

Poetry.

THE VERNAL STORM.

The vernal storm hath rent the trees,
And strewn the tender foliage wide;
And we reproach the cruel breeze
That pitied not spring's youthful pride.

Unthinking mortals!—in that gale
Myriads of blighting insects die,
That else had blackened grove and vale
With poison-breathing progeny.

And when affliction's awful power
Scatters the joy of our young May,
Repine we that the chastening hour
Tears the gay hopes of life away?

Short-sighted creatures! did we know
The thousand plagues that pleasures raise,
Our hearts would fly to meet the blow
And mingle every tear with praise.

British Magazine.

I. H. B. M.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

May 20.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
24.—Ascension-Day.
27.—Sunday after Ascension-Day.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. XXIII.

YORK; STAMFORD; HUNTINGDON; CAMBRIDGE.

To one who has explored the pride of York,—its ancient and noble Minster,—there is not much in that city to engage the particular attention of the visitor. In the rear of the stupendous cathedral, the grounds are tastefully laid out; and a spacious area, adorned with flowery parterres and crossed by smooth gravel walks, is nearly encircled with the houses of the dean, canons, and other dignitaries attached to the cathedral.

But it does not employ much time—and, from classical association, they are highly worthy of a passing inspection—to view the fragments of Roman altars which are to be discerned in this city, the inscriptions upon them, however, nearly obliterated by the 'effacing fingers' of time; the remains of the old wall with its nodding arches; and the antique gate which forms one of the principal entrances into the city. The Romans, in the palmy days of their conquests,—before gold came to be exchanged as a weapon for steel,—had made themselves masters of most of the island; and to protect the more civilized inhabitants of the south from the fierce marauders of the north, they fortified some of the principal towns as well as threw walls across the island. In later days, when the glory of the empire began to wane, York was not unfrequently the head-quarters of their army; and Constantine Chlorus, himself a Christian, and the father of Constantine the first Christian emperor, breathed his last in this city.

York, too, and its environs, was the scene of many sanguinary contentions, as well in the wars of 'the roses,' as in the later civil commotions which brought the Sovereign of the Kingdom to the block. Marston Moor, where Fairfax and Prince Rupert engaged in long and bloody encounter, is but a short distance from York; but great as were the results of this sanguinary conflict,—nothing less than the ruin of the royal cause, and the murder of England's 'associated king,' no traces of the battle are to be discovered, and the harvest waves peacefully over the mangled bones of mingled friends and foes. God grant that no green spot in this lovely island may again be stained by blood shed in civil encounter! One bloodless revolution, in 1693, was achieved; and may every contest of opinion be so fought, and so terminated,—in adding new safeguards to our inestimable Constitution, and another fold to theegis of protection which is thrown over our most precious Protestant faith!

A little before sunset I mounted the coach for Stamford; and crossing the Ouse,—a gentle stream which meanders through York and the adjacent lands,—we drove through a fertile and picturesque country, as long as day-light permitted us to distinguish its scenery. But the dews of evening were descending, and darkness was gathering over the landscape; and adhering to the top of the coach as long as common comfort would permit, till the last blush of twilight had faded away into the grey of night, I retreated within the carriage, and yielding to repose, all the farther beauties of Yorkshire, as well as much of those of Northamptonshire, were lost to sight. Early on the following morning, we entered Leicestershire, and crossing a corner of the county of Rutland, we came to Stamford. This town is claimed by three counties, Rutland, Lincoln, and Northampton, and is divided into a corresponding number of parishes. It bears rather an ancient appearance, but is by no means deficient in good buildings and in general neatness. It is intersected by the river Welland, over which is thrown an antique and massive stone bridge. About a mile from Stamford, stands Burleigh House, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter, and built by the celebrated Lord Burleigh, the minister of Queen Elizabeth and Lord Treasurer of England. The park and grounds about this seat are very extensive, and are beautifully varied by gentle undulations, covered with groves and copses of oak, amongst which we discovered hundreds of deer to be quietly browsing. In front of the house is a fine sheet of water, winding through the grounds and lost among the trees, on which were floating a large flock of snow-white swans. The noble owner of this magnificent estate was represented to be very unpopular in Stamford, because he was an opponent of some of the innovating efforts of the day.—Perhaps he was in the purlieus of the fish-market &c., whose inhabitants were not highly competent to judge of the merits of the political topics of the time; and the present heavy accusations against the Marquis of Exeter will be received with a smile, when it is announced that the sole authority for them on the present occasion was the coachman!

We pursued our journey, without much delay at Stamford, to Huntingdon; a town of considerable size, and which struck me as very pleasantly situated. It is the birth place of Oliver Cromwell; and although that is a circumstance which may not, in every judgment, add to its celebrity, the greatest haters of the

obliquities which stood forth in that strange compound of bigotry and hypocrisy, will not deny that it throws some degree of interest about the good town of Huntingdon. This place, moreover, is celebrated as having been the residence of the poet Cowper, after that eclipse of his faculties had passed away which, during so many years, had rendered his life a mere blank. From this long and dreamy trance he seemed to have awoke like a 'giant refreshed;' and while his writings manifest a higher order of genius, they evince that his spirit was deeply imbued with pious thankfulness to Him who was the gracious author of this extraordinary mental resuscitation.

From Huntingdon we drove to St. Ives, a name well known in story and legend, and familiar to our childish years as household words; and from thence our journey was pursued to Cambridge. This part of our way lay through a flat and uninteresting country; bearing the appearance, from its unbroken level and the dykes on either hand, of having been recovered from a marsh. The approach to Cambridge is by no means striking; and the contrast is certainly great between the present view of Cambridge and the magnificent appearance which the sister university of Oxford presents as you approach from London. Still when once you enter Cambridge, and at every step you proceed, new attractions are offered; for many of the colleges and other public edifices are noble buildings, and nothing can be more delightful and alluring than the 'Cam's smooth margin,' and the groves through which it meanders. I took up my abode at the 'Sun,' more ambitious in its cognomen, though far less extensive or costly in its arrangements, than the 'Star' at Oxford. My first visit was to St. John's College, in the hope of finding one—with whom many subsequent hours and days have been passed in the most delightful and recreative of converse—who would have been my indefatigable companion to all the sights and attractions of this celebrated University. But the long vacation had commenced, and his door was barred! Similar disappointments awaited me in other attempts; and I had to leave Cambridge without an introduction—which my letters would have ensured me—amongst others known to fame, to the Master of Trinity and to the venerated Fellow of King's, of whose inanimate remains Cambridge is still the guardian, but whose sainted spirit, we can believe, has flown to the 'rest of the people of God.' While Simeon, the spiritual father and instructor of so many for nearly half a century, leaves us in his remarkable 'walk with God' an example to 'follow his faith,' there is something as instructive as touching in his dying testimony. In his last moments he is represented to have shrunk as much from the converse as from the gaze of man, and to have sought to breathe his last in quiet and alone. "Let me," said he, "die alone. A scene! a dying scene! I abhor a dying scene. I lie before him, the vilest of the vile—the lowest of the low—the poorest of the poor. Now let me die alone."—About this good man there may have been peculiarities, and many may be unable to adopt his particular code of religious opinions;—yet, if all will not admit that they were in strict consonance with our Scriptural Articles, and their admirable interpreters the Homilies;—if, amongst the pious, the exemplary, and the devoted, there will, upon many essential tenets, be 'shades of difference' in opinion;—none can deny to this champion of the cross that zeal and devotedness to his Master's cause, and that purity of heart and rectitude of life which demonstrates of real believers that they are "His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works."

Cambridge—boast though it may not of pleasing localities—is 'ascended to immortal fame,' from having proved the nursery of such men as Bacon, Newton, Barrow, Porson, and hundreds of lesser lights in the galaxy of letters; while the merits of the wranglers and optines whom it yearly sends forth from its venerated walls, maintain the continuity of that chain of which those 'giants' in learning formed remoter links. Cambridge, by a contemporary writer, Lockhart, has two accusations brought against it,—that of 'liberalism in politics' and 'enthusiasm in religion.' The latter charge is ascribable, no doubt, to the influence of the departed Simeon; and although, as I have said, the theological opinions of this good and learned man may be canvassed as to their entire soundness by many of the pious and the excellent in the earth, none will deny that Simeon has been the means, more perhaps than any other individual in the University, of keeping in the brightness of its burning torch the torch of lively and practical religion.—As for the past politics of Cambridge, her most attached sons must plead guilty of a culpable condescension to the innovations attempted, in those latter times, upon the integrity of Church and State. I say, however, past politics; for, with proverbial sagacity, her true English-hearted sons have discovered that the political problem on which they were intent was leading to a wrong result, and they have therefore indignantly and virtuously flung aside the whole process! No other, we believe, than a Conservative champion of our pure Protestant faith is likely ever again to be honoured with the suffrages of the enlightened sons of this ancient University.

(To be continued.)

WORDSWORTH.

One cheering proof of the force of an active religious principle in shaping and animating compositions not avowedly sacred, presents itself to us in the poetry of Mr. Wordsworth. How many sensations rush upon the mind at the mention of that honoured name! During a quarter of a century his fame has been struggling along like a subterranean current; not often heard in the stir and bustle of ephemeral rivalry; but still keeping the tenor of its way, widening and deepening every hour, until at length it begins to issue forth into light again, a broad, rapid, and glittering river. All our readers must be familiar with the history of that Scottish school of criticism, which sprang into notoriety under the auspices of a few clever but, we fear, unprincipled men. A certain smartness and vivacity of expression, a novelty and poignancy of illustration, and a determined infallibility of judgment, combined to invest their decisions with an oracular solemnity. The popular mind was deceived and bewildered by the glitter of wit and the affectation of learning; reputations were immolated on the new shrine of

criticism, and the cruelty of the literary Moloch was forgotten in the splendour of his eyes; under the baneful dominion of such a school, genius was depressed, that imbecility might rise. He who commences by depreciating the wise and the good, will never find himself without an audience; the multitude will always run to drink at these waters of bitterness. Truly was it observed by Goldsmith, in the dedication to "The Traveller," that, like the tiger, which seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of Poet; his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his frenzy fire. Such were the melancholy reflections of one who had himself experienced the secret shafts of enmity. But although this species of intellectual THUGGISM could not very long exist in a civilized country without being denounced by every man of just feelings; yet the sufferings it inflicted were often acute, and the injuries sustained by its attacks of considerable duration. Mr. Wordsworth's sentiments may be read in the preface to his works—"There are select spirits for whom it is ordained that their fame shall be in the world an existence like that of virtue, which owes its being to the struggles it makes, and its vigour to the enemies it provokes; a vivacious quality, ever doomed to meet with opposition, and still triumphing over it." Genius, which is essentially immortal, cannot indeed be crushed beneath any weapon, by whomsoever wielded; but it may be wounded, though it cannot be destroyed. And as Venus was driven back to her Olympian home before the fierce arm of a Grecian warrior, so may the spirit of the Beautiful, flee from amongst us at the rude insults of a presumptuous criticism; the wounds from which the sacred ichor flows, will, indeed, quickly heal, but sorrow and pain will remain upon the spirit. The elephant, was the noble observation of Walter Savage Landor, is consumed by ants in his unapproachable solitudes.—Wordsworth is the prey of Jeffery. How was it possible for one whose fancy fluttered only round the villa of Pope, or delighted in the masculine common sense of Dryden, to comprehend or appreciate the far-sighted and ennobling philosophy, the delicious scenes of rural beauty, and the intense sympathy with the cares of life, which compose the works of the poet of Rydal Mount? It was related of Pope by Lord Marchmont that, unless the conversation took an epigrammatic turn, that most graceful of poets was wont to fall asleep. So it was with the Coryphæus of the northern school: the flash of sentiment, the point of antithesis, the pungency of sarcasm were necessary to engage his attention!—*Church of England Quarterly Review.*

THE MORAL OF A PICTURE.

When Wilkie was in the Escorial, looking at Titian's famous picture of the Last Supper, in the refectory there, an old Jeronimite said to him, "I have sat daily in sight of that picture for now nearly three-score years: during that time my companions have dropped off, one after another, all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many, or most of those who were younger than myself; more than one generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged! I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we but shadows!"

I wish I could record the name of the monk by whom that natural feeling was so feelingly and strikingly expressed.—*The Doctor (Southey)*

Strong affections make strong afflictions.—*Dr. Owen.*

PRIVATE TUITION.

A MARRIED CLERGYMAN of the Church of England, who has taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and whose Rectory is situated in one of the healthiest parts of Upper Canada, is desirous of receiving into his house four young gentlemen as pupils, who should be treated in every respect as members of his own family, and whom he would undertake to prepare for the intended University of King's College,—or, if preferred, give such a general education as should qualify them for mercantile or other pursuits. The strictest attention should be paid to their morals and manners, and it would be the endeavour of the advertiser to instil into the minds of his pupils those sound religious principles, which form the only safeguard in the path of life.

Testimonials as to the character and qualifications of the advertiser will be shewn, to any persons who may wish to avail themselves of this advertisement, by the Lord Bishop of Montreal, the Hon. & Ven. the Archdeacon of York, the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Cobourg, the Rev. H. J. Grasset, Toronto, and the Rev. J. G. Geddes, Hamilton. 32-1f.

The Church

Will for the present be published at the Star Office, Cobourg every Saturday.

TERMS.

To Subscribers resident in the immediate neighborhood of the place of publication, TEN SHILLINGS per annum. To Subscribers receiving their papers by mail, FIFTEEN SHILLINGS per annum, postage included. Payment is expected yearly, or at least half-yearly in advance.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

The Hon. and Ven. The Archdeacon of York; The Rev. Dr. Harris, Principal of the U. C. College; the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Rector of Cobourg; the Rev. H. I. Grasset, Asst. Minister of St. James's church, Toronto;—to any of whom communications referring to the general interests of the paper may be addressed.

EDITOR for the time being, The Rev. A. N. Bethune, to whom all communications for insertion in the paper (post paid) are to be addressed, as well as remittances of Subscription.

[R. D. CHATTERTON, PRINTER.]