

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, AUGUST 4, 1838.

[NUMBER VII.]

Original Poetry.

For the Church.

LAST SCENES OF MESSIAH'S LIFE.

PART II.

Earth's full-orbed satellite her star-lit path,
Mid empyrean space illimitable,
Was silently ascending, when Jesus
And his followers (a diminished
Band) Gethsemane's hallowed garden
Entered. Thither he had often times
Resorted, that amid its retir'd shades
He might in all prevailing pray'r pour forth
His soul for that world He came to save; and
'Twas that holy purpose now which led Him
To the sacred solitude: Thine was the hour,
Oh! tempter, bitter foe of man! the prince
Of darkness now did reign triumphantly,
For to him was giv'n the power to pour
On the Devoted one, self-immolated,
Unmitigated woe! Prostrate Jesus
Lay o'ercome with anguish, and thrice the pray'r
Ascended that this overflowing cup
Of misery might from Him pass. Thus far
The feebleness of His mortal nature
Triumph'd! Even from the contemplation
Of those fearful sufferings he must endure,
Emmanuel in His human weakness
Shrank appalled, while from His brow there fell
Those drops of agony which well have told
The fierceness of the conflict then He won.
But aid from above was sent Him! with the
Meekness of resignation He exclaim'd
"Father, thy will, not mine be done!" and from
The blood-stain'd ground, triumphant in the pow'r
Of Omnipotence, He rose.

Even now a hostile
Force approach'd, led on by Judas—he who,
Under the delusion of Satanic
Influence, had agreement made his Master
To betray. Undismay'd the Saviour
With mildest majesty His enemies
Survey'd; then with calm dignity, He ask'd,
Whom seek ye?—Did not a ray of glory
From the Deity though veiled in flesh
Now emanate which backward drove the
Insulting foe, and on the ground them prostrate
Laid in helpless terror? E'er so; and He
The Infinite to whom the issues both
Of life and death belong, might then have
Awful vengeance tak'n on those misguided
Beings who their Redeemer sought but to
Destroy: but how could things prophetic of
Him be fulfill'd? and how might a guilty
World be saved from death eternal? In meek
Fulfillment of Isaiah's prophecy,
He unresisting as a lamb to slaughter
Led, follow'd his accusers and before
His judge he opened not his mouth.—Oh!
Full of awful wonder was the scene which
Now ensu'd! Arraign'd before an earthly
Bar, Jehovah stood; the Creator as
A criminal before a creature-judge!

E. V. N.

For the Church.

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANT'S LAMENT.

Though clothed in fadeless grandeur
The Pine urear its head;
Though sunlit Maples round me
Their summer tresses spread;
Though like lorn weeping willows,
Elms quiver in the breeze,
The gnarled Oak of England
Is dearer far than these.

Though tall primeval forests
Re-echo with the sound
Which the gaudy chattering Jay,
Pours ceaselessly around;
Amid their dark recesses
No Nightingale complains;
Hark! to the bull-frog chorus—
Eye startles at the strains.

Though proud in independence
Men boast his fresh hold home—
Or here can track the red deer
And limitless may roam,
The rudest cot in England
Is dearer far to me,
Than the woodman's hut begirt
With ghost of blackened tree.

Talk not to me of freedom
The freedom of the woods,
The freedom of the desert
And darksome solitudes—
Talk not of inland oceans,
Of cataracts and falls;
Dearer to me the streamlet
That laves my native walls.

How often, when my footsteps
Through tangled forests stray,
My soul to merry England
Will wander far away!
Will fit around each coppice,
Each winding of the stream;
Will mount where with bright heather
The impurpled uplands gleam!

Will haunt the cottage window
With rose and myrtle gay
Where blackbirds trill their versers,
And chaunt their matin lay;
Will mingle pleasant converse
With friends of early youth,
While Fancy for the moment
Dispels the gloom of Truth!

Yet O! how soon the vision
Melts dewlike into air!
And, the bright illusion vanished,
I yield me to despair!
How soon my moist eye wanders
In search of turret grey,
Where my ear would gladly catch
Thy chimes, sweet Sabbath day!

But hence with vain repining!
Earth laughs aloud with joy:
Shell man the self-tormentor
His happiness destroy?
O, droop not thus my spirit!
Soar high above each care,
And blithely mounting upward,
Sing like a lark in air.

NORMAN.

THE ENGLISH LAYMAN.

No. XV.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE AND ITS FIRST PRINCIPAL.

Foreigners often ask, "By what means an uninterrupted succession of men, qualified more or less eminently for the performance of united parliamentary and official duties, is secured?" First, I answer, (with the prejudices, perhaps, of Eton and Oxford,) that we owe it to our system of public schools and universities. From these institutions is derived (in the language of the prayer of our collegiate churches) "a due supply of men fitted to serve their country both in church and state." It is in her public schools and universities that the youth of England are, by a discipline which shallow judgments have sometimes attempted to undervalue, prepared for the duties of public life. There are rare and splendid exceptions, to be sure; but in my conscience I believe, that England would not be what she is without her system of public education, and that no other country can become what England is without the advantages of such a system.—CANNING.

I shall always be ready to join in the public opinion, that our public schools, which have produced so many eminent characters, are the best adapted to the genius and constitution of the English people.—GIBSON.

STRE PONTANA DOMINI!

Whoever has visited Toronto and perambulated the principal streets in search of the most prominent and attractive objects, must certainly pronounce the College grounds the greatest ornament of a city, which,—though much decried by local jealousy,—contains a more exclusively British population, and presents a more British appearance than any other town in Her Majesty's North American dominions. Amidst surrounding objects, stamped with newness, the tourist cannot expect to meet with "spires and antique towers" or "porches with reverend mosses grey;" but he beholds a range of buildings, wearing an air of comfort, privacy, and commodiousness, and breathing all the freshness of careful preservation. Still, the houses of the masters, and the centre edifice, which is emphatically the College, do not constitute the charm of the spot. The thriving young plantations, with every variety of foliage judiciously interspersed,—the trim verdant lawn, which, but a few short years ago, was a stagnant morass—the playground to the westward enlivened by the moving forms of the young cricketers,—their cheerful shouts softened into music by distance,—and, if it be a glorious anniversary or a national festival, the white silken banner of the boys floating triumphantly from the lofty flag-staff—these are the external charms that arrest the footsteps of the passer-by, and tell him that there is at least one spot in Upper Canada where English feelings and habits reign supreme, and the rising generation is trained up in those good old-fashioned ways that have conducted the youth of England, century after century, to the highest pinnacle of virtue and renown.

Yet grateful and refreshing to the casual observer as must be the sight of this classic spot, still if he be told how well the system of education pursued within those walls accords with the aspect of the scenery by which they are environed, and how thoroughly English, orderly, and harmoniously various it is, he will gaze upon each group of graceful trees with additional pleasure, and benevolently dwell on the social blessings that must flow from so excellent an institution. A marshy common reclaimed from sterility, and covered with the halls and abodes of learning is not a greater improvement to the landscape, than the course of instruction at that College, over that which, previous to its foundation, with a very few honourable exceptions, generally prevailed throughout the Province. The system pursued at Upper Canada College, in its essential features, is the same as that of the chartered schools in England. The Classics occupy a conspicuous place, but there is this improvement (for so in compliance with modern opinions, and not from conviction, do I call it) that mathematical studies form an integral part of the course, which it moreover includes French, the highest branches of Arithmetic, the principles of Land Surveying, the elements of Natural Philosophy, and the various odds and ends that the oracular voice of Utilitarianism has declared to be indispensable towards the formation of a man of "useful knowledge." It would here be out of place to maintain by argument that the strictly classical schools of England have produced men of the most general information, and that the vicious practice of getting "a mouthful of everything and a bellyful of nothing", though it may qualify a youth for undertaking the Editorship of a *Penny Magazine*, or a *Chamber's Edinburgh Journal*, can never fashion him into an Addison or Johnson, a Mansfield or Eldon, a Stanley or a Peel. Suffice it to say that in the College system due deference has been paid to popular innovation; and that a comprehensive education is within the reach of all at a very moderate expense, that none but an endowed establishment could afford. If a boy will but enter at the lowest form, and gradually wend his way up to the highest rank, he will leave the College,—supposing him to be only possessed of moderate talents,—a respectable classical and French Scholar, familiar with the elements of practical mathematics,—furnished with a store of general learning that will at once enable him to enter with credit upon the study of any of the liberal professions—and, what will be a pure gratification to every right-minded parent, well versed in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, of Oriental customs and geography, and of the leading doctrines of Christianity, uncorrupted by any sectarian or exclusive interpretations.

Of the young men educated at the College but few have arrived at such a standing in their various professions as to enable us to pronounce with certainty on the results of their education as tested by experience. Yet those who have already entered on the serious occupation of their lives, whether it be law, physic, or divinity, reflect no discredit on their Alma Mater, nay, worthily uphold its reputation, and stand living examples of its efficiency to accomplish the ends for which it was designed. Amongst those of the rising generation, who are preparing themselves for professions, some of the most promising are alumni of Upper Ca-

nada College. It would not be delicate, and it might be invidious to single out the names of any living, yet why should I refrain from borrowing an interest for my page, by dwelling for a moment on the memory of William Ruttan? He sleeps in the quiet churchyard of Cobourg, yet there is that surviving of him that belongs to the associations and recollections of the College. There he was principally educated. From that haven he launched his frail bark, on the voyage that was destined to be but of a brief duration. His love for it broke out in the ejaculation "God bless every brick of it!" and had his life been prolonged to a serene old age, and had he run a career as comparatively bright as that of Lord Mansfield, he would, I am sure, in his declining days have reverted with a placid delight to the nurse of his youth, and kindled with the feeling that spoke from the heart of that great and eloquent man, when he expressed a wish to be buried in Westminster Abbey, out of respect for the place of his early education.

This fond attachment to the well-known place. Whence first we started into life's long race. Maintains its hold with such unflinching sway, We feel its sea in age, and at our latest day.

Peace to the ashes of William Ruttan! There are school-fellows of his, now buoyant with the first hopes and aspirations of manhood, who are equal to what he was in more learning and scholastic accomplishments; but is there one whose manners are so winning, whose disposition so ingenuous, whose temper so sweet, whose taste so chaste, and whose virtues can be listened to with such a total absence of all envy?

To Dr. Harris, the first Principal of Upper Canada College, is to be ascribed the merit of having introduced and established a system of instruction, which has already produced such admirable results. Brought up at St. Paul's School in London, one of those munificent foundations which called forth the eulogies of Canning and Gibbon, and from thence removed to Clare Hall, in the University of Cambridge, he there,—on the foundation laid in his younger years, not by the flimsy Hamiltonian system, but by that gradual and regular process which has matured the scholarship of our Bontleys, our Parsons, and our Monks,—established a high reputation for solidity of attainments both in learning and science, accompanied by a character conspicuous for moral excellence, and the faithful observance of religious duties. Thus eminently fitted for the task, he came to this Province to try the hazardous experiment of introducing a mode of education which, although sanctioned by the test of centuries in England, was in many respects adverse to the habits of the youth, the opinions of the parents, and the existing scholastic customs, in Upper Canada. It is not then a matter of wonder, that many difficulties and much opposition should have impeded him in the commencement of his career. Gifted, however, with a tenacity of purpose, a consciousness of rectitude, and a firm conviction of ultimate success, he overcame many obstacles that at first appeared insurmountable. Sir John Colborne lent him the sanction of his unqualified support, and the Council, in whom the management of the College was vested, consisting of some of the first persons in the colony, aided him with their cordial co-operation. Yet, with all these auxiliaries and appliances to boot, a man of less equanimity than Dr. Harris would frequently have been tempted to resign the thorny situation in despair, and retrace his steps to those academic haunts, where all is established by order, and sanctified by antiquity, and where the shade of a Colot, a Busby, or a Warton is never startled by the outcry of innovation or the discordant gabble of educational empirics, announcing the discovery of a railroad passage to the Temple of Learning. It has been generally supposed that Dr. Harris was of too impetuous and phlegmatic a temperament to be ruffled by the annoyances to which he was exposed. But the very contrary was the case. He was a man of quick and keen sensibilities, which were only exceeded by the mastery in which he held his feelings, from an imperious sense of duty. Slowly and surely he reaped the reward of his patience and perseverance, as the fruits, which his system bore, became more and more visible, until at length opposition to it gradually relaxed, and before his resignation, subsided altogether. It is not necessary to enter at large into a minute delineation of his character to set forth his worth: the testimonies that he carried with him on his departure are the best vouchers of this. From the Masters he received a parting memorial of their respect for his virtues and abilities, and regret for his loss; from the Boys, a handsome tribute of their gratitude and affection; and by those who, under his auspices, had completed their education at the College, and embarked in professions, he would have been presented with a similar valedictory token of regard had not the disturbed state of the Province scattered his old pupils in every direction, and rendered it almost impossible to procure their combination for such an object. A more general evidence of his worth is to be found in the spontaneous expression of opinion, since his departure, by those at all interested in, or connected with the College. It is remarked on all sides, by such persons, that they did not fully know his value, till his absence had manifested it,—that they are sure, taking him all in all, he will never be surpassed,—and, that they trust his successor, speedily expected from England, may only equal him, and tread in the path he has marked out. And it should here be mentioned that Dr. Harris earned this high character by force of sterling merit, and not by the captivating arts of popularity, or bland and fascinating manners. On first acquaintance with him there was a reserve,—almost, a stiffness,—that was often most unjustly attributed to pride, but which, on a closer knowledge of him, was succeeded by a liveliness and frankness of conversation, untinged by pedantry, and seasoned by good sense and quiet humour. Even admitting that he was deficient in some of those minor amenities, which are often but a cloak for insincerity and worldly-mindedness, nobody ever knew him long, who did not accord him his full and lasting confidence and esteem. He was, in

the truest sense of the word, a gentleman. He never spoke flatteringly of a person before his face, or disparagingly of him behind his back. He never omitted an opportunity of serving those whom he thought worthy of his good offices, and would confer the most solid and important benefits, without taking to himself any credit, or letting the obliged person know to whom he was indebted. A stranger to caprice, he was consistent in all his actions; and whether the rays of viceroyal favour shone on the College, as under the administration of its ostensible founder Sir John Colborne, or whether it was left to rely for support on its own intrinsic claims, he never was in the one case unduly pulled up, or disheartened in the other. This quality of consistency, together with his scrupulous sense of justice, rendered him especially respected among the Masters. While he exercised the due authority of his situation over them, and never failed to point out what was wrong or defective in their departments, he never harassed them with any needless or vexatious assumption of power, or manifested any want of confidence in their integrity or zeal. The consequences was that a gentle word of admonition, or even of suggestion from him sunk deep into the mind of the person to whom it was directed, and won a more cheerful compliance than imperious mandate, or unnecessarily aggravated censure. The Boys looked up to him with that kind of feeling, which induced the Athenians to surname Aristides, The Just. Never using any means beyond the conscientious discharge of his duty to gain their confidences or good-will, he ruled them by an ascendancy of reason, and not of passion. Favouritism, that besetting sin of schoolmasters, was a charge never whispered against him. Every boy felt sure of receiving strict justice at his hands; and he never addressed them on any occasion in public, but what his words were regarded as the sober truth, and not, as is too often the case, mere magisterial comminations directed to the fears, instead of appeals to the understandings and feelings, of youthful delinquents. When the last moment of his officiating as Principal arrived, and he had to perform the farewell duty of concluding the day with evening prayer, there was not a countenance in the whole assemblage, whether of master or boy, that did not plainly indicate the general sorrow, either by the working of the features, or the trickling of an irrepressible tear.

Thus happily founded, and thus fortunate in its first Principal, may Upper Canada College for ever flourish the nursery of British hearts, the fountain of British feeling, the dispenser of sound and Christian education! While the Masters are supported by a liberal income that sets them above the reach of servile dependence, and the necessity of submitting to the caprices and interference of injudicious parents, they are placed under a superintendence that ensures the faithful performance of their duties,—and they daily sit in the full gaze of so many scrutinizing eyes, that they cannot go astray or flag in their exertions, without being recalled to watchfulness or activity by the loud intonations of the public voice. While the Boys are imbued with solid and various learning, they insensibly imbibe a love for this and the other institutions of the country, and grow up with a determination to maintain the loyal and honourable character of their native or adopted land. Destined to move hereafter in the same sphere of life they contract intimacies which, in future years, soften the asperities of political collision, and become united to each other by bonds of affection stronger than those of affinity or blood. A fragile spirit like that of Cowper's, may be broken by the trials and hardships of a public school, but by its discipline the timid learner courage, the presumptuous modesty, the contumacious subordination, the cruel mercy, and the pure proud urchin finds that mind is the measure of the microcosmic man. To such a discipline do we owe the long array of England's glorious names, her Pitts and Cannings,—her Lyndhursts and Peels,—her unequalled "army" of divines,—her unflinching succession of Hardwicke's, Tenterden's, and Anshams,—her princely merchants, her heroes to achieve victories, her poets and historians to record them! Long then, I repeat, may Upper Canada College flourish! and when these who have been indebted to it for their education revisit the haunts of their boyhood after a long absence, and behold with surprise the lofty trees that were but saplings when they last beheld them, may they, in fancy, for a moment

"Obtain

Their innocent sweet simple years again!"
As they tread the green lawn, no longer "hastening across" its once forbidden award "with truant steps," or pause in contemplation beneath the shade of some tree co-eval with themselves, may their hearts be not so scorched by the selfish intercourse of the world, or their souls so dead, as to prevent them from exclaiming in the musical strains of Memory's sweetest bard,

"Up springs at every step to claim a tear
Some little friendship formed and cherished here:
And not the lightest leaf but fluttering terms
With golden visions and romantic dreams."

Hail and Farewell to Upper Canada College! May Time never falsify the motto that the Boys have chosen for it,—but

ESTO PERPETUA!

ALAN FAIRFORD.

Toronto, 27th July, 1838.

For the Church.

Toronto, 21st July, 1838.

Rev. Sir:—The periodical returns of confirmation by the Bishop seem to present the best opportunity for instructing the youth of our Congregations in many important matters of great consequence to the prosperity of the Church, and their own spiritual advancement, but which cannot be sooner introduced with the same effect.

Confirmation takes place when the mind is supposed to be just capable of appreciating the evidences of Christianity, and of beneficially partaking of those rites by which we celebrate and renew our spiritual union with Christ. Though not a Sacrament, it is the most venerable institution of the