

The Church.

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Poetry.

(From the Colonial Church Chronicle.)
AD VENTUS HYMN.

The following Hymn composed by a resident in New Zealand, will be read with interest, as expressing the feelings of a devout mind on witnessing the coincidence of Advent with the summer season of the year.

The laughing Spring in his prime,
See danceth through our sunny clime—
Can this indeed be Advent's time?
The harbinger of Jesus' birth?
Where are the cold bleak winds blowing,
The pelting hail, the ceaseless snowing,
The hoarded breaths, all ruddy glowing,
White in each happy home religious and Christian mirth?

In vain I watchful look around
Upon the green and flower-strewn ground;
No lay gales, no frost's keen range,
But life and beauty beam unending—
No friendly bird, with scarlet breast,
Comes whirring now, a welcome guest;
Within the woods the songsters rest,
From the bright summer glade, where waving boughs are shading.

Meet through this I fondly view,
Though erst while never by me seen,
For him of glorious and bright mien,
The child for weeping sinners born,
Meet that at such a wondrous birth
Creation should burst forth in mirth,
And that sea, sky, and smiling earth
Should wear their brightest days on this auspicious morn.

And what though seasons seem to change,
While we are here and soon to range,
Our tender Mother doth arrange,
The same sweet song to cheer our heart,
She knows that darkling, out of sight,
Sad souls may brood in cheerless night,
Through trees and flowers be hid in light,
And 'mid a world of joy, some hidden smart.

Oh! soothing voice, my Mother dear,
Like angel's music on our ear!
With chastest joy, and reverent fear,
Thy words of peace, in this bright land, come ringing—
"Glorious to God," thy strains bring.

And peace be now, though dimm'd with sin,
For He, the Prince of Peace,
Has come to give release,
To pilgrims sighing for their distant home;
What though our Advent here
Be dimm'd by many a year,
He'll soon appear,
Oh! let His widow's Church cry, "Come Lord, quickly come!"

Strangers and exiles are we now;
A touch of sadness on our brow,
To anxious eyes might well be shown,
That far from childhood's home our steps are straying;
Well may we bless these landmarks sweet,
Where we may rest our weary feet,
By the still waters take our rest,
With draughts of heavenly joy our burning thirst allaying.

Soon shall the journey cease,
For He, the Prince of Peace,
Has come to give release,
To pilgrims sighing for their distant home;
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Be dimm'd by many a year,
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LITERARY IMITATIONS AND SIMILITUDES.

(From Sharpe's Magazine.)

"One of the most elegant of literary recreations," says Dr. Isaac, is that of tracing poetical or prose imitations and similarities. There are few men of letters who have not been in the habit of making parallel passages, or tracing imitation in the thousand shapes it assumes; it forms, it cultivates, it delights taste to observe by what dexterity and variation genius conceals, or modifies, an original thought or image, and to view the sameness or expression, borrowed with art, or heightened by embellishment.

Writing on the same subject, the elements of similarity may often occur, even peculiar expressions may catch the eye, when no real imitation exists, "beautically add," I know not whether the passage exists in print. However, at all events, the labour will always please which puts in juxtaposition the same thought or expression. One delights to discover the fine variation of congenial minds, as one does the melting hue of the rainbow; they show the secrets of genius, as they serve as the exercises of taste.

Sheltered by so high an authority, I am "free to profess"—and indeed that I am "a man of letters," I have a somewhat presumptuous style of confession, but—that I have been in the habit of making parallel passages, or tracing imitation. Widely indeed, do I differ from the great literary veteran whose words I have borrowed, and as to the quantity of materials on which I have exercised myself, and the skill and judgment wherewith I have worked them up; but I can at least most truly profess, like him, that such notices as I may set forth in print from my little collection of "Literary Imitations and Similarities," &c., are not given with the petty malignant delight of detecting the unacknowledged imitations of our best writers. I have no ambition for the office of a mere policeman on Parusinus, peeping after stray goods, and apprehending suspicious characters. I trust, therefore, that I am not likely to be counted as one of those whom Coleridge asserts, that "verily, there be amongst us a set of critics who seem to hold that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing from a perforation made in some other man's tank."

I will not dilate in an Essay what is simply meant as a brief Introduction, which may give the reader some notice of what he is to expect in the miscellaneous scraps that follow, and some intimation of the spirit in which I have made and in which I would wish him to read my collections.

"As precious gems are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple and expire;
So was the moon scathed, and vanis'd hence,
A short sweet odour, of a vain expense.
She vanish'd, and we scarcely say she died;
For but a now did heaven and earth divide."

DRYDEN. *Eleonora.*

Dryden was so fond of this quaint distinction between "dying" and being "exhaled," &c. that he has introduced it in connexion with another simile—

"Thus then he disappear'd, was rarified;
For 'tis improper speech to say he died;
He was exhaled; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.
On the death of a very young Gentleman.

This latter passage seems to have furnished Young with his conceit—(full is he of conceits, though generally far from "miserable conceits")—respecting Narcissa:—

"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."
Night Thoughts, b. v.

Had Wordsworth in view the labours of his poetic predecessors when writing the charming lines to H. C.? If he had, they "come mended from his pen"—

"What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of the morrow?
Thou art a dew drop, which the morn brings forth,
Ill-fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trail'd along the soiling earth."
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives;
But at the touch of wrong, without a strife
Slips in a moment out of life.

To H. C. six years old, 1802.

Poetical Imitations and Similarities; Curiosities of Literature, p. 205. Eleventh edition.

Quoted from Note in Vol. II. of Tales, by Lord Byron *Murray* 1837.
Compare Dickens: "In shady spots the morning dew packed on each young leaf and blade of grass; and where the

It were, perhaps, too ludicrous to inquire whether the idea of "exhalation" is derived from ancient Piaton's rant—

"The grave doth gape, and doting death is near,
Therefore exhale,—*K. Hen. V. Act. iii. sc. 1.*

On which I have read the following comment: "Exhale, perhaps, here signifies *dote, or die*; a threat common enough among dramatic heroes of a higher rank than Piaton, who only expresses this idea in the fantastic language peculiar to his character." It may be added that Scott, in the last chapter of "Kenilworth," makes Varney sneeringly refer to the death of Alasco with the phrase, "Our friend has exhaled."

And, once again, let me add an example of the word under notice, (which I chanced to observe after arranging the preceding quotations) from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1644. "How we were affected here in England for our Titus, 'delici humani generis,' Prince Henric's immature death, as if all our friends' lives had exhaled with his!"—p. 237, 16th ed.

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"What a rich mine of jewels above ground, all so brave,
So costly!"—[at a court masquerade.]—*Falstaff; Holy State.*

"The whole a labour'd quarry above ground."
Pope, Moral Essay, Sc. iv.

The resemblance (imitation or not) between Shakespeare and Fuller is obvious. Had Pope in view Fuller's addition, "above ground," when he converted a kindred image to the purposes of satire?

"That strain again!—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."
Twelfth Night, Act. i. sc. 1.

Contrast—
"Those words, like south winds through a fence
Of Kerzrah flowers, came fill'd with poestitence."
Moore's Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

"The accusing spirit who flew up to Heaven's
Chancery with uncle Toby's oath," &c. is a serio-ludicrous bit of Sterne, well known to most readers who have read even a book of elegant extracts. A kindred image to that of "Heaven's Chancery" seems yet more quaint in the devotional poetry of the saintly Herbert:—

"How happy were my part,
If some kind man would thrust his heart
Into these lines; till in Heaven's Court of Rolls
They were by winged souls
Enter'd for both, far above their desert!"—*Obedience.*

And in the "Meditations and vows" of Jos. Hall, (1621) "I acknowledge no Master of Requests in Heaven, but one; Christ my Mediator." And Cowley, as he often does, runs into perfect barlesque when he says that

"Bacon, at last, a mighty man, arose,
(Whom a wise king, and Nature chose
Lord Chancellor of Great Brittain,
And boldly undertook the injured pupil's cause."
To the Royal Society.

"Behold, this boy silently supplicates thee, O Father!
Eunapius, *Iphigenia in Aulis*, 1140

"Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reason."—*Coriolanus, Act v. sc. 8.*

"Second Citizen. Consider you what services he has done for his country?
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"To John I owed great obligation:
But John unworthily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation;
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"Fame . . .
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But if you pay yourself, the world is free."
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A kindred subject is amply illustrated in the following passages:—
"It was an ill sign when (Jeha) said to Jehonabad, 'come with me and see my zeal for the Lord.' Bad inviting guests to feed their eyes on our goodness. Bad hypermetes rather than they will lose a drop of praise will lick it up with their own tongue."—*Fuller, Holy and Profane States, p. 8.*

"Still the compliment had no place enough for the lady's sated palate; so like a true glutton of praise, she began to help herself with the soup tangle."—*Scott, St. Ronan's Well.*

Another variation by Scott, on the same theme, runs thus:—
"I think I make no habit of feeding on praise, and despise those whom I see greedy for it, as much as I should an under-bred fellow who, after eating a cherry tart, proceeded to lick the plate."
Diary, 1846.

"We see many children fairly planted, whose parts of nature were never dressed by art, nor called from the furrows of their first possibilities by discipline and institution, and they dwell for ever in ignorance and converse with beasts; and yet, if they had been dressed and exercised, might have stood at the chairs of princes, or spoken rables among the rulers of the cities."—*Ben. Taylor, Holy Duty, iii. 6.*

Compare this poetry, for splendid poetry it is, with the (intentionally or not) similarity in Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard":—
"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
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RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

And now, brethren, what need is there that I should speak of the present state and prospects of education, familiar as the subject is to every one among us? For who, at this day, questions the value of a generally diffused education? Who, at least, if there are any who dispute this, can have his eyes open to what is passing around him, and not see and acknowledge that such an education is proceeding, and will proceed? The question now is, not whether the rising generation at large shall be educated or not; but whether they shall receive an education, leavened and purified, and hallowed, by that knowledge which is inseparable from godliness; and which will therefore, be instrumental to their well-being, both here and hereafter; (1 Tim. iv. 8.) or whether the instruction communicated to them shall consist of knowledge so separated from wisdom, so un sanctified by religion, that it will be a misleading and a treacherous guide; a power for evil and not for good; darkness instead of light; a curse instead of a blessing.

Let us "take heed therefore that the light which is in us be not darkness." (Luke xi. 35.) Such is the caution which the Church, speaking with the au-

thority, and in the very words of her Divine Head, may be understood as solemnly addressing to us all at this her annual public demonstrations, now made for the sixty-sixth time under this magnificent dome in favour of Christian education. Let each of us pray that we may be enabled to act upon that caution in

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"Second Citizen. Consider you what services he has done for his country?
"First Citizen. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for it, but that he pays himself with being proud."—*Coriolanus, Act i. sc. 1.*

"In these are many good things which are wholly spoiled if they do but touch the tongue; * * * the doing favour, and acts of kindness. If you speak of them, you pay yourself, and lose your kindness."—*Ben. Taylor, Sermon on the Good and Evil Tongue.*

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