

To the Editor of the Church.

Sir,—May I beg leave to request an insertion in the "Church" newspaper, of the following lines, being a trifling effusion, in honour of our young and noble Sovereign. Although deficient in other respects, they have at least one recommendation, that of being loyal, heart-felt, and sincere. You may perhaps object to them, on the ground of their not being suitable to your peaceful publication, but I beg of you to remember, that our Church does not condemn war, when in a just cause; and what cause more noble than that, in which Britons would draw the sword, in defence of our youthful and illustrious Queen!

I remain, Sir, &c.

A. H. H.

September 30th, 1837.

BRITISH NATIONAL ANTHEM.

I.
Long may Victoria reign,
Queen of the foaming main:
Long may she reign!
Still on old Ocean's tide
Shall Albion's Navy ride;
Victoria's foes defied:—
God save the Queen!

II.
Now England's chivalry,
With Yeomen bold and free,
Prompt shall be seen;
To fight in tented field
And British swords to wield;
From every harm to shield
Their noble Queen.

III.
O God, thy blessings send!
Our youthful Queen defend:—
Long let her reign!
And may each loyal band
Firm fixed in duty stand!
God bless our native land!
God save the Queen!

CHURCH CALENDAR.

October 15.—21st Sunday after Trinity.
18.—St. Luke's Day.
22.—22d Sunday after Trinity.
28.—St. Simon and St. Jude's Day.
29.—23d Sunday after Trinity.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. X.

OXFORD;—DR. WHATELY; MR. KEBLE;—QUEEN'S, MAGDALEN AND NEW COLLEGE, &c.

One of the first persons with whom, in this venerable seat of learning, I had the gratification of forming an acquaintance, was the celebrated Dr. Whately, Principal of Alban Hall, and now Archbishop of Dublin. The introduction from a mutual friend,—now no more,—was very courteously received; and more of the hospitalities of Alban Hall were proffered than I had it in my power to accept. I was fortunate, during this my first interview with Dr. Whately, in meeting also with Mr. Keble, the well-known poet of the "Christian Year," and with a son of the late philanthropic William Wilberforce. It is not often that one is suddenly and unexpectedly thrown into the company of three persons so agreeable and so distinguished; for if Mr. Wilberforce have not attained the personal celebrity so deservedly possessed by the other two, the name of his revered father would, under almost any circumstances, throw around him more than an ordinary interest.

I am aware that serious differences of opinion are entertained as to the merits of the present Archbishop of Dublin; nor will I deny, although with the deepest admiration of his Lordship's commanding talents, that some of his "liberal" views are such as no conscientious minister of the Protestant Church of Christ can be supposed to approve of or advocate. Yet, who that knows Dr. Whately can doubt the sincerity of his principles or the honesty of his character? Who can believe that, in the doctrines and views he sometimes unhappily upholds, he is actuated by any other principle than his own—no doubt erroneous—persuasion of what is right? It is Dr. Young, I think, who has said that "with the talents of an angel a man may be a fool;" and although no opinion approaching in the slightest degree to disrespect can, possibly, with fairness attach to Dr. Whately, it is not to be denied that he ranks amongst the number of the great, the talented, and the good, who see not as the mass of others see upon some of the simplest elements of civil and moral organization. There is, in short, in the character of Dr. Whately a slight tinge of the eccentric which produces a very resolute adherence to the singularity of some of his own opinions; but again I say that no man, upon the bench of British prelates, was ever more sincere or more honest in the maintenance of those opinions; and probably no man was ever more heartily desirous,—err though he may in the application of the means,—of promoting the best welfare of his fellow-creatures and fellow-Christians.

About the person and the character of Mr. Keble there is a charm which strikes and fascinates at once. By the piety and poetry of his "Christian Year" he has established for himself a lasting reputation; but it is not upon the sweetness and excellence of his sacred songs that his fame alone is built:—as the biographer of the "Judicious Hooker," he has added another fadeless wreath to his literary laurels. "The editing of Hooker," says the British Critic, "could have been scarcely committed to better hands than those of Keble,—the gentleman, the scholar, the man of feeling, the divine;—one who, in his Christian Year, has gained him a name that 'will not perish in the dust;'"—a man who lives sermons (to use the phrase of old Fuller) as well as preaches them;—in a word, a man who, in these days of rebuke and blasphemy, of unsacramental thoughts, and unsaint-like disinclination to hear the Church, has lifted up a voice that dares give utterance to holy thoughts in uncompromising language in the ears of the people that are upon the wall."

Had Mr. Keble chosen to remain in the University there was probably no honour nor advantage in the power of his College to bestow, to which he might not have aspired; but he preferred residing with an aged father in the country, and devoting him-

self to the alleviation of his infirmities and declining years. As one, too, amongst thousands of instances in which the same Christian spirit is in the English Clergy to be discerned, we find Mr. Keble amongst the late contributors to the Church building fund to the extent of £5000.

From Alban Hall I proceeded to Queen's College, where it was my good fortune to meet with an old acquaintance, who contributed largely to the enjoyments I experienced in Oxford, and whose most kind attentions in accompanying me to the principal objects of curiosity, can never be obliterated from my mind. From Queen's we walked to the noble structure of Magdalen College, whose magnificent tower stands forth an object of pre-eminent attraction in this venerable city; and there I had also the gratification of meeting with the brother of an old and particular friend, by whose acquaintance the pleasure and gratification of this visit to Oxford was much increased. Unwilling, at so late an hour in the day, to trespass long upon the kindness of these friends, I proceeded to a solitary walk round this venerable and romantic city, and was content, during the remainder of the evening, with the comforts of the Star Hotel.

On the following morning, I called again, according to appointment, upon the Principal of Alban Hall, and a very interesting and animated conversation arose upon the state of religious destitution in Canada, and upon the best means of providing for its alleviation. A lengthened discussion took place upon the expediency, under the peculiar circumstances of a new country, of establishing Itinerant Missionaries,—a plan of which Dr. Whately expressed the most unqualified approbation. Until the circumstances of a country,—were nearly his words,—will justify the establishment of stated and better furnished receptacles of goods, they must be content with the supplies which are borne about by the pedlar;—and why, he added, should not this custom which necessity has given rise to, be made applicable to spiritual matters?—It will be pleasing to the Archbishop of Dublin to learn how extensively and successfully the plan which formed the subject of that morning's conversation, has since been acted upon.

By the Principal of Alban Hall I was introduced to Dr. McBride, the head of Magdalen Hall,—who, with his excellent lady, are conspicuous for a benevolence which is directed by the best principles of our holy religion. Possessed of a handsome fortune, and having but one child, they make it a matter of conscience to be correspondingly liberal in ameliorating the sufferings of the poor, and in advancing the cause of the Redeemer's kingdom. Dr. McBride's name is always to be seen as a large contributor to every proper object and institution of charity; while his lady, amongst other evidences of devotion to the best of causes, supports a free school in Oxford at her own expense and maintains it under her own personal and active superintendence.

From Alban Hall we went to the attractive shop of Mr. Parker the bookseller, where the eye rests upon thousands of splendidly bound volumes on the surrounding shelves, and where the tables are strewn with the abundance of those new publications which are constantly issuing from the London press.

With my friend of Queen's, I went next to visit Exeter College, where an introduction to the then Vice-Chancellor ensured the hearty attentions of that estimable individual. From hence we visited the Library of Queen's, which is on an elegant and extensive scale, comprising also a large collection of rare and beautiful manuscripts. Amongst others, I was shewn a very magnificent manuscript copy of Horace, of considerable antiquity, and a beautiful illuminated Missal of Queen Mary of England. The inspection of a manuscript by a celebrated alchemist was highly amusing, as, at the close of the volume, it portrayed a representation of "the devil's hand writing," as said to have been seen in a vision by the alchemist in question! That this particular part of the book had excited a great deal of curiosity, was evident from the manner in which that page had been thumbled and worn.

We next paid a visit to the magnificent Chapel of Winchester, or New College,—a structure which fully deserves the celebrity it has attained, although despoiled of many of its attractions by the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell; who, with puritanic zeal, had marred many a beautiful edifice as well as overturned many a fairer moral structure! From this we proceeded to the Theatre, where the prize poems are recited; entered and examined those magnificent receptacles of the literature of ages, the Bodleian and Rattcliffe Libraries;—and concluded the sight-seeing occupations of the morning, with an inspection of the exquisitely beautiful picture of Christ bearing his cross, which adorns the Chapel of Magdalen College.

(To be Continued.)

THE CATHEDRALS AND UNIVERSITIES OF ENGLAND.

And here I am reminded of one of the noblest passages in the whole recorded eloquence of Canning, who, in his speech to the corporation of Plymouth, adverting to the objection of a navy during peace, alluded to the mighty power which lay up in reserve in those enormous floating masses assembled at that port, forming one of the most glorious of our national spectacles.—"Our present repose," he said, "is no more a proof of our inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters about your Town, is a proof that they have no strength, and are incapable of being fitted for service. You well know," he continued, "how soon one of those stupendous masses now reposing on its shadow in perfect stillness, how soon, upon any call of patriotism and necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage,—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder." Such is one of those magnificent machines, when spreading from inaction into a display of its might. Such is England herself: while apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion. And such, I would add, are the Churches and Colleges of England; in which, though they have been termed the dormitories of Literature, is fostered into

maturity and strength almost all the massive learning of our nation. In these venerable institutes there lies up, if not a force in action, at least a force in readiness. This is the age of hostility to endowments, and more especially so, when the alleged wealth and the alleged indulgence of our established dignitaries are looked to with an evil eye; but to the Church and the universities of England the theological literature of our nation stands indebted for her best acquisitions: and we hold it a refreshing spectacle, at any time, to behold an armed champion come forth in full equipment, from some high and sheltered retreat of her noble hierarchy; nor can we grudge her the wealth, the alleged wealth, of all her endowments, when we think how well, under her venerable auspices, the battles of orthodoxy have been fought,—that in this holy warfare they are her sons and scholars who are ever foremost in the land, ready at all times to face the threatening mischief, and, by the might of their ponderous erudition, to overbear it.—Dr. Chalmers.

ARCHBISHOP USHER.

There is a story of Archbishop Usher, that he went about and visited his Clergy unexpectedly, and saw how they were employed, and how their flocks fared. It is said that on one occasion he went in disguise, and begged alms at the curate's house. The curate was out upon duty; but his prudent wife soundly lectured the old man, though she gave him relief. "For shame old man at these years to go begging, these are not the usual fruits of an honest, industrious, godly life. Tell me old man how many commandments are there?" The old man with seeming confusion stammered out, "eleven." "I thought so," said she; "go thy way old man, and here take this book with thee and learn thy catechism; and when next time you are asked, say ten." The archbishop took his departure, and had it formally announced that he should preach the next day in the parish church. The morning came; little thought the good woman that the archbishop was the old alms beggar, till he gave the text and comment. "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." "It would seem" begins the sermon, "by this text that there are eleven commandments." The old man was recognized, and the curate's wife acknowledged with some shame to herself, that there was another, and a new commandment.

JUSTIFICATION AND SANCTIFICATION.

The sun is perfectly luminous, but the moon is but half-illuminated; so the believer is perfectly justified, but sanctified only in part. His one half, his flesh, is dark; and as the partial illumination is the reason of so many changes in the moon to which the sun is not subject at all, so the imperfection of a Christian's holiness is the cause of so many waxings and wanings, and of the great inequality in his performances; whereas, in the meanwhile, his justification remains constantly like itself: this is imparted, that is inherent.—Archbishop Leighton.

THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

THE following Books have been left with the Editor of 'The Church' for Sale, to whom application (post paid) may be made.

Whitby's Annotations, 2 vols. 4to. bound 25s.; Butler's Analogy, 8vo bound 6s.; Locke's Essay, 2 vols. 8vo. bound 12s. Cruden's Concordance, 4 to. bds. 15s. tf15

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