

The Church.

"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

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

VOLUME II.]

COBourg, UPPER CANADA, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1838.

[NUMBER III.]

Original Poetry.

For the Church.

THE CORONATION.

A trumpet call hath wak'd the Isles,—a wild, a mighty voice
Bade the rich vales of England ring, her subject realms re-
joice,—
And far away in thunder roll'd an empire's festal mirth,
O'er the glad Ocean's sunny breast—the distant shores of earth.
Up sprung the dwellers of the land—the chivalrous—the free:
The noble spread his banner's folds; the hind cried "Jubilee!"
And sweeping on like sun-lit waves, there came a glittering
throng
Toward the proud "shrine of Heroes" borne in gorgeous pomp
along.
There was a glorious pageant held beneath that stately dome,
Meet for that atmosphere of Fame, the mighty Briton's home,
Flash'd back the light from starry eyes, proud brows, and
jewell'd plumes,
Where the chivalry of England stood beside their father's
tombs!
Silence was o'er that solemn hall; the hum of thousands ceased;
And a gentle form was kneeling low beside the white robb'd
Priest.
A light was on that downcast brow, the spotless, undefil'd,
While the aged man the blessing spoke—a father to his child.
And she hath come, that youthful one, like all her warrior line,
To speak the monarch's fearful vow, by Heaven's eternal
shrine;
To swear before the countless hosts her glorious realms that
trod,
To guard the charter of their rights, the altars of their God!
She stood beneath that storied hall—her warlike peers around—
While slowly on the silence rose her vow's low breathing sound;
And the soft glow that flitted o'er her young brow seem'd to
tell
That her pure heart to heaven was turn'd for strength to keep
it well.
The sacramental rite is done—the words of blessing said,—
And the stary crown the hierarch rais'd above her bending
head.
It's jewell'd radiance lit her brow, flash'd like a glory o'er her,
Type of the gorgeous realms she sway'd, the mighty course be-
fore her.
Shout! England, shout!—the voice of joy your waking valleys
fills!
Sweep the wild jubilee along, far o'er thine ancient hills!
Start! shadows of the mighty Dead, from out your marbled
piles,
The brightest of your kingly line sways o'er the Ocean Isles!
Away, away,—fast gathering swept the festal sound—along,
Waking fresh echoes on their path, fresh notes of choral song;
Loud boom'd the cannon's thundering voice from each embat-
tled wall,
Up rose the shout from peasant's hearth, from noble's castled
hall:—
O'er the glad hills of England rush'd the festal signal forth,
Borne o'er the border's rugged glens, the gray hills of the north;
On, on, from old Dunedin's height, from Stirling's war-worn
side,
Till by the Orkney's sullen waves the mirthful echoes died.
Loud rose the sound of revelry from Erin's grassy shore,
And the wild harp that minstrels lov'd, to music wak'd once
more,
And many a faithful heart beat high, proud flush'd each man-
ly mien,
For her who rul'd that glorious Isle—the woman and the
Queen!
And climbs on earth's remotest strand, beneath that maiden's
sway,
Pour'd forth the tribute to her might in that high festal day:
O'er the glad ocean's startled waves, thro' realms and wilds
untold,
Her name was breath'd from subject lips,—flash'd out her ban-
ner's fold.
From stern Gibraltar's frowning height,—from Malta's lofty
crest—
From old Ionia's sunny isles,—from Afric's torrid breast—
From the rich Indian's eastern climes, the same wild music
rose—
From green Australia's farthest shore to the Himalaya's snows.
And thou, gray fortress of the north, from out thy fearless
height
Burst the loud cannon's tribute roar, the voice of Britain's
might;
And a thousand echoes flung it back, repeating o'er and o'er,
Till far away it sank to rest by Huron's forest shore.
Dread guardian of our happy hearths, our monarch's honor'd
line,—
Hear the pure vows, the prayers that rose beside thine ancient
shrine:—
Be gladness on that maiden heart, rich blessings o'er her cast,
Till the bright future's sunlight dim the glories of the past!
ZADIG.

U. C., 23d May, 1838.

PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

It is truly a most Christian exercise, to extract a senti-
ment of piety from the works and the appearances of na-
ture. It has the authority of the sacred writers on its side,
and even our Saviour himself gives it the weight and the so-
lemnity of his example. Behold the lilies of the field; they
sow not, neither do they spin, yet your heavenly Father ca-
reth for them. He expatiates on the beauty of a single
flower, and draws from it the delightful argument of confi-
dence in God. He gives us to see that taste may be combi-
ned with piety, and that the same heart may be occupied
with all that is serious in the contemplations of religion,
and be at the same time alive to the charms and the loveliness
of nature.

The Psalmist takes a still loftier flight. He leaves the
world, and lifts his imagination to that mighty expanse
which spreads above it and around it. Creation rises in its
immensity before him, and the world, with all which it in-
herites, shrinks into littleness at a contemplation so vast and
so overpowering. What is man that thou art mindful of
him, or the son of man that thou shouldst deign to visit him?
It seems to have been at night that the piety of the
Psalmist was awakened by this contemplation; and there
is much in the scenery of a nocturnal sky to lift the soul to
pious contemplation. The mind abandons itself to reverie,
it sees nature in the simplicity of her great elements, and
it sees the God of nature invested with the high attributes
of wisdom and majesty.

But what can these lights be? We all know that every
visible object appears less in magnitude as it recedes from
the eye. The lofty vessel, as it retires from the coast,
shrinks into littleness, and at last appears in the form of a
small speck on the verge of the horizon. The eagle, with
its expanded wings, is a noble object; but when it takes its
flight into the upper regions of the air, it becomes less to
the eye, and is seen like a dark spot in the vault of heaven.
The same is true of all magnitude. The heavenly bodies
appear small to the eye of an inhabitant of this earth, only
from the immensity of their distance. When we talk of
hundreds of millions of miles, it is not to be listened to as
incredible. For remember that we are talking of those bod-
ies which are scattered over the immensity of space, and
that space knows no termination. The conception is great
and difficult, but the truth is unquestionable. By a process
of measurement, the distance has been first ascertained, and
then the magnitude of some of those bodies which roll in
the firmament; that the sun which presents itself to the
eye under so diminutive a form, is really a globe, exceeding,
by many thousands of times, the dimensions of the earth
which we inhabit; that the moon itself has the magnitude
of a world; and that even a few of those stars, which ap-
pear like so many lucid points to the unassisted eye of the
observer, expand into large circles upon the application of
the telescope, and are some of them much larger than the
ball which we tread upon, and to which we proudly apply
the denomination of the universe.

The planetary system has its boundary. There are only
five, or at most six, of the planetary orb visible to the na-
ked eye. What then is that multitude of other lights which
sparkle in our firmament, and fill the whole concave of hea-
ven with innumerable splendors? The planets are all at-
tached to the sun; and in circling round him, they do ho-
mage to that influence which binds them to perpetual at-
tendance on this great luminary. But the other stars do
not own his dominion. They do not circle around him.
To all common observation they remain immovable; and
each, like the independent sovereign of his own territory,
appears to occupy the same inflexible position in the regions
of immensity. What mean, then, these innumerable fires
lighted up in the distant parts of the universe? Are they
only made to shed a feeble glimmering over this little spot
in the kingdom of nature? or do they serve a purpose wor-
thier of themselves, to light up other worlds, and give ani-
mation to other systems?

The first thing which strikes a scientific observer of the
fixed stars, is their immeasurable distance. If the whole
planetary system were lighted up into a globe of fire, it
would exceed, by many millions of times, the magnitude of
this world, and yet only appear a small lucid spark from
the nearest of them. If a body were projected from the
sun with the velocity of a cannon-ball, it would take hun-
dreds of thousands of years before it described the mighty
interval which separates the nearest of the fixed stars from
our sun and from our system. If this earth, which moves
at more than the inconceivable velocity of a million and a
half miles a day, were to be hurried from its orbit, and to

take the same rapid flight over this immense tract, it would
not have arrived at the termination of its journey, after ta-
king all the time which has elapsed since the creation of the
world. These are great numbers, and great calcula-
tions, and the mind feels its own impotency in attempting
to grasp them. We can state them in words; we can ex-
hibit them in figures; we can demonstrate them by the
powers of a rigid and infallible geometry; but no human
fancy can summon up a lively or an adequate conception—
can take in this mighty space in all its grandeur and im-
mensity—or lift itself up to the majesty of that great and
invincible arm on which it is all suspended.

But what can these stars be which are seated so far be-
yond the limits of our planetary system? They must be
masses of immense magnitude, or they could not be seen at
the distance of places which they occupy. The light which
they give must proceed from themselves, for the feeble re-
flection of light from some other quarter could not pervade
through such mighty tracts to the eye of the observer. A
body may be visible in two ways. It may be visible from its
own light, as the flame of a candle, or the brightness of a
fire, or the brilliancy of yonder glorious sun, which lightens
all below, and is the lamp of the world. Or it may be visi-
ble from the light which falls upon it, as the body which
thus receives its light from the taper—or the whole assom-
blage of objects on the surface of the earth, which appear
only when the light of day rests upon them—or the moon,
which, in that part of it that is towards the sun, gives out
a silvery whiteness to the eye of the observer, while the
other part forms a black and invisible space in the firmam-
ent—or as the planets, which shine only because the sun
shines upon them, and which, each of them, present the ap-
pearance of a dark spot on the side that is turned away from
it. Now apply this question to the fixed stars. Are they
luminous of themselves, or do they derive their light from
the sun, like the bodies of our planetary system? Think
of their immense distance, and the solution of this question
becomes evident. The sun, like any other body, must dwindle
into a less apparent magnitude as you retire from it. At
the prodigious distance of the fixed stars, it must have
shrunk into a small indivisible point. In short, it must
have become a star itself, and could shed no more light than
a single individual of those glimmering myriads, the whole
assembly of which cannot dissipate, and can scarcely al-
leviate, the midnight darkness of our world. These stars
are visible to us, not because the sun shines upon them, but
because they shine of themselves; because they are so many
luminous bodies scattered over the tracts of immensity
—in a word, because they are so many suns, each throned
in the centre of his own dominions, and pouring a flood of
light over his own portion of these unlimited regions.

Before bringing to a close this rapid sketch of modern
astronomy, it may be right to advert to some other points
of interesting speculation. The first is suggested by the
consideration, that if a body be struck in the direction of
its centre, it obtains from this cause a progressive motion,
but without any movement of revolution being at the same
time impressed upon it. It simply goes forward, but does
not turn round upon itself. But again, should the stroke
not be in the direction of the centre—should the line which
joins the point of percussion to the centre make an angle
with that line in which the impulse was communicated,
then the body is both made to go forward in space, and al-
so to wheel upon its axis. In this way each of our planets
may have had their compound motion communicated to it
by one single impulse; and, on the other hand, if even the
rotatory motion be communicated by one blow, then the
progressive motion must go along with it. In order to have
the first motion without the second, there must be a two-
fold force applied to the body, in opposite directions. It
must be set a-going in the same way as a spinning-top, so
as to revolve about an axis, and to keep unchanged its situ-
ation in space. The planets have both motions, and there-
fore may have received them by one and the same impulse.
The sun, we are certain, has one of these motions. He has
a movement of revolution. If spun round his axis by two
opposite forces, one on each side of him, he may have this
movement, and retain an inflexible position in space. But
if this movement was given him by one stroke, he must have
a progressive motion, along with a whirling motion; or,
in other words, he is moving forwards; he is describing a
tract in space; and in so doing, carries all his planets and
all their secondaries (their moons) along with him.

Another interesting tract of speculation has been opened
to us by more recent observations of astronomy, in the dis-
covery of the Nebulae. And though it is but a dim and in-
distinct light which this discovery has thrown upon the
structure of the universe, yet still it has spread before the eye
of the mind a field of wide & lofty contemplation. Anterior
to this discovery the universe might appear to have been com-
posed of an indefinite number of suns, about equi-distant from
each other, uniformly scattered over space, and each en-
compassed by such a planetary attendance as takes place in
our own system. But we have now reason to think that,
instead of lying uniformly and in a state of equi-distant
from each other, they are arrayed in distinct clusters—that
in the same manner as the distance of the nearest fixed
star marks the separation of the solar systems; so the dis-
tance of two contiguous clusters may mark an equally dis-
tinct separation of the clusters, and constitute each of these
individual members of some higher and more extended
system. This carries us upwards through another
ascending step in the scale of magnificence, and then leaves
in the awful uncertainty whether even here the wonder-
ful progression is ended.

The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendor
and variety, by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure
of a sublime magnificence of a forest would suffer by the fall
of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which
supports it. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it
flits on the stream of water which passeth underneath.
In a moment of time, the life which we know, by the mi-

croscopo, it seems with, is extinguished, and an occurrence
so insignificant in the eye of man, carries in it, to the inha-
bitants of this little loaf, an event as decisive as the destruc-
tion of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe,
we, the occupiers of this ball, may feel among the suns and
systems unfolded by astronomy, the same littleness and in-
security. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance,
that it would require the operation of greater elements to
destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which
rages within, may lift its devouring energy to the surface,
and change our planet into one wide and wasting volcano.
The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the
earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to
accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The ex-
halation of noxious air from below, may impart a virulence
to the air that surrounds us, and the whole of animated na-
ture may wither and die. A blazing comet may cross us
in its orbit, and realize all the terrors which superstition has
conceived of it. We cannot anticipate with precision the
effect of an event which every astronomer must know to lie
within the limits of possibility. It may hurry our globe to-
wards the sun—scorch the outer regions of our plan-
etary system—or give it a new axis of revolution—and this
would change the place of the ocean, and bring another
mighty flood upon our islands and continents. These are
changes which may happen in an instant of time, and a-
gainst which nothing known in the present system of things
provides us with any security. They might not annihilate
the earth, but they would unpeopple it; and if the Almighty
let loose the devouring elements which are in his hands,
they would spread solitude, silence, and death, over the do-
minions of the world.

Now it is this littleness and insecurity which make the
protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and brings with
such power to every pious bosom the holy lessons of humil-
ity and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides
in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man; and,
though at this moment his energy is felt in the remotest
provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in his
Providence, as if we were the objects of his undivided care.
It is not for us to comprehend this mysterious agency. But
such is the fact, that the same Being, whose eye is over the
whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass,
and motion to every particle of blood which circulates thro'
the veins of the minutest animal; that, though his mind
takes into its comprehensive grasp, immensity and all its
wonders, I am as much known to him as if I were the sin-
gle object of his attention; that he marks all my thoughts;
and that, with an exercise of power I can neither describe
nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest hea-
ven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my
right hand, to give me every breath which I draw, and every
comfort I enjoy.

HOMER LITURGICAL.

No. II.

DIVINE AUTHORITY FOR A LITURGY.

My last Essay was designed to show that for the decency
and edification of public worship, Forms of Prayer were not
only expedient but necessary; and that no argument could
be advanced against the propriety and usefulness of such
forms which would not apply with equal force to prayers
that are delivered without premeditation. But we are not
without higher authority upon this point than the mere dicta-
tor of expediency: the Holy Scriptures evidently sanction
the use of set forms of prayer, and they even furnish exam-
ples of their adoption.

The song of Moses and of the children of Israel upon the
shores of the Red Sea, after they had been miraculously de-
livered from the pursuing armies of Pharaoh, must, from
many collateral circumstances, be regarded as a liturgical
form. It is not to be supposed that when this deliverance
became the theme of their united praises, that the thousands
of Israel, in promiscuous assemblage, raised their spontane-
ous and unpremeditated acclamations of gratitude along
those shores; that the shout of "glory to the Lord!" rang
with unchastened fervor; and that each poured forth his
own sentiments of thankfulness, according to the prompt-
ings of his own grateful heart. Moses, no doubt by hea-
venly direction, prepared the words of praise in which his
delivered countrymen were to express the sensations of their
overflowing hearts, so that no confused or inappropriate
strains should mar the harmony of the universal song: And
unless thus prepared, how would it have been possible for
Miriam and the women who accompanied her with timbrels
and dances, to have joined simultaneously in these acknow-
ledgments of praise? Not only does this circumstance
prove it to have been a form, but Miriam's share in the so-
lemn exercises of that joyous day, affords a precedent, as
venerable from its antiquity as from its sanction from above,
to the responsive portions of our public prayers and praises.

In Deuteronomy, (xli. 7, 8) we find a deprecatory form
of prayer appointed to be used by the elders and judges of
Israel, in whose neighborhood a secret murder should have
been committed: "Our hands have not shed this blood, nei-
ther have our eyes seen it; be merciful, O Lord, unto thy
people whom thou hast redeemed; and lay not innocent
blood to thy people of Israel's charge."

In the same book, (xxvi. 3, 5, 13) a formulary is furnish-
ed to those who came forward with the offering of their
tithes and first fruits: "And thou shalt go unto the priest
that shall be in those days, and say unto him, I profess this
day, unto the Lord thy God, that I am come unto the coun-
try which the Lord sware unto our fathers for to give us.—
And thou shalt speak and say before the Lord thy God, a
Syrian ready to perish was my father, and he went down
into Egypt, and sojourned there with a few, and became
there a nation, great, mighty, and populous.—Then shalt
thou say before the Lord thy God, I have brought away the
hallowed things out of mine house, and have also given them
unto the Levites, and unto the stranger, to the fatherless—

ODE TO THE PARISH OF SUSSEX VALE, IN THE PROVINCE OF
NEW BRUNSWICK.

By an U. E. Loyalist.

Oh, sweet vale of Sussex! this western world round,
Thy equal in loveliness scarcely is found;
So hidden away from this age of dire strife;
So blest in the fruitful relations of life.

Thy mountains, their blue tops uplifting, do stand
Like sentinels girding and guarding the land;
Thy river, that winds by the homes of the brave,—
Thy green fields descending to drink of its wave.

Thy people,—the children of loyal sires who
In the land of revolt stood unshaken and true;
Who breathed the stroke of rebellion's proud rod,
And clave to their King, the anointed of God.

Oh, sweet vale of Sussex! my heart is with thee,
In the midst of thy children, the loyal and free,
To manhood upnurs'd by old order and truth,—
Where age still maintains the precedence of youth.

Thy neat Parish Church, with its bell sounding clear;
The Parson that serves at its altar, so dear
To the flock of his feeding, the old and the young,
Who drink in the doctrine that flows from his tongue.