

OLD ENGLAND.

By Miss M. A. Stolar.

1
THERE'S joy in merry England
In the pleasant month of May,
When the fields are clad in freshest green,
And all around is gay;
The little birds are warbling forth
The gladsome song of mirth;
Our land it is a pleasant land,
The happiest spot on earth.

2
There's gladness in Old England,
When the sun-burnt reapers come,
And bear beneath the harvest moon
Their sheaves of plenty home.
Aye! thankful hearts are beating fast
As the harvest hymn swells high,
And the thought that beats within the breast
Is glistening in the eye.

3
There's happiness in England
When the wintery tempest war,
And the waves, that bear her treasures in,
Are dashing on her shore;
Bright burns the fire on many a hearth,
Glad faces circle round,
And a deeper tone is given to joy,
By that pealing tempest's sound.

4
Should we not love our England,
Our own, our happy home?
O we'll stand by her, and we'll cling to her
Without a wish to roam:
And, while our hearts upon her muse,
We'll lift the song of praise,
That our lot hath fallen in pleasant land,
In quiet, peaceful days.

BIOGRAPHY.

ARCHDEACON WHITTY.*

Irwine Whitty was a man, perhaps more calculated than any human being you have known, to make religion loved. He was tried with much bodily weakness and pain; he was gentle and indulgent to a degree which would induce you to think a bold effort or a severe expression impossible to him; but whatever it was his duty to do—and his duty prescribed some arduous exertions—he was empowered to attempt and to accomplish. I can remember well how, when one among the proudest and most exalted in station of his countrymen had acted in a manner to deserve rebuke, this humble minister of the Gospel faithfully and eloquently discharged his severe duty; and I can almost fancy that I see him as, when two of the most distinguished of his parishioners, who were known to be at variance, appeared at his communion-services, he overcame the shriekings of his modest nature, and descended on the mission, and with a face of an angel, that in the sight of his little congregation the parties might be reconciled. And they were reconciled; for, were it not for the manner of his departing hence, I would say it was not in a man's nature to withstand his gentle solicitation.—I am the more sensible now of his worth, because I have to confess that during his Christian life I did him one injustice. His house was ever open to me, and his wise counsel and his engaging and instructing conversation. I never entered his doors without a feeling as if I passed where no profane thought should come, nor returned from a visit to him without bearing with me an influence for good. For all this I am deeply responsible. But I was about to speak of the injustice. I saw that his habits of life were frugal, as far as consisted with propriety; I saw that his broken health needed relief and recruiting; and I believed his income large enough to allow of the necessary relaxation, and sometimes doubted whether it would not be well if he allowed himself the

benefit he might derive by procuring the assistance of a curate. I was undeceived as to the means at the disposal of my revered friend, when I learned that his dear family were left without any provision; but I had previously learned enough to instruct me, that thus, in all human probability, it must have been.

In a year of scarcity almost amounting to famine (one of those visitations by which Ireland has been not unfrequently scourged), my revered friend was left almost alone to succour the distressed within the bounds of his parish, and incurred in this charitable agency, what for himself and his family he almost superstitiously avoided, a debt, which he was discharging by instalments for many years. It is not improbable that this debt may have become, providentially, the occasion of his martyrdom.

In process of time I became separated from my friend, but could not lose my anxiety for his welfare. When disturbances commenced, in which Church property and the clergy were violently assailed, my anxiety was painfully increased to learn that even the life of this good man was in peril. I had an opportunity to speak freely with him, and urged the expediency of a temporary removal from the scene of danger. I said, as I thought, that it need be only temporary. I said no government could be so lost to all sense of justice or self-respect as to tolerate long the sanguinary excesses which were converting Ireland into something worse than had yet been realized on earth; and that law must soon be vindicated. He was not to be moved. He had considered well the entire extent of his dangers, and he felt that his duty was plain and direct. He would remain at his post. He was not insensible to the perils of his situation, and would gladly, if he could, lessen or remove them. As to his income in tithes, to him personally it was of small moment that it should be reduced. If he could procure peace by allowing a reduction which should affect himself alone, he would sacrifice much to purchase it; but he would not violate a sacred trust, by alienating Church-property and defrauding a successor. He was in the Lord's band, let him do what seemeth him good. He received my suggestions as a Christian would, but satisfied me that as to the point of residence he was immovable. On this occasion he detailed to me the circumstances of the threatening notice he had received. He was, as was his habit, after all the family had retired to rest, engaged in his sacred studies, when suddenly a report of fire-arms, so loud and near that it seemed to shake the house, stunned him. Such was the signal which usually announced that a notice had been posted. 'I arose,' said he, 'and having satisfied myself that the noise came from without the house, opened gently the doors of the apartments of my wife and children, and looked anxiously to see, if they had been alarmed. All were peacefully sleeping, and I thanked God for the mercy from the bottom of my heart.'

Towards the last days of this good man's life, his dangers seemed to have disappeared. I received assurances that his saintly life and charities had produced the natural effect: but all was hollow. He had been visiting an infirm parishioner, at a distance of three miles from his home; he had walked—I believe he could not allow himself the indulgence of a horse or carriage. Wearing with the exertion, he attempted to return by a shorter way than that of the public road. In the fields, a sense of weariness and cold overpowered him, and he approached the house of a Roman Catholic parishioner, to rest for a little and recover warmth. He was so feeble, that it was necessary to assist him over a stile which interposed between his path and the house. It appears that he was courteously invited to enter and take a seat; that he was, on leaving the house, accompanied on its way by its master; and after the lapse of many hours, late in the night, he was found upon the earth, where he had been stoned, mangled and bleeding and speechless, but not yet quite liberated from the agony of death.

Thus Irwine Whitty died; a man whose countenance only, by its subdued and saintly expression, might have disarmed the wildest hatred. Thus he

died, returning from a charitable office, exhausted with toil, and languishing under bodily sickness, the fields, of those who had experience of his kindness and who knew his worth; in the sight of numbers who owed to his benevolence many a comfort a season when, but for him, their sufferings would have been extreme; in their sight he lay for many fearful hours in the death-struggle, and none came near to minister to him, and none summoned friends to his relief. He had been ready to give, glad to contribute: he had been at the bed of fever, and in the huts where penury sought a shelter; and there at a time when blessings followed him as he went up his offices of mercy: but in that awful day he looked upon and deserted in his parting agony. Well! full poison must have been infused into human hearts to render them thus merciless! To him who departed his going hence, and the manner of it, was small account. He has had his crown; but it is awful lesson to think, that one thus 'lovely in life,' should lie on the earth, dying, where neither tear, nor tender touch, nor prayer, nor blessing soothed him—a witness, an unambiguous witness, of the spirit which seeks the destruction of the Protestant Church is of a kind which quenches the sympathies of human hearts, and is not to be changed into peace or mercy by all the gentleness and the virtue that is bestowed upon the most blamed of mortals.

There was the show of a trial for this portentous crime. Two individuals were arraigned for the murder; and when the principal witness, as it would seem, was brought forward, he refused to give evidence. He was commanded, he said, to make oath that he would refuse; and when the judge explained to him that such an oath could not bind his conscience, therefore that he must bear testimony to the truth, the poor man proposed the pertinent question, 'Will I be shot, my lord?' and finally shewed which religion and which government he thought the stronger; declaring that he would go to prison rather than risk his life by becoming a witness. The culprits were acquitted; and the village, from which the peaceful man had been taken away, celebrated, it is said, the acquittal by a general illumination.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

UNSEASONABLENESS OF SEPARATION FROM THE CHURCH.*

We take the following sound and pertinent remarks from the conclusion of a discourse on this subject by Bishop Blackall. Having alleged a sound objection to going over to the Church of Rome, the Bishop proceeds, 'will you go and join yourself to any of the separate assemblies here at home? But if so, to which of them will ye go? For there is such a variety of ways at once offered to you, enough perfectly to confound and distract you; have no time now to tell you how many sects there are of dissenters from the Church, much less to give you a just and complete character of them, that you may consider which of them to choose; but in general they may be reduced to four sorts:

1. Some of these sects there are, that have no creed, or no sacraments, or no orders, or no guide to them, by, but the light within them; ye go to any of these? But if you do, can you tell religion you shall be of, or whether you shall be any at all?

2. Others of them there are that positively deny the most fundamental articles of the Christian faith—as the doctrine of the ever blessed Trinity, incarnation of the Son of God, the satisfaction of our Saviour, and the like; will ye go to them? you do, this is to add heresy to your schism, and multiply your iniquity.

3. Others again there are that teach such doctrines, as either directly, or in their immediate sequences, give too great encouragement to rendering a good life unnecessary: but I hope

* From Rev. Mr. O'Sullivan.

* From the Church Magazine.