

# The Church.

COBOURG, CANADA, FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1845.

VOLUME VIII.—No. 45.]

## Original Poetry.

(For The Church.)

There be that would hew down the Tree of Knowledge, and graft  
on the broken trunk the buds of a thousand errors.

A vision pass'd: a Kingly land,  
Methought had sown upon our earth,

But most upon my native land,  
Seeds of immortal birth!

The sister virtues still'd the soil:

Their bosoms fluttered with delight,

When LEARNING, sweet reward of toil,

Burst on their ravish'd sight,

Elysian's hues soon gathered round

This bloom of a perpetual spring:

The charm of this enchanted ground,

Faun'd by a serpent's wing,

Grew up a stately tree and fair;

The fruit it offered seemed to be,

In all its Eden beauty rare,

I heard the joyous shout of youth,—

The spirit of the days of yore,—

When all the past was searched for truth,

Through legendary lore.

II.

Around they throng'd with joyful glee,

While earth was bright and skies were blue,

And gathered from the stately tree —

(I thought the pageant true)

But soon I saw a mighty wave

Of eddying cloud towards it whil;

Armed the tempests rave

And shiver lightnings curl !

The Jocals' eye was born from fair,

Destruction's hand around was spread;

The demons that haun't the war,

Now banquet on the dead,

The friends, that in the early days

Of life had sought its grateful shade,

Forsake, and woe the meteor blaze

Which fully has displayed!

But while that trunk purp'd forth a limb,

Methought the tree still would remain,

Though flashing bolts their eyes bedim—

Thunder, and wind, and rain.

III.

I woke: the tree still abideth.

In golden fruit, the wild birds sing:

Through branches which embrace the ground

Glitters each starry wing.

Unbroken by the passing wind.

The tree still rises bright and fair;

Oh! may we never wake to find

An howling desert there!

And thou, blest Isle beyond the sea,

Where wild sequester'd beauty dwells,

Where LEARNING plants her sacred tree

To shade her hermit cells.

Deter—who would with impious feet

Upon these kindly branches tread;

Now deem their blossoms meet

To launch folly's head!

Churlish awake! be true, be just,

Nor worship at the rising ray,

Which teaches to neglect your trust,

Or, base still—betray!

A CANADIAN.

## PASSENGERS IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE LORD ELDON.

(From the Banner of the Cross.)

Lord Eldon stood out nobly—would God he had prevailed!—against the movement for removing the Romish disabilities, and for the repeal of the Test and Corporation acts. On the second reading of the bill for the latter purpose, “he condemned the measure as a sacrifice of the substantial securities of the Church of England to the principle of supposed expediency, declared in the preamble. The principle of expediency was a low ground of legislation. The Church was not an establishment created for mere purposes of convenience, but was essentially and inseparably connected with part of the state. The sacramental test, for which it was here proposed to substitute a mere declaration, was well calculated to maintain that connection; and it was in vain to talk of substituting for that test any other provision, if the provision so substituted was of inferior efficacy. The Constitution required that the Church of England should be supported; and the best way of affording that support was to admit only her own members to offices of trust and emolument. Their lordships should take care that they did not put those asunder whom the Constitution had joined together. The petitions in favour of this bill were generally expressive of hostility, not only to the imposition of tests, but to the Church itself. . . . He would not consent thus to give up the Constitution and the Church together. He could not do this; it must be the work of others; be they within or without the Church, it mattered not to him.”

His speech against the bill for the relief of Romish disabilities concluded thus: “I believe that I know something of the [Roman] Catholic clergy, and of their feelings towards our Protestant Church; and though it is late in life for me to alter my opinion, I would be willing to think better of them if I could. But I do believe, my lords, that I would rather hear at this moment that to-morrow my existence was to cease than to awake to the reflection, that I had consented to an act which had stamped me a violator of my solemn oath, a traitor to my Church, and a traitor to the Constitution.”

Men who take such ground are apt to be called bigots and exclusives. He was neither. “Give my respects to your bishop,” he writes, “if he will be pleased to accept them from one somewhat less friendly than he is to the Pope. Diversity of sentiment honestly entertained on both sides, does not weaken mutual regard and good will, where there is real worth in the character, the whole of man being taken together.”

The bill passed, and Lord Eldon entered his solemn protest. To his daughter he writes: “I am hurt, distressed, and fatigued, by what has lately been passing in the House of Lords. . . . I hope reflection will enable me, but I fear I cannot reasonably hope that it ever will, to account rationally for the conduct of the bishops. It is not rationally accounting for it to say that they were afraid that something worse would happen, than to agree in this matter. Fear and timidly produce in state matters,” [and in church] “the very consequences which they are alarmed about.”

On this principle was composed what is commonly called the Creed of Athanasius; not the production of that celebrated father, but probably, called by his name, as exhibiting a compendium of the doctrines which he so strenuously maintained. It is fact, neither more nor less than an explicit and minute contradiction of several erroneous opinions, which had been propagated in the Christian world. It is the doctrine of the Nicene Creed spread over a wider surface, and asserted in a greater variety of definitions, because the subtlety of false teachers had multiplied contradictory opinions respecting the divine nature. It does not assert that the union of three persons, or subsistences, in the Godhead, is a doctrine relating to a comprehensible truth; but a true doctrine because it is a Scripture doctrine. God is represented in His Word, as subsisting in three persons; as having made a three-fold manifestation of himself, as the Son of God, and coannounced the blood of the covenant wherewith he was sanctified, an unholly thing, (Heb. x. 29.) is in great danger of perishing everlasting. With its condemning clauses, as they are called, thus modestly expounded, the Athanasian Creed was declared by the scrupulous and pious Baxter, to be the best explication of the doctrine of the Trinity; that is to say, an explanation, not of the nature of the Trinity itself, but of the doctrine contained in holy Scripture.

In this age of what is called a freedom of opinion, how many Christians are there, who, when they have once departed from the primitive rule of faith presented in the formularies of our Church, shift continually from one set of opinions to another, and are carried about by every wind of doctrine; till some make shipwreck of their faith upon the quicksands of deism, while others lose themselves in the gulph of antinomian wickedness. This is not an age, in which we can hastily consent to relinquish, or remove, any of those standards and boundary marks of the faith, by which the scriptural character of our Church is defined and ascertained; and which, when carefully and candidly examined, are found not to be inconsistent with the moderation and charity by which an evangelical Church will always be distinguished.

Our blessed Saviour described himself as the only-begotten Son. The Holy Ghost is spoken of in Scripture as the Spirit of God and the Spirit of Christ; as being sent from the Father and the Son. The Creed therefore asserts, that the Son is not created, but begotten, in such sense as Jesus Christ himself intended, when he used the term; and that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son; that they are equal and co-eternal, none being before or after other, in point of time, nor greater or less than another: this being essential to the unity of the Godhead. To express this threefold subsistence of the Deity, the word *Trinity* has been adopted; and the objection, which some ignorant persons have made that because the word *Trinity* does not occur in Scripture, the doctrine of the Trinity cannot be a Scripture doctrine, is as reasonable as it would be to argue, that because the word *omnipresent* is not found in the Bible, the doctrine of God's omnipresence is false; a doctrine of which we are perfectly assured, although the mode of it utterly surpasses our comprehension.

With all this indomitable firmness, he had the tenacious heart; rather because of it. They go together, he writes to his daughter: “It pleased the great ruler of the world on this day three years ago, to take up himself my poor dear Betsy, the partner of the faithful and confiding penitent for His dear Son's sake. Oh! my dear lord, may you and I be found among the truly penitent, and then we shall have our perfect consummation and bliss among the truly blessed.”

With all this indomitable firmness, he had the tenacious heart; rather because of it. They go together,

“With true veneration and regard,

“Your lordship's most faithful servant,

“And affectionate brother in Christ,

“The Earl of Eldon.”

H. EXETER.

day of judgment. I have been nervous, and in some degree hysterical, but am better this evening. I have been constantly reproaching myself for not having attended the funeral, and my mind has ever been at work in representing to me the spot which I have seen to-day; and the seeing of which, however painful to memory, is less so than contemplation before having seen it. I am now satisfied from vision that all has been respectfully done that the sad occasion would admit of.” The burial place was a piece of ground purchased by Lord Eldon for the purpose, and added to the grave-yard of the church at Encombe. On consecrating it, the Bishop of Bristol said: “My friends, you have this evening, witnessed the consecration of a piece of ground, destined to be the burial place of a great and good man, who has lived among you; who has for many years supported the laws and liberties of your country with firm and undeviating integrity. Having deposited here the mortal remains of the companion of his life, the beloved object of his constant affection and attention, he would that here also his own ashes should repose. Long may it be before he shall come to lie here! But, in the mean time, you will hold sacred the spot which he has chosen to be the place of his interment; and many will even now come to look at the future grave of Lord Eldon. For you who have so often seen him coming to worship God with you, in your village church, I have only to bid you, Remember this: and lead such good and holy lives yourselves as may (through His grace) fit and prepare you for the hour of death, and for the day of judgment.”

I might fill many columns from Mr. Twiss's interesting volumes. But I must be mindful of your numerous claims. I add a scrap at two at random.

In a letter to his daughter he said, “The Duchess of Kent, who is remarkably civil, has sent me an invitation to dine at Kensington Palace, which I cannot accept, because it is Pitt's birth-day.” He was not one of those who worship the rising sun.

He was a character which the English appreciate and honour. “I will tell you,” he wrote to his daughter-in-law, when, at eighty-one, he had been at the coronation at Oxford, “what charmed me very much, when I left the Senate House. One man in the crowd shouted out, ‘There is old Eldon; cheer him; for he never rated.’”

“When dinner was over,” writes one, “and Lord Eldon had said grace, which he always did, with sombre gravity and manner of voice and mien,

it appears from abundant testimony that on this foundation of all hope Lord Eldon's faith was clear, full, and firm. He died Jan. 13, 1838, aged 87.

I might fill many columns from Mr. Twiss's interesting volumes. But I must be mindful of your numerous claims. I add a scrap at two at random.

In a letter to his daughter he said, “The Duchess of Kent, who is remarkably civil, has sent me an invitation to dine at Kensington Palace, which I cannot accept, because it is Pitt's birth-day.” He was not one of those who worship the rising sun.

He was a character which the English appreciate and honour. “I will tell you,” he wrote to his daughter-in-law, when, at eighty-one, he had been at the coronation at Oxford, “what charmed me very much, when I left the Senate House. One man in the crowd shouted out, ‘There is old Eldon; cheer him; for he never rated.’”

“When dinner was over,” writes one, “and Lord Eldon had said grace, which he always did, with sombre gravity and manner of voice and mien,

it appears from abundant testimony that on this foundation of all hope Lord Eldon's faith was clear, full, and firm. He died Jan. 13, 1838, aged 87.

I might fill many columns from Mr. Twiss's interesting volumes. But I must be mindful of your numerous claims. I add a scrap at two at random.

In a letter to his daughter he said, “The Duchess of Kent, who is remarkably civil, has sent me an invitation to dine at Kensington Palace, which I cannot accept, because it is Pitt's birth-day.” He was not one of those who worship the rising sun.

He was a character which the English appreciate and honour. “I will tell you,” he wrote to his daughter-in-law, when, at eighty-one, he had been at the coronation at Oxford, “what charmed me very much, when I left the Senate House. One man in the crowd shouted out, ‘There is old Eldon; cheer him; for he never rated.’”

“When dinner was over,” writes one, “and Lord Eldon had said grace, which he always did, with sombre gravity and manner of voice and mien,

it appears from abundant testimony that on this foundation of all hope Lord Eldon's faith was clear, full, and firm. He died Jan. 13, 1838, aged 87.

I might fill many columns from Mr. Twiss's interesting volumes. But I must be mindful of your numerous claims. I add a scrap at two at random.

In a letter to his daughter he said, “The Duchess of Kent, who is remarkably civil, has sent me an invitation to dine at Kensington Palace, which I cannot accept, because it is Pitt's birth-day.” He was not one of those who worship the rising sun.

He was a character which the English appreciate and honour. “I will tell you,” he wrote to his daughter-in-law, when, at eighty-one, he had been at the coronation at Oxford, “what charmed me very much, when I left the Senate House. One man in the crowd shouted out, ‘There is old Eldon; cheer him; for he never rated.’”

“When dinner was over,” writes one, “and Lord Eldon had said grace, which he always did, with sombre gravity and manner of voice and mien,

it appears from abundant testimony that on this foundation of all hope Lord Eldon's faith was clear, full, and firm. He died Jan. 13, 1838, aged 87.

I might fill many columns from Mr. Twiss's interesting volumes. But I must be mindful of your numerous claims. I add a scrap at two at random.

In a letter to his daughter he said, “The Duchess of Kent, who is remarkably civil, has sent me an invitation to dine at Kensington Palace, which I cannot accept, because it is Pitt's birth-day.” He was not one of those who worship the rising sun.

He was a character which the English appreciate and honour. “I will tell you,” he wrote to his daughter-in-law, when, at eighty-one, he had been at the coronation at Oxford, “what charmed me very much, when I left the Senate House. One man in the crowd shouted out, ‘There is old Eldon; cheer him; for he never rated.’”

“When dinner was over,” writes one, “and Lord Eldon had said grace, which he always did, with sombre gravity and manner of voice and mien,

it appears from abundant testimony that on this foundation of all hope Lord Eldon's faith was clear, full, and firm. He died Jan. 13, 1838, aged 87.

I might fill many columns from Mr. Twiss's interesting volumes. But I must be mindful of your numerous claims. I add a scrap at two at random.

In a letter to his daughter he said, “The Duchess of Kent, who is remarkably civil, has sent me an invitation to dine at Kensington Palace, which I cannot accept, because it is Pitt's birth-day.” He was not one of those who worship the rising sun.

He was a character which the English appreciate and honour. “I will tell you,” he wrote to his daughter-in-law, when, at eighty-one, he had been at the coronation at Oxford, “what charmed me very much, when I left the Senate House. One man in the crowd shouted out, ‘There is old Eldon; cheer him; for he never rated.’”

“When dinner was over,” writes one, “and Lord Eldon had said grace, which he always did, with sombre gravity and manner of voice and mien,

it appears from abundant testimony that on this foundation of all hope Lord Eldon's faith was clear, full, and firm. He died Jan. 13, 1838, aged 87.

I might fill many columns from Mr. Twiss's interesting volumes. But I must be mindful of your numerous claims. I add a scrap at two at random.

In a letter to his daughter he said, “The Duchess of Kent, who is remarkably civil, has sent me an invitation to dine at Kensington Palace, which I cannot accept, because it is Pitt's birth-day.” He was not one of those who worship the rising sun.