

Is this your quick requital of my kindness,  
To steal my sacred cup of divination?  
And did you thus imagine to escape  
From the keen eye of one who can divine?  
But judgment will o'ertake you: tell me now  
What have you done, and wherefore you have done it?

JUDAH.

Prostrate before thy feet, behold we fall,  
Confounded at the strange mysterious cause  
Which brings us here, as guilty, to thy bar!  
What can we say, to clear ourselves, to thee?  
The mighty God, whose eyes are over all,  
Who knows the secret purpose of the heart,  
And guides the destinies of all our race,  
Has seen the wickedness we thought to hide;  
And now, the hour of retribution's come—  
Henceforth are we thy slaves! but not for sin  
Committed against thee: Heaven knows our crime  
Is of far deeper dye—long since committed,  
By us well nigh forgotten; but now again  
Forced on our recollection by a voice  
That will at length be heard by the most harden'd!  
Now we, and all we have, are thine for ever!

JOSEPH.

Cease in such bitter strains thy fate to mourn;  
Deep as your crime is, I disdain to take  
The full amount of vengeance on the guilty.  
Leave only him who dared to steal my cup,  
And let the residue in peace depart.

JUDAH.

O! let thy humbled servant dare to speak  
To him, whose name is scarcely less than Pharaoh's.  
When thou didst ask us, "have ye not a father?  
Have ye no brother in your father's house?"  
We told thee, that our aged parent stood  
Just on the grave's dark brink; with nothing left  
To cheer him in this earthly wilderness,  
But one sweet flower, a young and darling child—  
Son of his age—son of the wife he loved—  
Son of his mother's grief—his father's joy:  
For as she brought him into life, she died,  
And, to her weeping husband left this pledge.  
Another branch from the same cherished stock,  
Once flourish'd fair beneath the parent's eye:  
But he is long since gone.—Think, how my father  
Clings to this relic of his former joys!  
When thou didst bid us bring this child to thee,  
Or thou wouldst never see our faces more,  
The gloomy tidings to our sire convey'd,  
Pierc'd like an arrow to his aching heart.  
He dwelt upon the loss of his dear wife,  
And of her elder son, till tears stole down  
His furrow'd cheek—then to his bosom press'd  
His darling child—"why did ye tell the man,"  
He then would say, "that ye had yet a brother?  
Have ye conspir'd to rob me of my child?  
If of my dearest children I'm bereav'd,  
Oh, how am I bereav'd! Joseph is not,  
And Simeon too is not: and will ye take  
My Benjamin away; Should ill befall him,  
Then, O ye cruel sons, then will ye bring  
These few grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."  
When I beheld the unutterable woe  
Depicted on an aged parent's cheek,  
My bleeding heart could scarce sustain the sight  
Of such deep misery. I long'd for power  
To chase the sorrow from his lab'ring breast,  
And solemnly declar'd, I'd bring him back again,  
Or bear the blame for ever: such was my oath.  
At length with trembling hand and fainting heart,  
He gave the dear deposit to my care,  
With many a solemn charge to keep it safe.  
And now, if I return without the boy,  
How can I meet my father? When he asks,  
"Where is my lovely child, my Benjamin?"  
And no voice answers to his eager call—  
He'll sink at once beneath the load of sorrow  
Down to the grave!—O, take me as a bondman,  
Bind me as a willing captive with the chain  
Of basest servitude; yet send my brother  
Back to his tender father's fond embrace.  
High as my ardent bosom beats for freedom,  
I'd rather linger out my weary life  
In some dark dungeon, friendless and unblest'd,  
Than see that evil on my father come,  
Which my sad heart assures me will arrive,  
When in his agony of grief, he learns  
That we have left his Benjamin in bonds.

I will only beg the reader to observe the effect of this address on the heart of Joseph. It appears, that he had no intention whatever of discovering himself to his brethren at that time. He wished to keep Benjamin: but perhaps from motives of policy, perhaps from a fear lest his connexion with persons who were an abomination to the Egyptians might expose him to the displeasure of Pharaoh, or might weaken that firm authority which he had acquired over the nation, it is evident, he still meant to act the part of a stranger to his brethren. But so irresistible was the pathetic eloquence of Judah, that it instantaneously fanned all the smothered sparks of affection in the breast of Joseph into a blaze. He could no longer refrain himself; he instantly dismissed his Egyptian attendants, and made a disclosure which created mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, of hope and fear, in the minds of his astonished brethren.

J. K.

## THE CHURCH PRAYERS.

A DIALOGUE.

Stephen.—Why, grandfather, if here isn't Mary Sillywoman coming.

Old Steady.—Ah indeed! ask her in.

Stephen.—Good morning, Mary, I hope you are better, I am glad to see you about again.

Mary.—Good morning to you, James; I am better, thank God! but I have had a long sick time of it. Will you believe I haven't been out beyond our Garden for weeks and weeks till to day? However, I believe I'm come to go to church along with you now.

Old Steady.—I'm glad to hear it, Mary.

Mary.—But I should like to ask you one or two questions, James, concerning the church prayers; for the people, that we talked about some time back, said something of them that rather troubled me.

Old Steady.—What was it, Mary? I believe Satan knows too well by experience the power of the church of England

Liturgy against his kingdom, to let it pass without a blow, whenever he can aim one at it.

Mary.—Why, they tell me, James, that we that go to church, don't pray from the heart, but only with the lips, because we use a form prepared for us.

Old Steady.—I should like to look that man in the face, Mary, who would be bold enough to tell me I don't pray from the heart, when I am engaged in our public worship. To my sorrow be it said, I can often do this more in the Lord's house, at such a time, than by myself, in my own room. Many a time has the fire of devotion kindled in my own soul, from the holy warmth of my fellow-sinners praying in our forms round me, and I have truly enjoyed the presence of my Saviour, according to his well-known promise. Now, this is the answer of thirty years' experience, Mary, and one fact like this swallows up, as Moses' rod did the magician's serpents, all the fancies, and the follies, which may be brought against our Liturgy on this head. But, I have no objection to drop this fact for a minute, and just meet them on any ground they please. Do they say forms of prayer are unscriptural? they dare not, Mary. God himself supplied his "Church in the wilderness" with some; and those Jewish forms our Lord and his apostles regularly used. Again, the Lord Jesus gave one (and it is a model to frame all prayers by) for the benefit of his church until she want to pray no more. Now, that the disciples and their converts did not use the form which the Lord had given them, cannot reasonably be supposed; and that their public worship was conducted in other such forms, particularly those which the praying Psalms supply, seems to be pretty clear from different passages in "the Acts," and Epistles. But, however this may be, Mr. Lovechrist has told me more than once, that, from all which good and learned men have been able to make out from old writings, it is beyond dispute that all Christian churches, in every nation of the earth, did from the very first times use public forms of prayer, and particularly "the Lord's prayer," as we do ourselves. And this seems to a plain man, like me, one of the most satisfactory proofs that could be had; for, certainly, they who lived closest to the times of the Apostles, and their successors, were best able to know, and the most likely to follow the apostles' religious practices; just as those who are acquainted with you and me, Mary, or with those who know us, would be better able to write, or tell of our life and habits, than any who may come ages after us. 'Tis a comfort, therefore, that the outcry of these latter days against forms of prayer cannot drown the quiet voice of time, speaking plainly to us through eighteen hundred years.

Mary.—Well, I'm sure, I little thought that any thing like this could be said of our old church form of worship and prayer. I wonder any one should have any thing to say against it, but a good many of them at Jenny Tongue-run's said that the Prayer book was of no use, and that they couldn't pray with forms of prayer.

Old Steady.—That may be, Mary,—but if either of them were now here, I should content myself with answering, "what you can't then, others can." But let us come a little closer to these good folks, Mary. Tell me, I would say to them, how you manage when the person who is praying aloud among you, supplies (as he must) the thoughts and feeling, and words of your prayer? To put your Amen to it, you must first hear it; and when you have heard it, as it didn't come from your own mind, but was born of another, it is to all intents and purposes a form to you; supposing, therefore, it had been taken down as the words fell from the lip of the speaker, (and they tell me there are persons so nimble-handed in this day that they can write as fast as the tongue can speak,) why, it might have been handed round, as the form, which all of you who followed in it had just used; and then, what is the difference between this and any other form of prayer except in the matter of time? yours, to be sure, was made on the spot, while most of ours have grown old in the service of God's people, some of them having been well known at the throne of grace for fifteen hundred years. Now this last is a delightful consideration to me—here I enjoy communion with the saints above, as well as below: it pleases me to think, that in their forms, I'm using the spiritual "threshing instruments," (you remember how God promised to make Israel one, Isaiah 41. 15) with which they used to "thresh the mountains and beat them small"—(God grant me the arm of Faith to wield them as well!) and, the nearer these old prayers come to those early times, the nearer they stand to that age, when the Spirit was poured out upon the church, "like floods upon the dry ground."

A few drops of that "Gracious rain," which began with the Apostles, might still have been falling on those Apostle-like men, who have left us the legacy of their devotions. Lastly, I might add, that it is more difficult really to pray in the words of another, where you have scarcely time to consider the meaning of each sentence, much less to pitch your spirit to it, than it is to make that prayer your own with which you are well acquainted. This is my answer to these despisers of forms of prayer, Mary; who seem to travel so fast after their *will o' the wisps*, that they outrun good sense, and leave sober truth behind.

Mary.—And truly, James, as far as a poor ignorant woman like me, who am no scholar can judge, I think they would have hard work to prove their own words. It really does me good to talk with you, for I don't know half the value of the church of England, though I was born and bred in her, as you may say—and, if it isn't troubling you too much, I should be glad to hear you say a little more about the prayer-book.

Dame Steady.—Ah! Mary! you little think how my old master's spirit gets up when he is talking of our Liturgy. I believe, next to his Bible, he prizes the prayer-book beyond every other book in the world; and I've heard him say, that he has there found "the throne of grace;" and met his Saviour oftener than any where else.

Old Steady.—'Tis true what the Dame says, Mary—I do love the blessed Liturgy, though I love it, I trust, in proper measure as the work of man. To me, it has been a sort of "high-way of holiness" along which I could move up to God. I have found in it petitions, and confessions, and praises suited to every frame and posture of my mind; and in such language, so strong

and beautiful, and yet so plain withal, that I never wished for any other to unload my mind with, or put forth my feelings and thoughts upon. And no wonder that this should be so, Mary, when you consider who they were that put together our common Prayer-Book. Why, they were men, most of them, full of the Spirit of God, men who knew the human heart in all its weakness, and wickedness and wants—and what is best of all, who knew by experience the blessed Gospel remedy. Like wise physicians, they were acquainted with our sad disorder, and with the power of its cure, and the way of using it. Every prayer they have put there is a lesson to me, as well as a prayer, for it shews me what I ought to be. If I can't confess sin in the spirit in which they do, they are plainly humbler, holier, more "convinced of sin" than I am. If I am not sensible of my blindness and helplessness as well as of my corruption and guilt, if I have no desire after righteousness, and no heart to praise and bless God, then the forms which they have given me, bear constant witness against my sinful deficiencies. And thus I get acquainted with myself, and am indebted for many precious hints besides to these devout and experienced worshippers. Nor is this true only of a poor ignorant man like me. It is the beauty of our public devotions, that the highest minds, as well as the lowest can join in them and be satisfied. That which the King finds suitable for him, the tongue of the unlearned cottager can "say Amen" to. And then also, they have so carefully and wisely allowed for the many different states and degrees of grace, that, for the weakest faith as well as the strongest, for the "babe in Christ" as well as the full-grown Christian, for the prodigal just "come to himself," as well as for the saint ready for his crown, from Manasseh, the publican, and the Magdalene, up to Elijah, David, and St. Paul, there is length, and depth, and breadth, and height for their souls to move in! This reminds me of a favorite saying of Mr. Lovechrist's about the Fathers of our Reformed Church; that they were "nursing fathers" and "nursing mothers," too; and that they joined together in one, the characters both of the eagle and the hen. You may mind that beautiful song of Moses in the 32nd of Deuteronomy where he speaks of the eagle teaching her young to fly—he says, she "stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them and beareth them on her wings"—well, so, says Mr. Lovechrist, have these holy men, by setting before us their own heavenly flights, aimed to teach our souls how to soar even to "the third heaven"—and again, like the kind and careful hen, (which our Lord Jesus so touchingly talked about, when he stood on the hill over Jerusalem, with tears running down his cheeks,) they have taken such thought for the tender and weakly ones of the church's brood, that there are thoughts and confessions and prayers, just suited to the particular case of each.

(To be Continued.)

## THE CHURCH.

COBOURG, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1837.

THE WESLEYAN METHODISTS.—The recollection that the founder of the Methodists was a Clergyman of the Church of England, and that, with dying voice, he urged upon his followers the same unchanged affection towards it which he himself so strongly felt, must always impress us with a species of parental regard towards that body:—although, doubtless, in their influential family, there are many who entertain no reciprocal feeling of filial piety and reverence. Another tie undoubtedly is, the close similarity, in general, between the doctrines maintained and taught by both:—it is true there are some important points on which we may differ; but still the leading and distinctive principles of Protestantism are held and inculcated by Methodists as well as Churchmen. But what, in the present day, must draw more closely the bonds and ligaments of affinity and love, is the noble stand which the Wesleyans, in the mother country, have made in succour of their parent church. When the great political battle had begun, and the forces of infidels were arrayed with dissenters to overturn the national altars, and break down all those noble monuments of the Reformation which constitute England's greatest glory, boldly and nobly did the Wesleyan Methodists plant themselves by the side of the Established Church. Like the vine to the oak, they clung, in the hour of danger, to their own best support;—resolved that, if the bolt should smite, or the whirlwind uproot that venerated tree of centuries, they would enwreath it in its fall and perish too.

We were pleased to observe that, in the Address of the British to the Canadian Conference, as published in a late number of the Christian Guardian, the following excellent advice was affectionately offered:—

"We are not ignorant of your peculiar situation, or of the strong political excitements to which you are frequently exposed. While, however, we admire your anxiety to promote the civil improvement of your new and interesting country, may we venture affectionately to guard you against the evils of violent partisanship; and urge you, in imitation of the example of our great founder, to recommend, both by precept and example, loyalty to the King, and scriptural obedience to his Government."

We believe that the disposition to act upon this advice is very general in the respectable body to whom it is addressed, and that, as a whole, the members of their connexion are actuated by the Scriptural sentiments thus recommended;—but we think we discern, in the following recorded resolution of the Canadian Conference, published in the same paper, some departure from the spirit, at least, of the wholesome and parental caution which, in the above-quoted document, was conveyed:—

"That the continued efforts of certain members of the Church of England to maintain an ascendancy over their Christian brethren of other denominations, who ought to stand on a perfect equality with them, will, if successful, be in direct violation of those principles of civil and religious liberty for the maintenance of which this Conference still, as formerly, contends, as being essential to the peace, welfare, and good government of His Majesty's faithful and loyal subjects in this Province."

Now, we consider such a resolution to be contradictory to the spirit of the advice offered by the British Conference, because it