

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.

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Original Poetry.

For the Church.

The miserable remains of the noble order of St. John of Jerusalem retired honorably to themselves, but to the disgrace of all Christendom besides, from the place they had so well defended, and the crumbling walls of which were lasting monuments of their glory.—*Fontanus de bello Rhodio.*

Woe to the Rhodian Isle, the sound of song
Was hushed within its walls, and mute the strain
That once the lyre-string softly stole along,
And still the hand, whose touch should ne'er again
Waken its chords, and dim the flashing eye,
Whose light had led where heroes love to die;
And cold the heart that bled, nor knew 'twas vain,
That still might float that Christian flag on high.

The Turk had vanquished; loud the shout arose,
"Allah be praised," and Pagan footsteps trod
In haughty triumph, where their Christian foes
Had knelt but now in worship to their God;
And turbaned heads were thronging round the few,
The shattered remnant of the brave and true,
Whose blood had sunk like water on the sod,
To save unstained the shrines their fathers knew.

No sound of death was knelling on the air,
No stream of life was pouring on the earth,
Yet were there struggles deeper in despair,
Than when the soul was mourning over worth
And valour lost—where shafts unseen had sped,
To make of slave and noble common dead,
To blight young lives, and desolate the hearth
Where love its influence had too vainly shed.

For who with joy may leave the early home,
The spot their youth has hallowed,—the retreat
With whose remembrance such bright visions come
Of happy days,—within whose circle meet
Those deep emotions which no tongue may tell,
Of truth, endurance, hope, whose mighty spell
In age brings back the wanderer's weary feet
To rest in scenes where memory loved to dwell.

Fate thus decreed for them; for them no more
Should matin chaunt or vesper hymn be sung
In face or temple, loved in days of yore,
Where first their hearts' deep aspirations sprung—
Ere yet the blight had fall'n, for them that isle
Should wear no more the glad and sunny smile,
That like a summer's cloud had lightly hung
When woods and groves had sweetly slept awhile.

The hour had come, the parting worse than death,
The sad forsaking to a Pagan foe
Of homes, and hearths, and altars, where the breath
Of Christian men had breathed in accents low
Good-will, and peace, and love, the fond regret,
That made them linger round their homesteads yet,
That so their shadows in their hearts might grow,
They ne'er through time their image should forget.

And there were some, who could, unmoved, in strife
Have seen a father or a brother die,
Who proudly could have yielded up their life,
Or 'neath the torture sunk without a sigh,
That were as infants in that bitter hour,
Their souls bowed down, as by a mighty power,
That pale the lip, and dimm'd the burning eye,
And shook the warrior like a fragile flower.

'Twas past; the sea was their's,—the rolling wave
Swept mournfully along, as though in pain,
To bear them from the homes they could not save,
The shores their eyes should ne'er behold again;
And the winds breathed a mournful requiem,
A dirge-like melody, that seemed to them
A spirit mourning for their brothers slain—
Their shrines polluted by the fierce Moslem.

And had they fought, with none to lend them aid,—
No mighty monarch with a saving hand—
No Christian host, no chivalry arrayed,
To snatch from ruin their devoted band,—
To guard the altars of their faith unstained,
And sweep their myriads from a hostile land,
That won by blood should be by blood maintained?—

Oh! shame to Christendom, that isle may tell
Of pain, want, agony, defeat, and woe,
Of holy warriors who had struggled well,
But struggled vainly 'gainst a heathen foe,—
Of shattered bastions, of a crumbling wall,
Of wide-ruined towers "tottering to their fall,"
Of sacred places in the dust laid low,
And desolation brooding over all;

And yet may tell that rescue never came,
Tho' day met day, and month by month had sped,
And heroes strove to win a glorious name,
And sank, but when the hope of hope had fled;
That every trace of ruin shall remain,—
A deathless scroll for those who died in vain,
But for the nations for whose faith they bled,
A foul dishonour, never fading stain.

J. C.

MILTON AND WORDSWORTH.*

Milton was the Homer of the seventeenth century, and Wordsworth is the Milton of the nineteenth. Both poets wrote for posterity. The one clothes the objects of his perceptions with the feelings of his own heart and the emotions of his own mind,—invests them with human faculties. The elder bard arrays them with a very drapery of words; he expresses nothing as a mere ordinary man would express it; every thing seems as if it were the result of continued effort: but it is *we* who make the effort, and not the poet. He speaks from the fulness of his experience; and poetry, like passion, draws into the same vortex, and forces to one common centre, every remembrance; in the hurry and the frenzy of the occasion, he collects from each chamber of the understanding and fancy every image and idea, from whatever source derived; and fuses them altogether into one glowing mass of illustration and eloquence; like a dream, it curdles a long life into an hour. But the mind not furnished with the same associations, has much to learn before it can understand, much less feel, the diction composed from such sources. It must fail of its effect with all

* From the Church of England Quarterly Review.

but cultivated understandings; and even these must be always on their duty. However grave and harmonious the poetic style of Wordsworth, it certainly does not lie under this drawback to popularity. If somewhat diffuse, it is generally sufficiently simple, and seldom unperceptive. But there are points in which these great poets may be advantageously compared, or made to reflect light by the effect of contrast upon the peculiar excellence of each. Those contemplations which fill the imagination, and that sensibility of spirit which renders every circumstance interesting, are the qualities of both; but vastness is the characteristic of the thought of Milton, and depth of Wordsworth. Milton is the more sublime, Wordsworth the more natural. Wordsworth seems to have derived little from any acquired abilities, and may be styled the poet of human nature; he trusts to the movements of his own mind—to the full influence of that variety of passion which is common to all. His conceptions are distinguished by their simplicity and force. In Milton, who was skilled in almost every department of science, learning seems sometimes to have shaded the splendour of genius. No poet excites emotions so tender and pathetic as Wordsworth, or possesses so much intensity of feeling. He abounds with thoughts, which, as he has told us, are too deep for tears, and which are also, in their best mood, too tranquil even for smiles; but in point of sublimity he cannot be compared to Milton. We are excited to a fervour of feeling by Wordsworth; but in perusing Milton, we are struck with the calmness of fixed astonishment; and here lies the secret of his power. The poems of Wordsworth inspire us with a tender sensibility; those of Milton with the stillness of surprise. The one thrills the soul by his knowledge of the human heart; the other amazes with the immensity of his conceptions. The movements of Milton's mind are steady and progressive; he carries the fancy through successive stages of elevation, and gradually increases the heat by adding fuel to the fire; the bursts of Wordsworth are more touching, sudden, and transitory. Milton, whose mind was enlightened by science, appears the more comprehensive; Wordsworth the more sentient. The one shows more sublimity of thought—the other more acuteness in meditation. Both gave up their hearts to the living spirit and light within them. The poetry of both is the revelations of their own mind; the one evolving its greatness, the other unveiling its loveliness. The one was an illustration of the transcendent ideal of divinity; the other is more deeply tinged with human passions and human sympathies. To the view of Milton the wide scenes of the universe seem to have been thrown open; which he regards with a cool and comprehensive survey, little agitated, and superior to those emotions which affect inferior mortals. Wordsworth, when he rises the highest, goes not beyond the bounds of human nature; he still connects his descriptions with instincts and passions common to our kind; and though his ideas have less sublimity, they are more perfectly ethereal and pure. The appetite for greatness—that appetite which always grasps at more than it can contain—is never so fully satisfied as in the perusal of "Paradise Lost." In following Milton we grow familiar with new worlds; we traverse the immensities of space, wandering in amazement, and finding no bounds. Wordsworth confines the mind to a narrower circle, but that circle he brings nearer to the eye; he fills it with human sympathies and aspirations, and makes it the scene of more interesting emotions.

BOWLES.

We turn to the "Scenes and Shadows of Days Departed," and fasten upon many an old favourite with as eager a delight as if we had not had from childhood most of the pure and tranquil verses of Mr. Bowles stereotyped on our hearts. How refreshing it is to meet with genuine poetry, and how little do we miss the vigour and strength of the muse if we can only desecrate those coy and retiring graces which are the surest indications of her divinity. It is like lighting upon a clear spring after a weary journey over the parched and sterile waste, for the literary pilgrim to come upon the sonnets of Mr. Bowles. Even at this moment how livingly do they gush upon our memory, and water with their divine waves the impressions that yet flourish amidst the sterility of years! Mr. Bowles who is, we believe, the oldest of our living English poets, has ushered his simple and unobtrusive volume into the world by a preface which sinks our admiration of the superior poet in affection for the venerable Canon. His garrulity is to our taste perfectly delightful. Though it is fifty years since some of these poems were given to the world, it is evident, that the affections of the author are as fresh and as youthful as on the day they issued from the press for the first time, thus affording another evidence of the truth of a remark we have already made, that the poet's nature will blossom, even upon the precincts of the tomb. In recounting the experiences of his life, Mr. Bowles shows, by the simple minuteness of the detail, that though the winds may have broken the form, they have swept in vain across the heart; and that the frost which has chilled the blood and whitened his thin locks, possesses no power over the warm tide of his affections. These sonnets must ever be interesting to the meditative reader, even if they had no merit of their own, when he remembers that they were the first inspirers of the beautiful and wild imagination of Coleridge. Mr. Bowles has a fine feeling for natural beauty, a vein of generous sympathy with his kind, and is never at a loss to invest his ideas in pure and harmonious language. The merit of the various pieces which spread over a period of several years is very equal, and it is hard not to extract the whole. We shall, however, make a brief selection,—the briefer, that we rather think the volumes must be in the hands of most of our readers. The following sonnet, entitled "Picture of the Old Man," we must have met with, if we do not mistake, in the second series of the venerable poet's "Little Villager's Verse Book,"—a sixpenny pamphlet, bearing an humble title, but con-

taining many a simple hymn as sweet and graceful as the following:—

"Old man, I saw thee in thy garden chair,
Sitting in silence 'mid the shrubs and trees
Of thy small cottage-croft, while murmuring bees
Went by, and almost touched thy temples bare,
Edged with a few flakes of the whitest hair;
And, soothed by the faint hum of ebbing seas,
And songs of birds, and breath of the young breeze,
Thus didst thou sit, feeling the summer air
Blow gently,—with a sad still decadence,
Sinking to earth in hope, but all alone:—
Oh! hast thou wept to feel the lonely sense
Of earthly loss, musing on voices gone?
Hush the vain murmur, that, without offence,
Thy head may rest in peace beneath the churchyard stone."

The next we shall quote is, in our opinion, replete with tenderness. It may stand in proof, that it is good for us sometimes to bear about a wounded spirit; and that provided the native soil is kindly, hope frustrated, disappointment, bereavement, are more likely to soften the heart than to sour it.

ON ACCIDENTALLY MEETING A LADY NOW NO MORE.

"When last we parted, thou wert young and fair—
How beautiful, let fond remembrance say!
Alas! since then, old Time has stolen away
Nigh forty years, leaving my temples bare:
So hath it perished—like a thing of air,
The dream of love and youth:—We now are grey;
Yet still remembering youth's enchanted way,
Though time has changed my look, and blanched my hair,
Though I remember one sad hour with pain,
And never thought—long as I yet might live—
And parted long—to hear that voice again—
I can a sad, but cordial greeting give,
And for thy welfare breathe as warm a prayer,
Lady, as when I loved thee young and fair!"

And if for no other cause than as affording an evidence of the fact, the poems of the Rev. W. L. Bowles would possess, in our judgment, a value of no light kind, since they thereby supply the noblest antidote to the freezing effect of the scientific spirit of the age.

SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XVIII.

THE EFFICACY OF HONEY.

1 SAMUEL xiv. 27.—"But Jonathan heard not when his father charged the people with the oath: wherefore he put forth the end of the rod that was in his hand, and dipped it in a honey-comb, and put his hand to his mouth; and his eyes were enlightened."

This is a simple account of the efficacy of honey, when the stomach is worn out by fasting and toil: it is incidentally introduced without any attempt to surprise us, in shewing by what slight causes great results are sometimes produced. We have often reflected upon the fact mentioned in the text, and were not a little delighted, while looking over the recipes for various culinary preparations in a Latin work, *De re culinaria*, which some ascribe to Apicius Caelius, who lived in the reign of Augustus and Tiberius, to find that honey was the chief ingredient in a confection to stay the stomach, and prolong the bodily strength during periods of necessary abstinence. It is recommended in that recipe, that pepper be pounded in a mortar with honey, and the foam be removed from time to time, during that process. The addition of a little wine is also suggested, to correct the alterative effects it may have upon the system. This preparation is entitled *Conditum Melizomum*, and by the latter term simply intimates, that it is a seasoning made with honey. A story is told of Democritus, says Athenæus, that growing weary of old age, he determined to withdraw himself from this life, by abstaining from his daily food. It happened, however, that the Thesmophoria, a public festival, was about to be celebrated: the females of his house hold, therefore, besought him to drop the intention of dying till after the anniversary, that they might not be prevented from keeping the feast. The philosopher yielded to their entreaties, and ordered a pot of honey to be set near him, by the simple use of which he is said to have prolonged his existence a sufficient number of days to let his domestics enjoy the customary solemnities of the festival, without any interference from the required rites of mourning for the dead. Democritus, it is said, was always fond of honey, and when asked how a man might enjoy good health, he replied, if he moistens the inside with honey, and the outside with olive oil. The diet of the Pythagoreans was bread with honey, as Aristoxenus tells us, who says, that those who use them, surpass others in living exempt from disease. And Lycus says, that the inhabitants of Corsica formerly attained to a great age, through the constant employment of honey. All substances containing saccharine matter, or sugar, are highly nutritious and of easy assimilation. When the writer was staying at Oahu, one of the Sandwich islands, the fresh juice of the sugar-cane, was recommended as an excellent resort to stay and soothe the stomach, when the tone was reduced by long fasting; and its good effects were more than once experienced.—*Weekly Visitor.*

THE KEY ON THE SHOULDER.

ISAIAH xxii. 22.—"And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder."

How much was I delighted when I first saw the people, especially the Moors, going along the streets each with his key on his shoulder. The handle is generally made of brass, (though sometimes of silver,) and is often nicely worked in a device of filigree. The way it is carried is to have the corner of a kerchief tied to the ring; the key is then placed on the shoulder, and the kerchief hangs down in front. At other times they have a bunch of large keys, and then they have half on one side of the shoulder, and half on the other. For a man thus to march along, with a large key on his shoulder, shews at once that he is a person of consequence. "Raman is in great favour with the Modliar, for he now carries the key." "Whose key have you got on your shoulder?" "I shall carry my key on my own shoulder."

The key of the house of David was to be on the shoulder of Eliakim, who was a type of Him who had "the government upon his shoulder; mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—*Roberts.*

DIVINATION BY ARROWS.

EZEKIEL xxi. 21.—"The king of Babylon stood at the parting of the way, at the head of the two ways, to use divination: he made his arrows bright."

A popular superstition among the ancient Arabians was the *azlam*, or divination by arrows; those used for the purpose being kept in the temple of some idol, in whose presence they were consulted. The art was thus performed: three arrows were enclosed in a vessel; on the first was inscribed, "God command me"; on the second "God forbid me"; the third was plain. If the first was drawn out, the suppliant prosecuted his design; if the second, he deferred it for a year; if the third, he drew again, until he received an answer,—not forgetting to repeat his present to the idol, or the priest, each time. No affair of importance was undertaken, be it a journey, a marriage, a battle, or a foray, without the advice of these sacred implements. Matters of dispute, such as the division of property or of plunder, were settled by an appeal to them. The ancient Greeks practised this sort of divination, as did the Chaldeans; for we learn from the above quoted passage, Ezekiel xxi. 21, that the king of Babylon, in marching against Jerusalem, "stood at the parting of the way, to use divination, making his arrows bright," (or, as Jerome explains it, mixing and shaking them together,) that he might know which city first to attack.—*Andrew Crichton.*

SPREADING GARMENTS IN THE WAY.

MATTHEW, xxi. 8.—"And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way."

The dress of the people, the customs of society, the idiom of thought, the salutations of courtesy—all are living records of remote ages; nor can a more striking illustration be adduced than that which I related to you, when, on approaching Bethlehem, the aged inhabitants, with tears and lamentations, came out and met me, to beseech my intercession on the cruel oppression then inflicted on them; and 1,800 years after the memorable record of that custom, they strewed their abayas and garments in my path, which, with my suite, I literally rode over; while my heart beat, and my eyes were bathed with tears, at such a memorial of past ages amidst such a scene of present wretchedness.—*Lord Lindsay's Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land.*

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND THE CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE.

From Sir Francis Palgrave's *Truths and Fictions of the Middle Ages.*

There was no lack of protectors of popular rights. And where, then, were they to be found?

Divesting ourselves of modern opinions and prepossessions, an answer can readily be given by consulting the Chronicle and the Charter. Amongst the "Prelates, Magistrates and Proceres," are we to seek for all the real and potential materials of the now popular branch of the Legislature. Examine the origin, the position, the influence of the dignified Ecclesiastics, and the Hierarchy will rise before us as the most democratic element of our old English Commonwealth.

Consider the ancient Clergy, in their relation to what may be termed the individuality of the country. Much of the value of a popular government consists not, as the demagogue employs it, for the purpose of opposition to authority, but as the means of imparting the benefits and rewards of a well-governed society, in due gradation, to the several ranks and orders of the community. Whatever inequality might subsist in other respects amongst the people, they met on equal terms on sacred ground. For the civil or political ennoblement of talent, the way always opened through the Christian Hierarchy. The mitre, the cardinal's cap, the tiara itself, fell oftener on the humble brow. An established Church is the surest possession of the people; when they pillage the altar they despoil their own property;—they waste their own means;—they desolate their own children's inheritance;—they rob themselves.

Such an institution was an easy and acceptable path to greatness, for the lowest of the low: and amongst the Prelates, who sometimes constituted the most numerous, and always the most influential portion of the great Council, the majority had risen from the humblest rank in society. Were they all truly deserving of their honours?—Certainly not. Some it must be admitted, obtained their advancement by casting aside the real duties of their station, and by making the business of the world their primary object. But this was the sin of the man, and not the vice of the Hierarchy. The most favourite sophism, employed by those who seek to attack or vilify existing establishments—whether ecclesiastical or temporal—is to ascribe to institutions the faults of the human individuals who compose the institutions, and to maintain that by reconstructing the State you can eradicate the abuse. But the stones with which you raise the structure are infected in the quarry. Pull down and rebuild the dwelling as often as you list, change or alter its plan or elevation as much as you please, and the old moral leprosy will streak and fret the new walls as foully and deeply as before. Princes and Rulers, Magistrates and Judges of the earth, are only men; the visible Church is composed of men; and collectively, man's nature is unsusceptible of reform. The main source of evil is inexhaustible. It is an atmosphere which constantly follows us, surrounds us. Plant the "mal seme d'Adamo" where you choose, the same bitter fruits will always rise above the ground.

Shall we add to the political integrity of the Clergy, by rendering them the paid agents of a national Treasury? Seize the lands, rend the mitre, place the priest as the