

Poetry.

ST. ATHANASIUS.

[THE CATHEDRAL.]

A sea of troubles tried thee, till at length;
Borne back by thy strong sinew, they appeared
Thy might, and sternly bore thee in thy strength,
Onward, till on the Eternal Rock appear'd.
Truth's loyal champion, to all time rever'd.
Great Athanasius! beaten by wild wrath
Of Calumny, and exile, and of wrong,
Thou wert familiar grown with frowning death,
Looking him in the face all thy life long,
Till thou and he were friends, and thou wert strong.
The "Eye of Alexandria," raised on high,
Unto all Christendom a beacon light:
Thou from our tossing waves and stormy sky
Art in thy peaceful haven hid from sight;
But still thy name hath leave to guide us thro' the night.

Review.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTER; by the author of "Amy Herbert," &c., edited by the Rev. W. SEWELL, B. D., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford: New York, D. Appleton, & Co., 1850.

We have no hesitation in saying, that we think this tale one of the best of its author's productions. While it displays in the character of its heroine what may well be termed the "beauty of holiness," there is sufficient interest in the plot and spirit in the dialogue, to enchain the attention of the reader, and to retain it unabated to the end. Few, we think, will close the book without having been won to admire the piety, the Christian firmness, the maiden gentleness of the "Earl's Daughter," and not a few, we trust, of its youthful readers will be led not only to admire, but to imitate those qualities, and to adopt those principles which are equally within the reach of all, and for the happiness, of the lowly, as of the high.

In its tone the work is eminently devout and evangelical; not in the sectional meaning of the word, which we would fain see repudiated, but in its primary and proper sense as implying that which is in accordance with the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. The author evidently, as might be expected, does not offer to entertain that idea of evangelical teaching which prevails with some, namely, that it is Christianity *without* the Church; but while he takes as high a standard of vital piety as could be required, he inculcates it in connection with the teaching and ordinances of the Church, shewing how they are blended with, and dependent upon, each other, and that as the Church in its teaching is the faithful exponent of Gospel truth, so its ordinances are most strengthening and refreshing to the Christian's soul, and most expressive of the spirit of true devotion.

We will not do our readers the unkindness to rob the tale of any of its freshness by describing its scenes and personages; but will merely give some extracts shewing the style and character of the work, and justifying the commendation which we have bestowed upon it.

The work, we may premise, is less a child's tale than the "Amy Herbert," or "Laneton Parsonage" of the same author, and beginning with the confirmation of the "Earl's Daughter, Lady Blanche Evelyn, carries her through some eventful scenes of early womanhood. The following descriptive and didactic passage is, we think, good in many ways.

"The spectacle which the cathedral church of St. Mark exhibited when the choir was filled, before the services of the church began, was one of no common interest. The broad light of the sun, as its rays streamed through the stained windows, fell upon fair young faces chastened by holy thoughts, and boyish features subdued into stillness by the pressure of a strange and hitherto unfeared awe. There were countenances which told of fear and wonder, and some, it might be, of fear and indifference; there were eyes bent upon the page in which the vow to be renewed was recorded; and lips moving in silent prayer that strength might be granted for its fulfilment; while, at times, over those youthful faces there passed the shadow of a dark cloud, the cloud of the memory of sin; the vision of cherished offences, of indulged tempers,—vanity and pride, selfishness and irreverence,—the bitter fruits of an evil nature, now a second time to be publicly renounced for ever. Was it to be marvelled at, if in some then present the weakness of humanity for a moment shrank from the warfare imposed upon it, and would fain have returned to the bondage of Egypt, the indulgence of earthly inclination, rather than brave the battle with those stern enemies—the world, the flesh, and the devil—which through the borders of the land of promise?

But the wish, if it rose, was founded on error. The candidates for Confirmation were no longer free to choose. Once baptized, once admitted into the fellowship of the Catholic Church, and there could be no draw back. The members of Christ, the children of God, the inheritors of the kingdom of heaven, could never again "be as the heathen." They might despise their privileges, and break their vows; but the privileges for them; and the vows were still upon their heads, and so would also be the punishment for neglect. For them it could never be a question, whether they would accept Christianity: but whether, having accepted, they would renounce it; and even the most indifferent amongst the professed followers of Christ would surely have trembled to risk the woe which must inevitably follow an open, deliberate apostasy.

But although no second promise could in reality increase the binding responsibility of the first, yet the public ratification of a covenant with God must ever be regarded with awe. The baptismal vow was now for the first time fully impressed upon the conscience of many by whom it had scarcely before been remembered, and they trembled as the moment approached when they were to seal it with the consent of their own lips.

The peaceful soothing words of the daily service were said, and when they were ended there stood before the altar of God the high-born inheritors of honour and wealth, and the gentle children nursed in affluence and retirement, and the humble offspring of poverty, united by one creed, one hope, one danger, and summoned to join in one common act of self-dedication.

Together they listened to the earnest supplication which was to bring down upon them from on high the "severed gifts of grace;" and then side by side they knelt, and each in turn bowed beneath a hand of blessing—the blessing of their spiritual Father in Christ.

Once more they were seated as before, to receive from the Bishop's mouth the words of advice, and warning, and consolation, which were to guide them amidst the temptations of life; and when the final benediction was given, and the full tones of the organ pealed through the long aisles, they parted even as they met, for the greater part, unknowing and unregarding, to many a distant home, never to meet together again in one place till they should stand before the judgment-seat of God, to answer for the fulfilment of the vow which had that hour been registered in heaven."

The absence of practical and devotional religion in the Earl's character is well described in the following extract. He is in the highest degree polished as a gentleman and affectionate as a father, but indifferent and wanting in the great ingredient of true satisfaction and happiness.

"Upon this topic alone no word had passed between them—they met in the morning and the world was the theme of their conversation; they parted at night and no words of prayer were uttered to call a blessing upon the midnight hour. Poetry, and painting, and music, and literature, and even the deeper subjects of science and philosophy, were at all times introduced, and Blanche with her natural refinement and superiority of mind was fascinated by the earl's eloquent language and exquisite taste. His words were as the word of enchantment; for, as he spoke of Italy and Greece, and the sunny islands of the south, even Blanche forgot for the moment that earth was but the stepping-stone to heaven; its beauty, but a type of that which shall be hereafter; its genius and its learning, but the faint and misused relics of that perfect creation which only when it issued taintless from the hands of its Creator, was pronounced to be "very good." But the earl ceased, and Blanche was left to her own meditations, and then as she retraced the conversation and sought for something which should be treasured in her memory, a vague sense of unsatisfactoriness filled her mind. A glittering pageant seemed to have passed before her; but it was gone. And of what avail was it to her to have vividly realised the solemn beauty of Genoa, and the dazzling lustre of Naples; to have wandered in fancy beneath the vast dome of St. Peter's, or stood amidst the giant ruins of the Coliseum; to have floated in the dark gondolas of Venice, or gazed upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean; or how could it content her to hear of Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and Guido;—of Dante and Ariosto, and Tasso and Petrarch, and the names which associate Italy with all that is most precious in poetry and art, if all were but for the amusement of the hour, bearing no voice of warning from the past, no lesson of instruction for the future? But Blanche did not yet understand all she had to fear. She marvelled indeed at her father's apparent neglect of the subject most interesting to herself; she thought it strange that not even an allusion was made to it; but she was captivated by the brilliancy of his conversation, and accounted for his silence by remembering her own reluctance to converse upon serious subjects, except at peculiar times and under certain circumstances. She had been told that her own manner gave no true impression of her mind, and so she supposed it must be with him. A faint cloud was stealing over the sunlight of her joy, but she knew it not."

The conversation in which Lady Blanche defends her religious principles, not obtrusively but with a quiet modest simplicity, against the half infidelity of a friend, is well worth attention, were it only for the forcible conclusion respecting conscience.

"Yes, truth; it is the one thing needful," replied Blanche: "but Mrs. Howard says that a half truth must be the greatest of falsehoods."

"What? say it again," exclaimed Maude.

Blanche repeated the words.

"Goethe's truths are half truths, you mean," continued Maude.

"I think they must be; like the half truths of heathenism, which led men to idolatry."

"But a whole truth, who can find it?—who can be certain of it?" said Maude in a musing tone.

"God is truth," replied Blanche, timidly and reverently.

"Yes," and Maude's manner became reverent also; "but men also are divine—in their noblest feelings, their highest desires."

"We were made in the image of God," observed Blanche: "but the image is defaced."

"Granted, of course. Defaced; but not utterly ruined—not lost."

"No, indeed not," exclaimed Blanche, enthusiastically; "not lost,—still to be restored, renewed again; but it must be after the perfect original."

"I am tired of symbols," said Maude, hastily.

"Still, may I tell you, will you not think me very presumptuous if I say what such notions as I believe Goethe's to be appear to me to resemble?" continued Blanche: "those I mean which make persons interesting, and in a certain way good, without being Christians. I must use an illustration; I cannot explain myself else. It is as if he had accidentally met with separate fragments of what had once been the copy of a perfect statue; and because he admired each portion separately, supposed that by uniting them all together the whole world would be beautiful."

"Of course, of course," interrupted Maude; "they could not be less beautiful when put together than they were before, supposing they were all the work of the same hand."

"But if parts were wanting," continued Blanche: "or if Goethe had never seen the perfect original, and therefore, instead of combining them according to the first design, formed a figure after the imagination of his own heart—distorted and deficient,—there would be no beauty in the whole, though every separate member might be perfect."

"Well!" was all Maude would say.

"I think,—it seems to me," continued Blanche, hesitating, "that this is something like such principles as you tell me are to be found in Egmont. The feelings described may be good and put separately; but they can scarcely be so when they are put together, because love and obedience to God are wanting."

"No," exclaimed Maude; "Goethe, in Egmont at

least, would make men obedient to the principles implanted in them by nature and conscience. You would not wish for a better guide than conscience."

"It must be the conscience of the Bible, then," said Blanche; "not the conscience of a fallen nature."

There is no attempt to exalt the religion of the cloister, or of monastic retirement.

"And such intercourse saved her from the delusion, which sometimes fatally misleads young persons, of believing, that because the generality of persons are careless in their conduct and lax in their principles, therefore no real purity and goodness exist, except in cases of special retirement and abstraction from ordinary pursuits."

In another conversation between the Earl's daughter and the same friend, whose principles had been deeply adulterated with the mere nationalism of German philosophy, there occurs a beautiful reply to the difficulties alleged from the existing vanities of belief and theory.

"That is what I have done," she continued, without waiting for an answer; "and I have found others who have done the same—clever men; men I thought I could reverence. I met with them abroad; but they were all alike—all disappointing in practice and differing in theory. There was no rest; what one believed the others disbelieved."

"Can there ever be rest in the systems and theories of our own forming?" said Blanche, gently.

With these extracts we close our notice of this work, being decidedly of opinion that it is well calculated to contribute towards the effecting that result which the Psalmist had in mind, when he expressed the desire "that our sons may grow up as the young plants, and that our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple."

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

[From the Parochial Missionary Magazine, Edited by the Rev. George Trevor, M.A., Canon of York, and Chaplain to the Church Burgesses, Sheffield, and late Chaplain in the East Indies.]

Tippoo Sultan was a great Mahometan Prince in the south of India, whose armies once threatened the British power in Madras. He fell at the siege of Seringapatam in 1799, when the Duke of Wellington first began to distinguish himself in the service of his country. The Editor of this magazine has wandered through the ruins of his palace; seen the throne on which he was seated, when a shot from the British cannon struck the pillar before him; and walked over the spot where he perished. He has, moreover, preached the gospel and ministered the sacraments of CHRIST in the territories of this once dreaded Sultan.

Tippoo was accustomed to say, "I have no fear of what I see of the English, it is what I cannot see which alarms me." He thought it not impossible, by a league among the natives, to overcome and destroy the largest army of ours ever seen in that country: but what was that England across the seas, from which governor after governor, and general after general, were so continually arriving?—The quickness and regularity, with which every vacancy was supplied, filled him with astonishment: he was lost in speculating on the resources of that distant island, and its formidable monarch. How astonished would Tippoo have been, if he could have understood that the United Kingdom of England and Ireland measures but 122,376 square miles, and contains a population of not quite 27 millions of souls; while its Colonies and Dependencies are computed at 8,100,000 square miles, with a population of 143 millions! that is to say, our empire beyond the seas is sixty-six times as large, and nearly six times as populous, as the mother country.

The Sultan of Mysore and his three or four millions of subjects were but a drop in the ocean of people subject to this mighty empire. Red Indians, Esquimaux, Negroes, Hottentots, Caffres, Malays, Hindoos, Chinese, New Zealanders, and the various Islanders of the Southern and Pacific Oceans, are included in its native population: many of these, again, are subdivided into various nations and languages, just as Europeans are into English, French, Germans, Italians, Spanish, Portuguese, &c. This immense and varied native population is in different stages of civilization, from the shrewd educated Chinese, down to the half-naked savages of Borneo, and other islands. They are of every shade of colour known to the human race, and inhabit every climate, from the most torrid heats to perpetual snows. Some are living on vast continents, some in islands and bays, some settled in populous cities, some roaming in the wilderness, some hunting upon the mountains, and some existing almost wholly on the waters. They have their different laws and customs, which it is the duty of the English, who reside among them, everywhere to respect, and which will often be referred to and explained in the pages of this magazine. "All these people, nations, and languages that dwell in all the earth," are under the protection and government of that crown which Tippoo Sultan wished, but dreaded to attack. Our beloved sovereign is as much respected by every one of them, as by ourselves. Their affairs are discussed in our Parliament; our laws, in some degree or other, are executed among them all; our ships regularly visit their ports; and our public officers reside upon their shores. To thousands of them, England must be, as it was to Tippoo, an unknown, unimaginable country; and to see, constantly coming out of it, such a regular succession of persons to exercise all this influence over them, may well

fill their minds with the deepest admiration at our inexhaustible resources.

Such an empire as the British never before existed in the world. The four great empires of old (as they are called,) the Assyrian, Macedonian, Grecian, and Roman, were neither of them equal to the present extent of the British, yet the latter continues to increase, and has never in any part of the world declined or gone back. The United States of America, indeed, which were once colonies of this kingdom, have become an independent power, and are growing up into another great empire, which we may justly call English also. But no other people have ever made head against the British power; and there is no corner of the globe where it appears at all probable that it should be resisted with success. This mighty empire, let us entreat our readers to reflect upon, as the missionary field, which our heavenly Lord and King has given us "to occupy till He come." Neither our laws, nor our manufactures, our customs, nor our literature, are suited to make all these subject nations happy. Their different climates and modes of life render it impossible that any of these should everywhere prevail. But our religion is suited to them all, and everywhere has found some to embrace it; our language is penetrating among them all, and our bible and prayer book are translated into theirs: we have only to send forth our missionaries in sufficient numbers, and the "nations of them which are saved" will walk in our light! No parish in England ought to be without its regular association to assist in this blessed work: and none has ever taken up the mission cause in earnest, without experiencing a greater blessing in the enjoyment of their own spiritual advantages. Would that we all had the wisdom of Tippoo Sultan, to ponder on the extent and importance of that which we do not see!

ESTHER MERLE; OR THE NURSERY MAID.

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Merle obtained leave for Margaret to become an out-door patient, and it was settled for her to come as soon as possible. She was to lodge with a decent couple who once had lived at Ellerton; and Esther had the very great pleasure of being able to pay a large portion—in fact, nearly all the expenses of her sister's board and lodging. But notwithstanding the comfortable arrangements, and the hope that medical skill might be of use, the mother felt it to be no small trial to have to part with her sick child, to allow others to pay all those attentions to her which none can perform so well as a kind mother. Esther looked forward to being able occasionally to see her sister, but she was disappointed; for when she returned from walking out with her mother, she was told that arrangements had been made for her to accompany the children and Miss Marston to a watering-place for the advantage of sea-bathing. Next week they were to go, and next week was the very time that Margaret was to come.

However, it could not be helped; and after telling her troubles to Miss Marston, who did her best to comfort her, Esther tried to look on it cheerfully.

At any other time the idea of seeing a new place, and going, too, with Miss Marston, would have been a very great pleasure to her; and as it was, she was of too hopeful and cheerful a nature to dwell long on the dark side. It was not till the very day came that she gave up the hope that Margaret might arrive, so as to give her the pleasure of seeing her. But this did not come to pass, nor did Esther even hear any news from home.

At the watering-place to which they went there was a beautiful beach, and the children were wild with joy at running about and picking up shells. Many other sets of children, with their nurses, and some with their parents, were there; and after a day or two the little Parkers made friends with some of them, and Esther entered into conversation with their nurses. It was rather curious to observe the different ways they all had. There was one set of children who always came out very nicely dressed, and looking as neat as if they were little show dolls. They walked up and down before the nurse, who carried an infant, in the most steady, orderly manner, and at first Esther was full of admiration of them, and said to the children, she wished they would be as quiet and keep their things as nice. But on talking of them to Miss Marston, she answered: "Well, Esther, I don't like to see it at all. The poor children seem so restrained, and under such fear, their walks can do them very little good. I had rather see happy children in pinafores than unhappy in silk pelisses."

And Esther found by observing them more closely, that their nurse was very severe with them, and she scolded them much more for dirtying themselves than if they told untruths or quarrelled. Esther ventured one day to remark this, and the nurse answered: "Of course, my business is just to keep them nice, and hard enough I work to do it! I have nothing to do with their learning." These children, notwithstanding their orderly manner of walking, were selfish and badly disposed, and had recourse to all sorts of sly tricks to escape their nurse's angry, violent way of scolding them.

Now Esther never was put out or angry at having to wash out a stain, or put on an extra change,