

Poetry.

My Prayer Book.

GOD SAVE THE CHURCH.

"I speak concerning Christ and the Church."—Ephes. v. 32.

God save the Church! and guard her free,
Whom Christ ordain'd on earth to be
A sacramental guide and friend,
Our creed to mould, and heart amend.

God save the Church! from Christ she came,
And proved her apostolic name
When Rome's Augustine vainly tried
To get her free-born faith denied.

For, long before the Danish clan,
Or Saxon, o'er rent England ran,
The monks of Bangor move in glory
Through the page of British story.

God save the Church! sectarian mind
In prayerless reason bound and blind,
From her serene repulse hath met,
Whose crown remains unsullied yet.

Science and learning, art and song,
Around her name and nature throng;
Hero and sage, and saint and martyr
Have gloried in her heaven-seal'd charter¹.

So, when I read th' historic past,
And see how persecution's blast
By rack and dungeon, fire and hate,
In vain besieged her queenly state,

Present and future both appear
Enlink'd with her sublime career;
In whom unchanged by friends or foes,
The apostolic life-blood glows².

God save the Church! we challenge all
Who English archives dare recall,
To match her sainted roll of men
Whose lives recall'd St. John again.

Parochial watchmen, pure and high
Whose worth and wisdom near'd the sky—
Eternity enshrines their name
Who won their crowns through fire and flame.

How'er ungrateful Time forget
On earth to pay the lauding debt,
Delighted angels watch'd below
Their counterparts in pureness glow.

God save the Church! whose rites control,
Chasten, subdue, and calm the soul;
Something of earth, but more of heaven
To all her prayer and praise is given.

Time and eternity appear
To melt the sigh, and move the tear,
As oft her liturgy of love
Lifts man below to God above.

Majestic, too, her haunted shrines,
Where sentiment with stone combines:
Chantry and choir, and arch, and nave
Where lie the buried pure and brave,
Breathe mute, but magic eloquence,
And through the eye to soul dispense
A worldless power of inward prayer,
Born of the creed,—that God is there.

Nor be forgot our envied fane
That crest the hills, and dot the plains;
Where gothic roof and graceful tower
Wield o'er the heart a witching power:

So hush'd and heavenlike seems the spot
That time and turmoil are forgot;
And Nature her lone sabbath keeps
Where child, or village patriarch sleeps.

God save the Church! for rich and poor
Alike expands her gracious door,
Who from the cradle to the grave
Watches the souls Christ died to save.

The peerage of the Church are those
In whom the Saviour's image glows;
And in the poorest, grant, that we
God's noblemen by saintship, see.

There, prince and peasant, man and child,
Learn saving wisdom undefiled;
And nought is hid by Godhead spoken
To conscience bruised, or spirit broken.

But, most because the Word of Heaven
Is purely to the people given
In British language, broad and free,
Church of my fathers! love I thee.

God save the Church, and save the Queen!
Mitre and Throne have ever been
To weal and woe alike related,
By truth revered, and treason hated.

God save the Church! be this our cry
Both while we live, and when we die;
For, rail her foemen as they will,
The Church is England's glory still!

¹ John xv. 7. John xiv. 19. Matt. xxviii. 20. John x. 27, 28.

² "And well may thoughtful hearts
Heave with foreboding swell, and heavy fears,
To mark how mad opinion doth infect
Thy children; how thine apostolic claims
And love maternal, are regarded now
By credulous vanity, or careless vice.—
For time there was, when sainted Hooker wrote,
And deep-soul'd Bacon taught the world to think,
When thou wert paramount,—thy cause sublime!
And in thy life, all polity and powers
A throne conserving, or in law enshrined,
With all estates our balanced Realm contains.—
Were rooted. Church and State could then co-work,
Like soul and body in one breathing form,
Distinct, yet undivided; each with rule
Essential to the kingdom's healthful frame,
Yet both, in unity august and good,
Together under Christ, their living Head,
A hallowed Commonwealth for man achieved."

"But now, in evil times, Sectarian Will
Would split the Body, and to Sects reduce
Our sainted Mother of the Imperial Isles.—
But, never may democracy, run mad,
One lock of glory from her hallow'd brow
Succeed in plucking: Love, and Awe, and Truth
Her doctrines preach with apostolic force;
Unity her creed, her Head is Christ,
And Catholic the crowning name she wears."

And signs there be,
Which stamp her with significant effect
Teacher of nations,—fated yet to draw
The Future round her, as a central ark
Where light and liberty, and law secrete
Their saving essence to conserve the world."

"LUTHER: OF THE SPIRIT OF THE
REFORMATION."

Reviews.

PHILOSOPHY OF MATHEMATICS, from the French of
AUGUSTE COMTE. Toronto; A. H. Armour
& Co. 1851.

This is an able and lucid exposition of the various branches of Pure Mathematics. We might, in compliance with the cant of the day, add the term "popular;" but notwithstanding the current systems of "Infantine Algebra, Geometry," and the like, we believe, that as it was said by those of old time, that there is no Royal road to science, so neither is there any popular path. Such knowledge cannot be attained save by the exercise of healthy and matured intellects, aided by iron perseverance and unwearied research. We can safely recommend this work to that unfortunately select class amongst us, which despising the ephemeral and enervating trash with which a cheap press deluges the land, can delight in studies calculated to invigorate and brace the soul, and generate that robust vigor of intellect which can transfer and apply its energies whithersoever the exigencies of life may require.

GEOMETRICAL SOLUTIONS ON THE QUADRATURE OF
THE CIRCLE. A. H. Armour & Co.

This bantling was ushered into the world with salvos of heavy artillery, and all the pomp and circumstance of the Montreal press. The author was hailed as the fortunate discoverer of a mystery hidden from the rest of mankind. Public honours were to be decreed him, a reward assigned from the public treasury; nay more, we are credibly informed that it was contemplated in certain quarters to erect to his honour a statue in the public "Piazza," of brass at first, as suitable to the age and profession, with a proviso that the same be transmuted into gold upon the discovery of the "Philosopher's Stone," now in an advanced state of progress. While labouring mid-t the labyrinth of lemmas, and tangled meshes of dismal diagrams, we ever and anon put to ourselves the question proposed to Christian by Pliable when floundering in the mire of the Slough of Despond, "Where are you now, neighbour?" and as often returned for answer, "Truly, I do not know!"

THE UPPER CANADA JOURNAL OF MEDICAL, SUR-
GICAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE, No. 5. Toronto:
A. F. Plees.

The August number of this ably-conducted periodical, now lying before us, is not in anywise inferior to any of its predecessors. We are happy to hear that its circulation has increased in a manner that augurs well for its future prosperity.

THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN, No. 9. Toronto:
A. F. Plees.

This little publication continues to display the same ability, both in original and selected articles, which characterized it from the first.

THE LITERARY GARLAND, August, 1851. To-
ronto: Hugh Scobie.

This number of the *Garland* is by no means deficient in ability, but the same objection which we have urged against many of its predecessors, applies to it. There is too much story telling, either for edification or interest. The most voracious novel devourer requires, occasionally, something solid, to prevent his appetite from palling—to say nothing of the enervating effects which a constant succession of fictions must produce upon the minds of juvenile readers, a majority of whom, we presume, constitute the patrons of this neatly-printed periodical.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, for July,
1851. New York: Leonard Scott & Co.
Toronto: T. Maclear.

The contents of this number of our old friend are as varied as they are valuable. It opens with a pleasant and lively article on "Gardening," containing so many useful hints and sound information, half concealed under a flow of cheerful gossip as to render it a treat not only to the practical horticulturist, but also to the amateur gardener. Next follows a review of the state of "Scotland before the Reformation," an article full of interesting matter, which is succeeded by "Recent Travellers in North America." From this last we are tempted to make a few extracts, as bearing upon the present aspect of affairs on this continent. The Review gives a brief and impartial sketch of Canadian history—the Family Compact—the Rebellion—the discontent created by the passage of the Indemnity Bill, and the subsequent cry for annexation which followed. Speaking on this latter subject the writer goes on to say:—

"The local irritation has produced a brood of erroneous conceptions of sufficiently dangerous character, and which even with the wisest management it might have been difficult to clear away from the minds of the provincials. The most alarming of these is, that, beholding the rapid progress of certain portions of the States, they suppose there must be something in the constitution of the Union more favourable than their own to the development of a country's resources. That this is a total delusion, Mr. Johnston believes; and, we think, proves. When compared with the whole Union, our provinces exhibit an even more rapid rate of advance. It is only the north-western States and New York that

outstrip the Canadas; but then these adjoin our territory—the sight of their progress is ever before the Provincials—this partial superiority is thought to be universal and the genuine British spirit of grumbling is freely indulged in. In fact, the energy of the Canadians is as great and as well directed as any of the States can show; even as to canals, the former in proportion to the population, will yield in no point to the latter. The true reason of the envied advance of New York and the north-western States is simply this:—It is through them that the flood of emigration has been and is now pouring into the New World; and as long as this goes on, the men and money of Europe must cause them to distance all competitors. But let our provinces look forward—nay, let them even look keenly into the present, and they will discern that the balance is already quivering ere it turn in their favour. Can they not read the sure destiny of their St. Lawrence? That mighty river is the natural outlet of the immense lake districts; and as these are fast peopling, signs of future argosies are appearing on its waters.—The Erie Canal is no longer adequate for the traffic streaming along it; and all the expense that the Americans ever can bestow upon it, will never make it keep pace with the wants of the inland States. Let then, our fellow-subjects take heart, and be patient; for if their progress at present be more moderate than their immediate neighbours', it is due to no fault of theirs or ours, but simply to a necessity of nature: and the more rapidly the north-western States advance, the more certainly will the tide of commerce and emigration soon pour its golden flood down the noble valley of the St. Lawrence."

So much for the Canadas. He next investigates one or two of the causes of the seeming rapidly increasing population and prosperity of the United States.

"The rapid growth of New York and other cities of America is a leading topic with all travellers; and we are in the habit of hearing so much of this, that we are in the habit of hearing so much of this, that we are apt to forget what is doing nearer us. Our Transatlantic cousins, justly proud and delighted with their progress, and above troubling themselves with investigating the causes of it, make each other believe that they stand alone as an innately energetic people. Moreover, ninety-nine out of every hundred of our emigrants know little or nothing of their native kingdom beyond the locality in which they were brought up, and generally nothing more than the outside appearance of that; so that when they cross the Atlantic everything is as new and wonderful to them as London or Birmingham would be if they had been taken to these cities instead, and they very soon gratify all they talk to by agreeing that what they have not seen does not exist, and that there is nothing equal to this in the Old Country." To such persons it is of no consequence that fifty physiologists assert that the Anglo-Saxon race degenerates in America, and that it cannot be kept up beyond its natural region without constant accessions of new blood. They point to New York as a fact worth a dozen theories. But the growth of this city proves nothing on the general subject—it is a testimony to the energy of its actual inhabitants, but nothing more. As the Atlantic port of an interior country of great extent and vast promise, New York has certainly attracted many native-born Americans to settle within its bounds for the purposes of traffic; but it is from this side of the Atlantic that its main increase has been drawn. Every manufacturing district in Europe and every large commercial port, has sent its agencies and branch establishments with similar trading objects; so that, during these sixty years, New York may be said to have been built up by Europe rather than by the exertions of America herself."

"The value of immigrants to America may be judged of by the fact that, assuming each to bring with him only £10 this, for the 200,000 who land yearly at New York alone, makes an annual addition of two millions sterling to the money capital of the country. Then a single year's labour of these 200,000 in agricultural operations upon new land, must add at least £5 a head, or another million to the capital of the new States; while the increased consumption of imported articles, by the added population, augments the federal revenue, which is—and in spite of our preaching and practice will continue to be—derived from the duties levied upon imports."

It is Europe, therefore, that is the mainspring of the wondrous growth of the United States—European capital, European hands, and European energy. The revolts, revolutions, and prescriptions of the Continent, and the bitter discontents and overflowing population of these our islands, are the life and aggrandizement of the Great Republic. Now emigrants are not mere additions to its stock of labour and capital; they consist of, or at least comprehend, those daring and resolute, if not always prudent spirits, who are driven from disturbed, or who voluntarily leave more peaceful countries. Thus, a stream of select men is constantly flowing from Europe, by whose audacious activity the filling up of the vast western continent is hurried forward, its material resources developed, and, by the sacrifice of many foreign lives, the first difficulties of settling its overcome."

But disturb by the signals of war the now undreaded navigation of the Atlantic, and this stream of brave hearts is arrested. Thenceforward the population like that of European States, will augment by a natural increase of tamer men only. The superfluous mind of other counties the greater force of character which is produced by the breaking up of home associations, and by the excitement of a new world, as well as the influence of its example on the minds and character of the native-born, will all be lost. The great breadth of unsettled land would then, like the forests and plains of Russia and Poland, rather indicate what the country might become, than what, within any assignable time, it is likely to be."

"Memoirs of the Duke of Urbino," "Correspondence of Mason and Walpole," like all *Relique Walponia*, quaint and entertaining; a critique on "Origen's Philosophoumena," and another on "Budham's Euripides," followed by a dissertation on the vexed question of "Rubric vs. Usage," fill the remaining pages of this interesting periodical.

CANADA, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE, by W. H. SMITH, Part 5. Toronto: T. Maclear.

This Number, the first of a new volume, is embellished with a highly finished steel engraving of Niagara Falls, independently of which, the matter of the work is of such a character as entitles it to the patronage of a discerning public.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, for July, 1851. New York: Leonard Scott & Co. Toronto: T. Maclear.

On opening the pages of this organ of democratic principles, the first article that met our eyes was one entitled "The Creed of Christendom." Well knowing the Socialistic and Infidel tendencies of many of the articles which have appeared in its pages, the gradual development of which we before have had occasion to animadvert upon, particularly as contained in one, which has excited much attention, contained in the last issue of this magazine, and entitled the "Battle of the Churches," we expected to find something of a similar nature now. We confess, however, we were not prepared to discover so complete a throwing off the mask, so utter an abandonment of reserve in trumpeting forth to the world the shameful aspirations of Democracy, and its utter detestation of all that is holy and good, as will be found in this article. The Infidel Democrat appears in his true colours, as a demon, nay, worse than that, for even devils believe and tremble.

But we pass from this subject and turn to others. The "Industrial Exhibition," receives a large share of notice, particularly the machinery department, of which a very succinct description is given. "The Royal Academy," "Organic Reforms," "Education," and other matters, are also discussed in an able manner, although the matter throughout has a strong tone of Republicanism. "The Enfranchisement of Women," will perhaps, be read with the greatest interest on this continent, but largely partakes of the same pervading tone. "The Extinction of Slavery" forms another subject for review, and "Foreign Literature" closes the number.

SCENES IN OUR PARISH.

NO. V.

THE STRAWBERRY FEAST.

"And still the green is bright with flowers,
And danceth through the sunny hours
Like blossoms from enchanted boughs—
On a sudden wafted by:
Obedient to the changeful air,
And proudly feeling they are fair,
Sport bird and butterfly,
But where is the tiny hunter route,
That revel'd on with dance and shout
Amid their airy prey?"—WILSON.

You have given me a subject on which to write, my dear friend, and I will not refuse it, though there are reasons why it is not a favourable one for me, and why remembrances must arise to my mind, little suited to my joyous title. Anniversary days have been sometimes likened to the stones erected along the path of our journey, and whilst they remind us that we are come another mile nearer the end of it, they also make us sigh at the observation that some, who commenced our way with us, have ceased to travel in our company; but such an anniversary as our Strawberry Feast was, planned in early childhood, is more like the pole, erected in joy and glee in the sunshine of May morning, but from which as we gaze at it, even in the following summer, the garland flowers are fallen off, and the dancers are gone.

Yet why should I begin in a melancholy strain? When the May-pole is lifted into its place, it is with a shout of rejoicing; and bright wild flowers are hung about it; and glad faces look up at it; and there was nothing but joy in the first celebration of the Strawberry Feast.

I do not remember the first time, nor I suppose can you, for we were very little children when it was proposed by one, always anxious and able to give pleasure, that once in every summer we should make an excursion to the cottage of an old woman, at the other end of our parish, to drink tea,—the materials for our meal being carried by ourselves, —and to enjoy the particularly fine fruit with which her hilly and sunny garden would supply us. But in many ensuing summers who will recollect the joy expressed, when the day was really fixed. On the preceding evening, how anxiously we watched the sunset and foretold fine weather, however it threatened rain,—or feared rain, however glowing the glorious setting sun might be. How contradictory children are! Some of us are not very different now. And when the day really came, and how suspiciously we questioned every gentle and well-intentioned cloud that ventured within our ken; and with what dismay we noticed even the cooling and glittering shower, that but for a minute dimmed the bright sunshine! Ah! so we did! so we do! for we are human beings still. Still we tremble when the dark cloud hangs on our horizon, though mercy's covenant rainbow be painted on it; and still we shrink from the storm, though we know that it comes from heaven, and will descend in showers of blessing.

At last, the morning past, and the lessons were ended. Children now, I understand, such is the "march of intellect," delight in their tasks, and tell their parents, in the letters they send them, that "they are absorbed in their studies." So I hear, at least, but in my day it was not so. You will candidly own with me, that to us, as Pollok says, "Tasks were heavy," but the labor of that day was over, and the trouble for that day past; and we at any rate, had wisdom enough then, not to add to our grievances by looking forward. Then came the pleasant business of watching those who were really busy, pack up the tea, and sugar, and cream, &c. &c.; and happy, and a person of great