

Poetry.

FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS. (From the Banner of the Cross.)

Dream we of spells from fairy land— The bright and potent charm Of beings that, unseen and still, Protect the good from pain and ill, And shield from every harm!

Oh for the power which Christ hath given, Beyond all these to see A realm where Fancy need not play, To feel that spirits might and day Watch o'er the destiny!

That realm is thine, oh Holy Church! And ours the joyous fate; With Christ's own seal upon our brow, We look for angels ever now, To guard our low estate.

And through the sunny hours of day, And through the shades of night, They fly to us from God's right hand, And round our path-way ever stand, These messengers of light.

And we will bless St. Michael's name, And angels all who come, From heavenly worlds beyond the sky, To minister all silently, About our earthly home.

Review.

THE LILY AND THE BEE. An Apologue of the Crystal Palace: by SAMUEL WARREN, F. R. S. T. Maclear, Toronto.

The author of "Ten Thousand a Year" and "The Diary of a Physician," has given us in this choice little brochure, an intellectual treat of the richest and most attractive kind. Full of the imagery so characteristic of his style, couched in language whose very words are sentences, we are unconsciously carried away while reading, to revel in imagination among the wondrous sights of the Alhambra of the world—to drink deep draughts of thoughtfulness, wisdom, and reflection. Every fibre of classic and historic association is made to thrill with pleasurable delight, as we glance at some phrase of long remembered study placed before us, shining brightly with just and meaning application. The title of his subject has been chosen by our author with admirable appropriateness to the spirituality of his whole argument. What two words could more significantly point out—what two objects more completely typify the perfection of beauty or the fruit of laborious industry brought together within those crystal walls? In their very simplicity consist their comprehensiveness and force.

Through all his pages gleam the treasures of a well-stored mind, the aspirations of high poetic genius, and the out-pourings of the genuine spirit of philanthropy.

Commencing with a brief allusion to the previous gatherings of the human family at the building of the Babylonish Tower, and the worship of the Golden Image in the Plain of Dura, the late occasion is thus introduced to our notice.

"Two thousand four hundred years have since rolled on; and behold! in this present year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, indicating the lustrous epoch from which Christian people now reverently reckon time, in this little western Isle, unknown to the haughty Babylonian, whose place has been swept with the besom of destruction, occurs another gathering of that very self-same family: of all people, and nations, and languages, on a royal invitation, and for a royal dedication. A Christian Queen, on whose Empire seteth not the sun; who had read in Holy Writ of the plains of Shinar, and of Dura, went forth with her Consort and her Oilspring, attended by her princes, her nobles, her statesmen, her warriors, her judges, her philosophers, and a mighty multitude: not to inaugurate an idol, not to Dedicate an Image, and impiously command it to be worshipped; but, in the hallowing presence of His ministers whom Nebuchadnezzar had dishonored, to bow before HIM, THE LORD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH, who, from the place of His habitation, looketh down upon all the inhabitants of the earth, and understandeth all their works; to offer humble adoration and thanksgiving for His mercies, marvelous and numberless, vouchsafed to herself and to His people committed to her charge; in Whom she ever hath alliance, seeking His honor and glory: to cement, as far as in her lay, a universal brotherhood, and promote among all nations, unity, peace, and concord; to recall great nations from the devastations of war, to the delights of peace; to exhibit a mighty spectacle, equalled but by its spectators; humbling, elevating, expanding, solemnizing the soul of every beholder capable of thought, purified with but even the faintest tincture of devoutness; speaking to great minds—to statesman, philosopher, divine—in accents sublime; telling of Man in his relations to the earth; Man, in his relations to men; Man, in his relations to God.

Yes, to a Palace, risen like an exhalation, goes the Queen, mindless of predicted peril—standing within it, the dazzling centre of a nation's love and anxiety; with stately serenity, beside her illustrious and philosophic Spouse, and illustrious Oilspring; her eyes reverently downcast, while one voice only sounds, humbly uttering prayer and praise—Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be all the glory!—and all that is lovely, great, and good, from all lands; whose eyes are moistened, whose hearts are swelling; anon peals forth, in solemn harmony, Hallelujah!

I will rise up again at them, saith the Lord of Hosts— and cut off from Babylon the name— I will also make it a possession for the bittern, and pools of water, and I will say upon it, that dwelleth therein, that said in her heart, I am, and there is none beside me: how is she become a desolation!—Isaiah, xlv., 23, 24; Zeph., ii., 18.

Now therefore, O God, we thank Thee, we praise Thee, and entreat Thee so to exercise this assembly of many nations, that it may tend to the advancement of Thy glory, to the diffusion of Thy holy Word, and to the increase of general prosperity, by producing peace and good will among the different races of mankind. —Prayer of the Archbishop, p. 2, Canterbury.

"There stand members of the scattered family Man: come from East, come from West; come from North, come from South; from the Old World, from the New; and, glittering all around, trophies of industry and peace from every land, waded over vast oceans; results of Toil grown skillful, after six thousand years."

Accompanying the Queen in her walk through the nations, we find him giving the rein to her fancied musings—

"Who can describe that astounding spectacle! Lost in a sense of what it is, who can think what it is like! Philosopher and poet are alike agitated, and silent; gaze whithersoever they may, all is marvelous and affecting; stirring new thoughts and emotions, and awakening oldest memories and associations—past, present, future, linked together mystically, each imaging the other, kindling faint suggestion, with sudden startle.—And where stood they! Scarcely nine times had the moon performed her silent journey round the earth, since grass grew, refreshed with dew and zephyr, upon the spot on which was now a crystal palace, then not even imaged in the mind of its architect—now teeming with things rich and rare from well-nigh every spot of earth on the terraqueous globe, telling, oh! grand and overwhelming thought! of the uttermost industry and intellect of man, in every clime, of every hue, of every speech, since his Almighty Maker placed him upon the earth."

"SWITZERLAND!—Bright, breezy Switzerland!—Land of the beautiful, land of the free! With mountains majestic, wearing snowy coronets, dazzling all of rosy hue—and lovely spreading valleys, studded with cottages all blossom-lid—with deep blue waters, imaging blue skies.—Oh, awful in avalanche! on whose dread verge bloom roses and myrtles, unchilled, unscared. O fanning flashing cataract, and fearful precipice, where glances the gleeful scarce-seen chamois, safe from fell eye of hunter! O happy, happy Switzerland! Where meet the seasons in concord strange, and gayly dance, with melting eye yet tremulous limb, mid ice and fruits, and snow, and flowers, while zephyr, scent-laden, plays gayly round. Our Queen in Switzerland!—forgetting state and splendor a while, softly to sink into enchanting solitude. O land of the free, the pious, and brave—of Tell and Zwingli! a Queen of the free and the fearless is breathing your balmy air—but quick to return to her own sweet sceptered Isle."

"In vast, mysterious Russia, see Her now.

"She leans upon the arm of friendly Czar.

"Madam, quoth he, I obey your gentle summons.

"I send to your Palace a sample of my people's skill—a many-tongued race, a sixteenth of the family of Man—and produce of my territories, stretching over a seventh of the terrestrial surface of the globe. Northern Asia is mine: half Europe, and a great domain Northern America. There my possessions adjoin yours—as yours, those of the Republic which has sprung from you.

"Then thought the silent Queen; of all that owned her gently-potent sway, the wide world o'er.

"Of her own dear sceptered Isle, England! a precious stone, set in the silver sea! this land of such dear souls! this dear, dear land!

"Then, of her dominions in the North, the South, the East, the West.

"Old World, and New—

"Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia—

"Of Continents—

"Of Islands, girdling the globe—

"A sixth of Adam's family,* obedient to her rule—

"Rule of a Christian Queen.

"To civilize!

"To free! protect!

"To illumine!

"To Christianize!

"Methought she whispered solemnly—A mighty mission, Emperor, each!

"Anon she points her son to INDIA, distant, dazzling, vast—

"The coveted of conquering Potentates, in old and modern time; but by Heaven assigned, to England.

"Of victories, on victories—

"Of valor and sagacity profound—

"Of sullen Moloch: superstition: slaughter: and horrible idolatry—

"And then she spoke of Canaan, and the Israelites:

"And reverently echoed Holy Writ—

"We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, how thou hast driven out the heathen with thy hand, and planted them in: how thou hast destroyed the nations, and cast them out.

"For they got not the land in possession through their own sword, neither was it their own arm that helped them;

"But Thy right hand, and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance, because Thou hadst a favor unto them.

"Thou art my King, O God."

Viewing the motley groups which pass before him, we are indulged with a portraiture of those he most observes—

"Rich: poor: gentle: simple: wise: foolish: young: old: learned: ignorant: thoughtful: thoughtless: haughty: humble: frivolous: profound.

"Every grade of intellect: every shade of character.

"Here is a voluble chatterer: suddenly discontinued by the chance question of a curious child: and rather than own ignorance, will tell him falsely.

"Here is a stale bundle of prejudices, hard bound together: to whom every thing here is topsy-turvy, and discolored, seen through jaundiced eyes.

"Here comes one, serenely unconscious that he is a fool.

"Yonder is a statesman: gliding about alone; watchful: thoughtful: cautious: pondering national characters: habits: capabilities: localities: wants: superfluities: rival systems of policy, their fruits and workings: imagining new combinations: speculating on remote consequences.

"There is a philosopher, to whose attuned ear the Spectacle speaks myriad-tongued: telling of patient sagacity: long foiled, at length—or suddenly—triumphant: of centuries of misdirected, abortive toil: of pain, suffering, privation: of one sowing what another shall reap.

"Here is a philanthropist—thinking of blood-stained slavery.

"Of millions, dealt with as though they were the very beasts that perish: bought: sold: scourged: slain: as if their Maker had not seen them, nor heard their groans, nor treasured their tears; nor set them down against the appointed Reckoning."

"Yonder is a blind man, sightless amid surrounding splendors: but there is one telling him tenderly that he stands beside the statue of Milton.

"According to the latest and best authorities, the population of the world is about a thousand and seventy-five millions; and the British dominions now embrace, since the recent acquisitions in India, one hundred and seventy million of souls!

"Yonder is a musing poet: gazing silently Eastward—Westward—Northward—Southward: above—below: every where pouring a living tide of wonder—nor silent—nor noisy—a strange hum*—a radiant flood of light—many-hued objects, now glittering brightly—then glistening—fainter and fainter, till lost in distance: whence come faintly the strains of rich music—intermingling mysteriously with the gentle hum around him—gliding about, forms of exquisite beauty, most delicate loveliness—living, eclipsing the sculptured beauty at which it is looking, with blushing consciousness—yonder, a fair daughter of Eve, before the Mother of all living; her shuddering eye glancing at the serpent, her ear catching the deadly whisper—Far away, in shape and gesture proudly eminent, Satan—as it were showing all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, in a moment of time. There they are! Great Nations, new and old, with their bright banners streaming: helm: lance: sabre—cimeter—See there, solemnly silent all—Crusaders—the crashing of a mailed throng—soulless—banners—the Crescent—Cross—fierece-gleaming Saracen—Saladin—Cœur de Lion—glorious De Bouillon—A dim religious light—Dante—Tasso—Milton—Shakespeare—there they are! Could they see but this—or he, with eyes like theirs—be stirred with thoughts like their—ah! sinking deeper still in reverie—dreamy—delicious!—still the hum—the dazzle—

"Gifted one—Up, Laureate! Wake! Ay—it is no dream—but radiant reality—Up, Laureate, with thy lyre, and rapturously sweep its thrilling strings!—Give forth grand strains, echoing through all time to come, surpassing Pindar's, as thine his Theme transcendeth far—"

But these are all the extracts we can afford.—We invite those who love to read, to look into the mine of pleasant fancies of the learned dreams, whereof we have given but a glimpse.

* It is a crowd of men, says an old author, quoted in the Morning Chronicle of the 9th of August, "with vast confusion of tongues—like Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees: a strange humming, or buzz, mixed of walking and talking—tongues and feet: it is a kind of still roar, or loud whisper."

SCENES IN OUR PARISH.

NO. X.

THE CREW'S HOLD.

Concluded from our last.

She wrapt it up in her own red cloak, and then—I suppose the nights were cold and she was willing to pay all due attention—she brought the unaccustomed guest in a basket into her own bedroom. What the eye does not see, it is said, the heart cannot rue, so she thought it wisest not to mention the matter to her husband. In the middle of the night, however, the pig bethought it of the comforts and conveniences of its native sty, and became impatient of its confinement and struggled to be free, and the old man awoke in a great fright. "There's robbers," said he. "O dear no!" she answered. "It is," repeated he, "can't you hear?" But a convenient fit of deafness had come over her; at least she felt sure she did not hear robbers. One effort more, however, and away ran her invalid, struggling and stumbling over the red cloak as it fell like ornamental trappings, sweeping the ground under its feet. "It is a spirit," said the old man—an unphilosophical idea of a spirit he had to be sure. "It is a spirit," he repeated, frightened out of his wits, and marvelling at his wife's self-possession, "what will become of us?" "Now don't be angry," said she; "there no occasion to be frightened; its nothing in the world but the pig that's ill, with my red cloak tied round it."

Then she had two or three very handsome cats, each, according to her account, remarkable for some particular intelligence or affection; and, indeed, those who will condescend to observe such matters, will find that God has given to this lower order of his creation, faculties very capable of improvement and that improvement is chiefly made, as indeed in the intellect of a higher class of beings, by benevolent treatment. I know that one of these poor creatures, which lived to be very old, evidenced the strongest pity for her mistress when she was in pain; running from a distant part of the room, springing on her knee, and licking her hands when she heard her sigh, and constantly sitting on her bed after old Sarah was confined to it. I am surprised that I can remember so few particulars of our visits; but the impression of the old people's kindness to us is very strong indeed. I recollect one cold winter day, when we could not stay to go in and warm ourselves, they handed us over the hedge a large bason of what then appeared to us the best pea-soup we ever tasted. Then the old woman more than once made us a cake to carry home; and as for sprays of rosemary, and strawberries, and roses, I believe we might have had all in the garden if we would. She was, I should think naturally fond of children; but the circumstance of her having lost her only daughter in the bloom of youth, and two or three boys in early infancy, might perhaps have softened her manners, and made her more tender towards children than her education or her appearance would have led you to expect. Yet, in many respects she was superior to her station. She had in her youth been in service in respectable families, and she had a mind capable of using the opportunities of improvement then afforded: the situation of mistress, to even the public-house at "Crew's Hold"—bad as it was in important respects—had, from the various company with which she associated there, given a quickness to her perceptions, and a fluency to her expressions, somewhat remarkable in an uneducated woman. Perhaps she had been well-looking in her day, for old as she was when we knew her, she had clear, dark, lively eyes, and a healthy gipsy com-

plexion; her black hair until her last illness, showed scarcely one tinge of grey; and being of a firm, square make, age never seemed to bow her down as it does most people. She continued upright, though not active, till her last sickness laid her on her bed. The old man was not to appearance so strong, yet from being of a slighter figure, he was more capable of exertion than his wife; and I remember nothing longer ago, than watching him after his long walk, hastening up the field to church. For many years he occupied morning and afternoon that single seat under one of the south windows; and when he was afflicted with asthma, and could brave the steep hill but once in the day, there every Sunday morning saw him for years more. There was his delight, there he found comfort. I remember the strong expressions of well deserved esteem and love with which he spoke of his pastor, and how delighted I was when, during his last illness, he said he liked me to read the Psalms to him because my voice reminded him of that dear and honoured one. O those are blessed feelings, which exist between a faithful shepherd and his flock! Can they be doing right, who are loosening the bands, the golden bands that bound us together? I cannot help feeling it—I cannot help saying it: efforts are made on all sides—God knows with too much success—to lessen the shepherd's influence, and to scatter the flock. "Give peace in our time, O Lord! there is none that fighteth for us, but only thou, O God!" The old man died after, as far as I can remember, a short illness. His end was calm resignation, quiet confidence, perfect peace. If there was no extatic feeling of delight, (and who wonders, that when the sinner is walking through the dark valley of the shadow of death, there should be none?) there was yet no fear of evil, for David's Lord was with him, his rod and his staff did comfort him. I can recall very clearly our visit to Sarah after the funeral—with what satisfaction she dwelt on the hope of a blessed immortality, which her gracious God had given—with what interest she detailed every word, every action of her departed husband, during the last day or two of his life, even to the most trivial particulars—to the morsel of food that she prepared for him, and to the last draught with which she endeavoured to quench his dying thirst. It does not do to be in a hurry on such occasions; when people are in trouble, it is a greater kindness to let them "tell all about it," than it would be to give them a handful of gold if one could. I cannot say for how many months Sarah survived her husband; but I know she was for a long time confined to her bed, and that she bore her illness with great patience, and many expressions of gratitude and affection to the kind relations who came to live with her during her widowhood. She was very humble having a deep and habitual recollection of the sins and offences of her youth; but the eye of faith had been fixed for years on the cross, and it pleased the God of spirits, that a naturally lively imagination should reflect vivid impressions of the affecting history which his own word gave of her lost state by nature, and her Saviour's mighty salvation. "I lie here at night thinking of Him," she once said, "till I almost fancy I see the fresh wounds in his hands and in his feet, and his bleeding side; and his look to me is full of mercy, and his voice says, 'I cast out none that come;' and he looks and speaks to me, to me—and O! how many years I lived in rebellion against Him." With such feelings, with such scriptural trust, she died; and certainly there is a pleasure in remarking God's fatherly dealing, in thus gently showing the sinner the error of her way, and forming such a contrast in the quiet death bed of the aged believer, to the early life of the mistress of the riotous Crew's Hold.

But one particular of their history I had almost left out. I wonder I should have done so, because I know that, as long as old Henry lived, it was a constant subject of conversation. There was some estate to which they had, or fancied they had a right, and every small sum of money they could command was spent carrying on a tedious, and, as it proved, useless lawsuit.

But the lawyers constantly held out fresh hopes and the old people as constantly believed them.—Sometimes old Sarah would go so far as to tell us "no more was wanting but for the Lord Chancellor," as she called him, "to put his hand to something"—I believe she never knew exactly what—and then the deeds were to be signed, and she should go to her beautiful estate, where we were to visit her. I always expected we should; and then, they were to have gold and silver to spare, and fruit on the garden walls, and filberts in the wood. But the lawsuit outlasted the old man's life. On earth they had no inheritance to leave, and obtained none.

"But the tinsel, that shone on the dark coffin lid," and the weeds that grew on the grave, but there is an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

"There no delusive hope invites despair; No mockery meets—and no deception there."

Rust and moth corrupt it not—thieves cannot break through and steal. "It was reserved in heaven for them, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." My kind reader, it is awaiting there for you and me also?