

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, 1, 12.

VOL. I.]

COBOURG, U. C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1838.

[NO. XXX.]

Poetry.

WHAT IS TIME?

I asked an aged man, a man of years,
Wrinkled and curv'd, and white with hoary hairs?
"Time is the warp of life!" he said, "oh tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well."

I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled—
From the cold grave, a hollow murmur flow'd,
"Time sow'd the seeds we reap in this abode!"

I asked a dying sinner ere the stroke
Of ruthless death, life's golden bowl had broke—
I asked him, "What is Time?" "Time!" he replied,
"I've lost it—oh! the treasure!" and he died!

I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years—
They told me, "Time was but a meteor's glare!"
And bid me for Eternity prepare!

I asked the seasons, in their annual round,
Which beautify or desolate the ground—
And they replied (what oracle more wise!)
"Tis folly's blank, or wisdom's highest prize!"

I asked a spirit lost—but oh! the shriek,
That pierced my soul—I shudder while I speak!
It cried—"A particle! a speck! a mite!
Of endless years, duration infinite!"

I ask'd my Bible, and methinks it said,
"Thine is the present hour, the past is fled;
Live, live to-day, to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set!"

Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply—
"Time is the season fair of living well,
The path to glory, or the path to hell!"

I ask'd old Father Time himself at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past;
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, that left no trace behind!

I asked the mighty angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea—and one on solid land—
"By Heaven's Great King, I swear—the mystery's o'er—
Time was!" he cried—"but time shall be no more!"

Christian Journal.

THE ENGLISH LAYMAN.

No. VIII.

SIR JOHN COLBORNE.

When we observe men bred up in arms repeatedly spoken of in scripture in such strong terms of commendation as those we have mentioned, we are authorized to conclude, that the profession they are engaged in is not, as a mistaken sect of Christians amongst us profess to think, an unlawful one. On the contrary it seems to be studiously placed by the sacred writers in a favourable and an honourable light; and in this light it always has been and always ought to be considered. He who undertakes an occupation of great toil and great danger, for the purpose of serving, defending, and protecting his country, is a most valuable and respectable member of society; and if he conducts himself with valour, fidelity, and humanity, and amidst the horrors of war cultivates the gentle manners of peace, and the virtues of a devout and holy life, he most amply deserves, and will assuredly receive, the esteem, the admiration, and the applause of his grateful country, and what is of still greater importance, the approbation of his God.—*Bishop Porteus.*

A stirring and sudden appeal to the fanaticism of men has frequently decided the hardest fought field at a moment when victory seemed uncertain,—nay, has even rallied the discomfited host, and converted retreat into a triumph. Mahomet at Bender, and Oliver Cromwell at Dunbar, will bear out the truth of this remark. Religion, however, when unalloyed by superstition or enthusiasm, or unperturbed by a misguided zeal, has wrought effects more lasting than those achieved by the impostor of Arabia, or the Iron Despot of the Commonwealth. True religion inspires the warrior with an even and serene courage, and "attires him with brightness;" fanaticism acts upon him, like opium on the Turk, elevating him for a moment above deeds of ordinary daring, and then plunging him into a protracted torpor of listlessness, or even despondency. The one is a meteor attracting observation and creating surprise because of the rarity and partial locality of its appearance: the other is the sun, which rising and setting daily, and pervading all nature with its influence, is seldom noticed, because of its familiar and universal visitations. Religion, when she animates the warrior, girds him with a sword of irresistible temper: The spirit engendered by her converts every rock into a citadel, every dyke into a rampart. It has taught men, battling for their altars and hearths, to gather fresh courage from disaster and defeat. It has not merely kindled the fitful and transitory blaze of enthusiasm, but preserved unquenched the vestal fires of patriotism, while all around was darkness and desolation. It has scattered, with God's assistance, the countless armament of a foreign bigot, and hurled the domestic one from the throne. It is the only spirit that gives vitality and permanence to the laws and liberties of Britain.

The holy influences of this powerful and enduring impulse are most largely showered upon the British warrior. Born in a land, in which the first lesson he learns is a summary of the Christian doctrines,—living under the eye of the naval or military chaplain—and accustomed, from childhood, not merely to witness the acknowledgment of the Almighty, as the God of individual man, but to hear his name invoked by the minister of the National Church, on behalf of the nation at large, as "the

King of kings and Governor of all things,"—our most eminent soldiers and most gallant sailors have ever been distinguished for a genuine, practical piety. The dissipation of a camp,—the licentiousness of a crew imprisoned for months at a time on the ocean,—the addiction to swearing—the indulgence in intoxication,—may be adduced as harsh and faulty features by no means corresponding with the portraiture I have sketched of naval and military piety. But gather together, into one spot, any number of miners, colliers, or artificers,—go into those white slave-markets, the gigantic factories of Lancashire, and you will find that one hundred men selected from such places will fall far below any hundred soldiers or sailors in the scale of morality!

The observance which the soldier is compelled to pay to religious worship,—the habits of cleanliness, subordination, and regularity in which he is trained,—the vigorous state of health resulting from such a course of life,—and the pride which he feels in bearing the name of a Briton,—all these combined causes tend to elevate the character of the military in a far greater degree than it is deteriorated by the peculiar temptations to which it is exposed. The very element on which sailors pass the greatest portion of their existence, and the hair-breadth escapes of those "that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters," awaken in their hearts deep feelings of solemnity and awe, which frequently flit across them in their most careless moments, and temper their merriment with a pensive thoughtfulness. When we consider that in no other ships but those of the Royal Navy is there any appointed minister of Religion, we shall readily allow, that no class of men who are so seldom visited by the means of grace, so seldom transgress the law of God or man, or render such service to their country, as the mariners of England. If we trace the mental lineaments of our most celebrated Admirals, we rarely fail to find, prominent among them, a steadfast and humble reliance on the God of battles, before entering into action,—and after victory, that lively and unfeigned gratitude which ascribes all glory and praise to Him, without whose aid "the utmost efforts of man are naught." Nelson, frail alas! as he was, had a heart overflowing with a grateful piety. His despatches are truly those of a christian warrior; and much as he erred in the private relations of life, he never was wanting in the heart-felt recognition of God's protecting care. When picturing scenes of future happiness, after the toils of war, the tapering spire of the village church rose sweetly and soothingly on his mental vision, and suggested to him the hope, that by his constant attendance in the house of God, he should set a good example to his poor fellow-parishioners. Of Lord Collingwood what can be said, but that he was as good as he was great; and that his General Order, appointing a day of thanksgiving for the victory of Trafalgar, leaves us lost in admiration between his heroism and naval skill and his eloquent and fervent piety? "Every hour of Lord Exmouth's life is a sermon," said an officer who was often with him; "I have seen him great in battle, but never so great as on his death-bed." In the lowest rank too of the naval profession may be discovered an instance of religious heroism, that will ever encircle a humble name with bright and imperishable renown. When the sailor John Hepburn* tended the dying moments of the gallant young Hood, disarmed lingering, solitary famine of its acutest pangs, and sustained the drooping spirits of his better educated companions and superiors in command, by reading portions of Scripture, and encouraging them to join in prayer and thanksgiving, he exhibited a conduct acceptable, it may be said without presumption, in the sight of God, and the more glorious because unobserved by any save his fellow-sufferers, and because it was unprompted by pride, or ambition, or shame. Men frequently exhibit bravery because it is the safest policy, or that they derive a false courage from the fear of being stigmatized as cowards. But Hepburn's bravery was that of one

Who whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame
And leave a dead unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself, and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.

But the heroes of the sea must not engross all our praise, especially in an article commenced with the intent of offering a sincere and unbiassed testimony to the worth of a distinguished military commander. The British soldier merits equal honour with the British sailor. Among the failings that tarnished the magnificent character of Marlborough, a neglect of religion and religious observances occupied no place.† The constant acknowledgment of a divine and over-ruling Providence in the despatches of the Duke of Wellington throws into more glaring and disgraceful contrast the impious vain-boasting and falsehoods of Napoleon's *Moniteur*, and the audacious farce of his assuming

* See *Franklin's Journey* and *Tyler's Discovery in America*, p. 172.

† "An officer, from ocular experience, describes his camp as resembling a quiet and well-governed city! cursing and swearing were seldom heard among the officers; a drunkard was the object of scorn; and his troops, many of whom were the refuse and dross of the nation, became, at the close of one or two campaigns, civil, sensible, and cleanly. A sincere observer of religious duties himself, he enforced their performance throughout his camp; divine service was regularly performed; prayers were offered up before a battle; and thanksgiving followed close upon victory. His humanity extended itself even to his enemies; and he felt delighted whenever he could mitigate the miseries of war by an act of mercy or benevolence."—*Georgian Era.*

the Mussulman turban. And who ever read of the heartless Corsican standing amid the piles of slaughtered dead, with which his own insatiate ambition had heaped the battle-field, and shedding, like Wellington, irrepressible tears "for the loss of his old friends, and companions, and poor soldiers?"

Among the many bright names that hallow the glorious page of England's history, and distinguish her generals from the blood-thirsty plunderers, the Wallensteins and Tillys of Germany, and the Masseinas and Davousts of France, there is not one surrounded with a purer moral lustre than that of SIR JOHN COLBORNE. It is not here intended to accompany him through his active and brilliant career in the army, or to enter into an examination of his civil administration in Guernsey and Upper Canada. As a soldier he has extorted unqualified praise from the critical Napier; and, from another source, received the signal distinction of being termed the first light infantry officer in the British service. As a civilian, it is sufficient to observe that while there have been faults in his policy which his warmest friends condemned, they were "failings that lean'd to virtue's side." Elizabeth and Upper Canada Colleges testify to his ardent desire to benefit mankind in the most permanent manner, by diffusing the blessings of a sound, religious education. His personal piety—his household ordered after the rules of a liberal and dignified propriety—the cooperation of his estimable Lady in his philanthropic views—these were so many rays shedding around him, even in the midst of the

Mild concerns of ordinary life,

A constant influence, a peculiar grace.

Yes, when his sterling virtues could no longer protect him from a dismissal, which he had long spontaneously sought in vain, but which at last came in disapprobation, and not in compliance with the request of a faithful servant of the Crown broken down in its service,—in that moment, a homage was tendered to the worth of Sir John Colborne, above all praise, and above all suspicion, because tendered to him, not in the zenith of his power, but in the hour when he had ceased to be the channel of regal bounty, and the dispenser of Executive patronage. Upper Canada never beheld a more beautiful or touching moral spectacle, than the triumphant departure of Sir John Colborne through the snows of an inclement winter, followed by the affectionate reverence and esteem of the thousands who thronged his path, to greet him with a respectful farewell. So properly indeed was this demonstration of feeling understood, that the Home Ministry repented them of the slight they had put upon the gallant veteran, covered with the two fold trophies of war and peace. Stung by the reproachful voice of Canada they attempted to soften the recall by the transmission of an honorary badge, a letter of apology, and an appointment to high and responsible command. Enfeebled in health, and panting for retirement and repose, Sir John Colborne devoted himself to his country, and, sacrificing his wounded pride to a sense of duty, consented to remain in a climate destructive to his constitution.

May we not trace the workings of Providence in the series of events at which we have so briefly glanced? For was it not a happy circumstance, that at the time of the breaking out of the long-anticipated Canadian rebellion, the supreme military command should have been vested in an individual, so renowned for his military skill, so beloved for his civil and domestic virtues? While we trusted in his prowess and long-tryed experience, and felt secure, that the friend and favourite of Sir John Moore, and one of the most excellent officers of the Wellington school, would worthily uphold the ascendancy of the British arms, we rejoiced in the moral influence which our good and holy cause would derive from his milder excellencies, his clemency, his humanity, and his piety. Amply and speedily have our fondest anticipations been realized! The Commander-in-chief, though suffering under an illness, which the slightest excitement will aggravate, in spite of innumerable drawbacks,—and with but scanty force,—has crushed an extensive Rebellion with promptitude and decision, and scarcely any loss of loyal life; thus adding another, weightier than any preceding one, to those important claims which a forgetful country has too long suffered to pass without regard.

Now that the crisis may be considered past, every eye will be turned towards the punishment of the guilty, and the reward of the meritorious. If her Majesty Queen Victoria wishes to gratify every loyal man within her Canadian dominions (and who can doubt her princely disposition?)—if she wishes to fill their bosoms with gratitude, and to light up each face with the flush of exaltation, she will bestow a high distinction, and a substantial reward on the second conqueror of Lower Canada. With what intense delight would every Loyalist glow, were he to hear that Sir John Colborne had been summoned to take his seat in that noblest assemblage of the world, the House of Lords,—to join his old companions in arms, Wellington, Hill, and Combermere,—and by his venerable and heroic aspect, and the glorious recollections which his numerous insignia would awaken, to impart an additional splendor to that august and illustrious body? Such a merited mark of Royal approbation, accompanied by the national gift of a liberal and hard-earned pension is not only due to the distinguished individual himself, but would be hailed by the two Canadas, as an acknowledgment of the sense entertained by the Sovereign and people of England of their devoted attachment to the British Empire, so recently and so enthusiastically exhibited!

If all the inhabitants of the two Canadas owe a debt of gratitude to Sir John Colborne, the members of the Church of England are more especially bound to regard him with honor and respect. While he promoted the growth of religion throughout the