

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNETS.

I.
I dream'd, and lo! I walked along a road
Which wound beside the shore, where ocean's tide
In whiten'd foam broke threatening o'er its side,
Then roll'd back on itself its billowy load.
A rock of strength stretch'd far upon my right,
While on my left, upon the beach there stood
A stately edifice; its form was good,
Its situation pleasant to the sight;
To 'scape a coming storm, I entered there,
Quickly its force was bursting o'er my head—
Fork'd fire and thunders loud rushed through the air,
And ocean rose in mountains from its bed;
The rain in torrents pour'd along the strand—
One crash! the house was gone—'twas built on sand!

II.
I woke,—but not before, with joy, I found
My safe removal, just before it fell,
To one which stood secure, impregnable,
Built on the rocky height—the right hand ground;
Nor did the storm abate its dreadful force;
Earth shook with terror from its centre round;
The warring elements, with awful sound,
Thunder'd along in their resistless course;
But safely bound, I view'd the fearful strife:
I heard in peace the welkin's deafening roar,
Saw nature languish, destitute of life,
And calmly wait'd till the storm was o'er;
Firmly this house withstood the dreadful shock,
It fell not—it was founded on a rock!

III.
I mused on human life,—and thought its path
Was like the road I just had seen before,
Running between the rock and ocean shore,
And terminating in the vale of death.
Here man must find support through life's career
The rock is Christ,—the world the fatal strand,
Where oft he builds his all, and rests on sand,
Though storms and seas of danger threaten near;
But soon adversity's rough winds arise,
The clouds of woe hope's sunny skies o'erspread,
Man's dreams of safety leave him in surprise
When death's cold waves roll o'er his helpless head,
Sinking, he finds no friend—no refuge near—
He perishes in darkness and despair.

IV.
But whoso'er on Christ, the rock, relies,
Shall stand unshaken in death's heaviest surge,
Fearless shall meet temptation's fiery scourge,
And calmly view the waves of trouble rise:
No fear can shake his trust, nor danger fright—
He finds in Christ his all—his joy in pain,
His strength in weakness, in his losses gain—
In death's approach his comfort and delight.
Here is a sun to shine on life's drear road,
A tree whose leaves shall make the wounded whole
A saviour which shall bear sin's heaviest load,
An anchor of reliance to the soul—
A rock to shield from danger's passing blast,
A safeguard now—A SURE DEFENCE AT LAST!

REVIEW.

Universalism in its modern and ancient form, brought to the test: and without the argument from Atonement, &c. shown to be unscriptural. By ALEXANDER W. McLEOD. 12mo. pp. 163. Cunnebell, Halifax.

(Concluded from page 358.)

In chapter vii. and viii., Mr. McLeod discusses the question:

"Are means employed in the future state for the purification of damned spirits, and for their restoration to the favour and image of God?"

To this question he gives a direct negative, and observes:

vealed religion; and Berkeley and Sherlock, with a long catalogue of more obscure names, crowded to the rescue of the menaced citadel of the faith. But in this anxiety to strengthen its defences the garrison not only declined to attempt new conquests, but withdrew from much of their ancient dominion. In this its apologetic age, English theology was distinguished by a wonted timidity and coldness. The alliance which it had maintained from the days of Jewel to those of Leighton, with philosophy and eloquence, with wit and poetry, was dissolved. Taylor and Hall, Donne and Hooker, Baxter and Howe, had spoken as men having authority, and with an unclouded faith in their divine mission. In that confidence they had grappled with every difficulty, and had wielded with equal energy and ease all the resources of genius and learning. Alternately searching the depths of the heart, and playing over the mere surface of the mind, they relieved the subtleties of logic by a quibble or pun, and illuminated, by intense flashes of wit, the metaphysical abysses which it was their delight to tread.

Even when directing the spiritual affections to their highest exercise, they hazarded any quaint conceit which crossed their path, and yielded to every impulse of fancy or of passion. But divinity was no longer to retain the foremost place in English literature. The Tillotsons and Seekers of a later age were alike distrustful of their readers and of themselves. Tame, cautious, and correct, they rose above the Tatlers and Spectators of their times, because on such themes it was impossible to be frivolous; but they can be hardly said to have contributed as largely as Steele and Addison to guide the opinions, or to form the character of their generation.

This depression of theology was aided by the state of political parties under the two first princes of the House of Brunswick. Low and high Church were but other names for Whigs and Tories; and while Hoadley and Atterbury wrangled about the principles of the Revolution, the sacred subjects which formed the pretext of their disputes were desecrated in the feelings of the multitude, who witnessed and enjoyed the controversy. Secure from further persecution, and deeply attached to the new order of things, the Dissenters were no longer roused to religious zeal by invidious secular distinctions; and Doddington and Watts lamented the decline of their congregations from the standard of their ancient piety. The former victims of bigotry had become its proselytes, and anathemas were directed against the Pope and the Pretender, with still greater acrimony than against the Evil One, with whom good Protestants of all denominations associated them.

The theology of any age at once ascertains and regulates its moral stature; and, at the period at which we speak, the austere virtues of the Puritans, and the more meek, and social, though not less devout spirit of the Worthies of the Church of England, if still to be detected in the recesses of private life, were discountenanced by the general habits of society. The departure of the more pure and generous influences of earlier times may be traced no where more clearly than in those works of fiction, in which the prevailing profligacy of manners was illustrated by Fielding, Sterne, and Smollett; and proved, though with more honest purposes, by Richardson and Defoe.

It was at this period that the *Alma Mater* of Laud and Sacheverel was nourishing in her bosom a little band of pupils, destined to accomplish a momentous revolution in the national character. Wesley had already attained the dawn of manhood, when, in 1714, his future rival and coaljutor, George Whitfield, was born at a tavern in Gloucester, of which his father was the host.

When we depart from the Scriptures, there may be a show of wisdom in what we do; but in the things of God, human wisdom will be found no better than folly.—Orme.

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