

view than the favor and approbation of God, and the command and the example of his Redeemer? Does it not afford a powerful evidence of the Divine character of these doctrines, when they are able to raise the faithful believer, in a firm faith and triumphant hope, above the temptations and trials of mortality? But,—we may ask the unbeliever,—has infidelity any thing to offer, which can supply the place of such blessed hopes and consolations? Have the characters of infidels in general been such, as to make us wish that their principles were general? Has the support which their system has afforded them in the hour of death, been of such a nature, as to afford any evidence of the miserable substitute which they offer for Christianity? Has their conduct in this trying scene of human existence, been such as to make us believe, that they had even any conviction of the truth of their own principles? Nay, when they have had the honesty to confess the truth, how often have they shrunk with horror from the consideration of their past lives, and acknowledged the wickedness of their unbelief? Indeed, if we were to try by any single test the comparative value of Infidelity and Christianity, we might safely place it on *this ground alone*,—on the support which they are respectively capable of affording in the hour of death. What serious person is there, who has not often thought, with trembling anxiety, what will be the sensations of the disembodied spirit, when the awful scene of the invisible world first bursts upon its view? And to what does the Christian fly for consolation and support under this tremendous thought, but to the mercies of his Redeemer, which he is assured, in his greatest trial,—“in the hour of death and in the day of judgment,” “will never leave nor forsake him?” There is, in truth, nothing which is capable of inspiring a man with such a horror of any principles which tend to infidelity, as the consideration of the practical effects of the respective systems.—Let a person only observe with attention the humanizing effect, which is produced by a true practical belief of the doctrines of Christianity on the lives and actions of its professors, and, above all, the sublime consolations, with which it is able to inspire the faithful believer in the hour of death; and then let him go to the writings of professed infidels, and read their profane blasphemy against Christianity and its blessed author, their cold, malignant sarcasms against the doctrines and evidences of his religion;—and what will be his feeling with regard to the abandoned impiety of men, who presume to reject what they have never pretended to examine; and, in the wanton wickedness of their unbelief, to poison the minds of men in the belief of that religion, which is their only guide to true happiness in this world, and to everlasting happiness beyond the grave.

THE OBLIGATIONS OF CHRISTENDOM TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

From the British Critic.

That sound and sterling religion which has been our boast and blessing as a community, and which we devoutly trust has made the temporal and eternal happiness of millions of individuals, we mainly owe to the orthodox divines of the Church of England; and the preservation among us of that sound and sterling religion we shall, under that same Providence, owe mainly to their successors; and the benefits of maintaining the soundness and orthodoxy of the English Church, must stretch far beyond the shores of our own country, and extend far beyond the limits of the present time.

On the one hand, if we look to the history of the past, we see only an accumulated debt of gratitude, which the whole of Christendom owes to the illustrious defenders of our English Protestantism. We need not refer to the days of Wicliff or Cranmer, but we would point to the series of theologians who arose, as lights in the world, from the period of the Reformation to the middle of the last century; theologians who have not only asserted and maintained a pure and scriptural religion in the eastern hemisphere, but sown its seeds in the western, and planted its standard, and set up its landmarks, (still useful because still partially observed,) and spread a heavenly illumination, which, even if it is sun be anywhere gone down, must ever preserve a brightness and a beauty even in its twilight. Again, when, in the 18th century, an unhallowed philosophy, which had enlisted in its ranks the most shining, if not the most solid talents of the world, made its combined and systematic attack upon Christianity with the weapons now of reason, now of ridicule, here of a pretended erudition, there of a sarcastic levity; and when the belief of many nations had succumbed and fallen before it, who were the men who rushed forward to stem the tide of ungodliness and beat it back from our coasts? Were they Dissenters? No. Were they any others than our orthodox divines? Once more we say, for the most part, No. The Champions of Christianity were men like Horsley and the rest, who stood almost by the side of Burke with intellects almost as gigantic; and, as he saved us from infidelity by keeping off anarchy, so they saved us from anarchy by keeping off infidelity. Oh, who can survey with a steady glance the portentous peril of those times, and not be sure, that if God had permitted that attack for an awful season to be successful, and religion had been overthrown in England, it would have been overthrown with a more appalling, perhaps an irrecoverable, ruin upon the continent; and all Europe, in her agony of spirit, would have had double cause to exclaim, “Ichabod, the glory is departed, for the ark of the Lord is taken?”

Shall the lesson be lost? Have not these times their portents also? When we think of the corruptions and superstitions of Roman Catholic States, with that hateful offspring of unbelief which they infallibly engender; when we think of the neology, the rationalism, the unchristianized Christianity too prevalent in Germany; when we think of the Unitarianism of Geneva, and the rapid strides which Unitarianism is making among our brethren beyond the Atlantic, to what secondary agency can we turn, under Providence, but to the same orthodox Establishment which has already preserved us? What other barrier can we find, on the one side, against a rampant or mystical extravagance; on the other, against that cold distortion of the Gospel, which seems, by a lamentable dexterity, to encumber itself with the difficulties both of Christianity and Deism, without being able to rest upon the divine authority of the one, or take advantage of the human freedom of the other; and which would convert the rich and flowing waters of salvation into the stagnant, and sullen, and pestiferous, waters of the Dead Sea? Our hearts would sink within us, and our imaginations would be overshadowed by a thousand presages of darkness and disaster, if the old orthodoxy of the Church of England were now daunted and abandoned. Upon no instrumentality of earth can we depend, but upon a sound, regular, well-organized divinity; upon minds disciplined by study and education, and armed at all points from the arsenals of theological research, as well as tempered by the spirit of the Gospel of

Christ. Can religious feelings and religious aspirations suffice? religious feelings however warm, religious aspirations however exalted? Learning only can cope with learned adversaries, learning massive, extensive and profound; historical, and philological, and scientific arguments can only be met by a competent acquaintance with history, and philology, and science; and the perversions of reason can only be exposed, not by the disparagement of reason, but by its legitimate and highest use. Our Church has hitherto maintained a spiritual sobriety and a godly moderation. May she maintain them for ever! If they are exchanged for a flighty, and fantastic, and mystic creed, and if religious sentiment is not directed by religious knowledge, then will the miserable process go on, by which extremes will create extremes, and monstrous errors will generate prodigies of error still more monstrous, and extravagances will be arrayed against extravagances, and society will be divided into the two baneful sections of scornful infidelity, and half-crazy enthusiasts; or Socinianism and fanaticism will portion out the land between them; and then not only must we say farewell to the lustre of the Church of England, but the light of Christendom will be extinguished, and the fairest hopes of humanity will for a season be lost.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

From the works of Dr. Chalmers.

But it gives me pleasure to advance a further testimony in behalf of that government with which it has pleased God, who appointeth to all men the bounds of their habitation, to bless that portion of the globe that we occupy. I count it such a government, that I not only owe it the loyalty of my principles—but I also owe it the loyalty of my affections. I could not lightly part with my devotion to that government which the other year opened the door to the Christianization of India—I shall never withhold the tribute of my reverence from that government which put an end to the atrocities of the Slave Trade—I shall never forget the triumph, which, in that proudest day of Britain's glory, the cause of humanity gained within the walls of our enlightened Parliament. Let my right hand forget her cunning, ere I forget that country of my birth, where, in defiance to all the clamours of mercantile alarm, every calculation of interest was given to the wind, and braving every hazard, she nobly resolved to shake off the whole burden of infamy, which lay upon her. I shall never forget, that how to complete the object in behalf of which she has so honourably led the way, she has walked the whole round of civilized society, and knocked at the door of every government in Europe, and lifted her imploring voice for injured Africa, and pleaded with the mightiest monarchs of the world, the cause of her outraged shores, and her distracted families. I can neither shut my heart nor my eyes to the fact, that at this moment she is stretching forth the protection of her naval arm, and shielding, to the uttermost of her vigour, that coast where an inhuman avarice is still plying its guilty devices, and aiming to perpetuate among an unoffending people, a trade of cruelty, with all the horrid train of its terrors and abominations. Were such a government as this to be swept from its base, either by the violence of foreign hostility, or by the hands of her own misled and infatuated children—I should never cease to deplore it as the deadliest interruption, which ever had been given to the interests of human virtue, and to the march of human improvement. O! how it should swell every heart, not with pride, but with gratitude, to think that the land of our fathers, with all the iniquities which abound in it, with all the profligacy which spreads along our streets, and all the profaneness that is heard among our companies—to think that this our land, overspread as it is with the appalling characters of guilt, is still the securest asylum of worth and liberty—that this is the land, from which the most copious emanations of christianity are going forth to all the quarters of the world—that this is the land, which teems from one end to the other of it with the most splendid designs and enterprises for the good of the species—that this is the land, where public principle is most felt, and public objects are most prosecuted and the fine impulse of a public spirit is most ready to carry its generous people beyond the limits of a selfish and contracted patriotism.—Yes, and when the heart of the philanthropist is sinking within him at the gloomy spectacle of those crimes and atrocities, which still deform the history of man, I know not a single earthly expedient more fitted to brighten and sustain him, than to turn his eye to the country in which he lives—and there see the most enlightened government in the world acting as the organ of its most moral and intelligent population.

THE CHURCH.

COBourg, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1838.

Amongst the false tenets of the ancient sect of the Epicureans, was the idea that the Deity exercised no care nor concern for this lower world, but was a Being wrapped up in ease and indolence, and leaving the affairs of the universe to the direction of chance or fate. How opposed this degrading notion of the Supreme Ruler of the world is to the belief of Christians, we need not pause to explain. They know not feel that the superintending care of all things is exercised by a holy and omnipresent God, who, while he executeth justice and judgment in the world, rules with mercy, and wisdom, and love.

We can easily understand that it would be no evidence of the Almighty's care of this lower world, or of tenderness and good-will to his creatures, if there was never at any time to be a manifestation of his judgments as well as of his mercies. In the natural world, we are sometimes appalled by the tempest—shudder at the gloom, and listen alarmed to the pealing thunder; but serenity soon succeeds, and with the restored calm a healthful purification of the atmosphere. And so in the moral world, chastisements from the hand of God serve to our spiritual purification; they are instruments, conjoined with the direct workings of his grace, by which the human heart is sanctified, and those impurities removed which a long but slighted forbearance on the part of our heavenly Father may have served to foster and promote.

In the judgments which the Almighty is pleased to send for the improvement of his creatures, he deals in different ways. Sometimes he recalls his wayward and offending children by individual chastisements,—disappointing their worldly hopes, and dissipating their dreams of ambition,—visiting them with sickness, and converting their abodes into houses of mourning.

Sometimes, too, he is pleased to chastise his thoughtless people by calamities of a more public and general nature,—

by visiting them with the fearful corrections of pestilence, famine, and the sword. The former are trials directly from his hand: of the calamities which attend the last, he permits man himself to be the instrument,—a scourge in his hands for the punishment of the guilty and the admonition of the careless.

It has been the inscrutable will of our God to afflict our country by the first and last of these visitations; by direct manifestations of his wrath, and by the intermediate agency of fellow-mortals. Twice within a few years has a fearful and mysterious pestilence swept across the land; and many, during the brief continuance of its appalling ravages, were gathered suddenly to the grave. We humbled ourselves, then; and, moved by the voice of our penitential prayers, he was pleased to arrest the progress of the scourge. But the return of health and security brought not permanence to our godly sorrow, nor was the previous lesson of affliction enough to ensure the change of our hearts or the reformation of our lives.

The solemnity of the Christian profession has been mocked by an awful contrariety in practice; many vices and much ungodliness has been rife in the land; and God, in his justice, has visited us with a renewed evidence of his anger. The sword has been unsheathed; and the lawless and the wicked—traitors within and plunderers without—have conspired to plunge us into civil strife, and convert our peace into confusion, our freedom into anarchy.

These things fall not out unnoticed by the Ruler of all; and he can subdue, while he permits, this malice of our enemies. To Him, then, we must have recourse in the posture of suppliants, with the voice of contrition, and with vows of future obedience.

But while we confess the justice of our punishment, and appeal for succour to our merciful Judge, let us “mark and avoid them which cause divisions” amongst us. A spirit of disobedience and of resistance to constituted authority, is among the baneful characteristics of the times. This is a spirit masked generally under specious names,—something that professes much tenderness of regard for the weal and welfare of others,—but having uniformly one origin and one object. Its origin is that pride by which the rebellious angels of heaven fell,—a pride begetting envy and discontent at the comparative exaltation of others; and its object is, not, as is sometimes erroneously supposed, the amelioration of the condition of others, but to pull down the more exalted from the eminence they enjoy and to substitute themselves in their room!

It would not require many arguments to prove that those who are rebels against human authority, are generally, in spirit, rebels against their God; that they who cannot brook obedience to human laws, are prone to manifest an equal discontent against those which are divine; that they who are wont to be sceptical about the purity and propriety of “the powers that be,” are but too prone to direct their scepticism also to the wisdom and justice of things revealed from heaven. They, in short, who cannot bring their minds and hearts into a temper of humility and submission on earth, are wanting in an essential qualification for the changeless peace and unalloyed content of heaven.

We might dwell long, and perhaps not unprofitably, upon this subject; but our limits forbid us to diverge into an essay. One simple corrective we shall be content to propose for this deep-rooted and spreading temper of insubordination,—a closer inspection of ourselves, and a better watchfulness over the deceitful heart. It is there that the spirit of rebellion is engendered, and there must the work of reformation begin. If we look for a virtuous, a religious condition of society; if we expect that honesty and sobriety shall prevail around us; that the fear of God and the honour of the Sovereign shall be more widely and deeply diffused than it is,—we must, instead of fostering the opposite spirit by discontented animadversions, exert our efforts and renew our prayers for that humble mind and docile temper which in the religion we profess is so prominently insisted upon.

Let the sound of the Almighty's rod of chastisement quicken our attention to these slighted duties, while it is merely an instrument of correction and not of destruction. Let us hear and obey its warnings, before the despised chastisements of a FATHER are converted into the just punishments of a JUDGE!

We have much satisfaction in giving insertion to the following Circular from the Lord Bishop of Montreal, requiring the use by the Clergy of that excellent and appropriate prayer contained in our Liturgy, and appointed to be read “IN THE TIME OF WAR AND TUMULTS.” From the delay lately experienced in the arrival of the mails, partly from the disturbances but chiefly from the badness of the roads, we did not receive that Circular until after our paper had gone to press on Saturday last.

CIRCULAR TO THE CLERGY OF THE DIOCESE OF QUEBEC.

Bytown, Nov. 8th, 1838.

Rev. Sir,
I am directed by the Bishop of Montreal to inform you of the desire of his Lordship that, during the continuance of the present troubles, you would use, in its proper place, in morning and evening service, the Prayer in the time of war and tumults.

You will be pleased to regard it as sufficient authority if you receive this instruction through the “Church” newspaper.

I am,
Sir, your faithful humble servant,
GEO. SALMON,
Secretary.

Amidst the troubles and perils which environ us, an obvious and paramount duty undoubtedly is,—to “humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God,” that his judgments may be averted, and that his compassions as a pitying Father may not fail us. But while, with a child-like dependence upon Him, we invoke his indispensable aid and implore his blessing upon what we justly deem the righteous struggle in which we are engaged, let no lover of his home and country,—let no disciple of his martyred Saviour, suppose that he is exempt from the duty of exerting his own most strenuous and persevering efforts in that holy contest.—While the true Christian patriot—shame upon the unhalloved assumers of that dignified name!—looks up for the encouraging smile of the Almighty, let him look round upon the endearing ties and objects which the voice of heaven itself commands him to foster and defend. His fireside, his home, his children,—the edifice of prayer in which he is wont to supplicate the blessing of his God—the consecrated church-yard where sleep perchance his parents' ashes, or the dust of the wife of his bosom,—let these be objects to nerve the arm of our country's defenders, and brace their energies for the deadly encounter!

We meet with a most pleasing expansion of this vein of thought in the following beautiful lines, in which we trace

the hand of a gifted contributor to our own columns. They cannot be read, without a quickening of that spirit which befits our country's chivalry:

Now by the closest ties of life, the dearest things of earth,
By the free homes where now we dwell—the country of our birth,
Our duty to our ancient throne, our loyalty's pure vow,
The mandates of our sacred faith, rise for our monarch now!

With us be truth, religion, right, the patriot's holy cheer,
With them the felon's blacken'd heart, the doubts of guilt and fear;
For justice nerves our soldier's arm, and Heaven approving smiles
On Freeman gather'd for the fight 'neath the standard of the Isles!

Men of the Briton's stainless name! your hour of trial's come,
Strike! for your monarch, for your hearths, strike manfully,
Strike home!
The God of battles is your guide, and fame's loud trump shall tell,
How triumph shone on Freedom's crest, how Treason's banner fell!

MILESIOUS.

[Toronto Patriot.]

Toronto, November, 1838.

We should be glad to desecrate oftener than we do, a streak of the sunshine of gentle charity amidst the sombre articles which appear in the original department of our contemporary the *British Colonist*. The celebrated Dr. Johnson has furnished us with no very alluring portrait of what he terms the “screech-owls” of our species; persons who cling to the mist and the shadow of life, and who seem studiously to avert their gaze from every sunny spot which gladdens the moral landscape of the world. By the contemporary whom we have named, and by some of his correspondents who cherish a congenial mood, every thing seems to be viewed through a haze, which shrouds from all objects their real beauty and conceals from view their fair proportions.

We feel neither disrespect nor unkindness towards that contemporary, nor are we disposed to ascribe those unamiable exhibitions to any seated spirit of uncharitableness; but we think he will admit the justice of our complaint, when he calls to mind the very invidious style of comparison in which he has thought proper to indulge, in relating the meritorious and patriotic conduct of the Rev. Mr. McKenzie of Williamstown. He might have been content with expressing his commendations of what we are well enough disposed to admire, without attempting to throw a cloud or cast a stigma upon others. It was quite unnecessary to accompany his statement of Mr. McKenzie's praise-worthy services with a sneering expression of his doubts whether any Rector of the Church of England is to be found who, in the day of trial, would exhibit the same evidence of loyal bravery. The objects of his unworthy sneer demand not our vindication; for the press might be challenged to advance a solitary instance in which they were found to desert their duty either in the season of public pestilence, or in the day when their Queen and country demanded their services.

We have, however, yet to learn that it is expected of the ministers of religion that they should leave their peaceful duties for the exercise of a calling from which the law itself specifically exempts them. There may be circumstances—we shall grant it at once—in which it would be their duty to array themselves in the harness of war, and join their fellow-subjects in repelling the enemies of their country; but such circumstances can rarely occur, and the case must be strong and pressing which would justify the abandonment of the gown for the sword!

Let not our contemporary suppose that we doubt the existence of the fullest and strongest reasons on the part of the Rev. Mr. McKenzie to shoulder, as he did, the musket, and buckle on the claymore: we have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with that gentleman, and we know him to be as mild and amiable in private life as he is undaunted in the day of public peril; and we know that he will be amongst the last to approve of the attempt to exalt his merits by blackening the fair name of others.

There is a spiritual armour, as well as weapons of an earthly temper, with which Christian Ministers especially should be clothed; and the document from the pen of the Rev. A. Palmer of Guelph, which we publish to-day, will show that clergymen of the Church of England are to be found, who display at least the heavenly panoply which the Gospel of peace recommends.

We thank the Editor of the *Montreal Gazette* for the courteous and generous strain in which he has acknowledged the letter recently addressed to him by our valued correspondent “Alan Fairford,” as well as for his favourable notice of certain of the articles which it was our own province to indite. We do not mean to call up the points of difference upon which with our worthy contemporary we are at issue: we may contend, in the day of peace, with constitutional and innoxious weapons, and exhibit a fraternal concord when the foes of our common cause and common country are at our gates. This much, however, we will pause to acknowledge,—that the zeal of our contemporary in the advocacy of a cause which principle as well as education have, we are willing to believe, induced him to espouse, has rarely carried him beyond the bounds of gentlemanly and temperate discussion.

As to the mode—unphilosophical and unstatesman-like as by some it may be deemed—to which we have referred as the only means of finally and permanently securing our freedom from the harsh and unwelcome “sympathy” of a foreign people,—and to which our brother Journalist accords his hearty and unqualified approbation,—we should rejoice to be enabled to propose any other more feasible, or less calamitous as to its possible consequences. We have no words to express our horror of a national war, especially with a people with whom there are so many inducements to cherish a cordial and permanent peace; but we must not shrink from the contemplation even of that scourge, if the preservation of our connexion with Great Britain should admit of no other alternative.

We have been kindly favoured with a Dublin paper containing the celebrated Sermon preached by Dr. Hook before the Queen, and which has created so much excitement, and proved the source of so many contradictory reports. The sermon is so intrinsically admirable that we intend to lay it before our readers entire on Saturday the 8th December.—We understand that, in England it has already gone through seventeen editions.

ORDINATION.

On Sunday morning last, an ordination was held in the parish church of this city, by the Lord Bishop of Montreal, at which the Rev. W. Brethour, A.B., of Trinity