

COBourg, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1837.

power of repealing, altering, &c. is for the future, not for the past. But, indeed, any action on the part of the Provincial authorities regarding the Reserves must be unsatisfactory on all hands; and if so, much less can we admit the opinion of individuals, however high in the legal profession or in official rank, to dispose of our vested rights.

Fortunately, no consent on the part of the Clergy, should any of them so far forget their duty as to propose it, will avail. The property is in the church as a corporation, and not in the clergy for the time being, and there it must remain till the Imperial Legislature takes it away. It cannot be surrendered, were even the Bishop and all our Clergy to consent, because the church consists of the people as well as the Clergy, and they have a vested right by the Constitution to have the ministration of our church allowed them in every part of the Province free of all expense.

Our course then, my Reverend brethren, is clear and distinct; namely, to abide by the Constitutional Act. If the property, set apart to sustain a Protestant clergy for the purpose of supplying the people with the consolations of our holy religion, be forcibly taken away, we must submit, and trust in God that some other means will be discovered to secure the teaching of the Gospel to the members of our communion.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SATURDAY PREACHER.

No. VI.

YOUTH EXHORTED TO PIETY.

(Concluded from our last.)

At least, my young friends, if the mere existence of a Creator, Sovereign over this world of things—whose creature the sun that warms and enlightens this globe is, and whose shadow the highest archangel cannot boast, but with derogatory imperfections of being,—if this, I say, do not move you to awe and reverence, perhaps you will think more seriously of the matter, when you consider this further description in my text, and regard him, as most solemnly and awfully he is, your Creator in particular. Not only has he made the world by his word—not only has he created man, in all his races, pedigrees, and varieties,—but he has called you, by your name what it will, into existence; and though you once were not, and though again you will be hid from human eyes in the grave, yet that you—man or woman—boy or girl—are now before me, living, moving, breathing, thinking, hoping or fearing, is altogether and solely owing to the act, will, or permission of this great and sole Creator.—Blessed and Almighty God! am I at once coupling with thy holy and adorable name so frail and ignorant a thing, as this or that individual before me,—thy creature, and but one among uncounted millions of thy creatures? am I indeed vindicating thy existence and attributes, O Creator of men, to individuals now before my eyes, who have received existence from thee, and yet decline acknowledging thee, or acknowledging, decline obedience and the duties implied therein? Is it necessary, or shall it be deemed expedient, to prove to them, thy feeble and unreflecting creatures, not alone the glories of thy Providence—the splendour of thy works—thy intrinsic excellencies—thy adorable perfections—and the emanations of thy ineffable nature;—but to the puny creature must I plead for a belief in the very existence of the Creator—and to the insect nature of the ungrateful individual must thy preacher address himself from this sacred place, in order to impress him with what, neither in life, nor in death, should be ever absent from his heart's essence, viz: that *Thou*, the Creator of all men, art his creator in particular; and that whatever thou art to the whole world, and to all that it contains, that *Thou* art to him especially, viz: the source of existence—the framer of his organization—the upholder of his well-being—his Sovereign and his Saviour, in time and in eternity?

Yes—my young brethren—too true it is, that in these times, and to such as you, the preacher must plead for the existence and attributes of God, and with a feeble voice proclaim what the spheres in their daily rounds continually do, and which to those who will use the common sense and reason with which God has blest them, is more plain than the sun in yonder sky! God is your creator:—He created your individual selves:—to you he gave the robust constitution; to you again the weak and sickly frame. You, my brother, he assigned to be of the male sex. You, my sister, to belong to the more tender. To all and each of you, he gave that particular and individual nature which you possess or enjoy. The eyes that sparkle in your countenance were lighted up by him, in order that you might scan creation—and see, in one place, power—in another, wisdom—in another, goodness—manifest and divine. The ears, that convey to you the voices of your fellow creatures—the hands, that are skilful at cunning contrivances—the feet that carry you whither you will—were all conferred upon you by your Creator,—for your own well-being indeed, but still more for his glory and service. Why are your heads so erect—why are those necks so stiff—and why are you so stubborn to rebuke,—as if you were independent beings—lordly and self-sufficient persons?—when, all the while, you are but the creature of a great and invisible master, who exacts no service but that which is right, and whose eyes are ever open to watch that his behests are done, or to note down in everlasting characters of might the instances of infirm neglect, or wilful disobedience. Yes; God, my young brother, is your Creator:—He knew your substance yet being imperfect, and even before you were born; in his book were all your members written. I marvel much, that being thus created by God, you are so unmindful of him. It appears passing strange that you, who are God's workmanship, should require to be reminded of the fact;—nay, should think it unnecessary, or impertinent for the preacher to point it out to your special recollection. Undaunted as you may be, young man, you will not deny that God stands in respect to you in the awful relation of your Creator—and yet it appears very like novel intelligence to you. That there is a great Creator who has made and governed the rest of the world, you languidly are in the habit of admitting; but now that I state the thing in its applica-

tion to your individual self, you seem perplexed and amazed. What! is it now for the first time that you have adverted to the important circumstance that you are but a creature, and that your Creator is God? Unhappy man! have you lived so long, and have yet thought yourself all along your own lawgiver and disposer? or thinking more correctly, have you acted on a self-dependent principle? Is it indeed true, that in the history of a life of some duration, you have no prayers registered in the archives of heaven? no holy, internal prayers, I mean, not the prayers of formality and of lip-service, which are registered by the accusing angel and are an abomination to God. Can you, brother or sister, be that reasonable creature of God, who have done nothing for reconciliation to Him, against the day of your change, when death will strip you so bare and leave you so poor, that the worm will not find a meal from your pillaged skeleton? It must be a slander surely, that you have passed through so many years of dependence and imparted blessing, and that you have not acknowledged in prostration of soul—in humility—in piety—in obedience, that you are the creature of God. And yet, though you forget it, or though you are like the deaf adder to the information, I cannot but tell you that you are a creature—and that your Creator is God.

It might be presumed, my brethren, that a bare statement of this fact to each individual would of itself be sufficient to bring him to obedience and a holy life. Nevertheless, for confirmation, I shall bring in the sage advice of the preacher of old, who, in my text, with wisdom worthy of Solomon, and with authority which none may controvert, exhorts every man thus; "*Remember thy Creator.*" You will observe that the preacher here has not done what, perhaps unnecessarily, I attempted in the early part of this discourse, to prove that God is our Creator,—but taking (as any right view of the human make and constitution will warrant him in having done) this as admitted and granted internally by every man, he calls them simply to remembrance. Deny you cannot that God is your Creator:—your heart will rise in his defence to your lips, if you should do so, although your lips may be apostate. But the danger that besets every man is that he is apt to forget God. A man forgets God when he is either tempted by Satan, or enticed by evil example, or slides through infirmity and wilfulness, into sins and habits of worldliness and vice. And, therefore, in urging a man to his real interest and permanent well-being, the watchword is "*Remember.*"

Now, however good a man may be, yet as long as he is in this world, this watchword is useful to him; for, in some instance or other, every man transgresses. When, therefore, a holy prophet passes through the land, this is always his theme. Remember—man of God remember, that you are but an imperfect creature—that you are in a state of probation—that you are engaged in a warfare—and that you must exercise unceasing vigilance. When Julius Cæsar was once hard pressed by the enemy, and the fortunes of a hundred battles depended on the immediate efforts, he called out to his favorite tenth legion, who had always signalized themselves in his cause, REMEMBER your former achievements and sworn allegiance; and roused to almost more than mortal efforts by the appeal, the legionaries rallied and prevailed. When Peter was denying his Lord, that blessed Saviour, bound as he was, darted a look of remembrance on the fallen disciple, whereby he was reclaimed.

But when men are far gone in sin, the exhortation to remember their Creator is suitable and proper. For in all men the divine image originally inscribed on the heart, though defaced and covered with the rubbish and rank weeds of sin, may, by the grace of God, be restored.

But without dwelling on this at present, I shall fill out the exhortation of my text, which is thus; "*Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*"

There is a peculiar gracefulness in remembering your Creator, my young friends, in the days of your youth. For though all men come sinners, by native taint, into the world, yet the difference between the young and the old man is this, that the former is less stained with active commissions of sin, and is therefore a much purer and more valuable offering to God. I know not how it is, but, besides the intrinsic value of the act, all our sympathies are engaged in favour of the young person, who remembers his Creator in the morning of his days. Youth is beautiful and lovely in itself—it is quick in its feelings—lively in its motions—rapid—energetic—and elevated in its aspirations.—Rut youth, crowned with religion, is a sight which God and man behold with pleasure. Jesus loved the young man that came to him, religious after his way, although not capable of the highest exercises of faith.

There is besides this, that young persons are actually capable of becoming more religious than those who begin late in life. For when once a habit of sin has grown inveterate, or when the mind has lost its self-respect, and the internal sense of dignified motive, it is as hard for a person to turn back to God, as for the galley slave, to move with the freedom of his former state. But how pure and vigorous rises the aspiration from the innocent and youthful breast! their piety how sincere! their friendship how unmixed with baser motives!

Piety in the young man also is more valuable on another account. There will be a longer course of it; greater effects will be produced by it; and, like other habits, it will be confirmed by years.

It is freed also from the distractions of age—to which I shall take another opportunity to advert—and which are vividly detailed in the context.

You will observe, my young friends, that in this my first address to you I have not entered into the details of the new dispensation, but have confined my remarks to the reasons for piety from natural religion. This only I shall at present add, that the same strength of motive—and still others superadded—oblige us to the exactions of religion, as God is regarded in the Blessed Trinity, as Father Son and Holy Ghost—which have force on us with respect to Him as Creator. Rufus.

Praying frequently, says Scott, helps to praying fervently. Be assured it is better to wander in prayer than to wander from it.

In the address of the Venerable the Archdeacon of York,—a continuation of which we have the satisfaction of presenting to our readers to-day,—allusion is made to a melancholy fact, one which cannot be dwelt upon without feelings of more than ordinary pain,—viz. the cold and careless apathy towards the vital interests of their church evinced by so many of those, of influential standing too, who profess towards her sentiments of warm and filial regard. We need not dwell upon the fact, for there it stands upon evidence incontrovertible; but of the reason of this chilling languor of attachment we shall try and offer some explanation, because knowledge of cause might the more surely and speedily lead to correction.

We believe that a long deprivation, in many instances, of the services of the church has deadened those reverential feelings and damped that warm glow of grateful recollection which, in the steady possession of that privilege, has seldom been lost towards the scriptural beauties and excellencies of our hallowed faith and ritual. True it is, however,—and the truth is a refreshing one—that such is not the uniform influence of the deprivation we allude to: rather has the bereavement, the spiritual desolation, wrung the soul with that distress which David felt when a son's ingratitude and rebellion drove him from his throne, and worse than all, drove him from the beloved sanctuary of his God. Like David, in his temporary exile on the further side of Jordan, many, in the seclusion of our forest wilds, far away from the joyful sound of those good tidings which cheered their spirits in their father-land,—many, instead of losing recollection of the village church where once they worshipped, or of those beautiful and soothing prayers which once, on each Sabbath day, they joined in, have wept in their banishment for the present desolation;—and many, until the sanctuary could be raised and the man of God appointed to tell of "the way, and the truth, and the life," have gathered their households round them on the Sabbath-day, and asked the blessing of heaven in that sound form of words which their cherished Prayer-books furnished.

But still the deprivation has, in the hearts of some, worked its chilling, deadening change. They have lost the relish for the long-intermitted privilege; and, perhaps their hearts seduced away by the strong delusions of strange doctrines, or their affections alienated by unanswered, and unnoticed misrepresentations, they—with the profession still upon their lips of attachment to their fathers' church—look upon the walls and bulwarks of our Zion with neither pride nor joy, and discern no beauty there that they should raise their hand or lift their voice in her defence!

Another cause of this pernicious lukewarmness we deem to be that, amidst the agitation of the times, some love to be thought actuated by sentiments of peace and liberality. It is sad to observe how widely and fatally this blight of liberalism has fallen; and how, in the selfish and vain-glorious wish to be thought the very opposite of exclusiveness and bigotry, men will so far yield the very essence and vitality of principle, that principle itself becomes but a name for the scorner to jeer at! But is it liberality to cast away the children's bread because some loud-voiced adversary craves the envied morsel for himself? Is it liberality to close the ears and steel the breast against the cries of thousands in the present, and of millions in coming generations for spiritual nurture, by casting away the provision for its supply at the shout of the demagogue or the cavils of the infidel? Is it liberality to turn our back upon and leave our country's altars to moulder into ruin, and abandon to the merciless capriciousness of an opposing world the spread of those sacred principles for which a Ridley and a Cranmer died? The day is coming which, in stripping bare the workings of all hearts, will show the close affinity of that vaunted liberality to the sceptic and atheistical coldness which cares for none of the precious and saving truths of our most holy faith.

Thank God the sons of the church in the mother country are not chargeable with this indifference and ingratitude. The hostility of the heretic and the infidel, and the gathering of their array against the battlements of our Zion, have thrown into close and determined phalanx all her generous sons, and produced an array of defensive power from which the enemy, shamed and baffled, has shrunk. But why are we cold to the blessings so dearly prized in our maternal land? Why are we dead to the value of the privileges which awakens so much vigilance and arouses so many energies there? Shall we shrink from the sacred contest in which they are spending their substance and hazarding their lives?

We ask but the virtuous energy, the strong constraining love which they are manifesting—and which the extract that follows so cheerfully proves. May we catch the holy glow which animates the church at home, and may the God of blessing give increase, in the full grasp of its comprehensive character, to the same hallowed warmth of patriotic love! We know that such a spirit is not wholly dormant amongst us; but that we have in our communion talent and zeal and influence, and what is better than all, much of the animating power of true and undefiled religion. May it never be blighted or sullied by the mildew of a false and unscriptural liberality, but fostered rather to the quickening of that godly sentiment which counts the honour of God the first great principle, and which, in conscientious devotion to that claim, will not let us slumber when our Zion is in peril, but cause us to renew our prayers and strivings that she may remain for ever the "joy of the whole earth."

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN 1837.

(From the Church of England Quarterly Review.)

We hear much about the present crisis of the church: we are warned of the black tempest which overhangs her, and the inevitable ruin which threatens her: and several such like ominous dangers whistle in the wind, voicing a hollow and responsive cadence to the wishes of the wicked. But we are bold to affirm, that there never was a time when her prospects from