VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, CANADA, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1841.

FNUMBER 47.

### Original Poetry.

For the Church. THE MOURNING MOTHER: OR THE CHURCH AND HER CHILDREN.

In a desolate land where the snow lay deep I saw for her children a mother weep; Sorrow had fill'd her heart to the brim, Her cheek was pale and her eye was dim:

And each burning tear, e'en as it fell, Became on that cheek an icicle; An ice-drop of woe-dark, stagnant, and chill, Like the blood of a heart that for aye lies still.

She wept for her babes, for her little ones Afar from her bosom-both daughters and sons; For she had no home in that wilderness, To gather them in, and to cheer and to bless.

And rov'd those children like lambs astray, And the wolf had made of the weak a prey, And scatter'd were all as without a fold, And the love of many had long wax'd cold.

Yet some remain'd-and those not a few-Who burn'd with affection both warm and true; Uplifting their hearts to Him on high, That their mother's tears might soon be dry.

A cloud on their spirit lay dark and deep, And their eyes as a fountain ne'er ceas'd to weep, Beholding the scorn of the scoffer rest On the hallow'd form that their souls lov'd best. PROPERTY AND STREET

It vanish'd-that mournful scene went by, As a dream of the night when morn is nigh,-I saw that mother in beauty stand, Encircled by sons—a blissful band!

And, like olive-plants in vernal pride, Her blooming daughters adorn'd her side; And thrill'd my soul that mother to see Smiling in love 'mid her family!

For joy now fill'd her heart to the brim, Not pale was her cheek, her eve was not dim, But glory like that of the noon-day sky Shed lustre around from that tearless eye.

Then rose a temple, whose marble vied With the new-fall'n snow by the sunbeam dyed; Whose spires of gold seem'd the stars to kiss-And she welcom'd them into that home of bliss.

And thence shall those children no more depart, For the love of that home lies deep in their heart; And death cannot sever the sacred tie Which binds as one soul that family.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.\*

'Tis dreadful! How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile, Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads, To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof!
By its own weight made steadfast, and immovable. Looking tranquillity, it strikes an awe And terror to my aching sight! The tombs And monumental caves of death look cold, And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

treasured up within him much thought for after hours.

Perhaps he has approached this venerable fane when the sweet sounds of its chiming bells were calling the thoughtful to prayers—when the solemn harmony from within came stealing gently upon his ear-when the tuneful and melodious chant—the voice of praise and prayer-told him here religion held her courts-here piety hath raised her altar-here high and low worship together in the bonds of Christian fellowship. Or he may have viewed it perchance for the first time under a different, a more gorgeous aspect, as forming a part and portion of a scene of princely splendor and magnificence. He may have seen its wide western portal thrown open, and a youthful queen entering this solemn temple on her coronation day, amid the blaze and array of earthly rank and nobility, to receive from pious hands the crown of an ancient realm. He hath heard the shout of the multitude from without and within the walls, and his eye kettle drums and the bray of trumpets, and seen it enter this time-honored sanctuary. His ear bath been saluted with the billowy swell of the coronation anthem-his eye hath dwelt upon the array of high-born female loveliness-of noble dames and warlike knights, prelates, peers, senators, and men of state-

"Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen." Or perchance he has hailed its antique towers, when memory hath lingered, upon the historic events connected with its early history. But let him have viewed it when or how he may, by daylight or moonlight, there are thoughts and dreamy annals associated with this old fabric too numerous and interesting to be forgotten. It is a monument of itself. Its history has filled tomes. Historians, annalists, and poets, have dwelt upon its dubious records, its varied legends, its poetical traditions. Where he stands, the ancient Briton, the Druid, the Anglo-Saxon, the Pict, Dane, and Roman has stood, has acted, has built or mutilated. Here Sebert, king of the East Saxons, first began a noble structure, soon to be disfigured by the Dane, again to be restored by Edgar, and at length rebuilt entire by Edward the Confessor. What a crowd of stirring events are compressed within the compass, the reign of those three kings alone! "Beneath the lofty windows of the southern transept of the Abbey," (says one well acquainted with the antiquities of his country,†) "you may see the deep and blackened arches, fragments of the edifice raised by Edward, supporting the chaste and florid tracery of a more recent age. Within stands the shrine, once rich in gems and gold, raised to the memory of the Confessor by the fond devotion of his successors, despoiled indeed of all its ornaments, neglected and erumbling to ruin, but still surmounted by the massy iron-bound oaken coffin which contains the ashes of the last legitimate Anglo-Saxon king." And this memorial alone would furnish materials for pages of comment. He seems to peer into the

\* From the New York Churchman. † Sir Francis Palgrave. History of the Anglo Saxons. ments. "The soldiers of Caewood's and Westbone's departed spirits. companies were quartered in the abbey church, where the place where it stood; they brake down the organ assiduities bestowed on it by the living-by its graceful and pawned the men's surplices, and in contempt of the decorations—its funeral plants and flowers carefully ancient monument; as visible as the seashore after the rence upon the ensigns of rivalty and stands unmoved,theft and the soiling hand of stealthy revenge, or deli- life, all stooped to do reveence. The sepulchre of a here; opening to us a page of man's insatiate spirit for Yet I have seen tears fallon such an one even heredestruction, when his evil passions prompt him to deeds over one whose misfortunes and calamitous end, whether

their excited or bewildered lives, have looked around voluntary rain of tears-that tender sorrow for the uncalmly upon the tombs and trophies of their predecessors | fortunate, though it were a queen. with a momentary pang, a feeling of humiliation or humtrump of the archangel!

cold marble pavements from royal eyes-unused to weep; the story of her having sucked the poison from her husyet grief and death hath wrung them here. Proud, arro- band's arm at the siege of Acre But why should the gant hearts have been abased here before the majesty of literal, dull, and perchance mistaken annotator of the He who beholds Westminster Abbey for the first time, and retains the impression the sight of its ancient walls death, the velvet pall, the sable bier. Sorrow, like the weight of lead, has pressed upon the kingly brow; and act of heroism which took place during the middle ages? and towers then made upon his mind, feels he has wo, grief, and misery, has echoed among these walls from Why should he desire to speculae upon its authenticity, many a regal breast. How many have

--- "Stooped-and kissed the frozen cheek, And the heavy hand of clay, Till bursting words--yet all too weak,

Amid the impressive silence which reigns here at intervals, you may study tomb and inscription, or wander undisturbed beneath Gothic arches old and gray, where the sunbeams disclose the gilded portions of the ceiling, or display the rich colors of the painted windows, upon which are depicted saint and angel.

"Behold those cloudy saints and angel bands! How rich the robes in which they brightly beam! Such shapes we oft have seen in sleepy lands, Peopling the spicy silver of a dre

And just such harps, with carvings rude surrounded,
Have in those face-througed visions o'er the wild air sounded." As I stand here and look around me, I behold the end of greatness; but I also discern the time-enduring rehath followed the regal procession amid the clash of nown of a true hero. In how many instances is the mere tomb gazed upon, whilst the one who sleeps beneath, has bequeathed no honored name to posterity. The man is forgotten—his monument remains a sort of marvel to the beholder why it was ever placed where it is. How few monuments amongst the multitude, after all, excite in us any kind of interest! The generality of men have lived but for themselves, and they are as soon forgotten! Who shall revive their memories? Yet there sailing upon the quiet waters of "Father Thames" at the twilight hour; then busy fancy hath recalled, and to honor, not simply because they were Englishmen not because their monuments are imposing, or standing beneath the Gothic dome of a Cathedral. No, that were an unworthy and false supposition. It arises from neither circumstance. It is because some of these men's memories belong to the world at large. Other nations God hath promised his blessing. He hath in his word declared than their own have perceived in them that humanity himself to be a God who heareth and will answer prayer. Without which in life assimilated with the better part of our prayer you can never hope for God's blessing, for his protection common nature—they conferred dignity upon mankind and his assistance. By prayer only can you prevail over your -they wrote or labored for no petty purpose, their spiritual enemies; by prayer only can you be preserved from evil, labors are the property of all, and whoever looks upon or enabled to strive after that which is good; only in answer to their memorials, does so with respect and admiration. prayer will that grace and strength be given you from above, passing tribute—their hic jacet—consideration. How God, then, day by day, every morning, when the light cometh different are these emotions, how little in unison with forth from his chambers, and, every evening, when darkness covers the impressive ones felt whilst standing over the elaborate all things, let your prayers and praises ascend before the throne tomb of royalty! Most of the monuments of kings and of that God who maketh the darkness and light. Praise him for my mind little else than remembrances of error and am- | go forth to your work and your labour without imploring his probition-of their miseries and misfortunes. Some from tection; never once close your eyes in sleep without supplicating their own vices and infirmities, others from the circum- his forgiveness. And not only in the morning and at night, but history of most of them calls from the spectator scarce sition for prayer. The life of a sincere Christian is one great other than a hasty remark, or perchance a word of ob- continuous prayer. At all times and in all places you are exposed possible the effigy reared to their memories. These are you stand in need of grace from above; therefore you must labour the feelings daily and hourly displayed here, yet each to cultivate a constant disposition for prayer. When evil assails

> Country's Complaint of the Sacrileges, Profanations and Plun- from without, fly instantly to God for strength to resist it; and derings committed by the Schismatiques on the Cathedral Churches London: printed for Richard Green, Book-

dusky twilight of the Heptarchy, from Harold to Hengist, tumely that may be cast upon him—sleeps quietly now, by prayer shall be given you, seek paratively of little consequence. But where the very object is and the phantom forms of ancient kings seem to pass in who never did in life—sleeps on regardless of the vulgar and ye shall find;" God will "give his Holy Spirit to all them often to soften what would be offensively strong, impart dignity review before him-of the coronation day and the funeral tread of the clown above his ashes of the despoiler of that ask him." "You are witnesses against yourselves that you or novelty to what is trite, or to avoid what is vulgar or hackday—the crown and the sepulchre. What multitudes, his monument—of the epithet of reproach or the token have chosen the Lord to serve him;" you know that you cannot neved, terms and phrases from the Latin are in a thousand cases now no more, have eagerly, joyously, or mournfully stood of servile homage:—he who in life engrossed perchance serve him in your own strength, and can do so only by his grace: most valuable resources. Again, it is often necessary to convey here to behold a brilliant pageant or take part in the the love, fear, terror, anxiety, execration, or anathema of his grace, you know is promised, and will be given you if you ask ideas which, though not truly and properly offensive in themselves, burial ceremonial of a king! "Where our kings have his age. Let no one say the tomb of a king is less in- it in sincerity. For our Redeemer's sake our weakness shall would, if clothed in the rough Saxon, appear so to the sensitive been crowned," says Jeremy Taylor, "their ancestors structive than the grave of the peasant:—a man may become strength; we shall, through him, be clothed with hea- modesty of a highly refined state of society—dressed in Latin, lie interred, and they must walk over the grandsire's study humility in Westminster Abbey, as well as in the venly armour, and furnished with weapons to beat down our these very same ideas shall seem decent enough. There is a large head to take his crown." Beside the silent revolution humblest churchyard. The melancholy state—the un- spiritual foes, and with power to hold on in our spiritual journey. number of words which, from the frequency with which they are of time, so full of mute teachings, amply and visibly paid homage—the soft or heavy tread of the loitering For the sake of that "High Priest of our profession," "that is used, and from their being so constantly in the mouths of the displayed upon the face of this old cathedral-in very visitor, impresses the mind with deep solemnity. Each passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God" we are encouraged vulgar, would not be endured in polished society, though more distant times—the more modern hand of barbarism is foot-fall sounds upon the ear with a warning admonition, to "come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy privileged synonymes of Latin origin, or some classical circumlomade manifest. Cromwell's soldiery sacrilegiously and the echo of distant voices among these "long-drawn and find grace to help in time of need." Let me hope, then, that cution, expressing exactly the same thing, shall pass unquestioned. despoiled and mutilated many of the tombs and monu- aisles and fretted vaults," seem like the whisperings of you will daily pray to God and daily pray to

canonical habit, ran up and down the church; he who planted and nourished. This bespeaks the grateful wore the surplice was the hare, the rest were the hounds." memory of survivors. How is it the graves of kings Yes, the heave and swell—the turbulent, troubled tide seldom receive this unbought attention—the sympathy of human events-have left their impress on many an of tears? The visitor of their tombs looks with indiffeof violence. And we wonder how, under these circum- deserved or otherwise, is at unsettled point in history. stances, so much has been preserved from remote ages. Nevertheless, the fate of the celebrated woman to whom When I look upon this edifice and consider the salu- I refer, has called forth the world's sympathies even tary influence—either permanently or momentarily—it after the lapse of ages. Ind these tears fell upon the has exercised upon each generation-how the contemtomb of Mary, Queen of Sots. I walked over the abplation of its elaborate monuments has stimulated men bey one day with a small party: among that party was to good, noble, or heroic actions-how it has elevated a stately French lady, who appeared to take but little the thoughtful imagination, and caused those who have interest in the monumens generally. We entered in past times lingered in its aisles and transepts to muse Henry the Seventh's Chapl. The guide, in his usual or reflect upon the insignificance of this fleeting life, and every-day manner, laid hs hand upon the recumbent caused their thoughts to dwell upon a better-to con- statue of the queen, saying," Here lies the body of Mary, sider the great day when this solemn temple will be dis- Queen of Scots!"-"this iher costly monument erected solved-will crumble into ruins, together with the by her son, King James!' In a moment the French "cloud-capp'd tower," and the "gorgeous palace," and lady's attention was aroused. After looking upon it "leave no rack behind"-I think there is a moral pur- with the utmost intensity, she uttered an exclamation, pose displayed before me. How vehemently has many leaned her head over the white marble figure with signs a holy man exhorted or instructed from the pulpits of of deep emotion, and burt into tears. We left her this old sanctuary! here the patriot and the statesman, weeping there. All the generous, tender sensibilities of walking about these shadowy aisles, has paused thought- woman were here displayed. It was not done for effect fully where I do now, and considered the littleness, the | -it was not done designedly. She knew not, it apbrevity, of that ambitious career in which he was engaged peared, that the monumett was here, until she came and the greater and more enduring honor of excellence thus suddenly upon it. He grief was doubtless genuine. and virtue. How has the warrior had this noble sleep- I was afterwards informed that she was a personage of ing place in his mind, even amid the shock, the strife high rank in her own land, and had gone through greater and carnage of the battle-field, or the deck of the war- troubles and vieissitudes in life than fall to the common ship, and exclaimed, as he sunk in the arms of death, lot. This may have made her feel perhaps more acutely "Victory, or Westminster Abbey!" How kings have for the calamities of one whose fate in life seemed wedded stood where I now stand, and for a moment at least, in to wo; yet sympathy was clearly developed in that in-

There is yet another tomb here, over which I have bled pride, as they have thought of that inevitable day- seen the form of woman bend as if she would do honor as come it would-when their anointed and pampered to one who was an ornament to her sex. It is the slumbodies would also sleep in dust until awakened by the bering effigy of Eleanor, Queet of Edward I. What reader of English history has forgotten the heroic faith-How many bitter, bitter tears have fallen upon these fulness of this celebrated woman! Some historians doubt to believe it untrue, and thereby pluck from history a page too bright and beautiful to ose? Why should be not rather credit, than question, his lovely piece of female intrepidity? Why attempt to lessen the interest and admiration felt whilst standing over the tomb of a devoted woman-of one who in life ennobled her sex, and gave the world an illustrious example of holy affection? Why blot out this sacred record of pure magnanimity? The ancient Saxon glee-man hath sung this same deed centuries ago in the Holy-land, when pious and chivalrous acts were chanted, not written; when enthusiastic praise. Is all the chivalry of the world sea and land, hill and dale, wood and stream, &c.

# DAILY PRAYER AND DAILY SELF-EXAMINATION.\*

Prayer is that great and important Christian duty to which The benefactors of their race should receive at least a without which all our own exertions are nothing worth. Pray to queens which I see around me in this abbey recal to past mercies, and pray to him for future blessings. Never once stances of the times in which they lived. The personal during the whole day, preserve in your mind a continued dispoloquy—a word of scorn, and a look that would efface if to evil from within and without: at all times and on all occasions king now rests quietly, indifferent concerning the con- you from within, let your heart rise instantly in prayer to God to \* From a curious tract entitled "Mercurius Rusticus, or the give you grace to rebuke it; when temptation cometh upon you

\* From an Address after Confirmation, by the Rev. John Downall, M. A., Curate of Blidworth and Oxton, Notts.

pray to him in every moment of temptation and of danger, and old Saxon word, yet it would be thought as uncouth in a drawing-The lowly grave in the village churchyard frequently that you will praise him for every triumph he gives you strength room, as the plowman to whose rude use it is abandoned. Thus they brake down the rail about the altar, and burnt it in displays the hand of affectionate regard by the tender to secure over your spiritual foes, and for every advance which he the word "stench" is lavendered over into unpleasant effluvia, or enables you to make towards the attainment of your "high and an ill odour; "sweat" diluted into four times the number of heavenly calling."

stions as these: What have I done, during the past day, be as nauseous as his draughts and pills. rance of immortal happiness and glory through him? Such Review. a habit of daily self-examination will lead us to perceive whether or not we are really growing in grace and holiness; whether we are advancing in our spiritual course. It will bring before us who have just become "witnesses against yourselves that you have | better they can point at the accurate date thereof. chosen the Lord to serve him."

# THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The English language consists of about thirty-eight thousand words. This includes, of course, not only radical words, but all derivatives, except the preterits and participles of verbs; to which must be added some few terms which, though set down in the dictionaries, are either obsolete, or have never ceased to be considered foreign. Of these, about twenty-three thousand, or nearly five-eighths, are of Anglo-Saxon origin. The majority of the rest, in what proportion we cannot say, are Latin and Greek; Latin, however, has the larger share.

The names of the greater part of the objects of sense, in other words, the terms which apply most frequently in discourse, or which recall the most vivid conceptions, are Anglo-Saxon. Thus, for example, the names of the most striking objects in visible nature, of the chief agencies at work there, and of the changes which pass over it, are Anglo-Saxon. This language has given names to the heavenly bodies, sun, moon, stars; to three out of the four elements, earth, fire, water; three out of the four seasons, spring, summer, winter; and indeed to all the natural divisions of time except one; as day, night, morning, evening, twilight, noon, midday, midnight, sunrise, sunset; some of which are among the most poetical terms we have. To the same language we are indebted for the names of light, heat, cold, frost, rain, snow, hail, the deeds of the good and the brave, even in an age of sleet, thunder, lightning; as well as almost all those objects which rude barbarity, seem to have excited admiration and form the component parts of the beautiful in external scenery, as

confined to the middle ages? I must credit the ancient It is from this language we derive the words which are expreslegend, in this instance, in preference to modern interpretation. I must believe that Eleanor, who now lies most powerful feelings of our nature; and which are consequently eneath me, and to whom Edward had memorials placed invested with our oldest and most complicated associations. Their at each spot where her lifeless body rested until it was very sound is often a spell for the orator and the poet to "conjure interred where I now stand, was what she has been re- withal." It is this language which has given us names for father, presented. Whose arms of Castile, Leon and Ponthieu, mother, husband, wife, brother, sister, son, daughter, child, home, in heraldic display, mingled with embossed imitations of kindred, friends. It is this which has furnished us with the vine and oak leaves, are to me nothing. Yet when I greater part of those metonymies, and other figurative expressions, read the ancient inscription upon her tomb in Saxon by which we represent to the imagination, and that in a single characters-"Icy gist Alianor, jadis Reyne d'Angleterre, word, the reciprocal duties and enjoyments of hospitality, friendfemme a Rex Edward Fiz;"-I think only of the noble ship, or love. Such are hearth, roof, fireside. The chief emotions, woman !- whose pious memory and virtues will outlive too, of which we are susceptible, are expressed in the same lanbrass and marble - a more enduring title than that of guage, as love, hope, fear, sorrow, shame; and what is of more consequence to the orator and the poet, as well as in common life, the outward signs by which emotion is indicated are almost all

Most of those objects about which the practical reason of man employed in common life, receive their name from Anglo-Saxon. It is the language for most part of business; for the counting- working sanctity in such as worthily receive them, and making house, the shop, the market, the street, the farm; and however them wise unto salvation. - Thomas Fuller, D. D. miserable the man who is fond of philosophy or abstract science might be, if he had no other vocabulary but this, we must recollect that language was made not for the few but the many, and that portion of it which enables the bulk of a nation to express their wants and transact affairs, must be considered of at least | an independent power of the mind than a mode of action of which as much importance to general happinesss as that which serves its various powers operate with effect; but, however this may be, the nurposes of philosophical science.

stitute the manual and vade mecum of "hobnailed" philosophy, In the ordinary concerns of life, indeed, it is more serviceable than are almost wholly Anglo-Saxon.

Anglo-Saxon. As to invective, the language of passion is always are forgotten. indignation, are of Anglo-Saxon origin.

great object; and indeed, wherever energy is the object, it is com- purely intellectual pre-eminence.

syllables, becomes a very inoffensive thing in the shape of "perspi-I wish you, in the next place, to cultivate the habit of daily ration." To "squint" is softened to obliquity of vision; to be self-examination. It is necessary that you should be continually "drunk" is vulgar; but if a man be simply intoxicated or inebriinquiring into your state before God; that you should be ascer- ated, it is comparatively venial. Indeed, we may say of the taining carefully, whether, and how far, you are conforming your- classical names of vices, what Burke more questionably said of selves to his will. Every day which you live, is an additional vices themselves, "that they lose half their deformity by losing wreck of some gallant or noble vessel. Mutilation, and perchance exulting over the ashes of him to whom, in proof of God's mercy towards you. He gives you one day more all their grossness." In the same manner, we all know that it is in order that you may be one day better; that you may advance very possible for a medical man to put to us questions, under the berate malice, the track of the spoiler-may be seen king or queen rarely draws tears from beholders' eyes. nearer towards heaven as you advance nearer to the grave. It is seemly disguise of scientific phraseology and polite circumfocution, your duty, therefore, to ask yourselves each night, some such | which, if expressed in the bare and rude vernacular, would almost

towards fulfilling the promises I have made to serve the Lord? Lastly; there are many thoughts which gain immensely by Am I better as well as older? Have I resisted sin and turned mere novelty and variety of expression. This the judicious poet, away mine eyes from beholding vanity? Have I endeavoured who knows that the connection between thoughts and words is as this day to improve those opportunities of amendment which have | intimate as that between body and spirit, well understands.been graciously afforded me? Have I avoided those sins which I There are thoughts, in themselves trite and common-place, when yesterday committed? and have I so conducted myself, in thought, expressed in backneyed terms of common life, which if adorned word, and deed, as becometh a disciple of Jesus Christ? Have I by some graceful or felicitous novelty of expression, shall assume laboured to secure a well-grounded hope, that, if my soul shall an unwonted air of dignity and elegance. What was trivial, "this night be required of me," I may sleep in Jesus with the becomes striking; and what was plebeian, noble. - Edinburgh

#### CONVERSION.

Some there are who exact of every Christian, as a touchstone those things which we have done amiss, or neglected to do which of their sincerity, to render an account of the exact time of their were right; and so it will supply us with subjects for prayer to conversion, with the circumstances thereof: how, and when, and our heavenly Father, it will quicken our activity and diligence to where performed. I must crave leave to enter myself a dissenstrive by his grace to do what is well pleasing. We shall then tient herein, conceiving such a demand unreasonable, as generally be enabled, every day, to mark our faults, our follies, and our required essential to all true believers. I confess some may return deficiencies, and to bring them all to the foot of the cross, to seek a satisfactory answer thereunto; namely, such whose souls, sudfor their pardon and forgiveness, that so we may be enabled to denly snatched out of error and viciousness, were immediately make our peace with God before we close our eyes in sleep. We wrought upon, almost in an instant, by the Spirit of God. Thus, shall then be enabled, day by day, to go on correcting what is of those three thousand gained on Many Saints' Day by St. Peter, evil, improving what is corrected, and carrying on to greater at Jerusalem, with the preaching of one sermon (Acts ii. 41), degrees of perfection that which is improved. I recommend this each one might punctually and precisely tell the very moment of practice to you all, my brethren, more especially to those of you their true conversion; and generally the worse men have been, the

> This is not the ease with all true believers. God, to shew His power that He can, and pleasure that He will, vary the manner of men's conversion, (though going the same path by His word and Spirit), useth a slower pace in the hearts of others, in whom grace is wrought gently and imperceptibly, and modelled by degrees; in such no mortal man can assign the minutary juncture of time, when preparing grace (which cleared the ground) ended, and saving grace (which finished the fabric of conversion) did first

> Observable to this purpose are the words of our Saviour: "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep and rise, night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how," (Mark iv. 26.) That grace is sown, and is grown, men know; but when and how in the persons aforesaid, God knows.

> Besides these adult converts, there are a second sort of Christians unable to discover the date of grace dawning in them; namely, such who, with Timothy (2 Tim. i. 5; iii. 15), may be said to be good time out of mind, sucking in grace with their milk extracted from and educated under a pious parentage, [baptised as infants into the body of the Redeemer.] I hope and trust your honour may truly be ranked in this latter form, that as many ancient deeds (written before the reign of King Henry iii.) are commonly without any date, grace, in like manner, will arise so early in your heart (advantaged by your goodly birth and breeding), that you shall not remember the beginning thereof.

However, to make sure work, it will be safest to examine yourself, when arrived at age, what eminent accessions and additions of grace you can remember, with the place and time when the same were effectually wrought in your soul, and what bosom-sin you have conquered. Especially take notice of your solemn reconciling to God, after repentance for some sin committed .-David, no doubt, in some sort, may be said to be born good, God being his hope when "in the womb," when he "hanged yet upon his mother's breast," trusting in him and taught by him from his youth. Now, though probably he could not remember his first and general conversion, he could recount his re-conversion after his foul offences of adultery and murder, as by his penitential psalm doth plainly appear. Otherwise, those who boast themselves converted before memory (by the privilege of their pious infancy), if they can recover no memorials of their repentance after relapse, and produce no time nor tokens thereof, are so far from being good from their cradle, it is rather suspicious they will be bad to their coffin, if not labouring for a better spiritual estate.

And now let me recommend to your childhood the reading of Anglo-Saxon, such are tear, smile, blush, to laugh, to weep, to the "Holy Scriptures," as the Apostle calls them: holy in the fountain, flowing from the Holy Spirit inditing them: holy in the conduit-pipe, derived through holy men penning them: holy in the liquor, teaching and directing to holiness: holy in the cistern,

# MORAL ENERGY.

Moral energy, or constancy of purpose, seems to be less properly it enters more largely, perhaps, than mere talent, as commonly Nearly all our national proverbs, in which it is truly said so understood, into the formation of what is called character, and is nuch of the practical wisdom of a nation resides, and which con- often confounded by the vulgar with talent of the highest order. brilliant parts; while, in the more important, these latter are of A very large proportion, and that always the strongest of the little weight without it, evaporating only in brief and barren flashes. anguage of invective, humour, satire, colloquial pleasantry, is which may dazzle the eye by their splendour, but pass away and

very ancient; for men were angry and out of temper long before The importance of moral energy is felt not only where it would there were philosophers, or even merchants. The vocabulary of be expected, in the concerns of active life, but in those more exabuse amongst most nations is not only very copious, but always | clusively of an intellectual character, - in deliberative assemblies, singularly hearty and idiomatic. Almost all the terms and phrases | for example, where talent, as usually understood, might be supby which we most energetically express anger, contempt, and posed to assert an absolute supremacy, but where it is invariably made to bend to the controlling influence of this principle. No The Latin contributes most largely to the language of polite man destitute of it can be the leader of a party; while there are life, as well as to that of polite literature. To the orator, this few leaders, probably, who do not number in their ranks minds portion of language is of less importance, because energy is his from which they would be compelled to shrink in a contest for