

continual godliness.—Keep her with thy perpetual mercy. Let thy continual pity cleanse and defend her. From envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness—from all false doctrine, heresy and schism, good Lord deliver her. Inspire continually the universal Church with the spirit of unity and concord, so that all her members may live in unity and godly love; and may thus shew themselves very members incorporate in the mystical body of thy Son, the blessed company of all faithful people.—Yea, grant to all who have been admitted to the fellowship of Christ's religion, that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, that we may become one fold under one Shepherd, and so to follow thy blessed saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys which thou hast prepared for them that unfeignedly love thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE GROUND OF OUR ZION'S GLORYING.

At the close of a series of discourses which had for their principal object the illustration of the great leading truths of scripture from the Liturgy of the Church, I may be allowed to observe, that I never felt so fully as at the present moment, the strict adherence of the Prayer-Book to the Bible. We have found the solemn Liturgy abounding with expressions drawn from scripture truths, and built on divine doctrines.—Does the word of God depict the state of man as fallen, corrupt, and sinful? We find the church services replete with the language of lowly confession, of conscious guilt: disclaiming all hope from ourselves, and acknowledging that "there is no health in us," we come before God as sinners expecting mercy.—Does the Scripture teach us that "our righteousness is filthy rags," and that we can be accepted only through the merits and righteousness of Jesus Christ? Every prayer which we present is offered through Jesus Christ our Lord: we confess that "we do not draw near trusting in our own righteousness, but in God's manifold and great mercies in Christ Jesus."—Are we taught in Scripture that the Holy Spirit is necessary to enlighten our minds and convert our hearts, to guide, console, and sanctify us? We pray continually for his sacred influences, that our hearts may "be cleansed by the inspiration of God's Holy Spirit." We are instructed in Scripture, that our lives must bear witness to the reality of our religious professions; and in our service we pray continually that we may glorify God, "not only with our lips, but in our lives." It is the general spirit of Christ's religion to be kindly affectioned towards all men, and to labour for their temporal and spiritual good. And thus the church, by teaching us to pray continually for the relief of all the sorrows of the human race, expresses her scriptural feeling for them, and suggests in the strongest manner to her members the duty of doing good unto all men. We are continually exhorted in Scripture to solemn acts of praise, and to "sing praises with understanding;" and thus it is the custom of the church not only to read many psalms of thanksgiving, but for the whole congregation to join in singing psalms and hymns. And lastly, we find in the New Testament that the apostles, and their immediate successors, continually preached Christ, and that the preaching of the gospel was a divine ordinance to continue to the end of time; and therefore preaching has in our church its due estimation, and with this ordinance all our public services close. Upon these grounds we assert that the Church of England is truly scriptural, that she is built upon the word of God, and that this is her proper ground of glorying; not that she is the established religion of the country, not that she is ancient, and venerable from her antiquity, not that she is wealthy and powerful, but that she rests on eternal truth, and stands and falls with the everlasting word of God!—*Rev. F. Close, A.M.*

GREAT BRITAIN IN 1814.

From the Rev. A. Alison's Sermon on the General Thanksgiving, 1814.

Dear even to the savage heart is the land of his fathers;—dear to the citizen of civilized ages are the institutions of national wisdom, and the monuments of national glory;—but upon no human heart did the claims of his country ever fall so deep and so irresistible, as they now do upon the citizen of this country. Other nations have preceded her in the road of arts and arms;—other nations have wreathed around their brows the laurels of science, and the palms of victory: but the high destiny to which she has of late been called, no other nation has ever shared with her; and all the glories of former times fade before the moral splendour which now encircles her. She has been called to guard the fortunes of the human race; to preserve, amid her waves, the sacred flame that was to relume the world; and, like the cherubim that watched the gates of paradise, to turn every way her flaming sword against the foes of God and man. These were her duties, and nobly has she fulfilled them. Through every dark, and every disastrous year;—while nation after nation sunk around her;—while monarchs bent their imperial heads beneath the yoke, and the pulse of moral nature seemed to stand still in ignominious terror,—she alone hath stood, insensible to fear, and incapable of submission. It is her hand, that, amid the darkness of the storm, hath still steadfastly pointed the road to liberty; it is her treasures which have clothed every trembling people with armour for the combat;—it is her sons, (her gallant sons!) who have rushed into the van of battle, and first broke the spell that paralyzed the world; and, in these recent days, it is her commanding voice that has wakened the slumbering nations of mankind, and sent them on their glorious march, conquering and to conquer. And now, my brethren, in the hour of her triumph,—now, when all that is brave or generous in the human race bow before her,—where is she to be found? And what is the attitude in which she presents herself to her children?—Oh, —not in the attitude of human pride, or human arrogance;—not with the laurels of victory upon her brow, or with troops of captives following her chariot wheels:—it is in the attitude of pious thankfulness; with hands uplifted in praise, and eyes downcast in gratitude;—it is before the Eternal Throne that she bows her victorious head, and casts her crown of glory upon the ground, and calls her children to kneel along with her, and to praise the Father of Nature that hath selected her to be the instrument of his mercy to mankind. These are triumphs to which the history of the world has no parallel. In the long line of her splendour, what hour is to be compared with this? Which of us does not feel somewhat of her glory to be reflected upon our own heads? And what British heart is there which does not pray that such may be ever her name, and her character among mankind?

DESPOTIISM THE RESULT OF DEMOCRATIC ASCENDANCY.

The anarchy which is the first effect of democratic ascendancy, necessarily and rapidly terminates in military

despotism; that despotism itself, from its brutality and violence, cannot, in any well-informed state, be of very long endurance; but the irresistible sway of a centralized government, established by a democratic executive and sustained by the aid of selfish support from the popular party, may finally crush the spirit and extinguish all the blessings of freedom, by removing all the practical evils which preceding convulsions had occasioned, enlisting alike the friends of order and the partisans of democracy in its ranks, and engaging the most influential portion of the people by interested motives in its support. It was neither the vengeance of Marius, nor the proscriptions of Sylla, neither the aristocracy of Pompey, nor the genius of Cæsar, which finally prostrated the liberties of Rome; it was the centralized government of Augustus which framed the chains that could never be shaken off. There is the ultimate and deadly foe of freedom; there the enemy, ever ready to break in and reap the last spoils of the discord and infatuation of others. And wherever such a centralized system has grown up in an old established state, after a severe course of democratic suffering, it is not going too far to assert, that the cause of freedom is utterly hopeless, and that the seeds of death are implanted in the community.—*Alison's Hist. of the French Revolution.*

THE CHURCH.

COBOURG, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1839.

Wednesday last, the thirtieth of January, was the Anniversary of the martyrdom of King Charles I., who, 190 years ago, laid his "grew disrowned head" upon the block, and exchanged "a corruptible for an incorruptible crown." Our Book of Common Prayer contains a Service framed for the occasion; but, we grieve to say, this noble and pathetic form is but rarely used in the churches of the English Establishment, or in those of its colonial branches. A few minutes, however, snatched from the cares and pleasures of the world and devoted to the perusal of this particular service, would be well repaid by the pious eloquence of the applications, the happy combination of verses from the Psalms into an appropriate Litany, and the train of deep thought, which the tragic event commemorated so naturally induces.

Charles I., remarks Dr. Hook in his late most admirable Sermon delivered before the Queen, is the only Royal Martyr that the Calendar can boast. As a Sovereign, it is true, he was faulty and misguided in many respects, and, besides the serious defects of his character, had few of those gracious and winning arts that, when exhibited in a monarch, frequently supply the place of more sterling attributes; yet it is a circumstance never sufficiently insisted on in his favour that none who beheld him in the most trying scenes of his life denied him the praise of being the best father, the best gentleman, and the best Christian, that the age produced, although they might refuse him the appellation of the best King. His unshaken attachment to the Protestant Church of England, and his invincible resolution to die rather than deny the divine origin of its Episcopacy, must endear him to the affections of every Churchman. He had weakly, and, it must be added, faithlessly affixed his hand to the death-warrant of Strafford, the truest and most highly-gifted servant that monarch commanded,—he had suffered ruinous concession after concession to be extorted from him,—but still it was not to save himself, but from a desire to avert the fall of the institutions he was sworn to maintain; for when the hour of his own personal peril was at hand, and he had no human stay to lean on, he clung to the Church, that sat weeping like Judea beneath her palm-tree, and finally sealed his attachment to it with his blood, and avouched the efficacy of its doctrines and ministrations by praying for his murderers with his expiring breath.

But we do not intend to dwell on the character of the Royal Martyr, or to show at large how beautifully affliction refined his nature, and purged away the dross,—what a halo of mild effulgence his reasonable and firm faith poured around his sorrow-stricken head,—or how, in his demeanour on his trial, in his farewell to his children, in his last interview with Juxon on the scaffold, and in his very act of dying, he combined the heroism of the monarch with the endurance of the saint. These themes would tempt us into reflections that our space could ill afford. We merely design to remark in brief that the Anniversary of the Martyrdom of King Charles I. and the events that followed it, suggest considerations that can never lose their force,—considerations that testify to the perpetuity of the Church, and the loyalty of the Clergy,—and that warn us against neglecting those timely precautions, to the omission of which the unfortunate Charles, in a great measure, owed the loss of his crown, his liberty, and his life.

Who would have thought, when a groan of stupified horror burst from the assembled spectators at Whitehall, as the royal blood spirted from the headless trunk, and the apostolic Usher fainted at the sight,—when the Bishops were imprisoned, driven beyond seas, or lurking in concealment,—when to perform their functions they were banished to the recesses of villages, or the upper rooms in towns,—when their clergy and flocks were scattered, their cathedrals desecrated and mutilated,—when the Establishment was shivered into a thousand fragments, apparently incapable of being re-united,—who would have thought, that, out of such a scene of desolation as this, in the course of less than twelve years, the Church would arise from its ruins, the clergy be reinstated in their ancient rights, and the nation welcome back with open arms the long-banished faith of the Reformation, as taught by the three-fold and lately abominated order of Bishop, Priest, and Deacon? Who would have thought, when Archbishop Laud died, like Stephen, amidst sectarian revellings, and in a few years after his royal master so closely resembled him in his melancholy fate, that Archbishop Juxon would place the crown on the head of the Martyr's son. History, however, tells us that it was so; and we are led to inquire into the causes of this vitality in the Church of England, which preserved it amidst all the vicissitudes of a Revolution, and restored it,—not like the Gallican Church curtailed of its privileges and possessions, and fallen in public esteem,—but re-invested with all its ancient honours, re-installed in its ancient fane, and re-established in the affections of a deep-thinking and phlegmatic people. We cannot hesitate to ascribe this indestructibility of the Church, primarily, to its being founded on the rock of Scripture, to its being modelled after the form sanctioned by the immediate followers of our Lord himself,—and, secondarily, to its adaptation to the sober and monarchical habits of the people, and to the easiness of its spiritual yoke contrasted with that of the ecclesiastical tyranny under which they had recently suffered. The

Church, that was trodden in the mire, is now putting forth new energies within the British Isles; in India it rears its mitred head; in the North American Colonies its crossier is uplifted; in almost every dependency of the Empire its ministrations are demanded by the hungerers after spiritual food; and in the gigantic turbulent republic of the United States, whence it was once almost expelled as the ally of Monarchy, it now shines out like a Pharos over the troubled political ocean, and darts its rays into the remotest settlements of the West. If the Church passed undestroyed through the fiery furnaces of the Grand Rebellion and the American Revolt, shall it not, in every quarter of the globe,—aye, even in Upper Canada,—surmount the persecution of envy, of slander, and ungodliness?

This is a cheering spring of consolation that history unlocks to us, because it shows that our Church, like our Monarchy, can weather the roughest storm. But in regarding our venerable Ecclesiastical Establishment we do not only love it the more for the trials which it has encountered,—but a portion of our sympathy and admiration is bestowed on its suffering and devoted Clergy. When the Puritan party obtained the ascendancy, and Monarchy and Episcopacy were utterly prostrate, we do not find these holy men saluting the rising sun, or evincing a desire to retain the fleshpots of Egypt, at the sacrifice of their conscience and allegiance. Some few of them would have been glad to remain in their quiet paths, mourning in silence over the desolation of Jerusalem, but offering no opposition to the usurper. But even such a compromise as this was not permitted to them: as inoffensive and neutral demeanour was no greater protection than active loyalty, inquisitorial persecution extended to the most distant hamlet, and seven thousand of the Clergy were deprived of their benefices, and cast destitute on a community that dared not, however willing, afford them open aid, because they held fast their integrity, and, in preaching the doctrines of Scripture, virtually condemned the actors in the strange and tragic scenes that were being enacted around them. No piety, no learning could save them from beggary, and inhuman treatment. "Some," relates Southey, "were actually murdered; others perished in consequence of brutal usage, or of confinement in close unwholesome prisons, or on shipboard, where they were crowded together under hatches, day and night, without even straw to lie on. An intention was avowed of selling them as slaves to the Plantations, or to the Turks and Algerines." In the exemplary conduct of these reverend sufferers is to be found the best refutation of the stale and reiterated charge that an endowed Clergy love their titles and emoluments rather than the souls of men! If the ministers of the Establishment, in the times to which we are alluding, had only been base enough to convert their pulpits into revolutionary tribunes, and to goad on their flocks, by perversions of Scripture, to the shedding of loyal blood, they might have retained, and perhaps even augmented, their ecclesiastical revenues. But we know, and we rejoice that it was far otherwise. We know, too, if it be not presumptuous to predict any thing certain of fallible men, that should a similar trial await the English Clergy of the nineteenth century, they would be found emulating the meek endurance and christian loyalty of the Sandersons, the Halls, the Hammonds, and the Jeremy Taylors of a former period, and that,—after years of misrule, and anarchy, and fanaticism,—they would be welcomed back to their old abodes and functions by the very persons who expelled and disfranchised them. The great body of the Episcopal Clergy adhered to the Crown during the American Rebellion; and should the fatal day ever arrive when Upper Canada ceases to exist as a dependency of the British Empire, where is the clergyman of our Canadian Church to be found, who, for the wealth of Ophir, would forfeit his allegiance to his Sovereign and his God? The lesson that the Christian patriot may learn from these historical retrospections is too obvious to remain unseen. In proportion to the prevalence of Church of England principles, will Loyalty flourish; and every well-wisher to our connexion with Great Britain can take no surer means to perpetuate the bond, than to propagate the doctrines, and to send forth ministers of the Church among the people.

A solemn warning is also to be derived from the errors and misfortunes of Charles I., and that is not to despise or neglect the power of the Press. The reader may smile when we talk of the Press in 1641, but we refer him to History for confirmation of what we have advanced. Of printing we may say, as of William Pitt, that it knew no childhood. It burst upon the world, simultaneously with the Reformation, in the fulness of manly stature, and, like Charles XII. of Sweden, its first essay in arms was a victory over "tens of thousands." "Its wonderful influence," remarks the Rev. I. Blunt, "was first made known upon this great question. The pure doctrines and heroic deeds of the German Reformers circulated throughout England. Luther was in every mouth,—ballads sung of him." His writings, together with those of Huss, of Zuingle, and of many anonymous authors whom the times evoked, were clandestinely dispersed. Tracts, with popular titles, such as 'A Booke of the Olde God and New;' 'The Burying of the Masse;' 'A, B, C, against the Clergy' made their appeals to the people. The confessions of some of the more eminent Lollards and expositions of particular chapters of Scripture, which were thought to militate the most strongly against the errors of Rome, were industriously scattered abroad. Above all, Tindall's translation of the New Testament was now in the hands of many; for the price, as compared with that of Wickliff's a century before, was just forty-fold less; and by means of it, the multitude were enabled to compare what the Gospel actually was, with what Rome had made it by traditions. The art of printing in this age of the revival of the Gospel, answered in some measure to the miraculous gift of tongues in the age of its first publication. It was soon perceived that if the pope did not put an end to the press, the press would put an end to the pope." When the civil war commenced, more than a hundred years had elapsed since the Reformation, and the press had made proportionate advances in the acquisition of power over the minds of men and the destinies of kingdoms: it became the great lever which loosened the foundations of the Throne. When the arch-demagogue Pym had delivered a speech, that was full of fuel and combustibles to feed the popular flame, straightway was it scattered throughout the kingdom doing its mischievous errand with a fatal certainty. What says Lord Clarendon, the grave and acute observer of the prognostics that preceded the national epidemic? Hear the sagacious Chancellor: "And by this means (the dissensions at Court) those emissaries and agents for the confusion which was to follow were furnished with opportunity and art to entangle all those (and God knows they were a great many) who were transported with those vile and vulgar considerations: cheap, senseless libels were scattered

about the city, and fixed upon gates and public remarkable places, traducing and vilifying those who were in highest trust and employment: tumults were raised, and all licence both in actions and words taken." And, as the drama approached to a catastrophe, "all possible licence was exercised in preaching and printing any old scandalous pamphlets, and adding new to these against the Church." From the triumphant return of the seditious Prynne, Burton, and Bastwick, "the licence of preaching and printing increased to that degree, that all pulpits were freely delivered to the schismatical and silenced preachers, who till then had lurked in corners, or lived in New England: and the presses at liberty for the publishing the most invective seditious, and scurrilous pamphlets, that their wit and malice could invent. Whilst the ministers of the State, and judges of the law, like men in an ecstasy, surprised and amazed with several apparitions, had no speech or motion."

These glimpses at the memorials of a bygone age are not without their application to the present position of affairs in Upper Canada. When we consider that, in many parts of the neighboring Republic, the Press is perverted to the vilest ends, and is made a torch to kindle the most diabolical purposes of our nature, the lust of rapine and the purpose of assassination, so monstrous an evil requires to be counteracted, on our part, by unmasking such wickedness to the gaze of our still deluded fellow-subjects in Great Britain.—When, even in our own Province, we track the footsteps of the emissaries of sedition and treason, and find them, by some craftily worded paragraph in a newspaper, tainting the public mind with disaffection, it is time for us to arrest the infection, and not, like the ministers of the unhappy Charles, to stand without "speech or motion." Politics, civil and ecclesiastical, when assailed by the Press, must be defended by the Press. It may not be dignified, it may be attended with some inconvenience, for a government to descend into the arena of daily discussion, and to defend its actions, as if it were on trial before a jury of the country,—it may be all this, and more—but it is nevertheless necessary for the preservation of the state. "Learn to wield this," exclaimed a Hottentot, holding up a pen, "Learn to wield this, and it will afford you more protection than all the assaigais of C. Ireland. Thank God I have lived to see the day when I have learned to know, that mind is more powerful than body."

It is with pleasure we announce that on Saturday the 26th ultimo, THE REVEREND JOHN McCULL, L.L.D., of Trinity College, Dublin, the newly appointed principal of Upper Canada College, arrived at the City of Toronto, and, on the Monday following, was duly installed in his office, amidst the rejoicings of the boys, who were gratified with a holiday on the occasion.

We understand that the gentleman selected for this arduous and responsible situation is well worthy to be the successor of Dr. Harris. He has for several years been a tutor at Trinity College, Dublin, and is therefore intimately conversant with the higher branches of tuition. His academic attainments are stated to be of the highest order, while the source from which his appointment proceeds,—at the special recommendation, we understand, of the venerable and excellent Archbishop of Canterbury,—is a guarantee for the excellence of his private and clerical character. His brother the Rev. A. McCULL, is well known in the theological world as an erudite Hebrew scholar; and, as the author of Sermons, preached at the Episcopal Jews' Chapel, has acquired the title of an orthodox and able Divine. Thus does the new Principal, in his own right and in that of his near relative, enter upon the situation with a name, to which, we are well assured, his connection with Upper Canada College will only serve to give greater celebrity.—The Rev. CHARLES MATHEWS, who has been the Acting Principal for the last ten months, had the satisfaction, notwithstanding the distracted state of the times, of resigning his temporary trust into the hands of Dr. McCull with the names of nearly 160 boys on the College list,—a greater number than has ever yet been known on the books of the institution since its first establishment.

The numerous friends and old pupils of Dr. Harris will be gratified to learn that when last heard of, he was in the enjoyment of good health, and paying a visit to his brother at Cambridge,—the University where he imbibed the learning that has enabled him so materially to benefit this Province.

It must always be a pleasure to the members of our Colonial Church to hear of the welfare and movements of those individuals in England who support their interests in Parliament, or on any less conspicuous stage. We therefore mention that our zealous advocate, Mr. PAKINGTON, has lately presided at a Conservative Festival held at Droitwich, in Worcestershire, the Borough which he represents,—and that, as the papers inform us, "he succeeded, by his able presidency, throughout the evening, in communicating to every one present a portion of that energy and cheerfulness of which he possesses so ample a share." The family mansion which Mr. Pakington now inhabits, was a house of refuge to many a loyalist and Clergyman during the disastrous times of Charles I.; there the mild, charitable and eminently learned Dr. Hammond closed his eyes, as the mitre of Worcester was about to descend on his brow, at the restoration of his lawful sovereign; and there does Mr. Pakington give practical proof of his hereditary veneration for the Church, which his ancestors loved and succoured in the hour of its darkest tribulation.

The editor of the *Christian Guardian* seems to have availed himself very industriously of certain of the low and Radical prints of the mother country, in calling all that could be extracted from them hostile and offensive to that church to which, in the judgment of a high authority, he would be more honourably and consistently employed in tendering his "cordial support." We have not, of course, the means of knowing exactly what is the general taste of the readers of the *Guardian*; but it is a taste most sincerely to be deplored, if it relish and approve of the columns of vituperation which that journal offers every week against the Church of England,—a Church from which the founder of their cherished Wesleyanism sprang, which he clung to and loved to his dying hour, to whose doctrines they themselves profess to subscribe, and of whose honour they ought to be jealous. While to the needy soul, craving knowledge of a Saviour's love and of a Christian's privileges, and "grudging if it be not satisfied," there is but a poor scant morsel of appropriate food weekly offered in that unfaithful and degenerate *Guardian*, two-thirds at least of it are filled each week with matter, which, if it have any influence at all, cannot but awaken and keep in constant motion the worst passions of the depraved human heart. The excellent Jeremy Taylor has beautifully observed, that "as