

Poetry.

"STAND, AS AN ANVIL, WHEN IT IS BEATEN DOWN."

ST. ISTAVIUS TO ST. POLYCARPUS—BOTH MARTYRS.

"Stand, like an anvil," when the stroke Of stout men falls fierce and fast, Storms but more deeply rent the Oak, Whose brassy arms embrace the mast.

Riverside, St. Barnabas's Day, 1849. G. W. D.

And if any of our people loathe this manna, because they may gather it from under their feet, let not their palates be humoured, and encourage one another in such things as may bring us in substantial pleasure.

From these tender pastures let me lead you (and you, others), to the still waters; zeal in the soul is as natural heat in the body; there is no life of religion without it; but as the kindest heat, if it be not tempered with a due equality of moisture, wastes itself and the body; so doth zeal, if it be not moderated with discretion, and charitable care of the common good; it is hard to be too vehement in contending for main and evident truths; but litigious and immaterial verities may soon be over-striven for; in the prosecution thereof, I have oft lamented to see how helpless many have been of the public welfare; while, in seeking for one scruple of truth, they have not cared to spend a whole pound weight of precious peace.

A MARTYR'S VICTORY.

When ALARIC, the Goth, was defeated at Pollentia and Verona (A.D. 402.) by Valerian the General of Honorius, and so driven for a time from Italy, the Romans celebrated that event with great rejoicing and processions. A triumphal procession and a contest of wild beasts at once dazzled and gratified the multitude. The shows of gladiators, whom the people stoned to death in the amphitheatres for attempting to separate the combatants. Honorius was thus reminded of his duty as a Christian Emperor, and soon after put forth an edict forbidding all such exhibitions for the future.

The streets are thronged in mighty Rome The glancing spears in air, While warriors march to triumph home, With firm and measured tread; For how'd at last and forced to yield On rough Pollentia's crimson field, Stern Alaric has fled, And left his ruthless Gothic powers, All crush'd beneath Verona's towers.

But when the East Italian sun Sheds down its scorching rays, The trumpet speaks the games begun Which life crowds admire; And soon, from barbarous and cruel cares, Dryen howling out by troops of slaves, In grain and sullen cry, Heeds the wild troops of many a land, Pate with loud rage the level sand.

God bless'd you with the reputation of a wise and knowing people; in these divine matters, let a meek sobriety set bounds to your inquiries. Take up your time and hearts with Christ, and Him crucified, with those essential truths which are necessary to salvation, leave all curious disquisitions to the schools, and say of those problems, as the philosopher did of the Athenian shops: how many things are here that we have no need of! Take the nearest cut you can, ye shall find it a side way to heaven, ye need not lengthen it with undue circuits. I am deceived if (as the times are) ye shall not find work enough to bear up against the oppositions of professed hostility, it is not for us to squander our thoughts and hours upon useless janglings; wherehif we suffer ourselves to be taken up, Satan shall deal with us like some crafty cheat, who while he holds us at gaze with tricks of juggling, picks our pockets.

Dear brethren, whatever become of these worthless dribbles, be sure to look well to the freehold of your salvation. Error is not more insidious than subtle; superstition never wanted sweet insinuations: make sure work against these plausible dangers, suffer not yourselves to be drawn into the net by the common state of the Church; know that outward visibility may too well stand with an utter exclusion from salvation.— Salvation consists not in a formality of profession, but in a soundness of belief. A true body may be full of mortal diseases: so is the Roman Church of this day; whom we have long pitied, and laboured to cure; in vain; if she will not be healed by us, let us not be infected by her; let us be no less jealous of her contagion, than she is of our remedies. Hold fast that precious truth, which hath been long taught you by faithful pastors, confirmed by clear evidences of Scriptures, evinced by sound reasons, sealed up by the blood of our blessed martyrs; so while no man takes away the crown of your constancy, ye shall be our crown and rejoicing in the day of our Lord Jesus; to whom all-sufficient grace I commend you all; and vow myself your common servant in Him whom we all rejoice to serve, Jos. EXON.

RIGHTEOUS MAMMON.

(By Tupper.)

Gold is a creature of God, representing many excellencies; the sweat of honest industry distils to gold; the hot spring of genius congeals to gold; the blessing upon faithfulness is often showered in gold; and charities not seldom are gerdoned back with gold. Let no man affect to despise what Providence hath set so high in power. None do so, but the man who has it not, and who knows that he covets it in vain. Sour grapes, sour grapes—for he may not touch the vintage. This is not the verdict of the wise; the temptation he may fear, the cares he may confess, the misuses he may condemn; yet will he acknowledge that, received at God's hand, and spent in his service, there is scarcely a creature in this nether world, of higher name than Money.

AMBROSE BONWICKE TO HIS COUSIN, AN APPRENTICE.

DEAR COUSIN.—The great acquaintance we had at school, and all the while I lived with your mother, emboldens me to write first to you, who have not been so kind as to let me hear from you all the time I have been here. And to encourage you to correspond with me, I shall endeavour to make the nature of this, my first letter to you, such as may be really for your advantage. At this season of the year you cannot expect news, nor take you at any time to expect idle

tales from a philosopher: let us mount higher than such frothy trifles, and encourage one another in such things as may bring us in substantial pleasure. All persons that hope to live creditably here or happily hereafter, must apply themselves diligently to some sort of business, art, or science; you have, I presume, to me; I to another. But this must be laid down as a self-evident axiom for both of us (if we design to make any proficiency in one or the other), that the first step to be wise is to obey wise counsel, to practice the advice of our best friends: without this we shall never do any good, for by experience I know (as, if ever you have the misfortune to try, you will too) that young heads are neither fit nor able to choose for themselves. This being promised, it necessarily follows that above all we are obliged to respect our parents, and obey their counsels; because it is morally impossible, it is contrary to the dictates of nature that they should do or choose what is opposite to our interest. But all young persons (and for my own part, I too often have) are apt to think otherwise, forgetting all the while the sanction of the fifth commandment, which only of all others denounces shortness of life, and therein all temporal calamities, to those who disobey it by despising their parents. It were needless to reckon up the many dreadful examples of grievous punishments inflicted miraculously on such offenders; all histories (which in your business you often have the opportunity of reading) are full of them. But were there not this command, our interest, as you may perceive by what I have said before, would naturally oblige us to respect and obey our parents, since, without following their advice and directions, we must inevitably be rakes and beggars in this life, and eternally miserable in that which is to come. Next after our parents, if we would be masters of our trades, if we would prosper and be happy, which is the end all rational creatures propose to themselves,—I must love and obey my tutor, your master, being those which are to teach us those arts, which we hope, by God's blessing, will afford us a comfortable maintenance. This we must do, chiefly because it is a duty included in the fifth commandment; and also because, by our civil and meek deportment we may reasonably hope, they, out of love and affection, will be more careful and hearty in instructing us than they otherwise would, or in justice were bound.

As I have thus laid before you, dear cousin, what I am at this time thinking seasonably, I desire you, as you see fitting, to take the same liberty with me; and do not take ill what I have here said, which flows from a sincere desire of your welfare, and from gratitude to your good mother, from whom I acknowledge myself to have received so many favours. Let me beg of you not to condemn these lines at the first reading, but give them a second; I have endeavoured to make them plain to you, and it will be your own fault afterwards if you do not profit by them. However, if all my poor endeavours fail, whether you think well or ill of me for this real kindness, I shall continue always to beg of God, that both you and I, and all who bear any relation to us, may increase in all goodness, but especially in loving, honouring, and obeying all who are set over us, particularly our dear parents; that so, after a long and happy life here on earth, we may be made partakers of a blessed immortality in heaven.—I think I need say no more at present, since the freedom I have used with you will sufficiently assure you, that I am your true and hearty friend, as well as your affectionate cousin and humble servant, AMBROSE BONWICKE.

DISTRICT OF PROVIDENCE.

Is a speedy process; throw away faith with its trust for the past, love for the present, hope for the future, and you throw away all that makes sorrow bearable, or joy lovely; the best of us, if we do not withhold our help, would apostatize like Peter, ere the cock crew thrice; and, at times, that help has wisely been withheld, to check presumptuous thoughts, and teach how true it is that the creature depends on the Creator. Temptation comes to show weak man that he was fitted for his station, and his station made for him; that fulfillment of his ignorant desires will only make his case the worse; and that Providence alike is wise In what He gives and what denies.—Tupper.

TIME-TABLE OF A SEPTUAGENARY.

I will begin with the years which, from the requirements of our common nature, or from my habitual waste of time, may be considered, so far as regards any serviceable purpose, to have been absolutely lost; including the solemn period of infancy and childhood, and making allowance for the sluggish habits of my whole after-life.—I calculate that I have slept, and dozed, and dreamed away nine or ten hours in every twenty-four, which, for seventy years, amounts about 32 At school, with tutors, at college, I spent about twenty years, and having forgotten in two or three all the Latin and Greek, and nearly everything else that I had learnt, except my calligraphic vices and expensive habits, I cannot put down for actual loss of time less than 13 1/2 Wasted, not in doing nothing, but literally in doing nothing, two hours a day, about 6 Expended in stag, fox, hare and badger hunting; in coursing, racing, cock-fighting, fishing; in shooting birds and beasts of all sorts—as I was always an indefatigable sportsman, and began the destruction when I was ten years old. I cannot reckon this waste at less than six hours a day, which, in sixty years, of 313 days each—for on Sundays I killed nothing but time—amounts to 13 1/2 N. B. Estimating my slaughter as an amateur butcher, at the very moderate number of only two lives a-day, exclusively of the innumerable sufferers that I have maimed and lacerated, leaving most of them to die in anguish, I find that in sixty years (excluding Sabbaths,) I have, for my mere amusement, destroyed nearly thirty-eight thousand of God's innocent creatures! In smoking, from my entrance at college, to the present day, I cannot have puffed out less than two hours a-day, or about 4 In gambling, steeple-chasing, hurdle-racing, drinking bouts, yachting, lounging at club-windows—but stay, let me reckon up—hey—how—what! does the sum total—do my wasted years already amount to 69

THE NASHOTAH MISSION OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH.

(From the Colonial Church Chronicle.)

The following is the letter of the Rev. J. L. Breck, the founder of this Mission, to which we referred in our last number, page 450. It was addressed to the children of the Sunday School in connection with Trinity Church, Pittsburgh. It will be read with much interest as a simple, truthful account from the fountain-head of this successful enterprise:— "Nashotah, Wisconsin, Dec. 1848. "I wish to impart to you some information concerning the Missionary life in this far-off west. We

entered upon our labours in this region of country in 1841, which was then a wilderness. Our mode of life necessarily conformed, in many particulars, to that of the settlers among whom we were cast. Let me ask you to go back with me to the year that we came to Wisconsin. At that time we had no regularly laid out roads. In all our journeys we had to follow the settler's circuitous track, or the deedly-trodden Indian trail. Fences were unknown, except around the log-cabin, and those were often made of brush-wood, rudely strewn together. Streams, to be crossed, had to be forded. And instead of the domestic bark of the dog, our ears were then entertained with the howlings of the wolf, or the gobbling of the sand-hill crane, or when approaching the shores of our beautiful lakes, with the shrill shriek of the loon. In the autumn or in the spring, when our pathway lay across the prairies, or through the oak-openings, not unfrequently we had to encounter the Indian fires, which travelled with remarkable rapidity, the length and breadth of the whole country. These fires have not yet left us, and often demand the labours of the husbandman; burning up stacks of grain and hay, and thousands of rails—they are built in fences.

In 1841 there were but few settlers back of the Lake towns, and those were grouped together here and there, for mutual preservation and advantage. These people had come to the West to benefit themselves and their children in temporal possessions. Spiritual advantages had not entered their minds, when bidding farewell to the scenes of childhood. Nevertheless, I would naturally oblige us to respect and obey our parents, since, without following their advice and directions, we must inevitably be rakes and beggars in this life, and eternally miserable in that which is to come. Next after our parents, if we would be masters of our trades, if we would prosper and be happy, which is the end all rational creatures propose to themselves,—I must love and obey my tutor, your master, being those which are to teach us those arts, which we hope, by God's blessing, will afford us a comfortable maintenance. This we must do, chiefly because it is a duty included in the fifth commandment; and also because, by our civil and meek deportment we may reasonably hope, they, out of love and affection, will be more careful and hearty in instructing us than they otherwise would, or in justice were bound.

But Wisconsin is no longer as it was then. The white man has come in and taken possession of all.—The very land has become tamed by being subdued to the plough. The Indian trail is no longer the settlers' highway; roads, fenced in at right angles, are met with everywhere. The very wolf is forgotten along with the red man. The gentler birds have taken the place of those of prey. Instead of the thick full of people—people of all nations—English, Irish, Scotch, Welch, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes and Germans, besides others. The Americans are found everywhere, and at the head of every enterprise; whilst the foreigners are, for the most part, settled in communities, according to the language or national habits of each.

And herein it was that Nashotah did so much, with God's blessing, during the first five years of its establishment. The Church was the first upon the ground in many places; and hence had, in this respect, a great advantage over those which came in later to present their claims. The members of the Church rejoiced in hearing the voice of their own shepherds, and with glad hearts, followed at the bidding of Christ, through him. It was truly enthusiastic to hear the two or three of Christ's flock, responding in the midst of the crowded log-house, at the time of public service. I cannot tell you which was more glad under these circumstances—the sheep at being found, or the shepherd at finding the sheep. But these were occasions which I have experienced of this nature. These were some of the rewards of the backwoods Missionary. The plain fare and its rude chamber were all in excellent keeping; and in cold winter I have often awaked in the morning, and found a carpet of snow over me. These were called the hardships of Missionary life, but I have never yet known any hardships, if these are counted such.

The advantage of an early arrival within the territory (now one of the States of the Union)—was observable, not only upon the Churchmen, but also upon the entire community, in some point or other. Many became Churchmen, and all respected the Church; if for no other reason, for this—that she was the first upon the ground. Consider with what delight, on the first Christmas that I passed in the Ministry, as well as in the West, I administered Holy Baptism to a father and nine children. This was at a station thirty miles from our central post. It was soon after organized into a parish, by the name of 'St. John's in the Wilderness.' One of the children whom I baptized on the occasion just mentioned, has been with me more than five years, preparing for the Holy Ministry, and is one of the most promising of our lay brothers. At length young brethren began to gather round us as a nucleus, and finding the duties of the House increasing so fast as to incapacitate us for so much Missionary work, and having established stations with some degree of permanency, in various parts, we succeeded in obtaining licenses from the Bishop for lay-readers.—Accordingly, we sent them forth statily, assigning to each some particular point; and it was a most happy sight, at the first ordination of Deacons that had as yet ever taken place west of the great Lakes, to behold three of the seven then ordained, becoming the pastors of the very people, to whom, as candidates for Holy Orders, they had been lay-readers. One of these stations was an English settlement, at the distance of twelve miles from us, to and from which the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, as a candidate and lay-reader, walked each week for two years and a-half. He had also a Sunday School, which he steadily taught. This parish is 'St. Albans,' Waukesha county; and was organized by the Missionary Bishop in a room, (the only structure of the settlement at that time), sufficiently commodious to hold the congregation. Since then the parishioners have built a very neat frame church, and they contribute according to their means to support their Clergyman. On the above occasion there was present a young Englishman, that sat unobserved in the crowd, who became so much interested in the services, as shortly after to apply for admission into our brotherhood. He has since been ordained, and has succeeded in his ministerial labours much to the satisfaction of all. This was the Rev. Richard Keene, who, upon graduating, took charge of the entirely Missionary ground in the city of Milwaukee, and is now Rector of

one of the three parishes already organized there, each of which has its own distinct church edifice and Rector. Another station, at which there was lay-reading, lay in the heart of a thick forest to our north, and was composed of English Dissenters. The lay-reader sent to these people, himself an Englishman, was a man of some years and experience. His success has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. This lay-reader, since his ordination, has become their pastor, and the people are building 'All Saints' Church,' which is the title of the parish that he organized amongst them.

There are two parishes organized amongst the Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes. These foreigners came into the territory shortly after the Mission was begun, and settled within the limits of Nashotah; consequently, by means of the striking resemblances in the most important points, between their Liturgy and our own, a door of access was thereby at once opened, of which we were forward to avail ourselves; and, much to our gratification, we found they were themselves fully as ready to enter ours, opening into the American Church, as we were to enter theirs, opening into their hearts. The entire body, consisting of about two hundred communicants, soon sought admission into this branch of the Church Catholic, and at the same time petitioned that one of their number, a well educated Swede, who had hitherto acted as my interpreter, might be admitted into Nashotah and prepared for the Ministry. This was assented to by the Missionary Bishop, and accordingly he soon entered our House, and after faithful study, was ordained, in the presence of his countrymen, their Minister. During his candidship, he acted in the two-fold capacity of lay-reader and catechist. I continued to hold service amongst them until the ordination of their candidate, and during that interval was aided by him as interpreter. I can never forget the many touching services that I have participated in with these simple-minded, pious people. The Rev. Gustaf Unonius, the candidate spoken of, upon his ordination, took their entire charge until June last, when the Rev. M. F. Sonner, another graduate of Nashotah, and a Dane, succeeded him. The Rev. Mr. Unonius is now ministering to Americans and parishes that I organized amongst the Norse people, viz.: the Scandinavians at Pine Lake (Lake Pickawan, in Indian), and St. Olaf's, Ashippunon river, are both flourish-ing, and each one is building for itself a church. Soon after the settlement was begun at Pine Lake, I was officiating in a service, held especially for the purpose of baptizing a Jewess, the wife of a Swedish military officer, who had taken up his residence among his own people; and whilst in the midst of the service, I was very forcibly struck with the appearance of a youth of a remarkably fine countenance, which led me the next day into their settlement to search for him. Guided by God's hand, I found him, and took him, with his parent's consent, into the Church's service, and here he has been for nearly five years, a pious youth, pursuing the preparatory studies for the sacred office.

It would weary you to enter with further minuteness into our labours; as, for example, those among the Welch and other people from Northern Europe. Here, therefore, I must close, after making a few remarks on the Indians, among whom another of our graduates, the Rev. F. R. Hafl, has gone, proposing to devote himself for life to their spiritual good. These Red men occupy the Oneida reserve, one hundred miles to the north of us, and are for the most part Christianized. They have built a commodious frame Church, surmounted by a cupola that holds a bell by the head chief. The Church service is said in their own native tongue, which is the Mohawk, and nothing scarcely can exceed the beauty and the devotion of their native chants. It was here that the Rev. William Adams and myself were admitted to Priest's Orders in 1842. The women retain the Indian attire, which at the time of public worship, gives an air of great simplicity and earnestness to the service. Most especially are they devout at the celebration of the Holy Communion. These people are very anxious to hold those who serve at their altar in just esteem, particularly the Bishop, whom they escort into their settlement with great joy, sometimes sixty of their warriors going forth on horse-back to meet him. One of the three Indian youths whom we received from this tribe, into our house to educate, after remaining with us four years, has returned to aid the Missionary in the Indian parish school, where the Mohawk alone is taught.

You must now be tired, indeed, and I will close with a few remarks relative to our house, whereas those young brethren who are preparing for Holy Orders are gathered together with us. This 'field is white unto the harvest,' and the only practicable means whereby labourers may be furnished, is to train up young brethren upon the Missionary ground itself, to do the work lying undone all about them. By your alms to Missions you are aiding in this blessed work. God Almighty has been very gracious unto us, in that He raised us up friends to aid our weak endeavours. He has likewise sent us young brethren of good hearts and minds, who are proving themselves with Divine assistance, capable of receiving the true discipline of our Holy Apostolic Church. Those who have already gone forth from this Brotherhood as heralds of the Cross, have remained in the West, and are again proving themselves, through God's help, to be capable of enduring hardness for Christ. But not only have young brethren been sent to us; devoted Clergymen have also been raised up to assist me in the training and education of this House. All this cometh of the Lord. And now, let me exhort you to labour diligently on the good work of Missions to which your teachers, among other things, I trust, will incline your hearts, and encourage your efforts. I was once, as you are now, a Sunday-school scholar, and at a very early age my heart was consecrated to this very scene of my present labours. One of my own Sunday-school scholars at the East, has also joined me at Nashotah, and is now proving himself of great value to me in the affairs of this House. If I learn that your interest in Missions has been heightened by this letter be assured that it will afford me much pleasure to write to you again. With much affection I remain your unworthy Missionary of the Cross of Christ."

HOLYROOD PALACE.

(From Sharpe's Magazine.)

Holyrood is, of course, one of the most attractive curiosities of the city of Edinburgh, and is visited by thousands of persons annually. Mrs. Sigourney thus apostrophizes it. "Old Holyrood! Edina's pride, Where erst, in regal state array'd, The mitred abbot told their beads, And chaunted 'neath their hallow'd shade. And nobles in thy palace courts, Revel and dance, and pageant led, And tramples to tilt and tourney call'd, And royal hands the banquet spread. A lingering beauty still is thine, Though age on age have o'er thee roll'd! Since good King David reared thy walls, With turrets proud and tracery bold, And still the Norman's pointed arch, Its interlacing blends sublime, With Gothic columns' clustered strength, Where feeing starts, and roses climb." Mrs. Sigourney's visit is pleasantly described. "The first view of Holyrood," says the poetess, "is in strong contrast with the splendid buildings and classic columns of the Calton Hill. After admiring the monuments of the High-school, you look down at the extremity of the Canongate upon the old Palace, that, seated at the foot of Salisbury Craig, nurses, in comparative desolation, the memories of the past. Its chapel, floored with tombstones, and open to the winds of heaven, admonishes human power and pride of their alliance with vanity. "Through an iron gate we saw, in a damp miserable vault, the bones of some of the kings of Scotland; among them those of Henry Darnley, without even the covering of that 'little charity of earth' which the homeless beggar finds. In another part of the royal chapel, unmarked by any inscription, are the remains of the lovely young queen, Magdalen, daughter of Francis I. of France, who survived but a short time her marriage with James V. In the same vicinity sleep two infant princes named Arthur; one the son of him who fell at Flodden Field, the other a brother of Mary of Scotland. Scarcely a single monument, deserving notice as a work of art, is to be found at Holyrood, except that of Viscount Belhaven, a privy councillor of Charles I. who died in 1639. He is commemorated by a statue of Parian marble, which is in singular contrast with the rough black walls of the ruinous tower where it is placed. It has a diffuse and elaborate inscription, setting forth that 'Nature supplied his mind by wisdom, for what was wanting in his education; that he would easily get angry, and as easily, while speaking, grow calm; and that he enjoyed the sweetest society in his only wife, N. Murray, daughter of the Baron of Abcainery, who died in eighteen months after her marriage.' "The grave of Rizzio is pointed out under one of the passages to a piazza, covered with a flat stone. Over the mantel-piece of the narrow corridor, where, from his last fatal supper, he was torn forth by the conspirators, is a portrait, said to be of him. Its authenticity is exceedingly doubtful; yet it has been honoured by one of the beautiful effusions of Mrs. Hemans, written during her visit to Holyrood in 1829:—"They haunt me still—these calm, pure, holy eyes! Their piercing sweetness wanders through my dreams, The soul of music that within them lies Comes o'er my soul in soft and sudden gleams. Life, spirit—life immortal and divine— Is there; and yet, how dark a death was thine!" "We found ourselves attracted to make repeated visits to Holyrood; and never, on these occasions, omitting its roofless chapel, so rich in recollections. It required, however, a strong effort of imagination to array it in the royal splendour with which the nuptials of Queen Mary were there solemnized, and, seventy years after, the coronation of her grandson, Charles the First. The procession, the ringing of bells, the gay tapestry streaming from the windows of the city; its rich, costumes of the barons, bishops, and other nobility; the king, in his robes of crimson velvet, attending devoutly to the sacred services of the day, receiving the oath of allegiance, or scattering, through his almoner, broad pieces of gold among the people, are detailed with minuteness and delight by the Scottish chronicles of that period. 'Because this was the most glorious and magnificent coronation that ever was seen in this kingdom,' says Sir John Balfour, 'and the first king of Great Britain that ever was crowned in Scotland, to behold these triumphs and ceremonies, many strangers of great quality resorted thither from divers countries.' "Who can muse at Holyrood, and not see the wild images seem to glide from among the ruined arches where they once held dominion? James the First was a prisoner through the whole of his earthly life, and died under the assassin's steel. James the Second was destroyed by the bursting of one of his own cannons at Roxburgh. James the Third was defeated in battle by rebels headed by his own son, and afterwards assassinated. James the Fourth fell with the flower of his army at Flodden Field, and tailed even of the rites of Sepulchre. James the Fifth died of grief, in the prime of life, at the moment of the birth of his daughter, who after twenty years of imprisonment in England, was condemned to the scaffold. James the First of England, though apparently more fortunate than his ancestors was menaced by conspiracy, suffered the loss of his eldest son, and saw his daughter a crownless queen. Charles the First had his head struck off in front of his own palace. Charles the Second was compelled to fly from his country, and, after twelve years banishment, returned to an inglorious reign. James the Second abdicated his throne, lost three kingdoms, died in exile, and was the last of his race who inhabited the palace of Holyrood."

THE MANUFACTURING SYSTEM.

(From Marlham's Remarks on English Churches, &c.)

The gigantic manufactories of our days are built to receive thousands of human beings within their walls—not, however, with the view of promoting their comfort and happiness, their present or eternal interests, but solely and exclusively to increase the wealth of their proprietors. In too many of these buildings, the abodes of vice and disease, of sin and sorrow, "society is disorganized, and set against itself. The extremes of wealth and poverty contrast each other in hideous opposition. There is neither, on the one hand, kindly protection, nor grateful dependence on the other. Blind ignorance, animal indulgence, squallid misery; childhood bereft of its natural cheerfulness, and chained down to the labours of the mill; manhood restless, discontented, vicious; premature old age. Religion itself, where it exists, too often distorted from the pure law of Christ, and made to assume whatever form the ignorance, passion, or caprice of men may devise; here rushing into every excess of enthusiastic madness; there fading away into the denial of every doctrine of revealed truth. Should it not enter into the minds of the owners of these "vast idol-temples of our manufacturing greatness," to make friends of the "mammon of unrighteousness," to be mindful that whatever of spiritual love and watchfulness can diminish the guilt and wretchedness which reigns within them, should be provided; that churches and schools should be there invariably inculcated on the minds of the rising generation? This imperative duty on the part of the master has, alas! been grossly neglected; and amidst the triumphs of war, and in an exclusive devotion to the arts of peace, the voice of warning and the performance of a solemn obligation have been, until very late days, unheard. Let us awake to the conviction, "that the greatest plague-spot of the nation is in those very things which constitute its grandeur and its greatness." From these congregated and neglected masses it is that destruction to our civil state may arise; let us, therefore, by zealous exertions endeavour to guard against the fulfilment of the gloomy prophecy of Scotland's illustrious and far-sighted poet, who, in speaking of the stern sullen artificers (whom he had then lately met) "rendered outrageous by distress," observes, "God's justice is requiring, and will yet further require, those who have blown up this country into a state of unsubstantial opulence, at the expense of the health and morals of the lower classes."