers.

Previous to the general adoption of this plan by the various organized Associations that now happily exist, an infinity of good in this way was effected by a single individual. Hannah More, sitting in her secluded cottage at Barley Wood, diffused her influence through every village of the land, and by a straightforward exposition of the true principles of our civil polity,—by showing their agreement with the Holy Scriptures,—and by a judicious adaptation of her arguments and language to the level of common understandings, did more towards preserving tranquility among the lower orders, grievously distressed as they were, than could have been done by a Rural Police, had such an un-English and unconstitutional body spread its in-

quisitorial ramifications throughout the land. It is not because the agricultural population either of England or of Canada are inaccessible to reason, that they are often led into a belief of the most palpable falsehoods; but it is because, possessing a craving for political information, they must have something to believe, something on which to base a political creed; and that something has hitherto been furnished to them by men hostile to every existing institution, and desirous of causing a general disruption of society, in the hope that, like thieves at a fire, they may plunder 'mid the confusion and conflagration. If Hannah More, after having conceived the thought which she so successfully wrought out, had folded her hands in a moment of despondency, and despaired of being able, she a feeble woman, of producing any good, the seditious and blasphemous writings so industriously circulated by the Jacobins and Reformers of the day would have been the only materials out of which the working classes could have formed their political faith. But fortunately for the interests of religion and loyalty, however much she mistrusted her own adequacy to the task, she felt strong in the justice and inherent power of her cause; and recollecting that God frequently selects weak instruments for the execution of great designs, she applied herself in a hopeful spirit to the task, and like another Jael, drove a nail through the temples of many a Sinner of the Paine and Priestley school. Emboldened by her success, others adopted a similar system of warfare: active guerilla parties hovered on the flanks and skirts of the enemy, attacked him in the rear, and met him in the van; till at last, the advantage of attacking the foe with his own weapons became so manifest, that these small detached parties embodied themselves into several regularly organized brigades, and have ever since been maintained as a standing army in defence of the Altar and the Throne.

It is a matter of notoriety, that, immediately after the passing of the Reform Bill in England, the Conservative party seemed utterly prostrate beyond the power of resuscitation, and the republicans and revolutionists hugged themselves in the idea that Toryism was extinct. An Englishman, especially if he be not a Destructive, is slow to action, and requires some powerful stimulus to excite his latent and deep-seated energies, and this incentive was furnished by the prospect of the desolation that threatened to burst over the land, and uproot every landmark that ancient wisdom had erected. The Conservatives, roused by the imminent danger, shook off their habitual torpor—determined to follow the enemy into his own country, and to foil him with his own tactics. They immediately gave all their influence to the support of a loyal press;—they printed cheap publications, emanating from the ablest hands,—and sent them circling through every vein of the community, as an antidote to the poison of Radicalism. Not content with this defensive policy, they adopted an offensive and precautionary mode of warfare; and fortifying every available point, they rendered it almost impossible for the foe to attempt its occupation by thus forewarning and forearming the people against the machinations and strategy, whether open or concealed, of the Revolutionary Democratic Faction.

In this Province, also, was the efficacy of the Press most satisfactorily tested during the general election which took place in 1836, and ended in the total discomfiture of that faction whose designs obviously were the separation of these Provinces from the fostering government of Great Britain. The *British Constitutional Society of U. C.*,—aided by its branches,—circulated Speeches, Replies, Documents, Statements and Exposures, by several thousands, and contributed in a great degree to the restoration of British principles to their just, but long lost, ascendancy. To the active influence of the Press did the leading members of this revolutionary party, in various parts of the Province, owe their defeat,—to the same powerful artillery, auxiliary to the efforts of indefatigable and able agents, may the failure of the arch-traitor himself, in the Second Riding of York, be mainly ascribed; indeed he himself admitted as much, and acknowledged, when he saw the Conservatives bestirring themselves in earnest with his own favourite arm of war, that a sense of the hopelessness of his cause came suddenly over him like a cloud. A sum less than £400 enabled the city of Toronto to pour forth its bales and packages of printed papers—to furnish even the Germans with several documents translated into their own language,—and, in one instance, to stir up the chivalrous loyalty of the Highlanders by appealing to them in their native Gaelic. Yet many a person, when the project of using the Press on so extensive a scale had not as yet been tried, proclaimed aloud the quixotism of the scheme, and laughed at the idea that a scrap of print could influence a single vote. Such political doubters, however, know little of human nature.—When the public mind is in an agitated state, it is like a combustible material, ready to burst into flames on the falling of the first spark: and if you can play your opponent at an election with an argument in print, to which he cannot, as will generally be the case, furnish an instant reply, you at once gain an open triumph over him,—you raise a laugh against him in which the bystanders join,—and your cause derives strength from a species of contagious influence. At all events, the employment of the Press, if it perform no essential service, effects at least this good,—it shews that the party employing it is in earnest and on the alert, and hence every man belonging to that party exerts himself the more, the more he sees his associates exerting themselves.

Any one who lifts up a warning voice in favour of the Press, and insists upon the necessity of employing it as an engine in the maintenance and diffusion of Conservative principles, stands a chance of being accused of selfish motives, and of suggesting plans which will principally tend to his own private benefit. But it is idle to be deterred from the bold promulgation of a vital principle by the fear of personal imputations or censorious suspicion. If the advocates of monarchical institutions in Upper Canada do not bestir themselves speedily and collectively, and adopt some comprehensive and well arranged plan, by which correct poli-

tical information may diverge from the high-road and frequented town into the remote back-woods and the thousands of secluded shanties scattered over the Province, another Rebellion will startle our slumbers in the course of a very few years. The blessings of a free and powerful government are only to be maintained at the expense of unremitting vigilance and toil; and unless the Executive, co-operating with the efforts of individuals, devise a method of communicating its intentions to the people, and thus, as it were, feeling the public pulse,—unless it enlists in its service some regular newspaper organ, avowedly recognised as such,—and provides for the occasional unlimited dissemination of some important political intelligence among the people,—the gross ignorance will continue to prevail; the well-meaning, but credulous backwoodsman will swallow the most monstrous revolutionary publications, rather than be left without any news at all; and at every recurrence of such a state of things, it will become more and more difficult to undeceive, till at last falsehood itself will be taken for truth, and penetrate so deeply with its roots, as to grow ineradicable, until after a general convulsion.

What is true, on this head, with reference to the State, is equally so when applied to the Church. If we wish to see pure and undefiled religion flourish in the land, and our own beloved establishment acquire that influence, which has moulded the national character and institutions of England into such glorious forms, we must also resort to the Press. We may not, as in England, be able to support our Quarterly Reviews, and Monthly Magazines, our Newspapers, our Readers, our Pamphlets, and our millions of Tracts, but, on a comparative scale, we may do just as much,—certainly, much more than we do at present. Why, for instance, do not our richer Laity subscribe for the printing of a thousand extra copies of each number of 'The Church,' and supply our Travelling Missionaries with these valuable aids, for gratuitous distribution in the course of their itinerant labours? If, after having visited a log-hut, and having favorably impressed the inmates by personal communication, the Missionary could leave behind him only a single number of 'The Church,' or some plain yet forcible tract, setting forth the beauty and scriptural foundations of our Zion, how would the good seed, sown by word of mouth, be fostered and ripened by this parting gift!

The Press has now become the arbiter of the world,—the principal instrument of planting and propagating Christianity in heathen lands. It is as irresistible over the mind as the British bayonet over the body. It is a divinity that, invoked, never deserts a worshipper,—that, neglected, never fails to punish him. It is a power that must exist, and that, according to the direction given to it by man, either fertilizes the earth like dew, or blasts it like a tornado. It is a power by which we in this Province have almost been severed from the Parent State; and by which we again have strengthened the tie that unites us to our Father-Land.—Nay, more than this—it is the only means, under God, of securing this Province to the British Empire, by bonds stronger than those of coercion and fear, namely, those of reason, information, and truth.

ALAN FAIRFORD.

Toronto, 12th June, 1838.

HORN LITURGICAL.

No. I.

REASONS FOR A LITURGY.

"Blessed be God for the Liturgy of the Church of England," is the language of one of its able and pious expositors; and this is a sentiment so generally felt and responded, that the attempt to portray the excellencies of our invaluable ritual becomes almost unnecessary. It is not, however, a characteristic of mankind to estimate as they should all the advantages which are placed within their reach; to many, literally as well as spiritually, the Bible is a "sealed book;" and it is a truth not to be contradicted, that many who are accustomed to join stately in the "form of sound words" which our Liturgy furnishes, cannot give a reason for the partiality and reverence which they feel for it. A little examination, therefore, into its contents,—some investigation of its origin and development of its beauties,—may serve not merely to heighten that reverence and attachment which Churchmen should entertain for their admirable ritual, but it may assist in promoting that end which our Liturgy is calculated as well as primarily designed to advance,—that all, in their addresses to the throne of grace, may "pray with the spirit and with the understanding also."

The present essay I propose to devote to a brief consideration of the expediency and necessity of some established Form of Prayer, as well to ensure a propriety and uniformity of divine worship, as to prove a safeguard against the innovations of false doctrine.

"The orthodoxy of our public services," says the writer already quoted, "will be considered by every friend to truth to be one of their strongest recommendations....Our Liturgy is not like a nose of wax that may be adapted to every face. It is not contrived, like Mr. Pope's universal prayer, to suit the taste of infidels and heretics. But its language on all the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, is clear and decisive....Therein the doctrines of the fall, the Trinity, the atonement and saving merit of Christ, and the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, are asserted in pointed and energetic terms....So clear and defined are the sentiments contained in the book of Common Prayer on these cardinal points, that every person in our assemblies, who verbally adopts and yet inwardly disbelieves them, is condemned out of his own mouth. And should such a monster of duplicity ever arise as an Arian, Socinian, or Pelagian clergyman; continuing such, he would be restrained by his own subscriptions and confessions from ever venting his heretical opinions, and thereby poisoning the minds of others; or he would be obliged, whenever he appeared in the congregation of the faithful, to proclaim his own dishonesty. Let

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