

## Poetry.

The following is from the Rev. J. M. Neale's translation of the poem of Bernard of Morlaix, "De contemptu mundi." It may fairly take its place with the greatest hymns of modern or mediæval times; and in its original Latin form is written in a triple-rhyming hexameter verse which is itself a masterpiece of poetical art.

To thee, O dear, dear country!  
Mine eyes their vigils keep;  
For very love beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep:

The mention of thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
And love and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion!  
O paradise of joy!  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And smiles have no alloy;

Beside thy living waters  
All plants are, great and small:  
The cedar of the forest,  
The hyssop of the wall:

The ageless walls are bonded  
With jewels all unpriced;  
Thy saints build up its fabric,  
The corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!  
Thou hast no time, bright day!  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away!

Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise the holy tower  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower.

And all thine endless leisure  
In sweetest accent sings  
The ills that were thy merit,  
The joys that are thy King's.

Jerusalem, the golden!  
With milk and honey blessed,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppressed.

I know not, O I know not  
What social joys are there,  
What radiance of glory,  
What light beyond compare:

And when I fain would sing them  
My spirit fails and faints,  
And vainly would it image  
Th' assembly of the Saints.

They stand, those halls of Zion,  
Loud echoing with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And many a martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them,  
The light is aye serene;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen:

There is the throne of David,  
And there, from toil released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast:

And they beneath their leader,  
Who conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white.

## Communications.

To the Editors of the Canadian Church Press.

GENTLEMEN.—For many years past the most erroneous impressions as to the importance and capabilities of the Ottawa, in an Ecclesiastical point of view, have been entertained by both the clergy and laity of east and west. That it was the region, par excellence, which, by its vast resources, supplied the Province with a large proportion of its revenue, and that—as a consequence—its population must be large, and its prospects favorable, was indeed admitted; but, with the admission was ever associated the prejudice that its people, because agriculturally and commercially connected with the lumber trade, must of necessity be *rude, uncultivated*, and therefore not over well-disposed toward those milder, because religious, influences, on which christianity and the church depend.

Than this there could not have been a graver mistake. The Ottawa has long stood, and still stands, *unrivaled* as a field of promise to any religious body which will undertake its *thorough and proper* cultivation. Its settlers, in intelligence, liberality and zeal in every laudable undertaking, compare favorably with any class of men in any section of Canada. As a rule they are men of generous impulses and warm hearts,—readily disposed to requite—and that gratefully—any kind service bestowed upon them. It is

true, indeed, that in many of the back townships, there may be found no little carelessness of living and irreligion. Noxious weeds will multiply where the soil is neglected: but if so, the evil is attributable not to their indisposition to labor after, or to make sacrifices in order to, a better state of things, but to the unwillingness of men to take them as they are, and to work them up to a higher and more reliable standard. The Ottawa, in fact, presents to the church a splendid field for action—large, productive, yielding promise of abundant reward for her holy enterprise, rich returns for her present outlay and labor. There is *here* plenty of material, and this of the right kind to work upon. We want the *men* earnest, resolute, whole-hearted churchmen to work it. Half-principled men will not answer. A clear, distinct, uncompromising system of teaching, basing itself on *authority*, yet breathing the spirit of love, is the only method of instruction which can hope for any sure or permanent success. And for this good reason—the earliest associations of the Ottawa settlers with but few exceptions, found themselves on the *teaching of the church*.

Now, from its first settlement by British emigrants (chiefly from the north of Ireland) the Ottawa has been characterized by a ready appreciation and submission to religious teaching. Bringing with them from their native land the habits of thought, the warm attachments to old usages, and deep reverence for sacred things, wrought in them by the church, these settlers have been, from the day of their entrance upon these wilds, not only ready, but anxious to greet the accredited dispenser of the word of life. Yet, year after year—in some cases a quarter of a century—have they languished *unused*, enduring in painful silence what they supposed to be the neglect of the church, rather than do violence to their hallowed remembrances of the past, or separate themselves and their families from—what they consider to be—the fold of Christ.

So strongly have these feelings operated that hundreds of families can be found who, although unvisited by any Clergymen, and so far as they can see, uncared for, yet remain true to their early faith, hoping ever against hope that the "good time" is coming when patient endurance will be rewarded, and the sounds of our soul-reviving spirit-stirring, liturgy, with all its associate blessings, will be heard, and make itself a home in their settlements and in their hearts.

Not a few of the districts within sixty miles of Ottawa are in this position—while beyond this range, the field, although well populated, may be said to be—*by the church*—almost untrodden and unknown.

How long must this state of things continue? Is it so that our educated men, accustomed to the refinements and comforts of life, are unequal to the sacrifice to which such duty as this would subject them? Do they shrink from the toil, the exposure—in short the wear and tear, both of body and mind, which must characterize this service? Emphatically no! Self-sacrifice is the spirit of the church: "Duty" her watchword: the overcoming of difficulties her vocation. Her sons are animated by this spirit. They are one with her in action as in faith, in the conflict as in the reward.

*Difficulties must be met*; and without doubt, the early laborers in a field like the Ottawa, which has so long been neglected, and left open to influences and modes of culture un sanctioned by the church, will meet with many trials at the outset. These are to be expected. Where there has been no sound religious instruction, we can hardly look for consistency in principle, or stability of religious character. There will be, for some time, a wavering—on the part of many—between conceits of late formation and a better, because divinely authorized doctrine. Men's sympathies will have to be won over by *degrees*: and those dogmata of religious faith in which they most nearly approach the truth, will be the first on which they will intelligently yield to church teaching. Doctrinal opinions will be modified before concessions are made on points purely Ecclesiastical. The ear and the heart will be reached long before the *eye* can be familiarized to *outward customs and forms*. Such points as the *oneness of the church*, her *visibility*, her *apostolical constitution*, her *divine authority*, her *sacramental mission*, all important and precious as they are, will not, at first, be received with honest confidence, or a trusting faith. But, "*Solvitur Ambulando*" is the motto of hope. He who *to-day* can learn to distinguish the several characters of truth's alphabet, will *to-morrow* gain ability to combine them, nor will he rest there until their magic power—so unseen, unfelt while each stood *per se*—becomes at length the joy of his intellect, and the modifier of his life.

Metcalfe, July 13th, 1860.

Yours, in the Church,

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## RESPECT FOR THE DEAD.

To the Editors of "The Canadian Church Press."

GENTLEMEN.—You have lately noticed the treatment the remains of our fellow-mortals receive in a certain City, at the hands of certain officials. I would desire to notice, in your columns, the attention which our little Church-yard, at St. John's Stamford, is receiving from our Church Wardens there. At the Easter meeting they passed a resolution to do what they could to put the ground in order, to renew the fence, remove all the rubbish which is too frequently permitted to remain under the trees, and about the decayed and falling railings round the graves, and to make a main path through the ground, with smaller side walks. This matter they set about in right good earnest, and in a short time obtained a very satisfactory subscription from the friends and relatives of most of the remains interred therein. They have now nearly completed their work. They have also prepared the ground inside the fence for a privet hedge, which will add much to the beauty of the spot. In short the work done and doing is of a very gratifying character. The feeling that prompted it, is one which is inherent in the human breast, and which is much heightened when we think that the remains of many there resting, once trod the courts of the Lord's House with ourselves. I most heartily wish that the same regard for the repositories of the dead was had in every part of the country. Sad is it to behold such places situated by the road side, unfenced and uncared for; as alas, was the case in a village, in a most beautiful part of our county, not many miles distant, and I fear is still the case. Such disregard bespeaks a want of even common decency! May the example thus set in Stamford be followed by many in equally favoured localities.—Yours obediently,

CHARLES LEYCESTER INGLES,

Drummondville, July 18th, 1860.