

The Church.

THEREFORE I WILL NOT BE NEGLIGENT TO PUT YOU ALWAYS IN REMEMBRANCE OF THESE THINGS, THOUGH YE KNOW THEM AND BE ESTABLISHED IN THE PRESENT TRUTH.—2 PETER, I, 12.

VOL. I.]

COBOURG, U. C., SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1838.

[NO. XLVI.]

Original Poetry.

ON LEAVING A TEMPORARY HOME.

'Tis well!—but oh! with what entwining clasp
The things we love the heart's fond tendrils grasp—
Sever the thousand holds!—'tis then we know
How closely one with all around we grow.
Father! 'tis well!—may we, with mad regret
Clinging to fluttering tents, thy HOME forget?
Yet this permit—aye in our length'ning track
On happy rest-spots thankful to look back.
Thou bad'st not Israel's child forget the scene
When left he first the desert's flickering sheen,
And pass'd where Elim's waters, clear and calm,
Glass'd in their shady depths the o'erstooping palm.
Thus towards my Elim ever let me turn,
And o'er one roof with grateful fondness yearn,—
Ever one name with deepest feeling bless,
P*****, rare home of holy happiness!
But ah! too sad when ocean intervenes
'Twill be to trace again those days, those scenes,—
To stand in spirit 'mid that fair young throng
That deck the board at morn and even-song,
And hear in dreams those hymning lips declare
With one accord the soul's deep praise and prayer—
Too sad, too sweet, when, forest-girt, apart
From social spirit and congenial heart,
Memory in pensive mood thins one by one
Her tablets scan, some cheer to light upon,—
Too sad, too sweet, the vision then will be
That paints the hours enjoy'd, lov'd Home, in thee—
When softly swift those bright glad summers flow'd,
And sped my life's first, sweetest episode.

Farewell! blest harbour where my bark did ride
Whilst holy lore her freight of wealth supplied,—
Where Wisdom deign'd the countless boon and prize,
And Truth bestow'd her costly merchandize;
Where of the pure, the fair, my spirit quaff'd
From living streams the undecaying draught,—
Where gather'd were, flowers for the heart and eye,
And hallow'd memories that never die;
Till, loos'd her moorings, now my shallop frail
Dares to the outward breeze unfold her sail,
Whilst raves more meaningly, and threats more near,
The world's broad ocean—merciless and drear.
Bay of still waters! Glass of bright skies! farewell!
Beyond—what strife may wait—oh who shall tell!—
Lead thou, my God!—Thou hitherto hast led!
Be with me yet, for Thou hast promised!
Quell thy weak fears, my flinching heart—we keep
No random track o'er life's mysterious deep;
In quarrel high—yes, Heaven's own cause, embark'd,
The tossing tide we drift not o'er unmark'd;
A hand there is that rules our wand'rings there
To shores and souls that hail the freight we bear;
Onwards then press, and in the promise strong,
Minister blessings as we pass along.

April 3rd, 1837.

DEO-DUCE.

AN APPEAL TO CHURCHMEN.

From the Church of England Quarterly Review.

What is our duty as Churchmen, in the crisis which is now impending over our venerated edifice of christian truth? First of all, we must correct those great and dangerous errors to which, we fear, so many churchmen have hitherto been prone. These errors are a false liberality, a heartless expediency, and a vain and foolish spirit of concession. It is this false liberality which leads so many persons, calling themselves members of the Church of England, to compromise not only the principles of their own Church, but even the great truths of revelation.—These persons will associate in unrestrained intercourse with the dissenter, the avowed and open enemy of the Church to which they belong. They will not scruple even to assist him in his plans of improvement, although these should endanger the safety of their own communion; and when called upon to promote any object connected with the church, or to unite in her defence, will not indeed actually refuse, but will plead a desire to avoid any appearance of bigotry, a fear of offending the conscientious scruples of those who differ in belief, or some other equally specious excuse. They will listen to the cold sneer, the withering sarcasm, the flippant and careless levity upon the most sacred subjects; and, instead of checking them by open reproof, or at least by a silent and grave demeanour, will frequently be weak enough to join in the laugh, which in their inward heart they despise. And all this for fear of being called illiberal!

It is this heartless expediency which too often induces even the Churchman to measure events and things by the false and artificial standard,—namely, whether they are proper under existing circumstances, whether they may be favourably viewed by this or that party, or whether they may be obnoxious to any particular interest; instead of considering, as he is bound to do, if he believes the word of God, whether they are conformable to the dictates of revelation, or whether they may violate the commandments of his Creator. The true Christian will proceed in a far different manner. He will lay down a certain course of action for himself, to be regulated by truth alone; he will not suffer himself to be guided and impelled by circumstances, but will rather endeavour to direct and control them; he will regard no other party than that of the just and good; he will promote no other interests than those which are friendly to religion.—And what is this spirit of concession which prevails so generally at the present day? It arises either from ignorance, inability to measure the consequences of events, or from culpable weakness and irresolution of purpose. In either case the results are equally pernicious. What has it done for those who have put it in practice, is a question which may well be asked? What did concession for the unhappy Charles I.? It caused him to sacrifice his best friend,—one of the few who could have saved

him,—to the malice of his enemies; and, at last, when every thing had been conceded to the insatiate demands of his rebellious subjects, it brought him to the scaffold. What did concession for the unfortunate Louis XVI.? He yielded more than ever monarch had granted before; and, as the reward of his easiness of temper, and want of firmness and resolution, was murdered by a blood-thirsty and ungrateful people. And what has it done for us? we have conceded the repeal of the Test Acts—a boon which was long craved by the Dissenters. Has it made them well contented, more satisfied, more moderate in their demands? On the contrary they are more discontented, more clamorous and violent than at any preceding period. We have conceded Roman Catholic emancipation,—a measure which, according to the language of its promoters, was to produce the most extraordinary effects,—to make Ireland tranquil and peaceful, to introduce harmony and concord among all classes, to strengthen the connexion between that country and this, and to convert Irishmen into better subjects and better men. Instead of producing these results, it has apparently only served to place new weapons in the hands of the enemies of order, and of our holy religion, which they have used with dreadful effect; and has turned Ireland into a scene of blood and carnage. In the almost daily reports, the late openly set at defiance, sedition pursues its schemes, the Protestant religion is made an object of persecution, and riot and bloodshed are spread through the land.

Away, then, with the fimsy pretences of liberality, expediency, and concession,—terms invented by the enemy to entrap the unwary, and to draw them into his toils. The time for such weaknesses has past. If we wish to preserve pure and unimpaired the Church of our forefathers, to build up which so many pious and holy men have poured forth their blood on the scaffold, and have left their ashes at the stake; if we wish to maintain that constitution which was once the glory of England, and the admiration of distant countries; if we desire to transmit to our children our hereditary monarchy, our hereditary peerage, and the rights and privileges of the Commons of the land; we must cease to slumber at our posts, we must shake off the bonds of indolence and indifference, and must stand forth, one and all, determined to defend, to the utmost of our power, what is yet left of the venerable and time-honoured institutions of our land.

Would that our words could pass through the land, with the thrilling tone of the trumpet's blast, and rouse up every sincere Churchman, every honest hearted Englishman,—would that it could cause him to throw off once and for ever, that cold neutrality, that weak fear of giving offence, which have exposed our church and our constitution to the attacks of their insidious foes. Would that it might have power to penetrate even to the fireside, to the quiet home of every friend of his God, his church, and his King! Upon all such we call. We summon them to come forth,—to stand separate and apart,—to join heart and hand in that most holy of causes, which comprises within its compass every temporal and spiritual tie,—whatever is most valued on earth, whatever is most hoped for in heaven. We must speak out. We must declare our sentiments boldly, firmly, and manfully. We must tell our adversaries the truth, and that in plain and direct words, regardless alike of the fears of the timid, the coldness of the indifferent, or the groundless scruples of the prejudiced and evil-disposed. We must no longer be contented with acting on the defensive, but must take up a new position, and attack in our turn, those whose assaults we have hitherto thought it sufficient to repel. We must tell the adversaries of the Church, that their artful devices are seen through, their real motives understood, and the secret objects at which they aim, revealed to the light of day. We must tell them that when they clamour against a church-rate (Clergy Reserves.—ED. CH.) their motive is not, as they allege, merely to remove a payment which offends their scruples of conscience, or sits heavily upon them in a pecuniary light, but in reality to obtain a new vantage-ground, from whence they may annoy and weaken the church, separate her from the State, and finally succeed in effecting her destruction, and in making plunder of her revenues. We must tell them that they wish to abridge the privileges and revenues of the church, and to destroy the independent character which her clergy now possess, and which places them above the reach of the injurious influence to which the minister of a voluntary church must ever be exposed, in order that the respect with which their exhortations are listened to by the people, may be diminished, and the good effects resulting from their lessons of loyalty and order, may be weakened and impaired by the loss of all that undefined yet important authority derived from the sanctions of old association, superiority of station, a highly cultivated mind, and an official character. We must tell them that they endeavour to overthrow the Church, because she enjoins peace and order to her followers; because she preaches obedience to the laws, submission and reverence to the throne,—precepts which, so long as they are observed, offer the most invincible obstacle to the lovers of change, and the disturbers of public tranquillity; because, in a word, she forms the best safeguard of the throne, the peerage, and of every other ancient institution of the land; and that therefore, when her destruction is once brought to pass, they hope to be able to accomplish the objects of their long and ardent desire—the overthrow of the monarchy, the abolition of the peerage, the destruction of every thing which is old and venerable, and honoured and loved amongst us, and to establish a democratical form of government, in which the needy adventurer, the wild enthusiast, the visionary schemer, the bankrupt in character and fortune, shall bear sway,

and indulge with impunity their plans of confiscation, plunder, and despotism.

Finally, we must not be disappointed or surprised, should the fruit of our exertions not appear so soon as we expect. The good seed is dropped into the ground, and will doubtless spring up in due season. At any rate, we shall have done our duty. We must leave the rest with the supreme Disposer of human events. He, we are bound to believe, will in his own good time vindicate from reproach his pure and apostolical Church; and whilst she continues to administer his holy sacraments, and to preach the truths of his inspired word, will never suffer her to be dismayed or cast down by any devices or snares of the enemy. "The gates of hell shall not prevail against her," are the words of the Lord of life; and his words, we know, shall never pass away. Let us then go on, undoubting, in the straight path of duty, looking forward to better times and better days; humbly trusting, through the promise of Him who is before all things, and by whom all things consist, that our most holy Church, that faithful witness of God, and depository of His truth, shall continue to endure until time shall have passed into eternity, and the church militant here on earth shall become the church triumphant in heaven.

THE BURIAL SERVICE.*

No. I.

It is hardly needful to remark, that feelings of respect and tenderness towards the dead, are implanted so deeply in the human heart, that they may almost be reckoned among the instincts which belong to our nature. They have shewn themselves in the establishment of funeral rites among all nations and in all ages of the world; and if we would know their strength, we need but appeal to the involuntary horror with which we revolt from any thing like a violation of them. Death, considered in itself, is terrible to all men; and all which meets the eye in the house of death, is fitted to impress an awe upon the mind, and to subdue the spirit. The cold, pale form—the cheek despoiled of its bloom, and the eye robbed of its lustre—the limbs stiff and motionless, and the lips closed for ever,—all these signs of change speak a language that needs no comment, and even from the corpse of the outcast or the stranger, remind the highest of the sons of earth of the end to which he himself must come. The feeling that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," which then presses itself upon his conviction, is, indeed, enough to humble the loftiest spirit. This is not all, however: other and far deeper feelings will mingle themselves with these, when we look on the form of one whom we have known and loved in life. When we mourn affections which the hand of death has blighted, ties which it has severed, and fountains of love which it has dried up for ever, the heart confesses, in its bitterness, that there are feelings too deep for tears,—that there are sorrows for which the world has no cure. This is the voice of nature; but it is the voice of nature unchastened by religion. Christianity looks on death with no such view, and sees, in the death of a Christian, cause, not for sorrow, but for joy. It casts away entirely from it all those feelings of dread with which the natural man looks on death, although it does not condemn the feeling of sorrow which the death of a friend brings upon the human heart. Still it sees in that death only a departure for a better land—only a birth into a new and better life. In this spirit, therefore, in the days of old, the funeral was a service of thanksgiving to God, and this is the really Christian view of death. Still nature is too strong to be entirely annihilated; and, as the flesh and the spirit strive together, so the feelings of nature struggle for a while with those of Christianity, and the Christian mourner becomes, as it were, a divided being—divided between thankfulness which reason cannot gainsay, and sorrow which Christianity itself will not entirely condemn. Such is the state of mind to which any service for the burial of the dead must address itself: these are the feelings which it must seek to guide, and so to guide, that it may leave a lasting impression on the heart, and mould it into a godly form. Let us, therefore, examine the services of our church on this occasion, and see how it performs its task.

The religious service which accompanied the rites of burial in the most primitive times, has not been preserved entire to us, but we are enabled to gather its general nature very satisfactorily. It appears that immediately after death, the body was washed and arrayed in new garments, and that the clergy and people watched the remains till the day of burial came. During this interval, psalms were sung, and lessons read. The body was then carried to the grave, with singing of psalms and anthems. This custom still prevails in some of the northern parts of England, and the trace of it is still preserved in our service, which commands the priest to meet the corpse at the entrance of the church-yard, and precede it into the church, saying certain anthems appropriate to the occasion.

The first anthems which our Church has here directed to be used, are exactly addressed to the very feelings of which we spoke above. The first words which the priest addresses to the procession of mourners, while they are words of Christian comfort and consolation, are words which direct their hearts to the only true and abiding principle by which the conquest over death can be achieved—a living principle of faith in Christ.

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord, HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

* From the British Magazine.

† Palmer's antiquities of the English Ritual