

light. To the establishment of England, the Protestant Churches of Britain and America are indebted for the translation of the Holy Bible; to her also they are indebted for a Book of Common Prayer, a manual of religious worship, which, in every respect, is second only to the Bible. It contains the choicest passages of the Scriptures, the supplications of the earliest Fathers of the Church, and the carefully culled excellencies of the primitive theological writers. The language in which it is clothed is, next to the Bible, the finest specimen extant of the English tongue, the greater number of words used in it being of pure Saxon origin. While its numberless perfections captivate the most refined and fastidious intellects, its simplicity wins a way for it into the hearts and understandings of the unlettered. The most celebrated writers of our venerable Church have exhausted every term of honest eulogy on its surpassing merits; and thousands, both laymen and ecclesiastics, churchmen and dissenters have prepared themselves for approaching death in the language of its formularies,—have met the grim monster with weapons in their hands, furnished from its spiritual armoury,—and, strengthened by its consolations, have cheerfully passed through the dark and irremediable valley.

Whenever we feel a listless inattention to the Prayers of the Church, a few such meditations as I have ventured to suggest, will, I think, be of service in reviving our flagging devotion, and awakening our dormant zeal.

Toronto, 14th Sept. 1837.

ALAN FAIRFORD.

BENEVOLENCE OF THE DEITY.

When God created the human species, either he wished their happiness, or he wished their misery, or he was indifferent and unconcerned about both.

If he had wished our misery, he might have made sure of his purpose, by forming our senses to be so many sores and pains to us, as they are now instruments of gratification and enjoyment; or by placing us amidst objects so ill suited to our perceptions, as to have continually offended us, instead of ministering to our refreshment and delight. He might have made, for example, every thing we tasted bitter; every thing we saw loathsome; every thing we touched a sting; every smell a stench; and every sound a discord.

If he had been indifferent about our happiness or misery, we must impute to our good fortune (as all design by this supposition is excluded) both the capacity of our senses to receive pleasure, and the supply of external objects fitted to produce it. But either of these (and still more both of them) being too much to be attributed to accident, nothing remains but the first supposition, that God, when he created the human species, wished their happiness; and made for them the provision which he has made, with that view and for that purpose.

The same argument may be proposed in different terms, thus: contrivance proves design; and the predominant tendency of the contrivance indicates the disposition of the designer. The world abounds with contrivances; and all the contrivances which we are acquainted with, are directed to beneficial purposes. Evil, no doubt, exists, but is never, that we can perceive, the object of contrivance. Teeth are contrived to eat, not to ache; their aching now and then is incidental to the contrivance, perhaps inseparable from it, but it is not the object of it. This is a distinction which well deserves to be attended to. In describing implements of husbandry, you would hardly say of the sickle, that it is made to cut the reaper's fingers, though, from the construction of the instrument and the manner of using it, this mischief often happens. But if you had occasion to describe instruments of torture or execution, "This engine," you would say, "is to extend the sinews; this to dislocate the joints; this to break the bones; this to scorch the soles of the feet."—Here pain and misery are the very objects of the contrivance. Now nothing of this sort is to be found in the works of nature. We never discover a train of contrivance to bring about an evil purpose. No anatomist ever discovered a system of organization calculated to produce pain and disease, or, in explaining the parts of the human body, ever said, "This is to irritate; this to inflame; this duct is to convey the gravel to the kidneys; this gland to secrete the humour which forms the gout." If by chance he come at a part of which he knows not the use, the most that he can say is, that it is useless; no one ever suspects that it is put there to incommode, to annoy, or to torment. Since, then, God hath called forth his consummate wisdom to contrive and provide for our happiness, and the world appears to have been constituted with this design at first: so long as this constitution is upholden by him, we must in reason suppose the same design to continue.

The contemplation of universal nature rather bewilders the mind than affects it. There is always a bright spot in the prospect, upon which the eye rests; a single example, perhaps, by which each man finds himself more convinced than by all others put together. I seem, for my own part, to see the benevolence of the Deity more clearly in the pleasures of very young children than in any thing in the world. The pleasures of grown persons may be reckoned partly of their own procuring; especially, if there has been any industry, or contrivance, or pursuit, to come at them; or if they are founded, like music, painting, &c. upon any qualification of their own acquiring. But the pleasures of a healthy infant are so manifestly provided for it by another, and the benevolence of the provision is so unquestionable, that every child I see at its sport, affords to my mind a kind of sensible evidence of the finger of God, and of the disposition which directs it.

But the example which strikes each man most strongly, is the true example for him; and hardly two minds hit upon the same: which shews the abundance of such examples about us.

We conclude, therefore, that God wills and wishes the happiness of his creatures.

THOUGHTS ON THE NAME OF GOD, I AM THAT I AM.

BISHOP BEVERIDGE has the following very sensible and pious reflections on the name by which God made himself known to Moses,—I AM THAT I AM.

"God, by revealing himself to Moses under this name, would

have us not to apprehend him as any particular or limited Being, but as a Being in general, or the Being of all beings, who giveth being to, and therefore exerciseth authority over all things in the world. This name suggests to us these following notions of the Most High God. First, that he is one Being, existing in and of himself; his unity is implied in that he saith, I; his existence in that he saith, I AM; his existence in and of himself, in that he saith, I AM THAT I AM;—that is, I am in and of myself, not receiving any thing from, nor depending upon another. The same expression implies, that as God is only one, so he is a most pure and simple Being. We must not conceive God as made up of several parts, or faculties, or ingredients, but only as One who is that he is; and although we read of several properties attributed to him in Scripture, as wisdom, goodness, justice, &c., yet, to speak properly, they are not in him, but are his nature itself, acting severally from several objects."

Having offered an explanation of this mysterious saying, the Bishop proceeds to consider the other, whereby God calls himself absolutely I AM.

"Though I AM," continues he, "be commonly a verb, yet it is here used as a proper name, and is the nominative case to another verb, in these words, 'I AM hath sent me unto you.' A strange expression! but when God speaks of himself, he cannot be confined to grammar rules. It is no wonder that when he would reveal himself, he goes out of our common way of speaking one to another, and expresseth himself in a way peculiar to himself. Hence, therefore, when he speaks of himself and his own eternal essence, he saith, I AM THAT I AM: so when he speaks of himself with reference to his creatures, and especially to his people, he saith, I AM. He does not say, I am their light, their life, their guide, their strength, or tower; but only, I am: He sets, as it were, his hand to a blank, that his people may write under it what they please that is good for them. As if He should say, Are they weak? I AM strength. Are they poor? I AM riches. Are they in trouble? I AM comfort. Are they sick? I AM health. Are they dying? I AM life. Have they nothing? I AM all things; I AM wisdom and power; I AM justice and mercy; I AM grace and goodness; I AM glory, beauty, holiness, eminency, supereminency, perfection, all-sufficiency, eternity, JEHOVAH, I AM. Whatsoever is suitable to their nature, or convenient for them in their several conditions, that I AM; whatsoever is pure and holy, whatsoever is great or pleasant; whatsoever is good or needful to make men happy, that I AM. So that, in short, God here represents himself unto us as an universal Good, and leaves us to make the application of it to ourselves, according to our several wants, capacities, and desires, by saying only in general, I AM."

JOHN BUNYAN.

Mr. Bunyan having preached one day with particular warmth and enlargement, some of his friends, after service was over, took him by the hand and could not help observing what a sweet sermon he had delivered. "Aye," said the good man, "you need not remind me of that, for the devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit."

MELANCTHON'S PORTRAIT OF A GOSPEL PREACHER.

He enters the house of God with a pious intention of preaching the unadulterated truth, and to present that which alone is useful and necessary, and not merely to delight the fancy of his hearers with human inventions, clothed in florid language. He disposes the matter of his discourse in a proper and natural order, and discusses it in a lucid and proper manner. He admonishes his hearers, and distinctly shows them how they may apply to themselves each truth. To impress it upon their minds he employs clear and convincing argument, and illustrates it with appropriate examples, that every hearer may remember it well. He holds out motives; he rouses the feelings; he alarms them by denouncing the terrible threatenings of God, and awakens hope and confidence by the promise of his word. At one time he preaches the law, and then the gospel, and explains the difference between them in the clearest manner. At one time he only explains the Scriptures, at another he addresses the heart and conscience vigorously—he excites the mind to activity, not by a mere sound of words, but by a solemn appeal to the affections. Such a preacher I knew well—it was MARTIN LUTHER.

THE CHURCH.

COBOURG, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1837.

Firmly as we feel it our duty to adhere to the principle that public men, so far at least as their public sayings and public acts are concerned, are a species of public property, and must, on that account, be expected to receive as well reprehension as praise, where either, from circumstances, may be called for, there is nothing to our mind more repugnant than reflections upon such individuals, as may have their origin in individual spleen or personal dislike, or which may be the result of random and ill-considered observation.

Great in talent, and great in Christian qualities as is the Archbishop of Dublin,—to whom the following communications refer,—it is not to be supposed that he, any more than others of the most exalted individuals in the world, is free from human imperfection, or that he has never uttered an expression or published a sentiment from which the bulk of the Christian community may not dissent; but even with this persuasion, had we thought that the author of "Scenes in other Lands" had overstepped the bounds of Christian criticism, or of honest fact in the remarks upon the illustrious Archbishop which were contained in the 10th number of the detail of his rambles, most certainly should we have denied them a place in our columns then, or had they inadvertently crept in, most readily should we tender our apologies for their appearance now. Yet, upon examining those expressions, we cannot see that they are fairly susceptible of a construction which would imply any unjust or unfounded animadversion upon what may be termed the peculiarities of the admired, and, from our heart we believe, excellent Archbishop. For with the notoriety of his Grace's opinions in regard to the

system of education pursued in Ireland,—a system which few Protestants surely can regard with complacency or satisfaction, conscientious as they may believe some of its upholders to be;—with the fact, moreover, of his extraordinary treatise on the Sabbath day staring us, as it were, in the face, it can scarcely be regarded either as a calumny or an unwarrantable criticism to assert that his Grace does, or at least did possess some sentiments at variance with the opinions held, on the one subject, by the mass of Protestant Christians, and, on the other, by the great body of Christians in general.

But never, we shall again affirm it as our heartfelt belief,—never was there an individual more sincere or more honest in the possession of the opinions he may inculcate; never was there a person from whose character dissimulation or deceit was farther removed; never one who better deserves, notwithstanding what we shall term his peculiarities, the title of great and good than the Archbishop of Dublin. As a scholar, distinguished by talent of the highest order; as a Christian, exemplary in the discharge of every duty and with a personal munificence and kindness of heart rarely equalled; as a minister of the faith of Christ crucified, zealous and sincere; as a prelate, single-minded, humble-minded, and meaning in all things his Master's glory and his brethren's weal; as the intimate friend of our late excellent Bishop; as one to whom ourselves are indebted for not a little personal kindness, cheerfully do we accord to the Archbishop of Dublin the tribute of our unfeigned admiration and respect.

Although the communications of our correspondents refer merely to—what there was no attempt to impugn—the private character of the Archbishop, we cheerfully give them a place, as pleasing and valuable in themselves. But while we help to promulgate what may be deemed to be a charge, in one of those communications, against the gratitude of the place where we have the happiness to dwell, we must not omit the opportunity of stating that the indiscretions of a correspondent or the infirmities of an editor are not, in fairness, to be imputed to the whole community amongst whom he may chance to be residing. But even this apparent imputation of a momentary forgetfulness of the zeal and kindness of a benefactor we do not regret, from the opportunity it affords us of bearing testimony—though here we may be "fools in glorying"—how well the congregation, for whose benefit the munificence alluded to was designed, have responded to the spirit of the beautiful appeal with which the interesting letter of the Archbishop is closed. Within the last ten years they have expended about £600 upon the Church which that bounty was so instrumental in erecting: they have been free in donations for the same object to other places where their aid seemed to be needed: and they are now contributing fully £100 per annum towards the combined designs of the Christian Knowledge and Travelling Missionary Societies,—the extension of Gospel privileges amongst the destitute and remote. It would surely, then, rejoice the heart of the good Archbishop to know that the "loan" is, in a manner so advantageous to the general weal, attempted to be repaid.

For the Church.

Rev. Sir:—I observed, with great regret, in the last number of your respectable periodical—published, be it remarked, at Cobourg—a most unjust attack, under apparent laudation, on the character of the present Archbishop of Dublin. It occurs in No. 10 of "Scenes in other Lands," by an anonymous writer, otherwise sufficiently amiable in the general tenor of the remarks, made on his travels.

With the Archbishop of Dublin, I have never had the honor of communication;—neither, considering the distance of dignity and place that separates us, is it either likely or desirable that our personal intercourse should be renewed. But, as it is well known by many of your Upper Canadian readers, that Dr. Whately has been to myself individually the best and most generous of friends,—and, as I was the Minister of St. Peter's Church at Cobourg when that congregation received a very substantial evidence—at that period most urgently required—of his calm and Christian zeal for their souls,—it seems a duty from which I cannot escape, to animadvert upon the offensive passage. In doing this, however, I shall confine myself to the simple publication of the following letter. For, if the gratitude of Cobourg will not proclaim the unadulterated praises of a Benefactor, why, let the good man speak for himself.

Pictou, October 18th, 1837.

44 Holywell, Oxford, 17th Sept. 1821.

My dear Macaulay:

Your brief letter of direction reached me about a fortnight back, and I have directed Messrs. Hoares to forward your money (amounting I trust to about £150) as you order: but I have been vainly expecting your other letter, which you say you sent by New York. It is very distressing to have such uncertainty of communication: I had not heard from you before, since Nov.; and I fear some of mine have not reached you: I wrote to you last on the 7th July. I want much to convey to you some books, viz: publications of the Provost and myself, and also some seeds which have long been waiting for you. I told you in my last of my marriage: I am settled here for the present, and have just got into my house. I told you also of Senior's marriage, a little earlier than mine. I hear that Hinds is married, but he has not announced it to me. I shall be very glad to hear the same of you, as I think your situation requires it—I have only to wish you as much happiness as I enjoy myself, with the addition of somewhat stronger health in your partner. I informed you also of my being appointed Bampton Lecturer for next year: I have made no progress as yet, having been busy in getting into my house.

The papers will tell you of the hot contest here for the election of a member: the Provost was warmly interested for Heber.—There will be a number of the Quarterly out this month, or early in the next, containing an article on the Corn Laws by Senior, which you will find valuable, and of some interest to the Canadians as Corn exporters. We have had (after a remarkably dry June and fine July,) the latter part of the harvest so wet as to spoil most of the corn that was not got in very early; it has been sprouting most dismally. There is however much corn in hand, and farmers complain of nothing so much as low prices. Do not your people make much use of Buck Wheat? and how do they prepare it? it would be I should think a most valuable resource, if largely cultivated, in the event of a wet Wheat harvest, followed, as this seems likely to be, by a dry autumn.

Pray let me know how I may convey to you the books, &c.

If your money should be more than enough for your church, you will dispose of the surplus to such of your neighbors as may be about the same good work; and the whole I regard as a loan, to be repaid, when your people have the power, by contributing in like manner to some other church. With part of the money sent (as specified) I wish you to buy a Communion cup or plate. I