

faith; their sins and captivities, their repentances, and restorations; the sufferings and victories of David, the peaceful and happy reign of Solomon; the advent of the Messiah, with its effects and consequences: his incarnation, birth, life, passion, death, resurrection, ascension, kingdom, and priesthood: the effusion of the Spirit, the conversion of the Gentiles, the rejection of the Jews: the establishment, increase, and perpetuity of the Christian Church: the end of the world, the general judgment, the condemnation of the wicked, and the final triumph of the righteous with their Lord and King. These are the subjects presented to our imaginations. We are instructed how to conceive of them aright, and to express the different affections, which, when so conceived of, they must excite in our minds. They are for this purpose adorned with the figures, and set off with all the graces of poetry.

"This little volume, like the Paradise of Eden, afford us, in perfection, though in miniature, every thing that growth elsewhere, every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food, and, above all, that which was there lost and is here restored, 'the tree of life in the midst of the garden.' That which we read as matter of speculation in the other Scriptures, is reduced to practice, when we recite it in the Psalms. In those, faith and repentance are described; in these, they are acted. By a perusal of the former, we learn how others served God, but by using the latter, we serve God ourselves."

Such are the eloquent words of Bishop Horne; the 'judicious Hooker' speaks as follows upon the same subject. "What is there necessary for men to know which the Psalms are not able to teach? They are to beginners an easy and familiar introduction—a mighty augmentation of all virtue and knowledge in such as are entered before—a strong confirmation to the most perfect. Heroical magnanimity, exquisite justice, grave moderation, exact wisdom, unwearied patience, the mysteries of God, the sufferings of Christ, the terrors of wrath, the comforts of grace, the works of Providence over this world, and the promised joys of that world which is to come, all good necessarily to be either known, done, or had, this one celestial fountain yieldeth. Let there be any grief or disease incident to the soul of man, any wound or sickness named, for which there is not in this treasure-house a present comfortable remedy at all times ready to be found. This is the very cause why we iterate the Psalms oftener than any other part of Scripture besides; the cause wherefore we inure the people together with their Minister, and not the Minister alone to read them, as other parts of Scripture he doth."

"In the language of this divine book," says the prelate already quoted, "the prayers of the Church have been offered up to the throne of grace from age to age. And it appears to have been the manual of the Son of God in the days of his flesh; who, at the conclusion of his supper, is generally supposed, and that upon good grounds, to have sung a hymn taken from it; who pronounced upon the cross the beginning of the twenty-second Psalm, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' and expired with a part of the thirty-first in his mouth, 'Into thy hands I commend my spirit.'"

"Thus he who spake, as never man spake, chose to conclude his life, to solace himself in his greatest agony, and at last to breathe out his soul, in the Psalmist's form of words rather than his own. No tongue of man or angel, as Dr. Hammond justly observes, can convey a higher idea of any book, and of their felicity who use it right."

"Let us stop for a moment to contemplate the true character of these sacred Hymns.—Greatness confers no exemption from the pains and sorrows of life. This the Israelitish monarch experienced. He sought in piety that peace which he could not find in empire, and alleviated the inquietudes of state with the exercises of devotion."

"His invaluable Psalms convey those comforts to others, which they afforded to himself. Composed upon particular occasions, yet designed for general use; delivered out as services for Israelites under the law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the Gospel; they present religion to us in the most engaging dress; communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of Him to whom all hearts are open, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations, grateful as the manna which descended from above and conformed itself to every palate. The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands and lose their fragrance; but these unfading plants of Paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful: their bloom appears to be daily heightened, fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets are extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them again, and he who tastes them oftener, will relish them best."

No apology is needed for these lengthened extracts from the pious and eloquent Bishop Horne; and after those, the reader can desire nothing more upon the subject. I shall only add, that, at the conclusion of every Psalm, the Gloria Patri is directed to be used,—as being peculiarly appropriate to compositions which have their leading object the glory of God, and as interposing a useful mark of division betwixt such of the Psalms as are read in succession; for, generally, they have no immediate connection, but proceed, without regard to numerical order, to topics of devotion quite distinct in their character.*

C. R.

* "In clausula Psalmi, omnes concludunt Gloria Patri &c." says Io. Cassian (A. D. 424).—a proof that the custom now adopted was practised in the ancient Churches.

NATIONAL SINS NATIONALLY PUNISHED.

From Alison's History of the French Revolution.

Vast as had been the conquests, unbounded the triumphs of France during the campaign [of Friedland and Tilsit in 1807], the consumption of life to the victors had been, if possible, still greater; and it was already apparent that war, conducted on this gigantic scale, was attended with a sacrifice of human beings which, for any lengthened time, would be insupportable. The fearful and ominous call of eighty thousand conscripts, three repeated during the short period of eight months, had already told the French people at what cost, of their best and their bravest, they followed the car of victory; and the official details which have since come to light, show that even the enormous levy of two hundred and forty thousand men in that short period was not disproportionate to the expenditure of the campaign. Authentic documents prove that the number of sick and wounded who

were received into the French hospitals during the campaign, from the banks of the Saale to those of the Niemen, amounted to the stupendous number of FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND; of whom, at an average, not more than a ninth were prisoners taken from the Allies! If such were the losses of the victors, it may readily be believed, that those of the vanquished were still greater; and putting the two together, it may fairly be concluded that, from the 1st October 1806, to the 30th June, 1807, that is, during a period of nine months, a million of human beings were consigned to military hospitals, of whom at least a hundred thousand perished, independent of those slain in battle, who were at least as many more! The mind finds it impossible to apprehend such enormous calamities; like the calculations of the distance of the sun, or the fixed stars, they elude the grasp of the most vivid imagination; but even in the bewildering impression which they produce, they tend to show how boundless was the suffering then occasioned by human ambition; how awful the judgment of the Almighty then executed upon the earth!

Nor is it difficult to discern what were the national sins which were thus visited with so terrible a punishment.—Fourteen years before, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, had united their armies to partition Sarmatia, and Suwarrow had entered Warsaw while yet reeking with Polish blood.—In the prosecution of this guilty object, they neglected the volcano which was bursting forth in the west of Europe; they starved the war on the Rhine to feed that on the Vistula, and opened the gates of Germany to French ambition. Prussia, in particular, first drew off from the European alliance, and after the great barrier of frontier fortresses had been broken through in 1793, and revolutionary France stood, as Napoleon admits, "on the verge of ruin," allowed her to restore her tottering fortunes, and, for ten long years, stood by in dubious and selfish neutrality, anxious only to secure or increase her ill-gotten gains. And what was the result? Poland became the great theatre of punishment to the partitioning powers; her blood-stained fields beheld the writhing and the anguish of the victors. Pierced to the heart by hostile armies, driven up to a corner of her territory, within sight almost of the Sarmatian wilds, Austria saw her expiring efforts for independence overthrown on the field of Austerlitz. Refractory to her dominions, bound in chains for the insult of the Conqueror, with the iron driven into her soul, Prussia beheld her last hopes expire on the shores of the Vistula. Banished almost from Europe, conquered in war, sullied in fame, Russia was compelled to sign the ignominious peace on the banks of the Niemen, the frontier of her Lithuanian spoils. The measure of her retribution is not yet complete; and the grand Duchy of Warsaw is to become the outwork of France against Moscow; the tide of war is to roll on to Red Russia; the sacred towers of Smolensko are to be shaken by Polish battalions, the sack of Praga is to be expiated by the flames of Moscow. That Providence superintends the progress of human affairs; that the retributions of justice apply to political societies as well as single men, and that nations, which have no immortality,* are destined to undergo the punishment of their flagrant iniquities in this world, was long ago announced from Mount Sinai, and may be observed in every subsequent page of civilized history. But it is often on the third and fourth generation that the retribution descends, and in the complicated thread of intervening events, it is sometimes difficult to trace the connexion which we know exists between the guilty deeds and the deserved suffering. In the present instance, however, the connexion was immediate and palpable; the actors in the iniquitous spoliation were themselves the sufferers by its effects; it was the partition of Poland which opened the gates of Europe to France; it was the partitioning powers that sunk beneath the car of Napoleon's ambition.

And was France, then, the instrument of this terrible dispensation, to escape herself the punishment of her sins?—Was she, stained with the blood of the righteous, wrapt in the flames of the church, marked with the sign of the miscreant, to be the besom of destruction to others, and to bask only in the sunshine of glory herself?—No! the dread hour of her retribution was steadily approaching; swift as was the march of her triumphant hosts, swifter still was the advance of the calamities which were to presage her fall. Already to the discerning eye was visible the handwriting on the wall which foretold her doom. At Tilsit she reached the highest point of her ascendancy; every subsequent change was a step nearer to her ruin. True, the Continent had sunk beneath her arms; true, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, had successively fallen in the conflict: true, she had advanced her eagles to the Niemen, and from the rock of Gibraltar to the Baltic Sea, no voice dared to breathe a whisper against her authority, still the seeds of destruction were implanted in her bosom. Her feet were of base and perishable clay. The resources of the empire were wasting away in the pursuit of the lurid phantoms which its people worshipped; its strength was melting under the incessant drains which the career of victory demanded; a hundred and fifty thousand men were annually sacrificed to the Moloch of its ambition. They saw it not—they felt it not; joyfully its youth, "like reapers, descend to the harvest of death." "They repented not of their sins, to give glory to the Lord." But the effect was not the less certain, that the operation of the circumstances producing it was not perceived; and among the many concurring causes which at this period were preparing its fall, a prominent place must be assigned to that very treaty of Tilsit which apparently carried its fortunes to their highest elevation.

* No immortality as nations.—[En.]

A WORD BY A WESLEYAN IN FAVOUR OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

I found there is in this, as in many other places in the United States, in consequence of indifference, and the influence of sectarian feeling, and other causes, no Christian minister settled amongst them. This is one of the evils growing out of their national laws and institutions which make no provision for the religious instruction of the people, who in many cases make none for themselves on account of the difference of sentiment which prevails among them on religious subjects. This difference, though it often exists in reference to things non-essential (as, for instance, infant baptism, or the peculiarities of Calvinism) prevents them from uniting in the choice of a minister, and because they cannot find one to please all, they remain without any; or if they do engage a preacher for a short time, they seldom agree long. Hence, if you ask, "Have you divine service to-day?" "No," is the reply; "we had a man hired for a few months, but he has left us. I guess, however, we shall soon have another." This is an evil, and a source of evil to individuals and to communities. The sabbath is neglect-

ed, and God is forgotten. In order to form a correct estimate of the working of their system, it is necessary to visit the small and remote settlements, and also the recently occupied districts in the State of Ohio, Illinois, Alabama, and the Michigan territory, where there are thousands, and tens of thousands, who have neither Christian instruction, nor Christian ordinances. I confess these things have made a strong impression on my mind in favour of the Ecclesiastical Establishment of our own country. It secures a place of worship, at least, in every parish, the regular reading of the Scriptures in the hearing of the people, and the decent and due observance of public devotion. This is a testimony for God.—ROBERT ALDER.—Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for April 1835.

THE CHURCH.

COBOURG, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1838.

Darkness still broods over our political horizon; but we fancy we descry now and then glimpses of the soft and tranquil sky amid the clouds which are coursing gloomily over it. We speak not, however, of our hopes in any tone of confidence; for the temporary lull may prove but the portentous calm which the howl of the nearing tempest will speedily break. While we catch, and welcome, and are thankful for the smallest token of peace, it would be unwise to trust to its perhaps delusive promises. Repeated disasters will doubtless produce the dispersion of those brigand hordes by which alone our quiet is assailed; but their experiment of madness and crime may be renewed, before the "delusion" is finally broken. We must not, then, be lulled into security by a fallacious calm, but rest upon our arms, and watch every serpent winding of the insidious foe.

But if our political horizon remains disturbed and darkened, there is less of cloud and commotion on the religious. The population in general have nobly responded to our Lieutenant Governor's recommendation to lay aside "minor differences," and their only emulation has been who shall be most forward in guarding our common oak of British liberty from the axe of the ruthless destroyer,—our common altars from the pollution of the bandit. It is true there are some who partake not in this magnanimous forbearance, and who are unwilling to stifle the swellings of vindictive passion, and curb the wantonness of personal ambition;—even when the murderous weapon which aims at a rival's breast, or the torch which threatens a rival's dwelling, may be turned next against themselves. There are those who like the stormy petrel, cling to scenes of agitation, even while the soft and sunny landscape lies within their ken and invites them to its repose and sweetness. But these we leave to the pity and the prayers of the more christian-minded, and turn to a more refreshing picture.

The people of the country are evidently weary of agitation; and, detecting the pseudo-patriot's schemes, they begin to see with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears, the subjects which had lately been presented to them with all the blazonry of interested exaggeration. The farmer begins to feel that the threat of the tithe-exaction upon his hard-earned produce, was a needless alarm, which it was as absurd to entertain as it was mischievous to raise; and the rectory "domination," has proved but a theoretical grievance. People find that they can fill their garners without dread of the tithe-proctor; and that they can worship where they will without the risk of "dominant" dictation, or rectorial interference!

Although, as we have said, there are still a few who would keep up this delusion, and deepen this fear, and increase this jealousy, it is gratifying to observe that the conductors of that mighty engine, the public press, have in general abstained, with a patriotic forbearance, from those agitating discussions, and wait until at least the alarms of external warfare are passed, before they whet again their weapons for a renewal of the internal but constitutional contest. The armistice, we believe, will induce a calmer view of the late disturbing questions, and give time, we trust, for the spirits to subside into a Christian complacency before the contention be renewed. We pray that it may be so; and if disputation on these subjects is to be resumed, that it will be resumed on the mutual terms of Christian amity and good-will.

We cannot say that our kindly feelings were disturbed, or that the equable current of our unfeigned charity was either ruffled or thwarted, when we read in a late *British Colonist* an extract from the "Edinburgh Observer," taking up, as we think, with unseemly warmth, that unhappily disputed question, and giving currency as respects ourselves to what we cannot but feel to be a vulgar personality. A journal which may chance to enjoy a prominence in the mother country should not foster, but check, by the counsels of a better experience, the wantonness of the press in a younger land; instead of adding excitement to our angry contentions, it becomes those to whom we look up with a species of filial reverence, to shame and subdue, by sober and dignified example, the juvenile and impetuous ardour which may here be exhibited.

But the "Observer" has obviously mistaken the spirit of our remarks,—caused, in some degree, by a slight but important inaccuracy in the manner in which they were reprinted; and has viewed that as an insult which was merely a declaration of what we believe to be a legal technicality. There may, possibly, have been something exceptional in the manner of expressing that opinion; but in purport and substance, it differed not from what the Bishop of London asserted in the House of Lords last winter, and which he uttered unrebuked by Scottish or other peer. But we mean not to dwell upon that topic; and we might refer the respectable conductors of the "Observer" to files of our journal to ascertain whether, in a vigorous defence of our own principles, we have evinced that exclusiveness and illiberality which, from adopting the sentiments of a hasty and unaccountable attack, they have been pleased to charge upon us.

In our columns, from time to time, we have spoken more—and in favourable terms—of Scottish divines, and quoted more largely from their writings than, we believe, any other periodical in the Canadas; and, if we recollect aright, ours was the only journal in the Colony which contained any account, or at least gave any analysis, of the late memorable lectures of Dr. Chalmers on Church Establishments. Our bigotry—if such we possess—knows at least how to discriminate talent and worth in other communions, and to afford the hearty meed of our humble commendations in whatsoever quarter we believe them to be due.

Amongst the English religious periodicals,—from the magnificent "Church of England Quarterly Review" to

the simple but simply elegant "Penny Sunday Reader,"—with which our editorial table is crowded, there is none which we more heartily welcome, or to which we are under greater obligations than the CHURCH OF ENGLAND MAGAZINE. In the fourth volume of that elegant and evangelical periodical, we observe a complaint that some of the articles transferred from thence, at the commencement of our labours, to our humble sheet, were not acknowledged. This, we beg to say, was caused by their being at first sent to us by a correspondent, as selected matter in general,—at least without a specific addition of the source from which they were derived. This apparent want of fairness, proceeding originally from inadvertence and continued perhaps, through our editorial inexperience, has, as our contemporary will have observed, been long ago corrected.

It is rather to afford evidence of the interest felt in the conduct of this journal, than to vaunt our own or the industry of our friends, that we assure our readers that the extracts we furnish to them from standard authors, or from the higher periodical literature of the day, are, with very few exceptions, culled specially for this paper. The short but, as we hope, useful extracts which appear under the head of "The Garner," have, in particular, been supplied in that manner;—gathered from the authors themselves to whom they are credited, and not, unless in a few rare instances, taken second-hand from other periodicals.

In the last received volume of the Church of England Magazine, we rejoice to perceive a continuation of the popular little pieces entitled "Passing Thoughts" by Charlotte Elizabeth; and it may gratify their pious and highly-gifted author to know that the suggestion for their republication in our columns came first from a near and venerable relative of her own, resident in the city of Toronto. In the republication of these excellent little pieces, we have not, however, adhered to the numerical order in which they originally appeared; having generally introduced them in adaptation to some particular time or circumstance to which they were calculated to lend an interest.

The author of the admired lines on the death of the late Bishop of Quebec will be gratified to hear that they have been transferred to the pages of the Church of England Magazine; and we are happy to add that the same compliment has been paid to the affecting sketch of a scene in an Hospital by our correspondent B. F. T.

A friend has favoured us with a copy of the Sermon preached by the Rev. W. T. Leach before the St. Andrew's Society of Toronto, at the late celebration of their patron saint, and we have pleasure in expressing the gratification we have felt from its perusal. The following honest and patriotic sentiments are worthy of a general dissemination:—

"Let every man, who is not a destructive and pseudo-patriot, but a lover of God and of the order and subordination by which God preserves the harmony of all things, lend to the powers that be the shoulder of his might. Things will jostle right, if only the name and sense of right be preserved. In this case there may be reasonable expectation, that notwithstanding the ignorance and disorder that heavily press upon the land, there may one day be presented the glorious spectacle of a people holding forth with prosperous effect the light of truth and the sceptre of lawful power. This is an end that might well deserve to become our 'last dream at night and first vision in the morning.' Nor is this a thing to be altogether despaired of. The proud and loyal men of England, they of Ireland, so well tried and honorably distinguished, and the sons of our own country, whose deeds of late require no one to speak their praise—these are many, and combined, would be invincible; for thrice are they armed whose cause is just, the cause of God and of humanity, which is also His; at any rate, Heaven has decreed that the servants of a righteous cause shall surely be blessed, whether or not they prevail: and if the time ever come when these sentiments, which he has hastily, and almost from the impulse of the moment, expressed, shall sicken and expire, the prayer of the Chaplain of the St. Andrew's Society is, that the last throbs of them may exist in a Scottish heart. Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. Be happy all the days of your mortal life, and may God crown your mortality with immortal joys."

There is a sort of *Æsopian* piquancy in the following passage,—the more piquant from the obviousness of the moral it conveys:—

"There was a man whose family having taken counsel together, agreed to go forth into a far country. A kind father, he selected for them a guide, whom he rewarded out of his own stores, to keep them in the right way, and to constrain them by gentle means to be prosperous and happy. It came to pass, as they journeyed along, that they grew impatient of the presence of their guide, suspicious of his intentions, and averse in all things to his interference. Nevertheless, they waxed fat and strong on the fruits of the valleys, and at the living springs of water by the way of which he led them, and wanted one thing alone, as they said, to render their happiness perfect,—namely, to do "every one what was right in his own eyes." Wherefore rose they up against their guide to smite him with the edge of the sword, against whom, however, their attempt was hurtless, because their father had armed him with strong armour of proof. At length they prevailed so far as to force him to flee from them; and as he took his departure, wroth at their ingratitude, and pitying their errors, wild cries of joy rang through the forest; such a day of joy they thought they had never known. In the meantime, certain strangers from another country passing by, and happening to hear the voice of their mirth, came unto them, and being stronger than they, took possession of their substance. Being also, like them, addicted to their own will, they forced them to do whatsoever they pleased. Hungry and thirsty, these miserable men found not in all that country any city of habitation, save the cities of these strangers."

Almost every Montreal paper that we take up, contains some fresh account of the warm and substantial sympathy towards the widows and orphans of the brave Volunteers who fell in the late conflicts near the lines, evinced by their generous brethren in arms in that Province. Not only have the several Militia Corps contributed each a day's pay towards the relief of those sufferers, but the Regiments of the Line are manifesting a similar generosity in the same praiseworthy cause:—pleasing and affecting proof as well of the brotherly concord which subsists between the regular soldiers and the militia, as of the high and ennobling love of country which pervades them all!

It has struck us that, amongst the widows and orphans of the brave men who fell at Prescott and Sandwich, there may possibly be some cases of distress similar to those which our loyal fellow-subjects in Lower Canada have been so prompt to relieve. We should be happy to receive any communication, conveying explicit information on that subject; and we promise our best endeavours to forward any plan that may be suggested for the relief of such distress, if it exists. If circumstances are such as to justify an appeal to the generosity of the people of the Province, we are well enough acquainted with the general state of feeling upon that subject, to know that it will be most promptly and liberally responded to. No earthly consolation or relief can compensate for lost husbands, fathers, or brothers; but if for the replenishment of "the barrel of meal and the cruise of oil," any have been dependent on the energies of the fallen brave,