

The Church.

"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

THEREFORE I WILL NOT BE NEGLIGENT TO PUT YOU ALWAYS IN REMEMBRANCE OF THESE THINGS, THOUGH YE KNOW THEM AND BE ESTABLISHED IN THE PRESENT TRUTH.—2 PETER 1, 12.

VOLUME II.]

COBOURG, UPPER CANADA, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1839.

[NUMBER XLI.]

Poetry.

EASTER DAY.

Up, and away!
Thy Saviour's gone before.
Why dost thou stay,
Dull soul? Behold the door
Is open, and his precept bids thee rise,
Whose power hath vanquished all thine enemies.

Say not, I live,
Whilst in the grave thou liest:
He that doth give
Thee life, would have thee prize 't
More highly than to keep it buried, where
Thou canst not make the fruits of it appear.

Is rottenness
And dust so pleasant to thee,
That happiness
And heaven, cannot woo thee
To shake thy shackles off, and leave behind thee
Those fetters, which to death and hell do bind thee?

In vain thou say'st
Thou'rt buried with thy Saviour,
If thou delay'st
To shew thy behaviour,
That thou art risen with him; till thou shine
Like him, how canst thou say his light is thine?

Early he rose,
And with him brought the day,
Which all thy foes
Frighted out of the way:
And wilt thou, sluggard-like, turn in thy bed,
Till noon sunbeams draw up thy drowsy head?

Open thine eyes,
Sin-seized soul, and see
What cobweb ties
They are that trammel thee:
Not profits, pleasures, honours, as thou thinkest;
But loss, pain, shame, at which thou vainly winkest.

All that is good
Thy Saviour dearly bought
With his heart's blood;
And it must there be sought,
Where he keeps residence, who rose this day.
Linger no longer then! up, and away!

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE ENGLISH LAYMAN.

No. XXI.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

He is possessed by a commanding spirit,
And his too is the station of command!
And well for us it is so! There exist
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
Their intellects intelligently.—Then
Well for the whole, if there be found a man,
Who makes himself what nature destined him,
The pause, the central point to thousand thousands—
Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence.
Coleridge's Wallenstein.

If some dreadful political convulsion should shake England to its centre, or some imminent danger from abroad should absorb all party questions, and call off the combatants in civil strife to unite their forces against a common foe,—there is one man on whom every eye would be fixed simultaneously with the instinctiveness of self-preservation,—and that man, it is almost needless to say, is the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. Such a crisis, indeed, appears to be nigh at hand: the balance of continental power is threatened with disturbance; and the Empire, from its heart to the remotest colonial dependency, is stirred with a feverish restlessness, the precursor of general disorder. It is therefore a ground for universal congratulation and confidence that the Hero of Waterloo still lives to guard the trophies he has gained for his country, and to direct the State with that consummate political wisdom, which, unimpaired by the lapse of seventy winters, is only equalled by his military renown.

The fame that is destined to descend as an heirloom from age to age, rarely attains its fulness while the subject of it remains above earth. The cotemporaries of a great man stand too close to him to scan his colossal proportions; and it is reserved for posterity to gaze on his glories, unclouded by the envy of faction, and revealed in all the accuracy of truth. Time is required to mellow and blend into one harmonious consistency the glowing colours of the painter's art; and what is lost by him in present reputation, is more than recompensed by an imperishable celebrity. And thus it is that the Duke of Wellington has not yet attained,—(and long may it be before he can attain!)—that almost inaccessible height which he must occupy on the Hill of Fame. His Grace is one

Who, not content that former worth stands fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpass.—

Age, that dimmed the eyes of Marlborough with the tears of dotage, seems to reverence him, as if loth that such a noble structure of humanity should perish by the ordinary process of decay!

The military achievements of the Duke of Wellington have been so stupendously dazzling, that the world thought it impossible for them to be combined with the highest excellencies of a statesman, or that nature could endow a single man with a double portion of intellectual gifts,—the wisdom available alike in times of war or peace. Having so long viewed him in the "attire of warfare," it was difficult for us to fancy him in the civic garb, swaying Senates with the clear and unadorned enunciation of his marvellous sagacity. But the truth has gradually and slowly dawned upon us, and we now hail the Hero of Waterloo as the profoundest statesman of the reign of Victoria.

There is not any one, in the whole range of history, who has lived to witness so many trophies erected to his fame, as the conqueror of Napoleon. Marble, and canvass, and brass have done their work: but, in these respects, others have

been equally honoured in their generation, and have lived to gaze, in common with a grateful nation, upon their own lineaments and forms. His is a nobler and more enduring monument;—every stone of it has been quarried, raised, and cemented by his own "inimitable hand";—and it consists in the collection of his Despatches compiled from official and authentic documents, by Colonel Gurwood. In these we are admitted into the privacy of the Duke's tent and cabinet, and are furnished with a remarkable exception to the aphorism that, No man is a hero to his valet. Of this "the noblest testimony that could be offered to his moral and intellectual character," it is impossible to speak in language of extravagant commendation. We are prepared to view him meditating gigantic schemes, and laying down the plans by which they are to be accomplished: we find no more than we expected, when he compresses a life of truth and experience into a single hour, and, with an intuitive glance, foretells the catastrophes of the various dramas enacting on the world's wide stage before him: we perceive no cause for special wonderment in his untiring sagacity, in his combination of the aggressive vigour of Marcellus with the defensive caution of Fabius, in his unrivalled practical sense, his unshaken magnanimity, and his lofty disinterestedness. These, it must be confessed, are signal and noble qualities, but they fill us with esteem, rather than with affection; they dazzle, rather than fascinate our eyes; and their combination is not a novel feature in the character of the world's foremost men. The traits, which these Despatches exhibit to us for the first time, and which previously were not, in general, accorded to the Duke of Wellington, are those, which add love to admiration, and heighten national gratitude into personal attachment. It is ennobling to our species, and delightful to our feelings, to find that the highest excellencies of private station are not irreconcilable with the stern career of the victorious warrior, and that the household virtues, and the peace-loving humanities of life may be found among the demoralisation of camps, and the carnage-covered fields of battle.

A property peculiar to the Duke has, perhaps, more than any thing else, prevented the world from recognizing the full worth of his character, and appreciating the beauty of its tenderness and simplicity. A constant command over his passions has enabled him to pursue his career, as if he were raised above the ordinary emotions of his kind; and thus, while mastering his impulses, and compelling them into subordination to his duty, he has appeared devoid of gentleness and compassion. This, however, though it may have obscured the full effulgence of his character for a time, has now invested it with a brighter and a milder lustre. We see from the Despatches that he always felt as a man,—that in the most important and trivial affairs he was careful never to wound the feelings or even the weaknesses of others,—that as a general and a negotiator he was swayed by the most inflexible equity,—and that, in the very flush of triumph, moderation and magnanimity shone the brightest jewels in his diadem.

We are too apt to represent the Duke, after the battle of Waterloo, as elated with a natural and patriotic exultation, and thinking little of the blood, that so plentifully watered his laurels. But in the earliest moments of victory, when a partial relaxation of his heavy responsibilities allowed him a brief indulgence in his feelings as a man, how touching and how simple are the expressions of his sorrow for the wounded and the slain of his companions in arms! In communicating to the Duke of Beaufort the loss of Lord Fitzroy Somerset's right arm, he remarks, "You are aware how useful he has always been to me; and how much I shall feel the want of his assistance, and what a regard and affection I feel for him; and you will readily believe how much concerned I am for his misfortune. Indeed, the losses I have sustained, have quite broken me down: and I have no feeling for the advantages we have acquired." "I cannot express to you," he writes to the Earl of Aberdeen, "the regret and sorrow with which I look round me, and contemplate the loss which I have sustained, particularly in your brother. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me, and I cannot suggest it as any to you and his friends; but I hope that it may be expected that this last one has been so decisive, as that no doubt remains that our exertions and our individual losses will be rewarded by the early attainment of our just object. It is then that the glory of the actions in which our friends and relations have fallen will be some consolation for their loss." In a postscript to the same letter he adds: "Your brother had a black horse given to him, I believe, by Lord Ashburnham, which I will keep till I hear from you what you wish should be done with it." This kindly and thoughtful, minute attention from such a man and at such a time, is an unobtrusive testimony to the goodness of his moral nature, and proves how intimate he is with all the minor springs of human feeling,—the sympathies, the joys, and the fears of, that by which the Poet says we live, "the human heart."

His conduct towards an enemy was no less stamped with consideration and nobility of soul. When it was proposed by some eminent foreigner, as it would appear, to rid the world of Napoleon by summary and violent means, he remonstrated with the projector of this scheme, against "so foul a transaction," and declared that they had both "acted too distinguished parts in these transactions to become executioners," and added, "I was determined if the sovereigns wished to put him to death they should appoint an executioner which should not be me." When Blucher, thirsting to revenge the wrongs of Prussia, was desirous of destroying the bridge of Jena at Paris, and of levying exactions on that city, the Duke interposed, and would not permit the victory of Waterloo to be sullied by a fruitless and barbaric revenge! A striking parallel may be instituted between Marlborough and Wellington;—the former, in some points of character is entitled to a superiority over the Hero of Waterloo, yet the balance of merit is greatly in favour of the latter. The same versatility of military skill, the same statesman-like

sagacity, the same extraordinary equanimity of temper, the same humanity, are conspicuous in both; but in political integrity, in spotless disinterestedness, and in all freedom from the taint of pecculation, Wellington far surpasses his illustrious predecessor in arms.

It is not without an object that I have endeavoured, for a moment, to direct public attention to the character of the Duke of Wellington. We are surrounded on every side with preparations of war, and, amidst much to depress us, we require to be manned against the hour of trial by topics of encouragement, and reminiscences of national glory: and there cannot be a greater reason for confidence than the knowledge that the rumours so lately prevalent of the Duke's ill health were fabrications "circulated, in all probability, by those whose "wishes were father" to the reports. While we are frequently hearing about us hoarse and obscene birds croaking their ill-omened forebodings, and mourning over the death of great men, great warriors and great statesmen, capable of sustaining the honour of the British Empire,—it is well to bear in mind that the times will make the men; and that, judging by the past, whatever may be the emergency of our country, there will ever be a Chatham, or a Pitt, a Nelson or a Wellington, who

if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need.

The Hero of Waterloo is still heard in the Senate with silent attention, and faction passes him by as an object that public veneration has placed beyond its reach. In the course of events, he cannot be much longer spared to a grateful and admiring country; but the lessons of wisdom which he has dropped from his lips, especially with reference to this harassed portion of the Empire, will be an invaluable inheritance, and, if duly prized by those who hold the reins of State, will be found to contain those vital principles, by which alone being carried out to a consummation, England can hope to remain the Queen of the Ocean, and the arbitress of the World.

Moreover a great man, like the Duke of Wellington, never dies. His existence is perpetuated in the warriors trained under his eye; in the statesmen educated in his school. His deeds descend as a possession common to his countrymen, and the recital of them moulds many a youthful mind into the forms of heroism and public virtue. His name belongs to our fire-side converse, and becomes "familiar in our mouths as a household word" it is a talisman against national disaster; and it is impossible that Britons should think of it, and disgrace their country.

ALAN FAIRFORD.

Toronto, 21st March, 1839.

HORN LITURGICAL.

No. XIV.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

The reading of the Holy Scriptures in the public worship of God, is followed, as we have seen, by a Hymn of thanksgiving,—expressing our devout gratitude for the precious treasure of his holy Word. When the sacred volume has been closed, and our thankful acknowledgments are ended, there seems to be made to us an appeal like this,—"Believest thou the Scriptures?": and from christians this will be the ready and unhesitating response, "Lord, I believe." But it is not enough that this should be the conviction of our minds,—that an inward persuasion of the truth of God's Word should be felt: we must bear testimony of our belief in its precious truths; we must make a public acknowledgment of our unfeigned assent to all that it contains. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God," but the faith which is felt must be declared; we are to "confess with our mouth" the doctrines which we "believe in our heart." In the Apostles' Creed, therefore, we are furnished with a comprehensive form in which to make profession of our faith.

The proper position of the Creed in our public service is evidently, then, where the Church has placed it; and the propriety of the arrangement is strengthened, from its being immediately followed by the prayers and intercessions which we are called upon by a sense of our necessities to offer. As we "cannot call on him in whom we have not believed," the profession of our faith as christians should undoubtedly precede the offering up of our prayers; and since we only hope to be heard by God the Father through the merits of his blessed Son Jesus Christ, and the sanctifying co-operation of the Holy Spirit, it is right that we should, as it were, preface our petitions to the throne of Grace by a declaration of our faith in the Triune Godhead, and in those leading points of christian doctrine upon which our petitions are in a manner grounded.

From the title given to the Creed, the popular supposition would naturally be that this confession of faith was actually the composition of the Apostles. On this subject, however, a great diversity of opinion has long existed, and still prevails; but all agree that the compilation of the Creed in popular use is of great antiquity, and that from its agreement with the doctrine of the Apostles, it is not improperly inscribed with their name. Although there is an absence of direct evidence as to its Apostolical authority, we are not without internal and collateral testimony of considerable weight, that there existed in the Apostles' times a formula or rule of faith embodying the substance of the doctrines contained in the Creed now ascribed to them.

St. Paul, in addressing his Roman converts, speaks of a "form of doctrine" which was held by them, and upon their zealous maintenance of which he congratulates them. To the Galatians, he speaks of a "rule" of faith, upon their adherence to which there would be many attendant blessings. To Timothy, he speaks of a "deposit" committed to his faithful keeping; and, in another place, he urges upon the same Apostle a firm adherence to the "form of sound words" in which he had been instructed.—[See Rom. vi. 17.—Gal. vi. 15, 16.—1 Tim. vi. 20.—2 Tim. i. 13.]

These are incidental testimonies which may reasonably be thought to support the Apostolical authority of the Creed; and they are strengthened by many corresponding passages in the writings of the earlier Fathers of the Church. Clemens Romanus, in one of his Epistles, says, "The Apostles having received the gift of tongues, while they were yet together, by joint consent composed that creed which the church of the faithful now holds." Irenæus declares that "the Church received from the Apostles and their disciples, this faith in one God the Father Almighty &c." Tertullian, speaking of this "rule of faith," affirms that "it descended to us from the beginning of the Gospel before any heretic had risen up." St. Ambrose positively asserts that "it was composed by the twelve Apostles." St. Jerome styled it "the symbol of our faith and hope delivered from the Apostles;" and St. Augustine observes, "that which the whole Church holds, and was not instituted by Councils, but always retained, that is justly believed to have been delivered from Apostolical authority." Rufinus, who lived 390 years after Christ, states of the Creed that it was then generally spoken of as having been framed by the Apostles; so that it would seem reasonable to infer that it was composed and brought into its proper order at least in their times.

This, however, cannot be regarded as a settled point; and therefore the Church exercises her usual caution in not pronouncing authoritatively upon the question, but in the Eighth Article terms it the Creed, "commonly called the Apostles' Creed." Yet that it is no less entitled to our reverence and regard on that account, is implied in the same Article, when it is declared that all the doctrines it contains "may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture." To this test it has been repeatedly brought, and almost every word of it confirmed by an express text of sacred Writ.

"It may properly, therefore (whatever other reason may have been found for the title,) be styled "symbolum Apostolicum,"—the Apostolical or Apostles' Creed; for it is certainly of no less authority."* And therefore the celebrated Calvin very reasonably expressed himself to be perfectly indifferent about the exact authors or compilers of it; assured that it was at all events a confession of faith suitable to the times, and consonant to the preaching of the Apostles. Nor does he scruple to declare that to his mind it contained nothing but what might be proved by the most solid tests of Scripture.†

We have alluded to the propriety of such a public profession of our faith as is contained in this Scriptural Creed. Here, as feeble and dependent creatures, we make acknowledgment of God the Father, who made and who preserves us; as guilty creatures, we profess our faith in God the Son, "besides whom there is no Saviour"; and as sinful and polluted creatures, we declare our belief in the sanctifying influence of God the Holy Ghost. This acknowledgment and confession, while it is due to Him "with whom we have to do," is not without a practical advantage to ourselves. The formal recital of these fundamental truths of our holy religion cannot fail to awaken in the real believer many salutary feelings. He cannot make profession of the might and majesty of God without a corresponding self-abasement; nor pause from this circumstantial recital of the Saviour's sufferings, without a renewal of his contrite sorrow. "A captive," beautifully observes a late writer, "who has been delivered from cruel bondage may, in the midst of the bustle of active life, find the emotions of gratitude that is due to his deliverer in a measure suppressed; but when called on to recite, in the circle of his friends, the various incidents of the interesting tale, surely his tears will begin to flow afresh." So "it is difficult to conceive it possible that the wonders of redeeming love can pass over the lips without melting the heart."‡

And in recollection of this formal avowal of his belief, shall not the christian, when tempted to sin, be induced to exclaim, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?"—"Thou hast avouched the Lord this day to be thy God;" will then would it become his avowed servants to surrender themselves to any dominion which is opposed to Him!

This public confession, too, participated in by all around them in the worshipping assembly, affords to christians a mutual encouragement. The wavering or languishing faith will be confirmed and animated by this its general and public profession. In private, without counsel and alone, we might feel our vigour of confidence decay; but "as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man the countenance of his friend";—while with a devout heart and an audible voice we join together in a profession of our faith, we encourage one another; the sluggish will be animated, and the indifferent shamed into a livelier warmth of affection and a better vigour of action.

It constitutes, further, a bond of union;—the public profession of the same truths will forward a unity of sentiment and action amongst believers. The voices of the faithful, uniting in the same declarations, will serve to drown the clamour of irreligious debate and suppress the unhappy spirit of division which has made such inroads among us. If we believe and make public avowal of our belief in "the communion of saints," we shall become better disposed to live as those who love one another.§

This public rehearsal of our faith in the house of God, may also have its influence upon the unbeliever and the more formal professor. They may be startled by the repetition of these solemn truths, and impelled to the inquiry whether they believe them or not,—whether they rest indeed upon the Providence of God as their only dependence,—upon the Son of God as their only refuge from the condemnation of sin,—upon the Holy Ghost, as their only

* Nares on the Three Creeds, Sermon i.
† Instit. Lib. ii. cap. xvii. § 18.
‡ Rev. T. T. Biddulph.
§ Rev. T. T. Biddulph.