

# 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.]

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[NO. XXXII.]

## Original Poetry.

### ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA. THE UPPER CANADA COLLEGE PRIZE POEM FOR 1837.

BY LARRATT WILLIAM SMITH.

And has another kingly spirit fled,  
To swell the mansions of the silent dead?  
Yes! to that bourne, whence no return is known,  
Suppliant to stand before a mightier throne;  
Earth's mightiest monarch wings his upward flight,  
And leaves a nation plunged in sorrow's night.  
Blest with a kindly heart, a gen'rous soul,  
How mild his sway! how gentle his control!  
E'en when the tide of life was ebbing fast,  
The call of mercy moved him to the last.  
E'en at that solemn hour, his falt'ring voice  
Bade the doomed felon's downcast heart rejoice.  
His latest accents breathed a Patriot's prayer,  
"God shield my people with thy heavenly care!"—  
And O! while throbs with grief a nation's heart,  
While Death delays, yet strikes his threaten'g dart;  
Thy presence, Adelaide, thy tearful smile,  
Thy voice with Christian solace fraught, beguile  
The soul's departing anguish of its sting,  
Till Faith victorious lends her angel wing.—  
With many a pearl, with many a costly gem,  
Resplendent gleams thy queenly diadem,  
But brighter far, thy virtue's lustre cheers  
A monarch's exit from this vale of tears—  
Nor, in that hour when Flattery's homage falls,  
And on the ear of death unheeded falls,  
Did England's Church forsake her Father King,  
Or fail religion's soothing rites to bring?  
See the meek Prelate points to realms above,  
And speaks of mercy through a Saviour's love;  
The peace divine his voice had often shed,  
With healing balm round many a lowlier bed;  
The prayers that oft had fervent ut'rance sought  
For dying peasant in his straw-built cot,  
Now float in tone's seraphic, and prepare  
A monarch's soul in endless bliss to share—  
Church of the king and peasant, Church of God,  
O lightly on thee fall affliction's rod—  
Still teach the king and peasant how to live,  
How win a crown, that worlds can never give!

But as we wistful gaze, admiring yet  
The mellow glories of the sun that's set,  
Hail! to the rising star, that cheers the scene—  
Shedding around new light and joy—our Queen!  
A virgin queen! the herald loud proclaims,  
Hark! to the burst of feeling, when he names  
Britannia's mistress. How the countless throng  
Instinct with loyalty the shout prolong—  
Auspicious day! While gladness lights each face,  
The rose of England droops with modest grace;  
No vain exultant pride of new born power,  
Awoke bold thoughts that like the eagle tower,  
No rising lust of empire filled her breast,  
By change so awful, and so vast oppress,  
But tears rolled down with humbler feelings fraught,  
And wrapt she stood, in sad, and silent thought;  
Say, pensive then did not her prayer ascend  
To God, the monarch's, and the peasant's friend,  
A prayer for heavenly dews to bless the land,  
Whose sceptre trembled in her youthful hand?  
And did not one 'neath whose maternal care  
The royal oak had gained a growth so fair?  
Did not she too in supplication's tone,  
Approach the footstool of th' eternal throne,  
And fervently implore the King of kings,  
To shield her child beneath his fost'ring wings?

Reflections sad may curb a nation's pride,  
But chast'ning, do not check, the loyal tide:  
For swifter yet as now it onward flows,  
A nobler front our Constitution shows,  
When rising proudly from its recent shock,  
It rides the crested wave, or shuns the threat'ning rock;  
Grim death may drive a pilot from the helm,  
Another quick succeeds to guide our realm;  
And onwards still the gallant vessel steers,  
Her course, undeviating, 'mid the wreck of years.  
Not so in countries less with Freedom blest,  
Beneath democracy's stern yoke oppress,  
When one short rule has spun its weary round  
Does noisy Faction raise her brazen sound.  
'Neath rival's names whole hosts arrayed in strife,  
Distract the land, with wrath and hatred rife,  
But, Albion, when thy Monarch sinks to rest,  
With peace, and social order, still thro'rt blest,  
When fades one star of Brunswick from the skies,  
The undying flame another quick supplies:  
As son to sire, as day succeeds to night,  
Unbroken, flows the stream of royal right—  
George sinks to rest—William the good succeeds,  
He wins a heavenly crown for earthly deeds;  
Victoria "plucks allegiance from men's hearts"  
And treason vainly bars his venom'd darts—  
While others boast the sovereign PEOPLE'S sway,  
Mine be the pride a Monarch to obey,  
Mine be the chivalry that Sidney fired,  
That Raleigh spurred, and Shakspeare's muse inspired;  
Mine be the banner from whose folds unfurled,  
Fair Freedom wafts her blessings o'er the world;  
Let that bright Ensign o'er me living wave,  
And when I die float peaceful o'er my grave.

Victoria reigns—the voice of discord's fled!  
Britannia lifts her sad and drooping head—  
They err who say that chivalry's no more,  
Save in the page of legendary lore;  
It dwells on castled Alnwick's lofty steep!  
From Edgcombe's groves, it sweeps across the deep!  
It looks from Belvoir on the vale below!  
It lives, and breathes, on Cheviot, capp'd with snow,  
From hill to dale it spreads—from Liffey's waves,  
To where old Ocean moans in Thule's caves;

It floats from spire—it peals from turret gray,  
It swims o'er distant seas, far, far away,  
To where Canadian woods exclude the day.

Deem not the sterner sex alone can guide  
A nation's weal, or curb a nation's pride,  
A woman's softness, and a woman's might,  
Have soothed in peace! have baffled in the fight!  
When Deborah "rose a mother in the land!"  
Proud Sisera "bowed and fell" 'neath Jael's hand;  
A prophet queen, the tribes in peace she sway'd,  
And Justice dwelt beneath her "palm tree" shade.  
Zenobia scorned thy yoke, Imperial Rome!  
And fought, though vainly for her marble home,  
And still Arabia's sandy deserts trace,  
Gigantic piles upon her swarthy face,  
A woman's boast—which time can ne'er efface.  
Had not a woman's mind to kindred height,  
Soared with Columbus in his lofty flight,  
The world's cold sneer, mistrust, and doubts that freeze,  
Had quenched the spirit of the Genoese—  
He told his tale—fair Isabella smiled,  
Columbus tracked the ocean's pathless wild,  
And Earth rejoicing hailed her new born child.  
'Mid realms laid waste, 'mid battle's disarray,  
When ruin yawn'd to clasp her destined prey,  
Fair Austria's daughter, smiling thro' her tears,  
Undaunted stood before the Hungarian peers,  
Woman, 'twas thine to rouse the sleeping fire  
Of knightly courage, and a nation's ire;  
Hark! how the bold Hungarian chieftains fling  
Defiance fierce, to proud Bavaria's king;  
'Pro rege nostro' shakes the startled walls,  
Rings thro' each baron's old ancestral halls,  
Then darts like fiery cross from fell to fell,  
From sheltered cot to bristling citadel:  
A woman leads embattled hosts to war,  
Resistless on she speeds, while triumph guides her ear.

But why repair to foreign climes to show,  
That manly vigour, may with softness grow:  
Britannia, great Elizabeth was thine!  
(No nobler name have hymn'd th' immortal Nine)  
She awed proud Gallia's hosts, and humbled Spain,  
Bade British commerce tempt the daring main.  
Turn we to Anna's reign—on Churchill's brow  
Bright shines the laurel worn by Wellesley now.  
With heavenward spire full many a rising fane,  
Sheds Christian lustre o'er a woman's reign;  
While Steele and Addison, those twins of fame,  
Th' Augustan age on earth revived, proclaim!

Queen of the Isles, anointed from on high,  
Vice Sov'reign of a King beyond the sky,  
All hail to thee! nursed by thy tender youth,  
With holy, heavenly thoughts, and princely truth;  
May great Elizabeth's capacious mind,  
With Anna's zeal and Charlotte's worth combined,  
And every royal virtue of thy race,  
Victoria's name with fadeless lustre grace!  
Methinks, as down the vale of length'ning years  
I gaze, suspended 'twixt my hopes and fears,  
I trace th' historic page with trophies bright,  
Of nations snatch'd from superstition's night,  
And basking in the noon of gospel light:  
Hushed is the voice of war—the Church upheld—  
Law sacred—merit crowned—sedition quelled—  
These be thy glories—thus the holy fire  
Of loyalty and truth shall ne'er expire;  
Thus while thy presence gilds this earthly scene,  
EACH BRITON loud will shout—"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"  
December 1st, 1837.

## HOMÆ BIBLICÆ.

NO. IX.

### THE FIGURATIVE STYLE OF SCRIPTURE.

The use of figurative language is often supposed to be a departure from the simplicity of nature. But this supposition is the result of a superficial view of the method in which thoughts are obtained and communicated. It appears very plausible to say, "A simple thought will naturally express itself in as few words as possible, and without any of the ornaments of language." And it may without difficulty be inferred from this, that all amplification and all adoption of figurative language is the result of second thoughts, and is in the mind of the writer, a labour independent of and posterior to the original view of the subject which presented itself to him. This, however, is by no means a satisfactory method of accounting for the use of ornamental language. A little closer inspection of the subject will convince us that speakers and writers were driven upon this method by mere necessity,—that it was the paucity of language which first made them use one word instead of some other more appropriate term with which their vocabulary was not yet enriched. In the infancy of arts the difficulty of finding words expressive of the various inventions which were gradually made, threw them upon an improper and accommodated application of such words as they already knew, to things with which they had been hitherto unacquainted. And afterwards when suitable terms were devised, they still found a force and beauty in the accommodated application of other language, which made them persevere in its use when it was no longer absolutely necessary, and they soon perceived that to be an excellence which at first appeared to be a defect.

The beauty of figurative language consists chiefly in this. It gives a kind of living representation to the thing described. The reader seems rather to see than to hear of it: and as a picture of a man gives a far more correct idea of his form and aspect than the most accurate verbal description of his features can do,—so a truth presented in a well chosen figure, impresses upon the mind a more lively conception of its just proportions and its true beauty than it would be able to produce by the most plain and clear demonstration made in the set terms of logical precision.

That the Scriptures should abound in figurative language will not appear surprising to any who are acquainted with the Asiatic style of thinking and writing. And it would have been an internal evidence against their truth, had this great characteristic of Eastern composition been wanting. This consideration would be of itself sufficient to account for and to justify the adoption of a style much more ornamented than that which prevails with us. There is, however, a reason for the use of figures in Scripture which does not apply with equal force to any other composition whatever. The great subject on which it treats is one which no human language can reach. It is a revelation from God and of God. He is at once the author and the subject of it; and therefore when he speaks to ignorant man he lowers the theme to their capacity by presenting heavenly things in earthly language, or, in other words, by employing the things which they see, and with which they are conversant, as the representatives of those things which they cannot see, and which they have not intellectual powers sufficient to comprehend.—Thus, when God speaks of himself as seeing, hearing, walking, or manifesting any of the human passions, he speaks after the manner of men, and tells us, not what actually takes place, but figuratively represents himself to us in such a language as most nearly conveys to us the right impression of his conduct. And how, we may ask, could he otherwise give us any knowledge of himself at all? our language has no words for this high subject, our minds have no capabilities of entering directly into it. We must therefore be contented with such a glimpse of it, as may be obtained through the veil of natural things.

It is true, after all, that our conceptions of God, thus obtained, must be imperfect,—but it is designed that they should be so. And it may serve to humble the intellectual pride of man, to know, that he can only acquire his knowledge of the things that are above, by the aid of things that are beneath. How scanty then are the materials of his knowledge!

Yet it is wonderful how great impression may be made upon the mind by a right use and disposition of these materials. Of this the sacred writers were well aware. Hence, do they wish to convey a deep impression of the majesty of God? they look around on all that is awful and sublime in nature, and press it into the service of their description of God. If he speaks, he speaks in pealing thunders, and the castle trembles at the sound of his voice. If he descends from heaven, he rides upon a cherub, and flies upon the wings of the wind; he touches the mountains and they smoke, the tempest roars, the devouring flame is his precursor, clouds and darkness are round about him, and every thing that is terrific to the human heart is accumulated around the throne of majesty to present some notion of impressive splendour.

Is divine love the subject they would explain? whatever is tender and affecting is brought from the storeroom of natural imagery, to give us some conception, however inadequate, of this great theme. As a shepherd, he gathers the lambs with his arms, and carries them in his bosom: as a father, he pities his children, knows their frame, and remembers that they are dust. How affecting is such an exclamation as this in reference to rebellious sinners. *I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me.* Take the figurative language from it, and all its force is gone, all the affection that glows in it is lost. We are indebted to the figure for all that is tender in the expostulation, and for all that is affecting in the reproof that it conveys.

Again, Christ is called *the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.* The designation of lamb is used to convey to us the idea of atonement, by sacrifice—and how forcibly is it thus conveyed! what other term could be substituted which would mean so much, and which would so deeply impress the mind of the reader? It represents the character of Christ in unspeakable loveliness: the innocence, meekness and patience of Christ all rush upon the view: the value of his sacrifice is implied in his being called the Lamb of God—God's chosen and approved victim: the depth of his sufferings, the efficacy of his death, and our consequent obligations to him, are all placed before us in a single sentence, which owes its chief beauty and its greatest force to the figure employed in it.

It is not, however, to be concealed, that there are figures in Scripture which do not strike us as being so appropriate to the subjects which they are designed to represent, as those to which we have just alluded. Some reasons for this, as well as a few instances illustrative of our reasoning, will probably form the subject of a future paper.

J. K.

For the Church.

### ON THE USE OF RESPONSES IN PUBLIC WORSHIP.

In the Jewish Church, the Psalms of David were divided into certain portions for every Sabbath in the year, much after the same manner that we divide them in our Liturgy according to the days of the month. They were chanted in the most perfect manner that their knowledge of music would admit. Hence David in Psalm 33, says, "Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous, Praise the Lord with the harp: sing to him with the psaltery, and on instruments of ten strings. Sing unto him a new song: play skilfully with a loud noise."

In different passages of the New Testament, we read much about "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." But since there is no evidence that either our Lord or his apostles composed psalms or hymns for the service of the Christian Church, we are bound to believe that when they exhort us to offer unto God "the sacrifice of praise," and to "admonish one another in