WHOLE NUMBER 117.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS. There is a Reaper whose name is Death,

And with his sickle keen, He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flowers that grow between

" Shall I have naught that is fair," saith he: " Have nought but the bearded grain? Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me I will give them all back again.

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their drooping leaves; It was for the Lord of Paradise He bound them in his sheaves.

" My Lord hath need of the flowerets gay," The Reaper said, and smiled: Dear tokens of the earth are they,

" They shall all bloom in fields of light, Transplanted by my care, And saints upon their garments white These sacred blossoms wear.

Where he was once a child.'

The flowers she most did love: But she knew she would find them all again, In the fields of light above.

And the mother gave, in tonis and pain,

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The Reaper came that day : Twas an angel visited the green earth, And took the flowers away.

En. Recorder.

A SERMON.

BY THE REVEREND OFFICIAL MACKIE, B. A., Preached in the Cathedral Church, Quebec, on Sunday Morning, June 14th, 1846.

PROVERDS XXVII. 1.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

Few men but will admit that in God we live and

move and have our being :- Creatures, we are all compelled in some sense to believe that our Creator can at any time withdraw the boon which he has dispensed. And yet, tested by our practice, what doctrine is so mysterious and hard to be understood, as that which proclaims the shortness and uncertainty of life. Not many are to be found, who act as though they believed that man holds his existence upon a precarious tenure; not many are to be found who so number their days, as to apply their hearts unto wisdom. Can it then be wondered that Godthe Sovereign Lord of all-should lay have his arm, and make his power to be felt? Nay, is it not in mercy to our souls that He seeks, by warning upon warning, to teach this so needful lesson, which we are so forward to unlearn?

My Brothren; we of this city have lately wit-

nessed many and solemn manifestations of the righteous judgment of the Lord. Alas! is there nothing of significance in the frequency of such dispensations? Oh! let us pause and reflect as in the presence of Him, unto whom all hearts are open, nd from whom no secrets, are hid! A brief season has scarce clapsed since the devouring fite swept away so large a portion of the city, carrying sorrow into many an abode which its fury had spared; but judgment was tempered with mercy; and that severest of all loss—the loss of life—was then comparatively small. During the week which is passed, the scourge again appeared to chasten us; causing many a child to know the grief of the fatherless, and many a widow to make lamentation. Some of the most estimable of our fellow-citizens had assembled to seek a recreation, which I do not hesitate to say was rational and laudable, at once interesting and instructive—when, as in a moment, by what seemed to human apprehension the merest casualty, a large number of them perished, and so perished as-God in mercy grant that none of us may perish, when this our brief term of existence shall be brought to a close! We will not speculate as to the purpose of God towards those who were thus snatched from our midst. This is among the deep things which we may not approach but with reverence and awe. Enough for us to cherish the hope concerning them, that it was a purpose of mercy. But as it respects ourselves, is not the instruction designed, such as he who runs may read, and understand?

An assemblage with a view to recreation, implied in those thus met together, a certain flow at least of health and spirits. Had they been weighed down by the pressure of disease, and the premonitory symptoms of fast approaching dissolution, they could harldly have felt an interest in these scenes. According to the calculation which man is wont to adopt, they certainly had no reason to believe that they were standing on the threshold of eternity. The very object, therefore, for which they were assembled, gives to this calamity its peculiar emphasis, as a practical illustration of that truth: " Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.35

Let us, in considering the admonition contained in the text, first briefly explain what it does not mean. We are not forbidden to bethink us of the morrow, in the exercise of foresight and precaution. That we are not required to live on, as from day to day, is clearly shown, by the returns of day and night, of seed time and harvest; by the constitution of our bodies, and by every thing about us and around us. But this appears even more clearly from the frame work and texture of our minds. We are creatures of hope, encouraged to be ever pressing onwards. To look forward to the morrow, as to a renewal of God's mercies towards us-to be received (if He so will) and thankfully acknowledged, in the performance of the new duties which every new stage of our Christian course opens out to our view—this is not only not to fight against God, but more fully to recognise our entire dependence upon Him. When our Lord forbids us to "take thought for the morrow," his design is plainly to discourage that anxious foreboding, which, though proceeding in another and opposite direction, springs equally with the sin condemned in the text, from the pride of unbelief. Whother we anticipate the morrow with anxious or with vainglorious expectations, we anticipate it as our own,

That the exhibition took place in the building generally used as a Theatre was (I believe) an accidenial circumstance.—G. M.

can order it according to His will, or withhold it, if that be for our greater good. The evil of the boasting condemned, arises from its being an usurpation of the Divine prerogative; and St. James, when reproving it, shows at the same time the more excellent way: "Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go to into such a city, and con-tinue there a year, and buy and sell and get gain: Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even as a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this or that. But now ye rejoice in your boasting: all such rejoicing is evil." Of the morrow we can not deem too highly, if we regard it as God's gift, inviting to an enlarged and more abundant measure of holiness. For the hope of such a morrow, we will glorify God: out of any morrow as our own, we may not so much as think, far less may we hoast.

Let us now inquire what is meant by the admonition: "Boast not thyself of to-morrow." The poasting condemned is not only that boasting which finds a vent in the utterance of the lip, (few professing Christians may be guilty of this sin) -but such boasting also as is implied in the prevailing tenor of our actions. He boasts him of the morrow, whose life and conversation bear testimony to the fact that he is minding earthly things. He who repines at his own lot, and envies others who may be possessed of a larger portion of this world's goods, plainly declares that the estimate which he has formed of such things is not based upon the assumption that they are short-lived and precarious. He would not indulge in such fond regrets—he could not, if he really believed, and from the ground of his heart, that the tenure upon which they are held is uncertain. Tomorrow does enter into his calculations respecting their value, deny it as he may .- He does boast himself of to-morrow.

He too, who foregoes the comforts of to-day, by rising up early, late taking rest, and eating the bread of carefulness, that he may lay up in store a larger measure of wealth-does not he boast himself of to-morrow?—It would be the merest folly so to live as the many do live; like them to endure with somewhat of cheerful resignation, what we deem to be real hardships; like them to yield up without murmuring, many things which we yet believe to be good things :-- if we did not cherish more than a hope that any present sacrifices would be followed by a more than adequate compensation in the greater enjoyment of the morrow. To resign a certainty for an uncertainty is not what men are wont to do in the ordinary transactions of life-for the children of this world are wise in their gene-ration—nor would they make so foolish an exchange in the case which we are considering, if they did not think that they could realise something like a certainty, when embarking in such a speculation. But what shall we say of him who, with respect to things eternal, defers the work of repentance, believing meanwhile that the Scriptures contain the truth of God, and acknowledging that he has need of amendment or ever he can expect to enter into that kingdom into which nothing can in any wise enter that defileth?

Does not he boast of to-morrow, as though it were his own-he, who is content to transfer to the morrow, as to a more convenient season, a work which is confessedly of so great importance? Shall it be urged that such a work must needs be protracted—that it is the work of a life, and cannot be compassed in a day? Doubtless it must be prolonged, and it must be renewed day by day, but it may not be protracted. If to-day, while it is called to-day, we would cease to harden our hearts, and would address ourselves in good carnest to this work, we know not how much, under the blessing of God, we might be enabled to effect. The man who really believes that the day is far spent, and the work in hand all-important-with what unwonted energies does he labour? How does he concentrate all his efforts to the attainment of the one thing which is before him, and how frequently does he find himself able to accomplish what, under other circumstances, he would not have ventured to undertake, and allbecause he possesses an incentive to labour in the abiding conviction that "the time is short"! We cannot account for the apparent apathy with respect to their eternal interests, which so many men betray who believe nevertheless that the word of God standeth sure, except on the supposition that they are boasting in their hearts of to-morrow, as of a time to which they may fairly look forward unless indeed we are compelled to regard them as per sons who have brought themselves to treat the care of the soul as one of those trifling matters which may receive some attention in moments hot devoted to other and important engagements. I am unwilling to believe that there are any so minded here present, and therefore I reiterate that language of admonition. as the language best suited to the case of every one amongst us who may be deferring the work of repentance: " Boast not thyself of to-morrow."

Proceed we now to examine the reason for which the Wise Man denounces this boasting of to-morrow as presumptuous. "Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."-'The sins which we now cherish. but which we fendly hope to abandon at some future period, may, by reason of events which this day shall bring forth, obtain such a hold that, to dislodge them, would prove an arduous task indeed. Some false step which we may this day take, shall haply force us into a position from which to think of extrication were well nigh hopeless. Circumstances passing around us, and which we scarcely notice, may be really so important in themselves, or so fraught with important consequences, as seriously to impair our spiritual energies in contending against the world, the flesh, and the devil. How different may be the morrow when it comes, from the morrow which we anticipated I and what a difference may this change effect in all our relations! To many of us, what a different morrow was yesterday, from that which we had expected :- to which one of us was i not a day of unlooked-for gloom!—We know not what a day may bring forth. We know not what influence that was at work on the heights of Cappel thirsted upon our future lives, should our lives be spared to us, may this day be produced by what we shall its stroke. The Waldstettes trembled with rage see or hear, or say or do. This day cannot but when they discovered one of these heretical preachform an era in our lives, whether for weal or for ers, and sacrificed him with enthusiasm, as a chosen We know not what it may bring forth. victim, to the Virgin and the Saints. O that, under the blessing of Him that is mighty, | perhaps, never been any battle in which so many

or not so altogether a boon from God, as that He it may bring forth in us those fruits which are to men of the Word of God have bitten the dust. All did not show the same barbarity. The night the praise and glory of God!

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Alas! we need this warning. The motion is, how shrouded in rather than an army of Swiss companies. The uncertainty! and yet we are not only disposed to Abbot Joner, receiving a mortal wound near the presume upon the possession of the morrow, but to change the whole complexion of affairs, during the met in a terrible and unforescen manner the Lord brief space which separates between the present whom they had preached. temptations which render wealth so dangerous to its possessor. Perhaps our health is robust—our spirits unflagging:—but who shall say that disease may not overtake us before the close of this day, and paralyse all our energies, destroy any comeliness in which we may delight, and stamp upon us the seal of dissolution and decay? or may not some casualty render us, even objects of loathing-a burden to ourselves and others? Perhaps we are inclined to deem highly of our attainments, and are looking to future honours, as the result of well directed application: is our intellect then a portion so secure that nothing may happen which in a moment shall dethrone it from its seat of empire, and consign us to the pity and love of others, as our refuge and defence? or, to go further, may not this day, before it depart, usher us into the presence of death itself?

The rich man in the Gospel, looked with selfsatisfied complacency upon his increasing store, and pondered in his mind where to bestow his goods :his barns were not large enough; he would build others, and would say to his soul: " Soul, thou hast much goods, laid by in store for many years. Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry "but it had not entered into his calculations the while, that death might be even then at the door; and yet, the fiat had actually gone forth, which before the morrow's light would require his soul to appear at the bar of judgment. Shall we join in pronouncing a sentence of condemnation against him, and say: "Thou fool?" But upon the self-same security against the stroke of death which he had proposed to himself, how many with him have trusted! how many do still trust, in spite of the warning which his folly presents!

My Brethren: the matter is really beset with difficulties, and it is only by the teaching of the Spirit that we can distinguish between our duty and our danger. On the one hand, we must, while health and strength remain, make provision for the morrow, leaving it to the wisdom of God to determine whether that morrow shall be extended to us or not. On the other hand, we must be careful not to presume upon the morrow, as though we had any eason to expect that it would be granted to us, other than that which is built upon the continuance of His goodness who is the Lord our Preserver. Yes, doubtless, it is with a view to teach us this lesson hat God, in his mysterious providence, so often nips health in the bloom, and shows by so many and vaied dispensations, that the lives of all men are in his hands, and that neither youth, nor strength, nor remedy, nor skill can aught avail when His summons has gone forth concerning any child of man: Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return ! Those over whom we now mourn, had, it is probable, laid their plans for the morrow, and if they had done so in the faith and fear of God, they had done-wisely and well—with them, the day was far spent-but enough remained in which death might work its fearful work, and might prove to us who survive, that man knows not "what a day may bring forth."

My Brethren; I will not dwell longer upon this painful subject: it was not without some effort that addressed myself to the consideration of it. God grant that we may ponder, and lay to heart the olemn, the awful scene. But now, when the outlines of the dreary picture rise up to the memory with all their distinctness of horror, nothing short of a constraining sense of duty could prompt me to

Brethren, beloved in the Lord, why stand we in jeopardy every hour? Death indeed must come to each of us. We know not when—nor whether in the form of old age, of lingering sickness, or abwe by any precaution guard against the pain of lying, nor can any one feel assured that his latter end shall not be full even of excruciating torment Still, with the believer in Christ, One shall walk yea, even in the very midst of the fires, like unto he Son of God :- and what comfort may be derived from this fellowship, we can only conceive, for eye hath not seen nor ear heard it—(Blessed be God! we are taught to believe that it will be exceeding great)-but from that which is emphatically the sting of death he shall without fail be delivered. whose trust is in the name of the Lord. Nor can that man be said to be any longer in jeopardy to whom is presented the blessed alternative of " Christ "-his " life "-or " death "-his " gain." Let us then acquaint ourselves with God and be at peace. Let us with the Apostle "die daily;" that, daily renewed by the Spirit of Him who is the resurrection and the life," we may become daily more meet " for the inheritance of the Saints in light."

ZWINGLE'S DEATH. From the 4th volume of D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.

The ministers were those who paid proportionally for their blood : twenty-five of them fell beneath

Almost everywhere the pastors had marched at the Abbot Joner, receiving a mortal wound near the ditch, expired in sight of his own monastery. The boast of it in advance, as though it would certainly tend, when it came, to our honour and advantage. How blind are we! We may guess at what shall ing all the good he had done them. Schmidt of happen on the morrow; and, judging of the future Kuprach, stationed in the field of battle in the by the past, we may sometimes guess with some midst of his parishioners, fell surrounded by forty of approach to correctness: but at best we can only their bodies. Geroldseck, John Haller, and many guess. We know not what may intervene to other pastors, at the head of their flocks, suddenly

hour and to-morrow. Are we now in prosperity? But the death of one individual far surpassed all spring from the womb of to-day which shall sink us in penury and its attendant sorrows. Are we in the battle-axe in his hand. Scarcely had the contented poverty? Perhaps a change in our cir- action begun, when, stooping to console a dying cuinstances, unlooked for and unhoped for, may take man, says J. J. Hottinger, a stone hurled by the place, and bring with the morrow those peculiar vigorous arm of a Waldstette struck him on the head and closed his lips. Yet Zwingle arose, when two other blows which struck him successively on the leg, threw him down again. Twice more he stands up; but a fourth time he receives a thrust from a lance, he staggers, and sinking beneath so many wounds, falls on his knees. Does not the darkness that is spreading around him announce a still thicker darkness that is about to cover the Church? Zwingle turns away from such sad thoughts; once more he uplifts that head which had been so bold, and gazing with calm eye upon the trickling blood, exclaims: "What evil is this? They can indeed kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul !" These were his last words.

> He had scarcely uttered them when he fell backwards. There under a tree (Zwingle's Pear-tree) in a meadow, he remained lying on his back, with clasped hands, and eyes upturned to heaven.

While the bravest were pursuing the scattered soldiers of Zurich, the stragglers of the Five Cantons had pounced like hungry ravens on the field of battle. Torch in hand, these wretches prowled among the dead, casting looks of irritation around them, and lighting up the features of their expiring victims by the dull glimmering of these funeral torches. They turned over the bodies of the wounded and the dead; they tortured and stripped them. If they found any who were still sensible, they cried out, " Call upon the Saints and confess to our priests!" If the Zurichers, faithful to their creed, rejected these cruel invitations, these men, who were as cowardly as they were fanatical, pierced them with their lances, or dashed out their brains with the butt-ends of their arquebuses. The Roman-catholic historian, Salat of Lucerne, makes a boast of this. "They were left to die like infidel dogs, or were slain with the sword, or the spear, that they might go so much the quicker to the devil, with whose help they had fought so desperately." If any of the soldiers of the Five Cantons had recognised a Zuricher against whom they had any grudge, with dry eyes, disdainful mouth and features changed by anger, they drew near the unhappy creature, writhing in the agonics of death, and said: "Well, has your heretical faith preserved even you are covered with your own blood. God the Virgin, and the Saints have punished you." Scarcely had they uttered these words, before they plunged their swords into their enemy's bosom. Mass or death!" was their watchword.

Thus triumphed the Waldstettes; but the pious Zurichers who had expired on the field of battle called to mind that they had for God one who has said : " If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?"—"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." It is in the furnace of trial that the God of the Gospel conceals the pure gold of his This punishment was most precious blessings. This punishment was necessary to turn aside the Church of Zurich from the "broad ways" of the world, and lead it back to the "narrow ways" of the Spirit and the life. In a political history, a defeat like that of Cappel would be styled a great misfortune; but in a history of the Church of Jesus Christ, such a blow, inflicted by the hand of the Father himself, ought rather to be called a great blessing.

Meanwhile Zwingle lay extended under the tree, near the road by which the mass of people was passing. The shouts of the victors, the groans of the dying, those flickering torches borne from corpse to corpse, Zurich humbled, the cause of Reform lost,-all cried aloud to him that God punishes his servants when they have recourse to the arm of ruptly in all the majesty of its terrors. Nor can man. If the German Reformer had been able to approach Zwingle at this solemn moment, and pronounce these oft-repeated words: "Christians fight not with the sword and arquebus, but with sufferings and the cross," Zwingle would have stretched out his dying hand, and said, "Amen !"

Two of the soldiers who were prowling over the field of battle, having come near to the reformer without recognising him, "Do you wish for a priest to confess yourself?" asked they. Zwingle, without speaking (for he had not strength), made signs in the negative. "If you cannot speak," replied the soldiers, "at least think in thy heart of the Mother of God, and call upon the Saints !? Zwingle again shook his head, and kept his eyes still fixed on heaven. Upon this the irritated soldiers hegan to curse him. "No doubt," said they, " you are one of the heretics of the city !3? One of them, being curious to know who it was, stooped down and turned Zwingle's head in the direction of a fire that had been lighted near the spot. The soldier immediately let him fall to the ground. "I think." said he, surprised and amazed, " I think it is Zwingle!" At this moment Captain Fockinger of Unterwalden, a veteran and a pensioner, drew near : he had heard the last words of the soldier. " Zwingle!" exclaimed he; "that vile heretic Zwingle! that rascal, that traiter!" Then raising his sword, so long sold to the stranger, he struck the dying Christian on the throat, exclaiming in a violent pas-sion, "Die, obstinate heretic!" Yielding under this last blow, the reformer gave up the ghost: he was doomed to perish by the sword of a mercenary There has, "Procious in the sight of the Lord is the death of of costumes, and the expressions of the wearers."

The soldiers ran to other victims, of costumes, and the expressions of the wearers. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of

was cold; a thick hoar-frost covered the fields and head of their flocks. One might have said that the bodies of the dying. The Protestant historian, Cappel was an assembly of Christian churches Bullinger, informs us that some Waldstettes gently raised the wounded in their arms, bound up their wounds, and carried them to the fires lighted on the field of battle. "Ah!" cried they, "why have the Swiss thus slaughtered one another!" The main body of the army had remained on the

field of battle near the standards. The soldiers conversed around the fires, interrupted from time to time by the cries of the dying. During this time the chiefs assembled in the convent sent messengers to carry the news of their signal victory to the confederate cantons, and to the Roman-catholic powers of Germany.

stretched lifeless on the plain; but sometimes also shedding tears as they gazed on corpses which reminded them of old and sacred ties of friendship. At length they reached the pear-tree under which Zwingle lay dead, and an immense crowd collected round it. His countenance still beamed with expression and with life. "He has the look," said Bartholomew Stocker of Zug, who had loved him, "he has the look of a living rather than of a dead man. Such he was when he kindled the people by the fire of his eloquence. All eyes were fixed upon the corpse. John Schönbrunner, formerly canon of Zurich, who had retired to Zug at the epoch of the Reformation, could not restrain his tears: "Whatever may have been thy creed," said he, "I know, Zwingle, that thou hast been a loyal confederate! May thy soul rest with God!"

But the pensioners of the foreigner, on whom Zwingle had never ceased to make war, required that the body of the heretic should be dismembered, and a portion sent to each of the Five Cantons. Peace be to the dead! and God alone be their Judge!" exclaimed the avoyer Golder and the landamman Thoss of Zug. Cries of fury answered their appeal, and compelled them to retire. Im-mediately the drums beat to muster; the dead body was tried, and it was decreed that it should be quartered for treason against the Confederation, and then burnt for heresy. The executioner of Lucerne carried out the sentence. Flames consumed Zwingle's disjointed members; the ashes of swine were mingled with his: and a lawless multitude rushing upon his remains, flung them to the four winds of

Zwingle was dead. A great light had been extinguished in the Church of God. Mighty by the Word as were the other reformers, he had been more so than they in action; but this very power had been his weakness, and he had fallen under the weight of his own strength. Zwingle was not forty-eight years old when he died. If the might of God always accompanied the might of man, what would he not have done for the Reformation in Switzerland, and even in the empire! But he had wielded an arm that God had forbidden; the helmet had covered his head, and he had grasped the halberd. His more devoted friends were themselves astonished, and exclaimed: "We know not what to say! . . . a bishop in arms!" The bolt had furrowed the cloud, the blow had reached the reformer, and his body was no more than a handful of dust in the palm of a soldier.

THE ABSURDITY OF WAR.

The absurdity of war is seen in this one fact, that it determines no principle. The point in dispute, whatever it may be, is decided upon no ground of equity, but might makes the right.—The strongest wins, and takes the spoil. Those who do the actual fighting generally have no interest whatever in that which causes the contention-perhaps they do not even know what they are fighting about.

Look at this matter for a moment. Two kings, in their palaces, because of some strip of land which each claims as under his dominion, declare war-Each makes a draft upon some peaceful village, and straightway a certain number of hardy yeomen leave their ploughs in the furrow, and their hammers on the anvil, and take up their march for a distant spot, they know not where, to fight for something they know not what. There are fathers in that rank of soldiery, who leave behind them brokenhearted wives and helpless little ones: there are sons, the only treasure of their widowed mothers: there are noble-hearted and stout-limbed artisans, who surely were made for some better purposes than to be set up as targets for the cunning marksman. At length the two bands meet; has the one

given the other any cause of offence—is there any earthly reason why they should not love each other? They never saw each other before, never heard of each other's existence. At the setting of the sun, weary with long fatigue, after each army has been commended to the care of the same great God-the sentries are posted, and they lie down to refush themselves for the morrow's work. Oh God! what work! what work for holy angels to look upon! Human butchery! man gorging himself with his brother's blood! fathers killing fathers, sons killing sons-sending we and desolation into these once peaceful cottages, and making many and many a nother childless ! And, when all is over, and the wounded are gathered to their beds, to writhe and groan in agony—and the dead are thrown into the awning pit-and the wailing of defeat is heard on he one side, and the peal of victory on the otherwhat is effected? what determined? is any principle decided? is it certain that the territory in ispute has now reverted to its rightful owner? and if it has, is it worth to him or to any one else, the sin and the sorrow which have been paid for it ?- Rev. Thos. M. Clark.—Ep. Recorder.

EASTER IN THE GREEK CHURCH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

A correspondent of the London Daily News, Juoted in the English Churchman of May 14th, oncludes a description of the Easter services, in a Church at Constantinople, with the following singular picture :

"The throng was great; yet there was room to move about. I was struck by the picturesque confusion which prevailed among the crowd, the variety