Original Poetry.

For the Church. WISDOM.

I sought, in my spirit's darksome night, Wisdom's wond'rous dwellin And look'd to the heav'n's empyreal height,
With its blue arch nobly swelling.

I look'd to the sky's ethereal dome, With its pillars of cloud around it, And ask'd if Wisdom had there her home, Her palace there had founded.

There were the stars in their halls on high, Each on its throne of brightness; There was the sun's effulgent eye, And the moon's pavilion of whiteness

I look'd on earth, and her length was seen, And her breadth, with beauty o'erflowing; Mountains of azure, and hills of green, And valleys their smiles bestowing.

And there was ocean's unbounded vast, With its mighty eddies whirling; The tempest-wing'd waves went proudly past, Their hoar locks whitely curling.

The cagle pois'd high o'er the crystal wave, And his arrowy glance seem'd prying To the depth remote of ocean's cave, Where the treasur'd gems are lying.

I ask'd him did Wisdom dwell beneath, Where ocean his tumult calmeth, Where he twineth his bright-red coral wreath, And the sea-flow'r his bed embalmeth

The eagle shot by like a falling star, And vanished from view in his fleetness But a voice came borne on the wind from far, Which spake to my soul in its sweetness.

"Not on the land, nor yet in the sky, With its pillars of cloud around it, Hath Wisdom rear'd her courts on high, Or the walls of her palace founded

"Nor yet in the cavern'd chambers deep, Where ocean his chaplet twineth, Doth she her halls of counsel keep, Or the glance of her glory shineth.

"Her home is made in man's inmost heart, When the fear of the Lord hath filled it, When love hath hallow'd its ev'ry part,— There hath she her temple builded.

"And never, oh! never, while love and fear Forsake not the soul they have enter'd, Will Wisdom fail to guide and to cheer
That heart where her home is center'd!"

Loughboro', November, 1838.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Dec. 23 .- Fourth Sunday in Advent. 25.—Christmas Day. 26.—St. Stephen the Martyr. 27 .- St. John the Evangelist. 28.—Innocents' Day. 30.—Sunday after Christmas.

JOHN FRANCIS DE LA HARPE.

A CONVERTED INFIDEL.

This individual was born at Paris, Nov. 20, 1739. His parents, though of respectable families, were poor, and he was left an unprovided-for orphan at the age of seven. But he had already evinced extraordinary intelligence; and being recommended to M. Asselin, principal of the college of Harcourt, was received among his pupils. His talents were now cultivated with diligence. He distinguished himself among his companions by the excellence of his compositions, and for two successive years carried away every prize. He displayed a decided taste for satire, and was accused of composing ludicrous verses on M. Asselin. He protested his innocence, but was not credited; and was accordingly committed for some months to a house of correction. The confession afterwards made in one of his tragedies was, that he had composed some imprudent couplets on certain persons in the college, which his comrades had collected and enlarg. ed by additions of their own; but that he never had the slightest intention of giving offence.

gretted that La Harpe's principles were not more strictly in. again, but a separation soon took place. fidel: he was, nevertheless, admitted a member of the Atheistical Society. His fame introduced him into the highest circles. He was appointed one of the editors of the "Gazette ther, though unsuccessful attempt in that way. He then devoted himself to general literature.

the means of rising into notice. These were completely in the hands of the philosophers, who anxiously sought to propagate their opinions, and held out annual premiums to al. was plucked as a brand from the burning. lure young men to join their societies. La Harpe was a successful competitor. In the space of ten years he carried off twelve medals, besides various secondary prizes.

With all his efforts, however, he could not gain a maintenance. He had married a woman of poor parents, utterly all sides a moral and spiritual devastation! How often is your best towards mastering and exterminating conscience, continued preference. incapable of attending to her duties as a wife, her whole Whilst thus destitute, they were invited to spend some time nances of God! How melancholy the reflection, that each at Ferney, where Voltaire resided, and which was the grand returning Sabbath-day-not only in the metropolis and its resort of the most celebrated infidels of the age.

Caressed, and admired, especially by Voltaire himself, La Harpe and his wife remained for a year at Ferney. They moralizing tendency! Can there be no check applied to It may be that he can pray but little, but that little will be ferthen returned to Paris, where La Harpe engaged himself in this growing evil! Is the mind of our youth to be corruptivent. He can articulate, perhaps, not at all, but his prayer is various ways. It is needless to enter into the details of a ted-all impressions of a serious cast to be obliterated? Are addressed to one who sees the heart; who can interpret its wretched unbeliever's career, or to mark with disgust as it principles utterly at variance with man's present happiness, must be marked, his impious attempts to dethrone the Om- and entirely subversive of his soul's salvation-principles as endured without a murmur, or only such an involuntary nipotent. The writings of that period, and La Harpe's noxious as those set forth even at the French Revolutionamong the number testify the fearful rebellion of the natural to be suffered to inundate the land? Surely, if the liberty We have a striking instance of an answer to silent Prayer, in heart against God, and the licentiousness which must ever of the press is to be regarded as a blessing, the licentious. In a situation of extreme distress, when predominate where the wholesome restraints of religion are ness of the press is to be regarded as a curse. May God, in

fended in the "Mercure;" but after two years his views power lies to discountenance all publications which have were entirely changed. Threats were the consequence .- even the most remote tendency to undermine the faith of the which is worse than nothing .- Mason.

He was obliged to make continual apologies and retractions. Gospel, or to light in the heart one spark of impurity !--At length he could no longer dissemble his sentiments .--He then became an object of proscription, was arrested, and committed to the Luxembourg, in November 1793, which from a palace had been transformed into a prison.

Many of his associates had perished on the scaffold; and La Harpe knew not how soon the same fate might be his, for he incurred, by some expressions of contempt, the hatred of Robespierre. Unsupported by the consolations of Christianity, the philosopher fell into a state of melancholy .-Providentially for him, the Bishop of St. Brieux, his fellowprisoner, took an interest in his affliction. The bishop recommended him to read the Psalms, in which he would find poetical beauties that might entertain his fancy. This he proposed merely as a literary amusement, offering his services at the same time in making comment or critical remarks upon them. La Harpe was delighted, and he applied himself to the study. As he proceeded, his admiration of their composition increased, and by degrees the light of divine truth broke in upon his mind, his heart was deeply impressed: he looked back with horror upon his past life .-The nature of the change wrought upon him, and some of its concomitant circumstances, are thus described by himself:

"I was in my prison," says he, " in a little chamber, so. litary and disconsolate. For some days I had read the Psalms, the Gospel, and a few pious books. Their effect was rapid, though gradual. Already I had yielded to the faith, and made new discoveries of the truth; but the light I saw only terrified and alarmed me, by revealing the abyss into which the errors of forty years had plunged me. I saw the extent of the evil, but found no remedy. There was nothing around me which I could substitute for the succours of religion. On one hand, my life was before me, but such by them committed in a pre-existent state; what is it but sayas the beams of heavenly light enly made the more frightful; on the other, death, -death, -which I expected every hour, and in its most appalling form. The priest no longer the consequence and punishment of moral? Nor is it at all appeared on the scaffold, to console the dying sufferer; if difficult to discern, through the fictions of the poets, those he mounted that bloody stage, it was only to fall himself a truths which gave birth to them; while we read of a golden victim. Full of these disconsolate thoughts, my heart was age, when righteousness and peace kissed each other; of a cast down, and, addressing myself in silence to the God I man framed of clay, and animated by a spark of celestial fire; had just found, but whom I scarcely yet knew, "What must of a woman endowed with every gift and grace from above; I do?" I said, "What wouldst thou have me to be?" On and of the fatal casket, out of which, when opened by her, a my table there lay the 'Imitation of Christ;' and I had been flight of calamities overspread the earth; but not without a told in that excellent book I might find an answer to my reserve of Hops, that, at some future period of refreshmen thoughts. I opened it on chance, and my eye caught these and restitution, they should be done away. Such are the words of the Saviour, 'Here am I, my son, I come to thee shadowy scenes, which, by the faint glimmering of tradition because thou hast called upon me.' I read no more. The reflected from an original revelation, present themselves in sudden impression I felt is beyond description, and it is as that night of the world, the era of pagan fable and delusion, impossible for me to express it as to forget it. I fell with when the imaginations of poetry and the conjectures of philomy face to the earth, bathed in tears, and almost choked sophy were equally unable to supply the information which with sighs, uttering loud and broken exclamations. I felt bad been long lost, concerning the origin of the world, of man, my heart comforted and enlarged, but at the same time al- and of evil .- Bishop Horne. most ready to burst. Overwhelmed with a multitude of thoughts and reflections, I wept for a long time, but without having any remembrance of my situation, except that culties."

than now: his feelings were those of the pious and amiable Quarterly Review. Bishop Horne, when employed in his Commentary on the Psalms. And when he was restored to liberty he went to Paris, and in public and private still sought to defend the faith he had laboured so sedulously to destroy. M. La are let alone by God. Again we reply that we know better. Harpe died on the tenth of Feb. 1803, bearing testimony, in We know that the young man, who is the slave of his pas-His education being finished, he became connected with his last hours, to the truth and value of Christianity. It is sions, has often a misgiving that his tyrants here will be his several literary characters, among whom was Diderot, a con. true, indeed, he died in communion with the Church of tormentors hereafter. We know that the young woman, firmed atheist. In 1759 he published "Heroic Epistles," Rome; but the fact that he was lead to renounce his former whose deity is her dress, is sometimes startled by the though chiefly levelled against the priests. The tragedy of "War. infidelity, and to believe on the name of the only begotten of the shroud and the winding-sheet. We know that the wick" succeeded, written when he was twenty-four. It was Son of God, is the point for our present consideration. In merchantman, labouring to be rich, is now and then aghast dedicated to Voltaire, which led to an intimate acquaintance his domestic matters, he was unfortunate; his wife falling with the fear of being poor through eternity. We know that between them. Voltaire praised the work, though he re. into a desponding state, committed suicide: he married the shrewd man, too cunning to be duped by any but him-

Harpe's conversion. By his former associates, as might the everlasting for the perishable. We know that the proud have been expected, he was esteemed mad: the change in man, moving in a region of his own, and flushed with the Littéraire," the object of which was to disseminate infidel his views was regarded as a convincing token of a weakened thought how many are beneath him, is occasionally startled principles. Here he first distinguished himself as a critic. intellect. But he shewed no proof of feebleness of mind- by a vision of utter degradation, himself in infamy, and His former success as a dramatist induced him to make ano. quite the reverse. His conversion was doubtless the work of "How art thou fallen?" breathed against him by the vilest. God's free grace, who sheweth mercy when, and where, and We know that those who neglect means of grace, who, when as he will. Like every true penitent La Harpe sought to invited to the Lord's table, continually refuse -- we know, The various academies offered to young men of talents repair the injury he had done; he denounced his former works; that, as they turn their back on the ordinance, they do viohe expressed unfeigned contrition for the past, he clung to lence to a secret remonstrance, and feel, if only for an instant, CHAMPION'S WARRANTED CAST STEEL AXES, his Saviour as his only hope; and we cannot doubt that he (oh, how easy, by the resistance of an instant, to endanger made at the Factory originally built by the late Harvey

How awful in their character and in their end are those with the blood of the noblest of her sons and daughtersprinciples which, wherever they are propagated, cause on neighbourhood, but even in the remote districts of the land his mercy, direct those in authority to adopt such measures At the period of the Revolution, La Harpe became invol. as will prove effectual to the removal of this crying evil, and ved in the public misfortunes of France. At first he applau- may all who are anxious for the furtherance of the Divine ded the destruction of the ancient institutions, which he deglory, and the good of their fellow-men, do all that in their

Church of England Magazine.

The Garner.

CHRISTMAS.

By this it appears how suitably a beam of admirable light did concur in the angels' message, to set out the majesty of the Son of God: and I beseech you observe-all you that would keep a good Christmas as you ought-that the glory of God is the best celebration of his Son's nativity; and all your pastimes and mirth (which I disallow not, but rather commend in moderate use) must so be managed without riot, without surfeiting, without excessive gaming, without pride, and vain pomp; in harmlessness, in sobriety, as if the glory of the Lord were round about us. Christ was born to save them that were lost; but frequently you abuse his nativity with so many vices, such disordered outrages, that you make this happy time an occasion for your loss, rather than for your salvation. Praise him in the congregation of the people! praise him in your inward heart! praise him with the sanctity of your life! praise him in your charity to them that need and are in want! This is the glory of God shining round, and the most Christian solemnizing of the birth of Jesus .- Bishop Hacket.

HEATHEN CONFIRMATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

We find an opinion current through Heathen antiquity that all is not right with the human race; that things were not at first as they are now, but that a change hath been introduced for the worse. When the philosophers tell us, that mankind were sent upon the earth to do penance for crimes ing that man once was upright and happy, but that ceasing to be upright, he ceased to be happy; and that natural evil is

PERPETUITY OF THE CHURCH.

Whatever be the temporary issue of the contest, either in my heart never felt an emotion more violent, or so inexpres- parliament or throughout the country, of this we are assured, sibly delightful; and that the words 'Here I am, my son,' that the foundations of our Zion are enduring. The lessons never ceased to echo in my mind, and to agitate all its fa- of our fathers, the prayers of our martyrs, are not dead. These holy men lie buried beneath the pulpits and amid the parish-Thus brought by saving mercy, not only to a sense of es of our (father) land; their spirits live in conscious blessedguilt, but to a knowledge of that Saviour by whom the stain ness, and their mantles have fallen upon a holy and united of guilt is obliterated for ever, he employed his time in trans. people, who will awaken their own dormant energies, fill lating the Psalms into verse, which he afterwards published, men's hearts with enthusiasm, and the wide world with their declaring in the preface his conviction of the truth of the thunder. Our Church shall prove more resplendent in the Bible. By the death of Robespierre he was set at liberty, hour of fierce trial than if the draperies of India o'er-mantled be happy to give instructions in Hebrew and other branches and speedily bore public testimony in the pulpit of the Ly- her, or the embroideries of the universe adorned her. The ceum to the power of Christianity. His lectures were nu. power of parliaments never gave her birth,-the power of Orders. merously attended. His zeal however again exposed him to parliaments never shall crush her. Her fellowship is with suspicion; and his work on the fanaticism of the revolution- the almighty One; her companionship with the tenantry of the ists caused him to be proscribed in Sept. 1798, and con- kingdom of the heavens. Tempests, indeed, many and fierce, demned to be transported for life to Cayenne. The Bishop may howl around her; but she shall stand as the tall cedar of of St. Brieux, however, procured him an asylum at Corbeil, the forest, unscathed :---the hurricane may toss about her a few leagues from Paris, where he remained undiscovered. branches; but it shall not approach to pour its fury on The Here he wrote his "Apology for Religion," consulting the Root, for she is grafted by the ever-watchful husbandman on Bible alone. Happier hours, he declared he had never spent the stock of The Tree of Life. - Church of England

CONSCIENCE.

No, we cannot believe you when you would tell us that you self, has moments in which he feels, that, in the greatest of Various opinions have been formed as to the reality of La all transactions, he may perhaps be over-reached and barter the public press made the vehicle for the dissemination of but you have not yet quite succeeded. There is Divinity in

SILENT PRAYER.

In the extremity of pain, the Christian feels there is no -should be saturated with publications, of the most de- consolation but in humble acquiescence in the Divine will. language; who requires not words, but affections. A pang groan as nature extorts, and faith regrets, is itself a prayer. heard thy crying."-Hannah Moore.

There is grace in the desire of grace, as there is sin in the yearly, or at least halfyearly in advance.

They that do nothing, are in the ready way to do that

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