

# 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, APRIL 21, 1838.

[NO. XLV.]

## Original Poetry.

For the Church.

### ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

"St. George for merry England!"—proud war-cry of the free,  
Voice of our thousand battle fields—wild trump of victory!  
Echo of greatness unforget, guide of the soldier's hand,  
We breathe ye now—triumphant tones of our distant Father-land!

"St. George for merry England!"—cold is the Briton's heart  
That feels no quickening of the pulse, no proud and conscious  
start

When memories of a glorious Past, rich dreams of old renown  
Come borne upon those household words, from early ages down.

The kingly names of the by-gone time, watchwords of heroes yet,  
The Norman in his panoply, the fierce Plantagenet—  
The turban'd hosts of the paynim East in wild confusion breaking,  
And the trumpet-call of the "Lion Heart" the Syrian echoes  
waking!

The shiver'd lance of the Gallic throne—the shatter'd barques of  
Spain,  
When the shout arose "For our God and Queen!" and Howard  
swept the main;—  
Each deed of glorious chivalry from Salem's leagur'd wall—  
Till the island standards floated free in the pass of Ronceval.

The splendor of the days of old—the warriors' flashing swords—  
The minstrel's music breathing art—the sages burning words—  
Glorious the deeds our annals tell of a proud and fearless line;  
But brighter, purer lights than these o'er Time's cold river shine.

Aye, the broad records of the past a nobler tale can breathe  
Than trumpet-tones from wave and field, or victor's laurel wreath:  
They tell how the waking spirit burst the darkening chain that  
bound it,  
And stood with Truth and Freedom's light, spread like a glory  
round it!

Of the Martyr-Fathers, in whose breast faith's trembling flame  
was nurs'd,  
That fearless to their fellow men told its rich promise first;  
Their mortal strifes, the graves they found, the shrines they rais'd  
for pray'r,  
And the treasure to their sons they left—freedom to worship  
there!—

Where was the seed of mercy sown?—far 'mid the wilds of earth.  
Brave hearts were nigh to guard it well, Heaven watched its secret  
birth,—  
And the ancient hills glad music heard, as the echoes bore along  
From the lowly homes of the mountain land, the Vaudois' cheer-  
ful song.

Brief were the worldly joys they knew,—as heritage were given  
The scorn of men, the dungeon's chains, the limbs in torture riven!  
Yet o'er the grave each true one found a deathless glory shone,  
And wide-spread lands have bless'd their names, and called that  
Faith their own.

Peace to our holy altar-seats! the old and stately piles  
With the rich Æolian harmonies, borne thro' their solemn aisles!  
And the thousand shrines that glad the eye along the smiling  
plains  
Where the cottage voices sing to Heaven—peace to the village  
fanies!

What, tho' the mail-clad men of old tread not our lonely shore,  
And the trump of chivalry is hush'd and wakes to arms no more!  
Deep in the Briton's manly heart, each high ennobling thought  
Of faith, of loyalty unchang'd, yet liveth unforget.

Joy to the maiden of the isles! around whose youthful brow  
The brightest diadem of earth is wreath'd triumphant now;  
Pure be the meed of tribute love each loyal spirit brings  
To bless the Sovereign of our Home, child of an hundred Kings!

"St. George for merry England!"—God for the martyr's shrine!  
The blood that flow'd to guard it well, hath made it all divine;  
And aye still darkness veils the Earth, and Heaven's pure light  
expires.

Peace to its chosen resting place—THE ALTAR OF OUR Sires!  
Toronto, April, 1838. ZADIG.

## THE ENGLISH LAYMAN.

No. XI.

### ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George.—Shakespeare.

There is a land, of every land the pride,  
Belov'd by heaven o'er all the world beside;  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.  
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?  
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around!  
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

J. Montgomery.

With all his odd humours, and obstinate prejudices, JOHN BULL is a sterling-hearted old blade. He may not be so wonderfully fine a fellow as he thinks himself, but he is at least twice as good as his neighbours represent him. His virtues are all his own; all plain, homebred, and unaffected. His very faults smack of the raciness of his good qualities. His extravagance savours of his generosity; his quarrelsomeness of his courage; his credulity of his open faith; his vanity of his pride; and his bluntness of his sincerity. They are all the redundances of a rich and liberal character. He is like his own oak; rough without, but sound and solid within; whose bark abounds with excrescences in proportion to the growth and grandeur of the timber, and whose branches make a fearful groaning and murmuring in the least storm, from their very magnitude and luxuriance.—Washington Irving.

The cause of God is so identified with that of our country, that it argues sheer ignorance to fight the battle of conservatism against the threefold league of papistry, sectarianism, and radicalism, save under the banner of our Protestant Church.—C. of E. Quarterly Review.

In a new country, like the Province of Upper Canada, any attempt to create national distinctions of an individual character, is as wicked as it is almost vain. Directly the British settler plants his foot on Canadian soil, he is as much a Canadian as if he had been born and brought up in the Province: and, on the other hand, the Canadian is as much a Briton, and as justly entitled to share in the glories of Trafalgar or Waterloo, as if he had first beheld the light in Nelson's native village, or within the walls of the impregnable Londonderry. Wherever a Briton sees the standard of England unfurled, no matter whether it flap idly under a tropical sun, or rustle in a Canadian snow-storm, there he may claim a home, and the rights of a native of the soil. The plains of the Ganges, the pastures of Australia, and the woods of North America, invite the enterprize and unemployed wealth of England's overflowing population, and thither her adventurous children repair, carrying with them the laws and language of freedom, and the blessings of Christianity; laying the foundation of new Empires, which promise a longer endurance than the ancient monarchies of the east or west; and opening new channels of commerce, which pour exhaustless treasures into the lap of their mother England. Such are some among the glorious reflections in which an Englishman may indulge, when borne onward by the hope of amassing fair-earned riches, or of arriving at that professional distinction, from which an over-crowded population debars him at home, he betakes himself to any of the British Colonial possessions.—While he accommodates himself, as well as his stubborn nature will permit, to his new position, he dwells with a fond delight on the country of his birth, and not content with transplanting her political and civil institutions to the land of his adoption, rejoices in an annual public manifestation of his patriotic feelings. He sets apart a day on which he abstracts himself from every external object that does not remind him of his native soil; he mingles with his compatriots within the walls of the Empire Church; parades under the flag without stain and without reproach; and pours out his heart at the social board, while the spot of his birth, the village spire, the haunts of childhood, and the graves of his kindred, pass before him in panoramic succession, bedewing his eyes with a grateful moisture, or paling his cheek with the hues of suppressed emotion. I cannot tell how a Canadian who, by virtue of his origin, participates in any of these national festivals, feels on such an occasion; but I should think that, although generations had elapsed since his forefather left the shores of Britain, his pulse must beat quicker, his eye must beam brighter, and his mental and bodily frame dilate with exultation while the household names of England's glory ring cheerfully in his ears, and he claims a share in that unfading inheritance of renown which Shakespeare and Milton, Jeremy Taylor and Heber, Newton and Davy, and Chatham and Pitt, and Marlborough and Nelson have bequeathed to their latest posterity. On such an occasion I should think that while his native land is dearer and sweeter to him than all the rest, he must love it the more, that it is an integral portion of the British Empire, rather than a puny independent State impotently struggling to gain a place amid the family of nations, or than one of the links of that great Republican chain which in the United States binds millions in captivity, and with its hateful clank warns even the white man, falsely boasting of freedom and equality, that a Lovejoy's fate may be his, should he dare to arraign the wickedness of the tyrannical majority.

The observance of a day that is hallowed by such thrilling remembrances as these, cannot but be pleasing to the Christian patriot. It is an enlargement of that venerable and affectionate English custom of assembling every member of the family around the paternal board at the Christmas holidays, when old associations are revived, the loosening bands of kindred tightened, and many a sorrow lost in the ruddy blaze of the domestic hearth. It is well that there should be stated seasons for religious worship and the celebration of the most important epochs in a Saviour's life; and in a lesser degree, it is well that the birth-day of our friends, and the birth-day, so to call it, of our country, should not pass unhonoured, or without quickening the current of our every-day feelings. Then when the proudest day in England's national calendar shines upon us, let every Englishman shake off his habitual phlegm; let him for a while discard his equitable and generous disregard as to what national origin a man may claim provided he be but honest and loyal; and let him rival the Irishman in the enthusiastic affection, and the Scotchman in the deep-seated clanish pride, with which they welcome the anniversaries of their tutelar Saints. An Englishman, it is true, feels that it is a work of super-erogation to vindicate the supremacy of his native land, being well aware that while the Irishman prefers Ireland to Scotland, and the Scotchman places Scotland before Ireland, they both agree in giving the second place to England, and thus accord to the Rose a superiority over the Shamrock and the Thistle. But the cold indifferent spirit of "the proudest people in the world" has already worked a mischief which can be repaired but by an energy, as excessive as the apathy that created it. On every political occasion when assaults are made upon our institutions by republican revolutionists, we cry out with the many, "The Constitution, the whole Constitution, and nothing but the Constitution!" Strange inconsistency! when the very next minute, should the question of the Clergy Reserves be brought under discussion, we tamely surrender the very citadel of the Constitution, the Established Church, because the non-conformists rage furiously against it, and we dread the loss of a little capricious popularity or short-lived power, and shrink from being stigmatized as illiberal and exclusive! Had the English in Upper Canada,

remained as true to the Church, as the Scotch to the Kirk, or as the Protestant Irish to the colonial branch of the United Church of England and Ireland, far different would have been the religious and ecclesiastical state of the Province at this present moment! Instead of sixty, there would have been two or three hundred clergymen in the country; every settlement of any importance would have had its resident pastor; and thousands of Episcopalians would not have been compelled to roam into strange pastures, because there was no appointed Shepherd to call them into the national fold. How many more respectable and substantial emigrants would have resorted to this colony, had they been certain that, in the sight or the neighbourhood of their own unpretending cottage, the spire of the village church would throw over the landscape a familiar charm, and the ministrations of their Zion be continued to them, shedding around their second home those peaceful and lasting consolations which would soften the regrets of their voluntary exile, and prevent themselves and their families from lapsing into a state of religious torpor, and social deterioration! Spiritually and secularly, how greatly should we have been benefited, had the Colonial Church never been aggrieved by the sacrilegious withholding of her solemnly guaranteed rights! Had there for years past been Rectors stationed in every settled part of the Province, supplying the people with wholesome religious food, and inculcating lessons of loyalty and order, to the exclusion of the itinerant fanatic of American birth and American principles, how many a deluded wretch now branded with the name and awaiting the doom of a traitor, would have been virtuously sitting, a faithful subject and a happy father, among the children whom his treason has now disinherited. Mr. Pakington in his straight-forward English speech has remarked that the first of the parental duties incumbent on a nation, is the provision of the means of religious instruction for her children; and if this be true, as it undoubtedly is, how fearful a guilt have our Rulers and Legislators incurred! The blood and the banishment of every one who may be executed or transported for his participation in the late rebellion, and who, had there been an effective Established Church, would have breathed a political atmosphere purified by national christianity instead of the noxious malaria of revolution and infidelity,—are chargeable upon them and their abettors. How could any reasonable project have ripened into action in the settlements and villages around Newmarket, had there been resident Clergymen, familiar with the domestic habits of the people, and necessarily informed of every movement and occurrence in their neighbourhood? Even in this minor point of view, a resident clergy, could they not have prevented the evil seed from being sown, would, by timely information given to the Government, have been the means of arresting it in its growth. But year after year the infidel republican press has been thrust upon the unsuspecting British Emigrant, and eagerly welcomed by the democratic American settler;—while the ecclesiastical Establishment of England has been held up to public gaze as a blot on the glory of the Empire, a dead weight on the industry of the farmer, and an instrument of oppression in the hands of a hard-hearted aristocracy. No clergyman, "a living sermon of the truths he taught," was at hand to disprove the falsehood of those wicked statements, no Government paper, as ought to have been the case, ever found its way into the backwoods, bearing along with it contradiction and shame to the miscreant deceivers of credulous, unwary men. The great duty of a Government,—that which ranks far above punishment,—the duty of prevention, that "cheap defence" of a nation, was utterly neglected.

To what must we mainly attribute this lamentable state of society, but to the criminal apathy which we, my fellow countrymen, have ever shewn to our venerable mother, the Church? Had the British Government seen that we, her native children, did not shrink from her side when rude hands strove to rend her seemly vestments, and impiously aimed at despoiling her of her mitre,—had we, in such a crisis, rallied round her, and by our bold and cheerful front shewn to our rulers, that our love to her was undiminished, and we were determined to defend her possessions as our own,—then they would have borrowed resolution from us, and stretched out their hand to the support of the persecuted Church. But when sectaries on every side assailed the Church, and Churchmen did not defend it, they naturally thought that we were indifferent to its blessings, and little anxious for its stability, and therefore, forgetful nevertheless of the responsibilities of Christian Statesmen, they did not choose to incur the obloquy of defending a fortress which its own garrison had seemingly deserted as untenable.

On what more auspicious day than that of St. George, can we commence the work of reparation for our past forgetfulness of our country's altars, and stir up our buried English spirit from the depths in which it has too long slumbered! When we wind in procession through the streets of Toronto, with our red-cross banner waving over our heads, we should reflect that it is not only a national but a religious ensign, and thus be reminded of our duty to maintain that connexion between Church and State, which has so long preserved the English character undegenerate, and transmitted the doctrines of Christianity unadulterate and incorrupt from one generation to another. We are bound to fulfil the obligations that our forefathers have imposed on us, of handing down unimpaired to our successors that precious heirloom, which many of them purchased with their blood,—the Protestant faith protected by an Establishment. There is a sacrilege of omission as well as of commission. We may not by stealth or violence abstract the silver chalice, sanctified to the uses of the Communion-table, or lay destructive hands on the house of God; but by suffering our enemies to seize the allot-