

escape from its dominion. "The forgiveness of sins" thus publicly proclaimed as the faith of Christians, may cause them too to seek the mercy seat for pardon;—"the life everlasting," may warn them to be reconciled to him who alone can confer it.

But, in recapitulating the sound and scriptural articles of the Apostles' Creed, let the profession of believers be more than a form,—let its soundness and truth be proved by a corresponding tenor of life. "He that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as Christ is pure." The evidence of our faith in him who "gave himself for us," will be our becoming a "peculiar people, zealous of good works."

In regard to the posture in which the Church requires that we should witness this good confession,—in order to manifest our readiness to contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints, we are directed to stand during the rehearsal of the Creed; and to the requisition of our Lord from all the distressed who sought his help, "Believe and it shall be done unto thee," we declare our respect by repeating aloud, each one on his own behalf, the various articles in this compendium of our faith.

It is also usual to bow at the name of Jesus, where it occurs in the Creed; or as the Church herself expresses it, in the 18th Canon, "when, in the time of divine service, the Lord Jesus shall be mentioned, due and lowly reverence shall be done by all persons present, as it has been accustomed." This custom, although it has no direct authority from Scripture, is nevertheless strongly sanctioned by the injunction of St. Paul that "at the name of Jesus every knee should bow; and it is judiciously retained as indicative of our reverence for that "Name" which is not only "above every name," but the "only one given among men whereby we may be saved."

C. R.

THE SPOILIATION OF THE NATIONAL CHURCH.

From Burke's Letter on the French Revolution.

The people of England know how little influence the teachers of religion are likely to have with the wealthy and powerful of long standing, and how much less with the newly fortunate, if they appear in a manner no way assented to those with whom they must associate, and over whom they must even exercise, in some cases, something like an authority. What must they think of that body of teachers if they see it in no part above the establishment of their domestic servants? If the poverty were voluntary there might be some difference. Strong instances of self-denial operate powerfully on our minds, and a man who has no wants has obtained great freedom and firmness and even dignity. But as the mass of any description of men are but men, and their poverty cannot be voluntary, that disrespect which attends upon all lay poverty will not depart from the ecclesiastical. Our provident constitution has therefore taken care that those who are to instruct presumptuous ignorance, those who are to be censors over insolent vice, should neither incur their contempt nor live upon their alms, nor will it tempt the rich to a neglect of the true medicine of their minds.

For these reasons, whilst we provide first for the poor and with a parental solicitude, we have not relegated religion (like something we were ashamed to shew) to obscure municipalities and rustic villages. No! we will have her to exalt her mitred front in Courts and Parliaments. We will have her mixed throughout the whole mass of life, and blended with all the classes of society. The people of England will shew to the haughty potentates of the world, and to their talking sophisters, that a free, a generous, an informed nation honours the high magistrates of its Church,—that it will not suffer the insolence of wealth and titles, or any other species of proud pretension, to look down with scorn upon what they look up to with reverence,—nor presume to trample on that acquired personal nobility, which they intend always to be, and which often is, the fruit, not the reward (for what can be the reward?) of learning, piety and virtue.—They can see, without grudging or pain, an Archbishop precede a Duke. They can see a Bishop of Durham, or a Bishop of Winchester, in possession of ten thousand pounds a year, and cannot conceive why it is in worse hands than the estates to the like amount in the hands of this Earl or of that Squire—although it may be true that so many dogs or horses are not kept by the former, and fed with the victuals which ought to nourish the children of the people. It is true that the whole Church revenue is not always employed, and to every shilling, in charity, nor perhaps ought it, but something is generally so employed. It is better to cherish virtue and humanity by leaving much to free will, even with some loss to the object, than to attempt to make men mere machines and instruments of a political benevolence. The world on the whole will gain by liberty, without which virtue cannot exist.

When once the commonwealth has established the estates of the Church as property, it can consistently hear nothing of the more or the less. Too much and too little are treason against property: what evil can arise from the quantity in any hand, whilst the supreme authority has the full, sovereign superintendance over this, as over all property, to prevent every species of abuse, and wherever it notably deviates to give it a direction agreeable to the purposes of its institution.

In England most of us conceive that it is envy and malignity toward those who are often the beginners of their own fortune, and not a love of the self-denial and mortification of the ancient Church, that makes some look askance at the distinctions and honours and revenues which, taken from no person, are set apart for virtue. The ears of the people of England are distinguishing. They hear those men speak broad. Their tongue betrays them. Their language is the *patois* of fraud, in the cant and gibberish of hypocrisy. The people of England must think so, when these praters affect to carry back the clergy to that primitive evangelical poverty which, in the spirit, ought always to exist in them (and in us too, however we may like it) but in the thing must be raised, when the relation of that body to the state is altered, when manners, when modes of life, when indeed the whole order of human affairs has undergone a total revolution. We shall believe those reformers to be then honest enthusiasts, not, as now we think them, cheats and deceivers, when we see them throwing their own goods into common, and submitting their own persons to the austere discipline of the early Church.—With these ideas rooted in their minds, the commons of Great Britain, in the national emergencies, will never seek their resource from the confiscation of the estates of the Church and the poor. Sacrilege and proscription are not among the ways and means of our Committee of Supply.—The Jews of Change Alley have not yet dared to hint their hopes of a mortgage on the revenues belonging to the See of Canterbury.

I am not afraid that I shall be disavowed when I assure you, that there is not one public man in this Kingdom whom you would wish to quote, no not one of any party or description, who does not reprobate the dishonest, perfidious, and cruel confiscation which the National Assembly has been compelled to make of that property which it was their first duty to protect.

It is with the exultation of a little natural pride I tell you that those amongst us who have wished to pledge the societies of Paris in the cup of their abominations have been disappointed. The robbery of your church has proved a security to the possessions of ours. It has roused the people.—They see with horror and alarm that enormous and shameless act of proscription.

It has opened, and will more and more open their eyes upon the selfish enlargement of mind, and the narrow liberality of sentiment of insidious men, which, commencing in close hypocrisy and fraud, have ended in open violence and rapine.

At home we behold similar beginnings—we are on our guard against similar conclusions.

THE CHURCH.

COBourg, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1839.

Sad to the apostles and disciples of the Lord was this day,—the sabbath-day which followed the crucifixion of their beloved Master. Now, in their short-sighted views, all their hopes were blighted,—their happy prospects fled. Their Lord, their Saviour, their heavenly friend was gone: they had seen him yield up his spirit on the cross, and his lifeless body had been laid to moulder away, as they supposed, in the grave.

But the "Sun of Righteousness" was only temporarily obscured; the cloud which had dimmed those hopeful prospects vanished speedily away. The marble tomb and the Roman guard were ineffectual barriers to the resurrection of the Lord of life and glory. The stone at the mouth of the sepulchre, in defiance of the watchful soldiers, was rolled away; and when attendant angels waited on the risen Saviour, the "watchmen waked but in vain." Soon amongst "clouds of witnesses" these joyous tidings spread,—**"THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED."**

At this eventful period, two disciples chanced to be journeying towards Emmaus, a village in the neighborhood of Jerusalem. So recently after the crucifixion and reported resurrection of their beloved Lord, it is natural that their minds should have been engrossed, and their discourse altogether occupied, by this most interesting subject. Amongst the hopes which the recent intelligence of their Lord's disappearance from the sepulchre would naturally awaken, there were doubtless intermingled many feelings of distrust, and doubt, and even of despondency. It was intelligence which, in their state of mind, they considered perhaps too good to be true. Warned and instructed as they had been that death was to have no permanent dominion over their blessed Master,—that the malice of his enemies could not affect him long,—and that a triumphant resurrection was to succeed the agony and disgrace of the cross,—their understandings were slow to comprehend, and their hearts reluctant to receive this consolatory truth. Numerous and remarkable as had been the miracles of their Lord,—frequently as he raised even the dead to life,—yet, with a strange inconsistency, they were backward to admit the probability of his having worked a similar miracle upon himself.

In the midst of these doubts and surmises,—"while they communed together and reasoned" upon this important subject, Jesus, unknown to, not at least recognized by them, joins them in their walk and presently shares in their conversation. Noticing the importance of the subject which seemed to engage their discourse, and remarking the dejection of their spirits, he inquires the cause as well of these anxious communications as of the sadness of their countenances. With surprise they ask whether he were so mere a stranger in Jerusalem as not to be aware of the thrilling events which had there so recently taken place; and they recapitulate the circumstances of the Saviour's death, as well as the strange report of his resurrection. Immediately, this unknown companion,—the Lord who loved them and had compassion on their doubting minds,—points out to them the groundlessness of their dejection, and shews from the Scriptures in which they implicitly believed, that all these things must come to pass precisely as they themselves narrated them.

We can easily imagine how these two disciples would be affected on hearing from the Scriptures of truth such explications of the facts they were discussing; and animated, as they were, with ardent love for that dear, departed Lord, we can readily understand the full force of their subsequent confession,—**"Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?"**

Warm as were the hearts of the disciples by these comforting expositions of the Word of God, still they did not discover the beloved expounder of the precious truth. Arriving, however, at their destination, and finding that their unknown companion would fain pass on, they constrained him—from the pleasure and comfort experienced from his discourse—to tarry with them. And now the moment of disclosure approaches: "as he sat at meat with them, he took bread and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them."

Here the most impressive recollections could not fail to be awakened in the minds of the disciples:—they would remember their beloved Master, in the same attitude and with the same words of blessing, feeding hungry thousands with a few loaves and fishes: they would remember especially the last occasion on which they were gathered round the paschal board, and the peculiar words of blessing which he then pronounced upon the broken bread. The revival of scenes, so fresh in their minds and so interesting in themselves, was too impressive to be resisted: at once "their eyes were opened and they knew the Lord." In the solemn blessing and breaking of the bread, they recognized him who was the "true bread which came down from heaven and giveth life unto the world."

How fruitful in practical edification is this striking incident,—how instructive particularly this discerning of the Lord in his own solemn and commemorative ordinance of blessing and breaking the bread!

We will suppose persons in some degree awakened to a concern for their souls,—that now and more lively views of God's inscrutable love have beamed upon their minds and warmed their hearts, or perchance that his terrors have alarmed their consciences. Perhaps the afflictive trials of life have sobered down their spirits; and calamity and sorrow have worked in them the meekness of the "little child."

perchance the visible judgments of God have brought into nearer contemplation the awfulness of death and eternity!

We will suppose these things, separately or collectively, to have induced an unaccustomed seriousness and anxiety,—to have awakened an earnest, a heart-felt inquiry as to the means of bringing satisfaction and peace to the wounded conscience. Great searchings of heart, and a comparison of the actual life with the requirements of God's law, will necessarily follow; but still the mind may be in doubt,—perplexity and dismay may not yet be dispelled by the radiant light of truth. Like Samuel in the days of his childhood, he does "not yet know the Lord": he has not yet that acquaintance with the heart-searching spirit and the heart-influencing power of religion, which conveys to his inmost soul the testimony that he belongs to Jesus,—that he has "part and lot" in the efficacy of his precious death.

We can suppose him, then, resorting with humble faithfulness to the means of grace,—a devout worshipper in the sanctuary of the Lord,—an unwearied applicant at the throne of grace in his private and lonely hours; and we can conceive, as the result of these spiritual strivings, an increased sensibility to the claims and hopes of an established Christian,—a progressive preparation of the soul to be altogether such as our Lord requires from those that really belong to him. We can further conceive this inquiring and striving disciple appealing for the strength and refreshment which his spirit needs, to the solemn and sanctified supper of his crucified Saviour,—looking with intensity of faith and ardour of devotion to the consecrated symbols of that meritorious passion. And there we can suppose the doubting heart to be eased of its perplexities; the remaining shadows which hung upon the soul to vanish! There we can suppose the eyes to be spiritually opened,—the Lord of glory to be revealed in the breaking and blessing of the commemorative bread! As the eyes of the fainting Jonathan were opened and enlightened on tasting of a little honey in the hot pursuit of his uncircumcised enemies; so may the eyes of the long-doubting, wavering, fainting Christian, be opened at the solemn banquet of the body and blood of his Redeemer, to know him who is "the life of them that believe."

O who, then, would be backward to try the efficacy of this solemn feast, when approached with faith and love? Who would lose or slight an opportunity so gracious and so blessed of having his eyes spiritually opened to recognize, and know, and acknowledge his Redeemer?

Pray then, Christian reader, that you may have grace and power so to view and so to appreciate this precious sacrifice and hallowed feast! Pray that the Lord may be with you by his Spirit, the promised Comforter, to "open your understandings that you may understand the Scriptures!" Pray that you may have an interest in that all-sufficient atonement, and have that cleansing blood applied to your own guilty and polluted souls! Pray that with your crucified Saviour, you may "die unto sin!" Pray that with your risen Lord, you may "awake to righteousness!"

Various are the duties which present themselves to a Christian Minister in the progress of his solemn vocation; and often, while he beholds around him the evidences of human infirmity, is he made to feel his own helplessness and unworthiness in the sight of a pure and holy God.—Amongst the scenes to which his sacred office calls him, there can be none so deeply impressive,—none so fearfully solemn as the bed of the dying. For he, too, has his own personal and individual feelings, apart from the more refined and spiritual sympathies with which his sacred commission invests him:—not only does he witness an immortal spirit hovering on the brink of eternity, and needing to be strengthened for its final flight into the unseen world; but the ties of friendship, the sentiments of individual regard and affection, have also their influence and exert their power. Some one is often to be visited in the parting struggles of life, whom he has viewed with almost filial reverence and love, or regarded with brotherly affection,—with whom the long interchange of friendly offices as of Christian intercourse, had established an union and sympathy of soul which cannot be rent asunder without a poignant anguish of heart. Again, he has to view the sad and sudden breaking up of earthly consolations which may have been dependent on the present victim of death; he has to witness the diminution of the beloved flock entrusted to his charge,—some of its holiest members and brightest examples transferred for ever from him,—the seat in the house of God which had been occupied by a faithful and devout worshipper, empty and lonely now,—the place at the altar which was seldom unsupplied, receiving no more its meekly kneeling disciple;—these are amongst the feelings of painful interest with which Christ's ambassadors are forced to view the ravages of death around them! But, thanks to God, the sensations awakened by the contemplation of these last hours are often associated with a spiritual joy and satisfaction; for then it is that we can best perceive the final triumph of Christian principle, and the realization of that victory which the Scriptures reveal over the sting of death and the terrors of the grave. In this there is an unspeakable alleviation of worldly sorrows and mere earthly regrets: we feel the comforting assurance that they have left the struggling on earth to join the company of the redeemed in heaven; that they have been transferred from the husks and crumbs of human vanities to be partakers of the "green pastures" and the "still waters" to which the Lord, their Shepherd, leads his purchased flock above!

In the interesting extract which follows, there is a vivid realization of an almost every day scene in the Christian pastor's course of duty; and there, too, we discern the pang of earthly bereavement allayed and sweetened by the contrasted blessings of Christian hope and triumph. Still with all the consolation and all the resignation that we feel, there will be something of the alloy of earthiness; the Christian pastor, in these days, especially, when worthy and hearty and consistent members of his flock can so ill be spared,—when their example is so much needed to check the froward and encourage the weak-hearted,—even the Christian pastor will yield to his selfish sorrow, and weep, with a prolonged mourning, over his bereavement.

In the death of an individual like the late Mr. Hamilton, we, from long personal acquaintance and knowledge of his varied worth, can understand the extent of his pastor's grief. We can ill part with our steady and conscientious Churchmen now; and it requires all the struggle of Christian faith to be reconciled to the bereavement which the Almighty is pleased to order, when so many are weaned from the fervour of their love and the vitality of their principles by the conflicting impulses of a hollow scepticism and a selfish grasping after the shadowy phantom of ambition or fame. But while we "sorrow not without hope" for the lamented dead, we shall remember the recreant living in our prayers,—in the hope, too, that they will discern, before it

proves too late, what pertains to their own and their country's peace.—

EXTRACT from a Discourse delivered in St. Mark's Church, Niagara, on occasion of the lamented deaths of the late Alexander Hamilton, Esquires, and Mrs. James Boulton; by the Rev. Thomas Green, Rector.—"What is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."—St. James, iv. 14.

***** It is not now, my brethren, necessary to resort to argument to support the truth that life is uncertain and its enjoyments fleeting and transitory. Alas! the experience of the past week brings the solemn truth home to very many hearts among us;—our sympathies are deeply moved by two most affecting instances of mortality. We have witnessed the case of a youthful mother, of blooming form and promising hopes, laid in an untimely grave,—called by an inscrutable Providence at this early stage in the journey of life, to "go the way of all the earth," and leave her newborn babe and tender offspring to the nursing care of others. For a few weeks, she had been suffering from an acute and painful disease, which baffled the skill of the physicians, who watched its progress with unremitting attention, but with little hope of a favorable termination. She was beloved and amiable in her domestic circle, which she was so well calculated to cheer and adorn; possessing an unaffected sweetness of temper and benevolence of disposition. In her, the poor and distressed have lost a friend who was ever ready to minister to their wants and relieve their necessities.

She bore her illness, which was attended with much pain and suffering, with exemplary christian patience and submission to the divine will; and, in her last moments was so calm and collected as to be enabled to engage with her beloved sister and fond husband (who had tended her and watched by her couch with the most devoted affection) and with some weeping friends around her bed, in commending her departing spirit to her Saviour and her God.

And ah! my brethren, I grieve to observe that another place is vacant in this worshipping congregation, which we have been accustomed to see so long and so constantly occupied; and we are called to "weep with" a bereaved family in the deepest affliction, who mourn over an irreparable loss.

In paying here the last tribute of affection and christian regard to a much esteemed friend and brother, I may say with confidence, for you and this whole community are witnesses, that he was a man of rare excellence of character,—of great moral worth, and exemplary christian deportment. In his religious duties, of public and private devotion, he was constant and regular,—of deep and unaffected piety,—liberal and unostentatious charity, incorruptible integrity, and practical benevolence. Few men have left a more blameless and unblemished reputation behind them:—he possessed, in an eminent degree, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God we are told, is of great price; yet was he humble and lowly in his own eyes. In conversing with him during his last illness, I spoke of the comfort of the review of a good life on a sick bed, in connection with the faith and hope of the gospel, and he instantly remarked, "I am a sinner, a transgressor;" he looked from himself to the righteousness of the Saviour in whom he trusted. He was filled with joy and peace, only in believing the promises of God's true and faithful word.

In his domestic circle—in the relations of private and social life, he was distinguished by all the virtues which adorn and endear the husband, the father, and the friend. Yet, strange to tell, and hardly to be believed, this blameless individual had been selected as a victim, and harassed with continual watching and dread from avowed enemies; his house was fired at the midnight hour—his life was threatened by the assassin—so that for weeks past, night after night, has he watched with sleepless anxiety, not knowing the moment when he and the loved ones around him might be parted by one blow, or overwhelmed together in the ruins of their dwelling. To this series of injury and apprehension he was subjected, for no other offence that can be imagined than that of having done his duty as a public officer; and these harassing circumstances, in all probability, induced the complicated disease which, in two short weeks, terminated his valuable and useful life. His released spirit is now far away, beyond the reach of injury or harm, happy and secure, we trust, in the paradise of God. But his afflicted consort and his bereaved family, who shall comfort? The fountains of their grief are too deep to be reached by mere mortal aid; consolation must come from a higher and more efficient source; it must come, in short, from Him who hath graciously said, "Come unto me all ye who are afflicted and mourn, and I will give you rest." Thus the circumstances of the Christian mourner are greatly ameliorated, for Christianity has pierced the darkness which, for so many ages, rested on the night of the grave, and christian friends "sorrow not as those who have no hope for them that are asleep," that "have entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God." Nature will assert her claims,—and, even when it is wished to be as one that comforteth the mourners, it is to little purpose that they are addressed in the first moments of agitation and anguish. The heart must, for a while, be allowed to give vent to the emotions of grief, and indulge itself in that melancholy with which its feelings are overwhelmed. This sorrow is too sacred to be too suddenly intruded upon. Yet, in these sacred retreats of mourning, where the world has no power to alleviate our pain, or to dispel the sad gloom which surrounds us, we may still hear the gentle but authoritative voice of Him, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,"—"Why weep ye? The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth;" and the most consolatory assurance of an Apostle of the Lord Jesus, "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." In this cheering and glorious certainty, and above all, in a well-founded hope of your own acceptance with God, my afflicted friends, is to be derived the most effectual and sovereign balm for those wounds which He hath now been pleased, in his inscrutable Providence, to inflict on your hearts. Yes, there is a balm in Gilead; there is an all-powerful physician there for every disease, for every wound, however mortal, that earth can inflict.—

O hasten, then, to the pool of Sion while the angel of the everlasting covenant abides there; seek his aid by the effectual fervent prayer of faith, and descend into the salutary flood; wash and be healed of every infirmity and every woe.

"The sum of all we can offer to those most nearly allied to them whose loss we mourn on this occasion, and who will not soon be forgotten, is to commend them to the grace of Him who is "the resurrection and the life." Go to him, weeping ones, in penitence and faith and supplication. He is ever ready and willing, and he alone is able to mitigate