

tounding manner, the very curious fact, that, in a land which revolts against *Episcopacy*, as something formidably "powerful and dangerous," the principle of *Episcopacy* is vigorously and incessantly at work. The Providence of God, acting through the ordinary constitution of human nature, has furnished this mighty Association with a Bishop, though under the very unpresuming title of a *Secretary*! But, call the Secretary a bishop, and the charm would instantly be broken. The abomination of the Romish (and, perhaps, of the Anglican) hierarchy, would, incontinently, rise up in spectral horror, before the eyes of president, committee, sub-committee, and operative missionary. And, the chances are, that the whole of this comprehensive and most *Catholic* Association would then speedily fall to pieces. Such is the enchantment, and such the disenchantment, which frequently attend upon a name! Such is the tendency of human nature to provide itself with the convenient lubrication of words, whenever it is solicitous to slip away from the iron precision of things!

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SATURDAY PREACHER.

No. V.

THE MORTALITY OF MAN.

PETER I. 24 25.—"For all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

In the beautiful season of the spring, when snows melt away under the genial influence of a brightening sun, and when kindly rains foster the nutritive power of the feracious soil,—while birds make melody in the air, and zephyrs blow gently, there is not a more engaging feature in nature than the *green lap of earth*. For then, as if in emulation of the forest trees putting forth their buds, the various tribes of *grasses* spring with infinite variety and luxuriance into sight. The mossy bank—the fertile plain—the swelling hill—and the mountain-peak—are all clad with the peculiar graces of their herbage; and whether you embrace the entire prospect, or select a single species, or from that species cull a single particular, the eye is ravished with the sense of exquisite beauty. As the season advances, the scene (luxuriant and laughing before) assumes a tinge of richness and grandeur. The stalk rises into majesty of proportion—undulates with the breeze—receives a mellowness of tint—and ripens into perfection of form. Presently, fanned by the breezes of heaven, and cherished by the fostering sunbeams, a glory spreads over the various tribes. Whether you contemplate the *lily* in its modest retreat, or the *rose* in the summer radiance of June, or the *meadow grass*, purpling the foot of the hill, or the waving heads of the wheat, bristling in some spacious field of the industrious farmer,—the observer stands delighted with an indescribable perception of the richness and glory of the grassy productions of the earth; and images, never felt before, and not at will to be revived in the mind, are summoned into existence.—What pleasure, unimaginable and undescribable, exhilarates the heart from perceptions such as these, when all the blessed powers of nature combine to dress out the face of earth (at all times beautiful with its undulations of hill and valley, and its variety of land and water,) with the finishing graces of delicate and flowering herbage, richer than the raiment of Solomon in his glory, and more varied than the tints of the rainbow! Business, with its distracting usurpations, and care with its injurious ravages, may have taken away from our *keen* perception of these beauties;—and the ploughshare may be driven with apathy through the swarth, and the flower may be trodden by our careless foot, without a sensation *now*. But we can all remember, (while some may still enjoy) that blissful period of early youth, when spring came to us as if for the first time—richer and more ecstatic almost than heart could wish,—and of which the splendour of the grass and herb was the most prominent and enchanting characteristic.

Would that I might linger on this portion of my subject! Would that imagination might expatiate on this ample and glorious field, where the infinite and almighty Creator exhibits, as it were in miniature, the wonders of his productive hand! Where among millions, each stalk rises perfect in its symmetry and grace—in itself a world—a source of endless reflection, as well as a sight of ever unsatiated pleasure! But as the sun moves along the ecliptic—as moons increase and wane, and stars alter in their courses,—there come more scorching beams, dews less nourishing, more chilling winds, more pelting showers. And first a *primrose* drops,—and then a *lily* droops its head,—and the mower whets his scythe for the ready hay,—and the reaper puts his sickle into corn, already bending under the honours of its mellow head. Or, if the race of man should be absent, still in the most desert plain, or the most lonely isle, the *grass*, having fulfilled the law of its nature,—the "grass withereth and the flower thereof falleth away." It fades in its beauty—it shrinks in its proportions;—the winds waste it—the sun scorches it—and to every eye it brings pain, to every heart a melancholy sense of desolation.

Such is the description and history of that *grass* wherewith the earth is clothed, and from which it derives so much of its beauty and enchantment. The eye is ravished by its elegance—the perception is entranced by its fragrance—the rustling of its gentle movements brings ecstasy to the ear,—and the harmony of the whole, with the rest of the magnificent world, distends the heart with joy. But ere the first emotion almost has ceased to beat, the scene changes,—and a decay as rapidly succeeds to life and lovely form, and ruin finds a realm, where glory was most ambitious.

The picture indeed is melancholy: yet so far have I been from an unfavourable delineation, that I have not touched on an *accident*, pitiable indeed, but so common that it may almost be called a general law of the grassy tribes. For before the flower has blossomed on the plant that has been nurtured with the tenderest care, some unreasonable foot perhaps has blighted its earliest germs—some unfeeling hand of mischievous boy, or some depredation of beast or bird, breaks the fragile stalk,—or else the busy tribes of insects, making up in numbers what they want in power, eat into its core. Volcanoes also shower their ashes, and earthquakes occasionally submerge their beds; and the foot, or the

industry,—or the caprice of man cuts off many a stalk—as beautiful as its first original in the garden of Eden—before it has half fulfilled its destined, though at best brief, law of existence.

But why am I expatiating thus? To whom am I unfolding this history of beautiful, but frail existence? To angels, indeed, bright in the immortal youth of heaven,—to Adam in the state of primeval innocence, before sin and sorrow shed their lurid and blasting light on the animated and rational creation,—to such, the tale might be novel,—to such, the reality appear strange. But, when I behold before me *fatihers*, bent down with the weight of years—who have opened in a nurse's arms their eyes to the before unexperienced light,—who have gambolled in boyhood—who have studied in youth—who have acted in manhood,—and whom (after this system and round of life,) I now behold, *trembling* with years—gray with cares—surrounded by descendants—and mellowed by experience,—to you, I say, whom I address and to such as you, any enlargement on the beauty and fragility of the herbs and plants of the earth is unnecessary and would be misplaced. Too well, *yourselves*, you proclaim the lesson in my text, that "flesh is grass." *Flesh*, soft and beautiful in infancy—wonderfully fashioned and varied in childhood—active and robust in youth—firm and practised in manhood,—withers in age,—like grass that *perishes*, though the sickle spare it. Yes,—*man*, the *animal* man, is like the grass of the field. Though his organization is wonderful,—though his proportions are admirable,—though his face is radiant with an assemblage of beauties,—though he is capable of motion,—though he is robust in strength,—though he is skilled in the arts of life,—he still is limited by the rule that limits the existence of the herbs of the field. Can, indeed, a form so exquisite be broken like a worthless thing? Can, indeed, eyes that roll so quickly and with such intelligence, be quenched in the darkness that wraps the grave? Can those cheeks, the theatre of quick-passing blushes,—that brow, that betrays every internal emotion—those expressive lips—that symmetry of motion and of form—all those unexpressed and inexpressible wenders of shape and use, which a life spent in study of them will not fathom, be cancelled for ever by a fiat of destruction? Alas! too surely experience and observation tell you that "flesh is grass."

But *affections*,—*imagination*,—*memory*,—*understanding*,—are these too to be swallowed up, like the sap which circulates in the stem of the flower, or the plant? And such affections!—the beautiful relationship of parent and child—of man and wife—of neighbour and relative—of patriot and fellow-creature,—are these also to be lost in the grave? Then the aspiring attempt at rising in society—the hardy enterprise—the bold conception—the plan for private or individual good—the mechanical capacity—the distant expectation,—must these pass away, withering like the herbage of the last summer, and passing never to return? What! and must we *forget* also (not the unpleasant parts only of life, though the memory of trouble itself is sweet), but all those happy hours we have ever spent,—all the kind deeds done us—all that we have done, or fain would do to others—all that has passed through our minds, like sunshine,—are those, too, to be buried in oblivion? And is that fine texture of the brain, whereby one man excels another in judgment,—those solid parts, and useful acquirements—to be defaced and swept away, as if they were of no more value than the reed that shakes at the edge of a marsh, or the obscure plant that withers on the plain? Answer, ye whom I address, for yourselves! Answer *you*, whose eyes, dim with years, hardly *now* discern the *oulines* of objects! Answer, *thou forgetful man*, who in your age cannot, at this day even of sunshine and light, recal to mind ten thousand busy phantoms of ambition which occupied your early years! Answer O shameless and pretended friend, who have *forgotten* perhaps, for many a long year, the *blessing* of your father—the *cares* of your mother—the *pledges* of the friends of your youth! And I would ask many of *you* to answer, aged and respected men, who have outlived the strength and energy of your mind, though you may not have outlived the respect and gratitude of your neighbors! Do you not, *oppressed* with infirmities, enfeebled in faculties, appear to all observers living specimens of decay? as animated corpses, beings half way between the breathing and the dead?—illustrating what all the descriptions whom I have addressed do, but illustrating it more signally, that "flesh is grass?"

RUFUS.

To be concluded in our next.

THE CHURCH.

COBourg, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1837.

A Visitation of the Archdeaconry of York was held in St. James's Church, in the city of Toronto, on Wednesday the 13th inst.—at which were present sixteen of the clergy comprised in that Archdeaconry. Prayers were read by the Rev. J. G. Geddes, and the Lessons by the Rev. M. Burnham;—after which a Sermon, replete with pious and sound admonition, was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Phillips. It is to be regretted that so few of the members of the congregation attended on this occasion, for the clergy present constituted nearly the whole of the auditory;—but whether this circumstance is to be ascribed to defective notice, or to an impression on the part of the public that the benefit of the edifying services of the day was to be confined to the clergy officially cited, we cannot forbear expressing it as our opinion that both the interest and advantage of such clerical conventions would be much heightened by a participation, on the part of the laity, in such portion of the services at least as are manifestly designed to be public.

After a short adjournment,—and doubtless the thinness of the audience was a ground for its adoption, when to the clergy it must prove so convenient,—an animated and instructive address was delivered by the Venerable the Archdeacon of York to the clergy present. The subject of this address was confined chiefly to the external circumstances of the church, and to its present position as affected by recent proceedings at home;—and it was concluded with a spirited exhortation to that vigilance and resolution which the menaced condition of our affairs seemed

so imperatively to demand from every member and adherent of the church.

The several Addresses,—alluded to in our last,—which had been agreed upon at the meeting of the Archdeaconry of Kingston, were then submitted to the clergy now assembled by a deputation appointed for that purpose, and their concurrence in the substance of them requested, in order that they might go forth as the sentiments of the united body of the Clergy of Upper Canada. Committees were appointed to take these addresses, respectively, into consideration, and on the following day,—the reports of the several committees having been presented—the Addresses, after a few slight verbal alterations, were unanimously adopted.

The deputation from Kingston, also, presented a series of resolutions, founded upon the present condition of the affairs of the church, which, after considerable discussion, were also adopted without material alteration. Upon these resolutions an address was subsequently drafted to the Queen and Parliament;—embodying, briefly, the constitutional claims of the Church of England to the property so long the subject of needless disputation, protesting against interference with these her vested rights by any inferior tribunal, and supplicating a final settlement of the question by a Declaratory Act of the Imperial Parliament. What may be the issue of this appeal we pretend not to divine; although from such a tribunal the Church of England has much more to expect than from the subordinate and time-serving authorities who, after partial consideration or in submission to the shifting doctrine of expediency, would pronounce unfavourably upon her claims. But be the issue what it may, we trust it will be such as to set at rest and for ever a question which has so long been the theme of the popular adventurer to the disturbance of political quiet and to the grievous interruption of christian peace.

CHURCH STATISTICS AND INTELLIGENCE.

RECTORY OF PRESCOTT.

Rev. Robert Blakey, Incumbent;—who commenced his ministerial labours at Prescott in the year 1821 in a school-house, but not long after an excellent Church was built, which was subsequently enlarged for the accommodation of the increasing congregation. In this Church, service is performed every morning and evening on Sundays, and on Wednesday evenings the Rector gives his attention to a Bible Class who assemble for religious instruction at Prescott. A neat stone Church has also been erected at Maitland, seven miles and a half distant from Prescott, where service is performed every Sunday afternoon at an hour fixed upon between the stated services allotted to the Church at Prescott:—thus making three regular services performed on each Sunday, besides the week-day ministration already alluded to.

In the year 1836, there were Baptisms 42; Marriages, 6; Burials, 17; Communicants, 106.

MISSION OF TORONTO TOWNSHIP.

Rev. James Magrath, A.M., Minister. Divine service is performed in St. Peter's Church on the River Credit, three Sundays in each month, and every fourth Sunday at Hurontario Church, about thirteen miles distant. The congregations at both Churches vary according to the state of the weather and roads, but the average attendance is considerable.

In 1836, there were Baptisms, 49; Marriages 16; Burials, 11; Communicants, at the Credit, 69; at Hurontario Church, 57,—in all 126.

From the Port Hope Gazette.

We congratulate the Inhabitants of Port Hope and its vicinity on the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Shortt, who has been appointed to this parish, by the bishop of Montreal, and who will perform divine service regularly every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock.—Mr. Shortt will undoubtedly have much to contend with at the commencement of his labours, but we hope and trust, that with the zealous and united efforts of his parishioners, we shall soon see the Church in a more prosperous state. From what we hear of Mr. Shortt, as a christian and a gentleman, we feel confident that nothing will be wanting on his part, to entitle him to the cordial co-operation of his hearers.

In relation to the progress of our clerical deputation to the mother country,—Messrs. Bettridge and Cronyn,—a correspondent writes to us as follows:

"From a communication which I had yesterday from a friend in Ireland, I find that Mr. Cronyn had, about the middle of July, preached a sermon in Baggot Street Chapel of Ease, Dublin, with the most pleasing prospect of reaping a considerable harvest. Already, I am told, had substantial fruit been gathered; and it was expected, from the warm and growing interest taken by many in the Upper Canadian branch of the Established Church, that abundant would be the produce. The Rev. John Hare acts as Treasurer, and has published an address to the inhabitants, setting forth his willingness to receive and forward their donations, and explaining the wants of our people. I am asked, 'Is it possible only sixty clergymen for nearly half a million of inhabitants?' It appears that the Viscountess Mountjoy heads the undertaking. God grant, by his blessing, that it may be successful, beyond what we can hope or think!"

In regard to the rumour, which is now so generally in circulation, respecting the appointment of the Rev. Mr. Howel of Stockport, to the Bishopric of Quebec, we have no further intelligence than what is contained in the paragraph extracted from the Stockport Advertiser, upon which the report seems entirely to be founded. It is probably known by most of our readers that in the year 1832, when the usual Parliamentary Grant to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was under discussion, it was distinctly declared by Lord Howick in the House of Commons that it was the determination of Government to grant no further religious aid whatever to the North American Provinces, and that "Bishop and all," as far as parliamentary assistance was concerned, were to be abolished. Every subsequent act of Government seems to manifest the strictest adherence to this resolution; for in the arrangement by which the