

VOLUME V.]

Original Poetry.

THE AWAKENING OF CONSERVATISM. (IN ANTICIPATION OF THE COMING GENERAL ELECTION IN ENGLAND.)

"Ho! warden on the beacon hill! Ho! warden of the night, What seest thou on thy vigil—what tidings of the light? Sweep thy bold glance once more around dark ocean's earth and sky—

There are sounds upon my vigil—there are voices on the night, I hear a far-off trumpet blast—a note of stirring might, And echoes gather round its path, sonorous, strong and deep, As if its summons wak'd a world of giants stir'd from sleep.

There are lightnings thro' the darkness—the brooding clouds discover, Swift vanishing from heaven's blue vault, as if they fled for ever—

High o'er the mountain's rocky peaks rich floods of light float on, 'Tis sunrise on the gladden'd earth! The long dark night is gone! The spirit of the Isles is up—its war-cries haunts the breeze, Borne o'er their freedom-sheltering hills—swept round their circling seas—

From church and cross, and noble's tower, their banner streams abroad, Read its bold tale—"our hearths—our rights—our altars, and our God!"

Long hath the traitor mock'd the throne—the sceptic spoil'd the shrine— Long hath the sway of tinsel power debas'd our martial line— But, joy unto the ransom'd Isles—St. Stephen's ancient halls ring to glad sound of victory—the deadly influence falls.

Awake! the hour of trial comes—once in a glorious time, Along the Spanish wall was heard a battle-cry sublime— Send thro' your island vales and hills, as free, as bold a strain, "England expects of every man his duty done again!"

In Britain chang'd?—Trafalgar's wave is rippling soft and blue, The vernal turf sleeps all untried—on peaceful Waterloo! Mark! for you bristling Syrian hedges a thunder-voice sweeps by— 'Tis ACRES speaks! Bright answer thine—old Rock of Victory!

Whose banner leads us to the strife?—Oh, lead once more thy name, Gray Warrior of the "hundred fights"—true synonyme of Fame— See round thee forms a glorious ring—the guardians of the land, Worth, wisdom, honour, valour, faith, around their champion stand.

Sons of the "fire-tried martyrs" come—heirs of the faithful, bear— The Southfield flames are quenched and pale, yet darksome hours are near— Awake! our Church can rouse from sleep'en this degenerate age, While Ridley's torch, or Cranmer's name yet burn on history's page.

Ho! pride of merry England—ho! tillers of the soil, Arise! shall foreign harpies come to cheat your stubborn toil— Look on each grey old burial-place—ask, would your rulers dare To mock with insults deep as these your fathers slumbering there?

Ho! watchman on the beacon hill, lift thy bold voice on high, Tell that the fight for freedom comes—the hour of trial's night— Let sceptic, sophist, traitor, knave and craven flee afar, Before the mounting sun of truth—our home's ascending star!

Toronto, July, 1841.

ZADIG.

THE ENGLISH LAYMAN. NO. XXV. ENGLAND.

Oh England! decent abode of comfort and cleanliness and decorum! Oh blessed asylum of all that is worth upon earth! Oh sanctuary of religion, and of liberty, for the whole civilized world! It is only in viewing the state of other countries that thy advantages can be duly estimated. May thy sons, who have "fought the good fight," but know and guard what they possess in thee! Oh land of happy firesides and glad hearths, and domestic peace, of filial piety, and parental love, and conjugal joy—the cradle of heroes—the school of sages—the temple of law—the altar of faith—the asylum of innocence—the bulwark of private equity and of public honour!

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see, My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee." Dr. E. D. Clarke.

O England! dearer far than life is dear, If I forget thy prowess, never more Be thy ungrateful son allowed to hear Thy green leaves rustle, or thy torrents roar! Wordsworth.

American travellers have acknowledged the existence of a stirring and most grateful emotion, as the dark outlines of the English coast, for the first time, rose upon their view. Proud as the natives of the new world may be in the glorious destinies of their young country, they cannot, if they would, shake off a strong filial affection for the mother whence they sprung. The heritage of England is so rich in the trophies of war and peace, of liberty and virtue, that all who have the slightest claim to participate in it by virtue of an ancestry, however remote, confess the influence of the blood that flows in their veins, and learn, for a time, to forget speculations of the present and future. With still far stronger feelings of affection and pride does the Englishman salute his native shores, when closely approaching to them after a first and long absence! His unwearied eye can know no rest until it has traced the land, looking more like cloud or sky, than solid continent. He fears that, now when on the very point of realizing hopes so long deferred, some untoward accident may rob him of the happiness almost within his grasp. The excitement of expectation begins to languish, and sadness chastens and subdues his joy. On one brief moment, a long array of domestic and foreign faces passes before him, but it is merely to remind him that those who, years ago, departed from England in his company, have gone to a country which is fairer and more enduring than any upon earth. The bustle of life, and the preparation for landing, soon break in upon this train of chequered thought. Vessels half the homeward bark—the shore reveals itself fully and distinctly with trees, and houses, and men in motion—and the bosom throbs, and the smile and the tear strive for mastery, as the foot descends upon its native soil.

The lively pleasure with which the landscape gladdened my sight, as the pilot-boat, in which I had left the packet, drew towards the mouth of the river Dart, will live in recollection so long as memory endures. The mist of an October evening had fallen upon sea and land, but it was easy to discern the verdant hedge winding in irregular outline from the top of the cliff down to the very edge of the ocean. The tower of the church, and the spire, that we better love to cherish than to breathe aloof, except into some congenial and familiar care; and the Old Castle of Dartmouth, but dimly seen in the faint moonlight, suggested images which harmonized well with the fancies and feelings that were rapidly passing through the mind. Morning arose, and brought into clearer view a thousand objects for recognition and delight. The verdure, owing to a long continuance of wet, was unusually vivid for that late season of the year, and the tall trees in the hedgerows overhung the old-fashioned town of Dart-

mouth with foliage still thick and green. As I proceeded on my journey through some of the loveliest scenery in England, all was full of beauty, interest and variety.—The homeliest cottage, with the flowers trailed against its walls,—its modest wicket gate,—and the group of rosy, shouting children, clustered round it,—was a picture far more charming to me than the cataract of the Niagara, or the Catskill Mountains looking down in their tranquil beauty upon the noble Hudson. To the peasant's abode succeeded the broad baronial domain, with its rich plantations and knolls crowned with ancient trees, which to the awakened and fanciful imagination of the traveller, murmured welcome with their rustling leaves. The birds still carolled blithely and melodiously,—with their music revived the memory of days departed, and friends long sleeping in the tomb,—and the harmless reflection arose in the mind that those whom I should have wished to share in the transports of delight which every moment called up, were actually looking from on high with a gentle and approving smile. But no thought occupied the undivided attention for many minutes together. The agricultural village and small fishing town, Torbay, where William of Orange landed on his bold and dubious enterprise. Torquay, with its elegant villas overhanging the sea,—the market-town still retaining its rural character, and happily possessing no factory within its bounds,—invited church-tower and ancient mansion,—meadows like lawns, and fields like gardens, passed quickly before me in my progress, and greeted me with their familiar features. The whole land every where bore traces of the busy care of man, and great was the contrast which I drew between the wild beauties of Canada, and the cultivated charms of England.

To appreciate the loveliness of his native country, to understand its resources, and to value its comforts and cleanliness, an Englishman should be a stranger to it for several years. Then, when he returns to it, he will learn to laugh at all the prodigious pretensions and numerous decays to which he has been so credulous an ear. Causes there ever must be for anxiety and apprehension in the social and political fabric of an island, which is the queen of distant empires, and the over-teeming parent of manufactures. Yet nothing evidences degeneracy or decline to such an extent as to excite alarm. The cities and towns have grown clearer, better built, and more populous. Agriculture, aided by science, is augmenting the products of the soil. The new Poor Law, though harsh and unrighteous in several of its enactments, which will probably soon become a dead letter, has effected a wonderfully beneficial improvement in the character of the rural population, and awakened them to habits of industry and self-dependence. Let London, the centre of the national wealth, be taken as the best criterion of England's retrogression or advance. Enter it by night, and all that a stranger or foreigner can have conceived of its splendour and opulence, is exceeded by the reality.—The gas-lamps pour a flood of light upon shops, the mere fronts of which, with immense plates of glass and the costly articles seen through them, must have cost several thousands of pounds. This exhibition of unrivalled wealth and brilliancy is confined to a single street or quarter of the town, but extends to several miles. Then again, at an hour when you would expect the bustle of day to die away, you see the streets thronged with undiminished numbers, and a countless succession of public and private carriages. Look around by day, and wonder at the extraordinary improvements effected within the last few years! Narrow thoroughfares have become spacious streets—low ranges of houses have mounted up into high-storied buildings—the clean and handsome pavements are cleaner and handsomer—the shops vice versa each other in exterior adornment and internal wealth—the city, in every direction, has encroached upon the country, and villages within five or six miles are almost united to, and absorbed within, the Leviathan Metropolis. Stand upon Westminster Bridge, and a glorious Gothic pile, for the reception of the Parliament—a structure which, when completed, will be one of the architectural wonders of the world—is rising in pride before you to refute the assertion that debility is rising over Old England. Repair to London Bridge, and enquire whether the forest of masts has grown thinner! Say whether hospitals enlarged, and the ancient abbey of St. Saviour restored,—whether old asylums of charity widening their bounds, and new ones, for the relief of every conceivable affliction, thickly springing up—whether columns commemorative of the illustrious dead, new churches,—institutions for the advancement of literature, science, and art,—say, whether there be so many proofs of the approaching decline and fall of the British Empire? A moral improvement has likewise been going on at the same time with this rapid growth of outward prosperity and splendour. The admirable Police is visible and efficient in every direction. If you lose your way, a policeman will guide you aright—if a crowd commences to gather, the policeman disperses it—if a stoppage of carriages occurs, the policeman, by his temper and management, quickly sets the entangled mass in motion,—if a drunkard is seen staggering along, the policeman takes him into custody,—in fine, whenever it is necessary that the law should instantaneously step in to repress riot, to protect life and property, and to prevent crime, the policeman is to be found. Vice, of course, still exists, in all its forms, but it is not allowed, as was formerly the case, to stalk unarrested in the open face of day and in the most frequented thoroughfares. Those filthy and neglected quarters, such as are described with a most painful and powerful fidelity in *Oliver Twist*, will shortly undergo a change and a purification through legislative remedies which, it was expected, would be matured in the present Session of the Imperial Parliament. But there be Chartism and Socialism in the land,—if these fruits of the Reform Bill and the Factories be ripe with the seeds of danger and intestine commotion,—the genius of all that is good in religion and philanthropy,—above all, the Church,—is prepared with a powerful and efficacious antidote. And if it be fair to advance the state of London, as I firmly believe it is, as a sample of the general condition of England, then indeed may it be safely said of her, that she still retains her high and holy pre-eminence among the nations of the earth, and, together with that, the power to protect her colonies from injury and aggression. That the spirit which triumphed at Agincourt and Waterloo, and animated the crew of the victorious Shannon, is far from being extinct, was most clearly proved by the sentiment which pervaded England, when informed of the case of McLeod. There was no bragging, no violent ebullition of fury; but a calm and deep-seated determination to show the world that national pride, and except the last shilling of a nation's treasure, should the threatened wrong be perpetrated,—was a feeling as universal, as it was just,—as common to Ireland as to Great Britain.

Let not the Colonist for a moment give way to the thought, that the strength and glory and virtue of the old country are waxing faint, but rather let him cheerfully contribute his efforts towards rendering Canada a daughter worthy of her illustrious parent. And if I may judge of that part of the United Province, which lately bore the British-sounding title of Upper Canada, by what has been effected in the City of Toronto within the last two years, there is not much need to admonish or to stimulate. A love of England is not incompatible with a love of Canada. Often, in the rich landscape at home, and under the deep shade of "tall ancestral trees" have I dilated, to some listening companion, on the Autumnal colours of the Canadian forest, and the drooping gracefulness of the Canadian elm! Often have I expanded on the ocean lakes, the cloudless sunshine, the luxuriant soil of that magnificent region! Often, when pained to see the thousand haggard appearances which poverty presents in England, and the miserably shifts by which it struggles for a scant subsistence, have I reverted to the hut of the sturdy backwoodsman, or even to the condition of the hired labourer in this colony, and emphatically pronounced it the poor man's Paradise! Whatever distaste an early acquaintance with Canada may produce, rarely lasts long, and is almost invariably succeeded by a strong and lasting attachment. Amongst the fairest scenes of England, the wilder attractions of this new world assert their fascination; and friendships formed in a state of society, where there is necessarily more freedom of intercourse and a more rapid communication of feeling and opinion than in more advanced and artificial communities, retain their hold over the mind even amid the hospitalities and older influences of English homes. The political and personal animosities of a colonial career are forgotten in the recollections of Canadian kindness, and in attempting to convey an idea of Canadian society to an English friend, there is a generous pleasure experienced in describing the

private virtues of a Ruttan, the clerical excellence of a Bethune, and the eloquence, ability, integrity, and social worth of a Canadian Chief Justice. Returning with such feelings as these to the woods and forest-girt towns of Canada, it is gratifying to observe that a concurrence of disastrous events, and a continuance of political agitation and uncertainty, have failed to check one, to whom the progress of agriculture and the improvement of the land is endeared by many private and public ties, to witness it, under every discouragement, exhibiting signs of increasing wealth and enterprise in and commodious wharves, in additional public buildings, in handsome ranges of houses, in partly-finished gas-works, and in the general English air that it wears of comfort and substantiality. It may never again, perchance, become the seat of Provincial Government, but it cannot be deprived of its beautiful bay, nor six out of a riveted districts. As the abode of education, it may write respectable families, with moderate means, to select it as an advantageous place of residence. The blow that has been inflicted on it has not depressed the energies of its citizens. Property retains its value, and new houses are in the course of erection. May the prognostications of its decay be as completely falsified as those which, year after year, have been hazarded to the prejudice of England,—and while the earnest wish is uttered that, in the lapse of time, the glowing eulogium pronounced by Dr. Clarke on the parent, may be richly merited by the daughter,—may it in a more eminent degree be applicable to the City of Toronto!

ALAN FAIRFORD.

Toronto, 5th July, 1841.

GLADIATORIAL SHOWS SUPPRESSED BY CHRISTIANITY.

From the Rev. H. H. Milman's History of Christianity.

The suppression of those bloody spectacles, in which human beings slaughtered each other by hundreds for the amusement of their fellow-men, is one of the most unaccountable and praiseworthy acts of Christianity. The gladiatorial shows, strictly speaking, that is, the mortal combats of men, were never introduced into the less warlike East, though the combats of men with wild beasts were exhibited in Syria and other parts. They were Roman in their origin, and to their termination. It might seem that the pride of Roman conquest was not satisfied with the execution of her desolating mandates, unless the whole city witnessed the bloodshed of her foreign captives; and in her decline she seemed to console herself with the sanguinary proofs of her still extensive empire; the ferocity survived the valour of her martial spirit.—Barbarian life seemed, indeed, to be of no account, but to contribute to the sports of the Roman. The humane Symmachus, even at this late period, reproves the impiety of some Saxon captives, who, by strangling themselves in prison, escaped the ignominy of this public exhibition.—It is an humiliating consideration to find how little Roman civilization had tended to mitigate the ferocity of manners and of temperance. No merely did women crowd the amphitheatres during the combats of these fierce and pitiable creatures, but it was the especial privilege of the vestal virgin, even at this late period, to give the signal for the mortal blow, to watch the sword driven deeper into the palpitating entrails. The state of uncontrolled frenzy worked up even the most sober spectators. The manner in which this contagious passion for bloodshed engrossed the whole soul is described with singular power and truth by St. Augustine. A Christian student of the law was compelled, by the impertinence of his friends, to enter the amphitheatre. He sat with his eyes closed, and his mind totally abstracted from the scene. He was suddenly startled from his trance by a tremendous shout from the wild audience. He opened his eyes, he could not but gaze on the spectacle. Directly he beheld the blood, his heart imbibed the common ferocity; he could not turn away; his eyes were riveted on the arena; and the interest, the excitement, the pleasure, grew into complete intoxication. He looked on, he shouted, he was inflamed; he carried off from the amphitheatre an irresistible propensity to return to its cruel enjoyments.

Christianity began to assail this deep-rooted passion of the Roman world with caution, almost with timidity.—Christian Constantine was never defiled with the blood of gladiators. In the same year as that of the Council of Nice, a local edict was issued, declaring the Emperor's disapprobation of these sanguinary exhibitions in time of peace, and prohibiting the volunteering of men as gladiators. This was a considerable step, if we call to mind the careless and indolent spirit which Constantine, before his conversion, had exhibited all his barbarian captives in the amphitheatre at Treves. This edict, however, addressed to the prefect of Phoenicia, had no permanent effect, for Libanius, several years after, boasts that he had not been a spectator of the gladiatorial shows still regularly celebrated in Syria. Constantine prohibited soldiers, and those in the imperial service (Palatini) from hiring themselves out to the Lanistæ, the keepers of gladiators. Valentinian decreed that no Christian or Palatine should be compelled for any crime whatsoever to the arena. An early edict of Honorius prohibited any slave who had been a gladiator from being admitted into the service of a man of senatorial dignity. But Christianity now began to speak in a more courageous and commanding tone. The Christian poet [Prudentius] urges on the Christian Emperor the direct prohibition of these inhuman and disgraceful exhibitions: but a single act often affects the public mind, much more strongly than even the most eloquent and re-iterated exhortation. An Eastern monk, named Theodosius, turned all the gladiators to Rome, in order to present against these disgraceful barbarities. In his noble enthusiasm, he leaped into the arena to separate the combatants; either with the sanction of the prefect, or that of the infuriated assembly, he was torn to pieces, the martyr of Christian humanity. The impression of this awful scene, of a Christian, a monk, thus murdered in the arena, was so profound, that Honorius issued a prohibitory edict, putting an end to these bloody shows.

AN APPEAL TO DISSENTERS.

From a Pastoral Address on Roman Catholic Errors, by Dr. Copleston, Bishop of Landaff.

One of the evil consequences of this sinful course [of the Church of Rome] has been, and will, with sorrow I say it, still grows and spreads among us, that men, disgusted by the iniquity of a corrupt and usurping Church, have denied the authority and existence of any visible church upon earth. They have broken loose from all ties, and entered into an independent and unconnected union in each individual. And yet it is not as certain and as clear that Christ founded a Church upon earth, as that he came into the world at all? Were not his first ministers appointed and ordained under the most solemn form? Were they not invested with power, and commanded to go forth, and both to preach themselves, and to ordain others to the work, and to feed and to govern the flock thus gathered into his fold? And can any single authority be produced either from Scripture, or during the first three centuries, for a departure from the rule of the Church—for a violation of its unity—for a voice of leaders by whose names the several portions of his disciples should be distinguished? This is my challenge to the Dissenters of the present day. As Bishop Jewell openly declared to the Romanists, that he would subscribe to their creed if they could produce one single authority, from Scripture or Antiquity, for any of the false doctrines which they held; so do I now say to the Dissenters from the English Church, of whatsoever denomination, that if they can produce one scriptural proof, or one authority from the Fathers of the Church during the first 300 years for self-constituted teachers, for renunciation of episcopal rank and order, for falling into sects, each with its peculiar title and its favourite leader, I will cease to complain of them for disturbing the peace and harmony of Christ's Church—I will admit that they are not disobeying the last dying injunction of their Saviour, when he prayed intensely for the unity of his Church—that they are not fulfilling his sad prophecy of the discord and strife which, through the agency of Satan, would spring out of the very gospel of love—that they are not sowing hatred in

his field—that they are not rudely trampling down his vanguard, and opening its fences to the inroad of the common enemy.

But until this authority is produced, I must continue to raise my voice in my Master's service, against all those who resist his word. Yet knowing how much more they from us; how zealously, and conscientiously, and usefully many of them labour in what they think to be for his honour and for the increase of his kingdom, I would rather admonish them as a brother than reproach them as an adversary. I would entreat them to reflect, and to examine themselves severely, whether they are actuated by a single-hearted purpose to do the Lord's will,—whether there be not some mixture of party-spirit, or jealousy, or envy,—whether vanity and self-importance, and the love of popularity, and the gratification which power and influence over the minds of others give, have not some share in the system of action they adopt,—and whether personal disgust, or prejudice, or dislike of control, or the pride of human nature, has not some share in the compound of motives which keep them separate from the communion of the national Church. I need not remind them of the affecting sentiment of the Psalmist, "How good and joyful a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." But I must advise them to bear in mind, that from the beginning of the Gospel dispensation, the violation of this unity has been solemnly denounced as a sin by all those who exercised authority in the Church. Even habit and custom, which a great part of the present separatists may truly plead as an excuse, although it may be an excuse, yet is no justification of what is forbidden.

I exhort them, therefore, earnestly and affectionately, by the love they bear to their Redeemer, and by the precious sacrifice he made for us, all no longer to keep aloof, but to return to the flock from which they have strayed, and to become one fold under one Shepherd, Jesus Christ, the Author and Finisher of our faith.

COMPLAINTS OF MINISTERIAL INEFFICIENCY.

How often do we hear men murmuring at the absence of any extraordinary qualifications of understanding, or of utterance in their appointed clerical men! "Tis true," one says, "my teacher holds fast by the revealed doctrines of the Gospel, and states, plainly and distinctly, the necessary duties, and the means of sanctification; and urges, very justly, the motives and rewards of holiness. He gives himself, indeed, very faithfully to his calling, is exemplary in life, and devoted to the cause of the religion he proclaims. What he can do, he has done. But, after all, there is no originality in his views, and he declares nothing with power. I could learn the same principles with as much clearness and satisfaction, by my own studies, and in my own house." And then he wanders after some brighter star to lead him to the court of the King of Heaven; and dazzled by its brilliancy, mistakes what is exciting for what is improving to the soul. Such are frequently the thoughts and conduct, if not the actual words of many professing godliness. But, in all this, they forget that, perhaps, the spiritual dullness and darkness is principally in themselves, and that if they studied more carefully to use the knowledge given, and fulfil the duties enjoined on them, they would find enough to humble them for their past unprofitable hearing, and to convince them how much they have practically yet to learn, and engrain into their lives, before they are at liberty to presume that they need some higher teaching. At all events they forget the promise of Christ's perpetual presence with his appointed ministers, when endeavouring, to the best of their power, to fulfil their commission, and to keep close to his instructions to God's revealed word. If they remembered and acted upon this, they would find that the Lord can make the still small voice of the calm and unambitious teacher, to tell as surely, and as powerfully, and as effectively, upon the soul that is willing to be led forward in the right way, as the more agitating appeals of him who can boast of the eloquence of Apollon, or the copious reasonings of him who has the ready writer's pen.—Rev. C. Benson.

STUDY OF DIVINITY BY LAYMEN IN FORMER DAYS.

To those who remember the history, and are acquainted with the literature, of other days, and with the studies by which the greatest of those other days were formed, an apology for the study of divinity may, indeed, well provoke a smile and a sigh. The smile will come un-called, at finding how vain it is to hope we can look to any quarter, without coming upon marks of the entire change which has taken place in men's feelings and pursuits: the sigh is the result of an honest conviction, that vain as it may be to argue on the matter, that change is a subject of deep regret. Wonderful, indeed, is the change which we perceive, if we pass in review the last two or three centuries, and the men who adorned them. Look for a moment to the writings of one who is perpetually referred to by the votaries of modern philosophy, as its great parent and founder; and who assuredly was not inclined to value the pursuits or the prejudices of past times at more than their real value. Yet, with all this disposition, Bacon speaks twice of divinity, as the "Sabbath and port of all men's labours and peregrinations." This he says, not incidentally, but formally, in treating of the various arts to which men's minds are to be directed. On the first occasion he tells us that he reserves divinity for the last of all, because it is "the heaven and Sabbath of all men's contemplations," and he repeats the sentence, when having considered all other parts of learning, he advances to treat of this, as the highest and best. Nor was his a mere Platonic affection for divinity. The passage which concludes the second book of his *Advancement of Learning*, shows how fully he had weighed the subject, and how deeply conversant he was with it.

Let us consider, again, a wonderful and much undervalued man of the same day, and of the same country, and learn from the first part of his great history, how thoroughly the soldier and the gentleman, who in his time aspired to eminence for learning, was familiar with the study of divinity; and how long his contemplations had rested on it.

Look again at a most learned (though I cannot say in all respects a very high-minded) man—SELDEN—a layman, a lawyer, so deeply versed in divinity, that he may well be placed among learned divines. Look at SIR MATTHEW HALE, at LOCKE, and at NEWTON, and with their fame and character in their respective branches of study, remember their great proficiency in the "heaven and Sabbath of all men's contemplations." I need cite no more instances to show that in other days, they who were the leaders in philosophy, in history, in jurisprudence, in metaphysics, and in mathematical science, confessed, both in theory and practice, the honour which was due to theology. I need say no more to prove that the study to which they devoted so many of their best thoughts and brightest hours, gave them an reason to complain; that it did not blanch their powers then, that it has not tarnished their fame now.—Rev. Hugh J. Rose.

BISHOP JEBB IN THE PULPIT AND THE READING-DESK.

His manner in the pulpit (it was his natural manner) was grave, impressive, and affectionate: while he read the collect, and the Lord's prayer, you already felt that the preacher was in earnest; his delivery, easy and unstudied, and rather slow, but full of life and energy, confirmed and increased, with each succeeding sentence, your first impression. His voice, though not strong, was deep and flexible; and its modulations so justly varied, and the enunciation, especially of the consonants, so clear, as greatly to augment its power. He thought not about action: what he used came with the impulse of the moment; and was evidently called forth by the importance of the subject, and the interest that his heart took in it. He never committed to memory; yet a rule which he always observed, both in preaching and reading, imparted to his discourses all the life and animation of extempore address: this rule was, to carry the eye forward, while delivering each sentence, to those which followed, so as to know, beforehand, what was about to be spoken. Imperfect as this description is, there are, I believe, many still living, to whom it will recall him as he was, as he stood, and looked, and spake, while he enforced, with an affectionate

authority always tempered by meekness, the lively oracles of God. Might I attempt to convey the whole effect, it should be in the words of the great Hooker: "His virtue, his gesture, his countenance, his zeal, the motion of his body, and the infection of his voice, who first uttereth them as his own, is that which giveth the very essence of instruments available to eternal life." * * * But it was in the reading-desk, and in the performance of the solemn services of his venerable mother the Church of England, that his powers appeared to the truest advantage. His manner of delivery here, while more subdued, was not less impressive, than in the pulpit. It was manifest to all, that his whole heart was in the service. While offering up his own petitions, and those of the congregation, before the throne of grace, in the words of our unrivalled liturgy, he never, for a moment, forgot that he prayed: a consciousness, above all other means, influential, to draw the hearers to pray also. When reading the lessons, and the psalms, he so entered into the spirit of the sacred penman, as to give reality to what he read; always reminding you more of the Scriptural scene, subject, or characters, than of the reader.—Forster's Life of Bishop Jebb.

IGNORANCE THE CAUSE OF ATHEISM.

From Memoirs of Sir Samuel Romilly, by himself.

You ask what I think of Diderot. I did not suppose you would have thought that question necessary, when you had read the account of my visit. With respect to the atheists of Paris, among honest men there can hardly be two opinions. A man must be grossly stupid who can entertain such pernicious notions on subjects of the highest importance without strictly examining them; and much is he to be pitied if, after examination, he still retains them: but if, without examination of them, and uncertain of their truth, though certain of their fatal consequences, he industriously propagates them among mankind, one loses all compassion for him in abhorrence of his guilt.—He is like a man infected with some deadly contagious disease, for whom one's heart bleeds while he lives, and in secret is for his fate; but when one sees him running in the midst of a multitude, with the infernal design of communicating the pestilence to his fellow creatures, indignation and horror take the place of pity. I am not vain enough to pronounce what is the extent of Diderot's and D'Alembert's learning and capacity; but, without an over-fond opinion of myself, I may judge of the subordinate atheists, the mob of the Republic of Letters, the Plebeians who have no opinions but what those of their arbitrary tribes dictate them; and in these I have generally found the grossest ignorance. The cause of modern atheism, I believe, like that of the atheism of antiquity, as Plato represents it, is the most dreadful ignorance, disguised under the name of the sublimest wisdom. You do well to say that Plato does not favour their opinions: I fear those self-erected idols of modern philosophy, had they been born among the philosophical magnates, would have been but outcasts and exiles; for, if you have read Plato lately, you will remember that, among his laws, some were to be enacted for maintaining a uniformity of language in matters of religion; in all times and places, in all writings and conversations; and others for obliging all men to worship the gods with the same ceremonies, and to prohibit all private sacrifices; others, again, for inflicting the severest punishments on any who should dare maintain that the wicked can be happy, or that the useful can be distinguished from the just. So totally does the authority of the ancients, on which the advocates for unbounded toleration build so much, upon occasion fail them.

EPISCOPACY OPPOSED TO POPERY.

The same persons who object against our ceremonies, do also object against the government of our Church. They complain, that there is not that parity which there ought to be amongst the pastors of the Church; that some take upon themselves an authority which they have no good title to; and that others are not permitted to exercise that authority to which they have a good title; by the charter which Christ hath given to his Church; that those who are no more than shepherds, pretend to be lords over God's heritage, and to exercise dominion not only over the flock, but over those who are shepherds of it equally with them: that this pre-eminence of some pastors over others, of Bishops, as they are pleased to call themselves, over Presbyters, is a relic of Popery fit to be abolished, in order to a perfect and thorough reformation of the Church.

But as zealous as such anti-episcopal persons may pretend to be against Popery, sure we are, that these objections against Episcopacy are put into their mouths by Papists. It hath been their endeavour to depress the just rights of Episcopacy, in order to advance the unjust pretences of Popery: all other Bishops have by them been with great industry degraded, that the one Bishop of Rome might be the higher extolled. When therefore we plead the cause of Episcopacy against fanaticism, we do virtually plead the cause of the Reformation against Popery. All those arguments that are brought against Episcopacy being a superior order to Presbyters, were first forged by the sticklers for the Papal supremacy; for they were well aware, that in order to prove the divine right of Popery, it was first necessary to overthrow the divine right of Episcopacy. When therefore the enemies of our Church, out of a mistaken or pretended zeal against Popery, do attempt anything against the order of Bishops, they do the greatest service possible to that cause, which they would seem most to disserve.—Bishop Smallridge.

A DISSENTER CONVERTED BY THE PRAYER-BOOK.

We believe there are scores of Dissenters who gratify themselves by indulging in rant against the prayer-book and the written sermons of our clergy, merely because they are profoundly ignorant of the character of both. It happened not long ago in Wales (*hæud facta loquimur*), that a youngster was appointed to the pastoral charge of a dissenting congregation. Dissent was low, and the Church popular. Something must be done to revive the cause; accordingly a lecture against the Prayer-Book was suggested to the youthful minister as an admirable method of exhibiting his own powers, and raising the Dissenting interest at large. To this he had but one objection, which was, that he knew nothing about the Prayer-Book, except, in general, that it was Popish, and formal, and so forth. However, he commenced his studies upon the dangerous volume, and dangerous it proved, for he found, to his amazement, a body of devotion, scriptural, spiritual, edifying. In a word, he renounced Dissent, and is now a warmly devoted son and minister of the Established Church.—London Times, 18th December, 1840.

ARGUMENT IN FAVOUR OF AN ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

There is one advantage of an Established Church, which only those, perhaps, who have visited the United States can duly appreciate. In England, a large body of highly educated gentlemen annually issue from the universities, to discharge the duties of the clerical office throughout the kingdom. By this means, a certain stability is given to religious opinion; and even those who dissent from the Church, are led to judge of their pastors by a higher standard, and to demand a greater amount of qualification than is ever thought of in a country like the United States. This result is undoubtedly of the highest benefit to the community. The light of the Established Church penetrates to the chapel of the dissenter, and there is a moral check on religious extravagance, the operation of which is not the less efficacious, because it is silent and unperceived by those on whom its influence is exerted. Religion is not one of those articles, the supply of which may be left to be regulated by the demand. The necessity for it is precisely greatest when the demand is least; and a government neglects its first and highest duty, which fails to provide for the spiritual as well as temporal wants of its subjects. But on the question of religious establishments, I cannot enter. I only wish to record my conviction, that those who address the state of religion in the United States as affording illustration of the inutility of an established church, are either bad reasoners or ignorant men.—Men and Manners in America.