

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.—3 PETER 1, 12.

VOLUME II.]

COBOURG, UPPER CANADA, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1838.

[NUMBER II.]

Original Poetry.

For the Church.

OUR CHURCH BELL.

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

"Sundays observe. Think, when the bells do chime,
"Tis angel's music; therefore come not late.
God then deals blessings."

George Herbert's Church Poem.

"The distant chime
Of Sabbath bells he hears at sermon time,
That down the brook sound sweetly in the gale,
Or strike the rising hill, or skim the dale."
Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy.

A welcome sound doth now salute our ear,
The Church-bell's solemn melody is heard,
Duly 'tis heard, as Sabbath morn appear,
Inviting all to pray, and list God's gracious word.

No longer mute, the heavenward pointing steeple
Hath found a fitting tongue; and from its height
A cheering charge conveyeth to the people,
To worship God aright.

Let none, a bearer of the Christian name,—
Let none, whose infant forehead hath received
The sign of holy fellowship, disclaim
His right, and shutting ears, shut out the Spirit's griv'd.

For unto him who stuns this gracious call
To enter in while mercy's gate stands ope,
The dreaded trump, the last (shunless withal
And fearful.) shall proclaim—"SUET IS THE DOOR OF
HORE!"

Anticipating time,—with decent haste,
With heart and person pure, let each repair
Unto the house of God, and therein taste
The banquet of His love, the luxury of pray'r.

I, et all as suppliants come: and on their knees,
Seeking forgiveness, every sin confess;
Praying that God may of His mercy please
To hear thro' Jesus Christ, for Jesus' sake to bless!

When the deep dirge-note biddeth to the tomb,
Reminding us betimes of our own knell,
May FARRU, regarding Death with aught than gloom,
Welcome the warning toll, and whisper—"IT IS WELL!"

June 19th, 1838.

LA GRAND MERE.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

Are you asleep? Wake, grandmother, awake!
Full often, in your quiet rest, we know
Your mouth will move, and so your slumber take
The likeness of your prayer, at times; but now
You look like our Madonna done in stone,
Your lips are stilled, and your breath seems gone!

Why does your head bend lower than before?
What have we done that you should not care
Or love your little children any more?
The fire burns low, the light grows less and less—
Ah, speak to us! or the candle and the fire,
And we too, with the rest, will soon expire!

Near the dim lamp, we'll both be dead to-morrow.
What will you do when you awake, and then
Perceive us deaf in turn to all your sorrow?
To bring us back to life again,
While you invoke your saint, we must be prest,
A long, long time to warm us in your breast!

Give us your hands; we'll chafe them in our own;
Sing us a song of the poor troubadour;
Tell us how ancient knights, long dead and gone,
Favored by fairies here to castle bower
Trophies as nougats for their lady love,
And rode in battle with a brodered glove.

Tell us the holy words that spectres fear,
What hermit old saw Satan long ago
Fly through the twilight, and what ruby clear
Slid, in the cave, upon the gnome-king's brow;
And if the evil one is more afraid
Of Turpin's psalms than Roland's conquering blade.

Or, show us in your Bible, painted fair,
The kneeling saints in blue, the sky in gold,
The infant Jesus, and his mother there;
The cow, the manger, and the magi old;
And teach us, with your finger pointing thus,
Some Latin words that speak to God of us.

Dear Mother! see, the light is going out!
The hearth sprite hovers o'er the embers dim,
And other things perchance that roam about,
Will crowd into our cottage, pale and grim:
Awake! you're prayed enough! lift up your brow,
You that so loved us—will you scare us now?

How cold your arms are! lately, dearest mother,
You talked to us of God, and of the tomb,
Of our sad fleeting life, and of another,
And spoke of Death, and said he was to come;
Say, what is death—good grandmamma?—Ah, why
Are your dear lips shut up without reply?

Long time the mourning infants wept alone;
The dawn arose; but she awoke no more.
The death-bell tolled its sad, funereal tone.
At eve, a stranger thro' the half closed door,
Saw two small kneeling children as they prayed
Before a book, near the deserted bed.

Cork Constitution.

MEMOIR OF

THE RIGHT REVEREND JACOB MOUNTAIN, D. D., FIRST BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF QUEBEC.

Many and rapid as have been the fluctuations of society in the Canadas during the last twelve years, and great especially the changes and additions in the body of the clergy of the Established Church, there are many persons in both

* Compiled chiefly from a short Memoir of his Lordship in the 'Christian Remembrancer' for September, 1825.

Provinces who have a vivid and most pleasing recollection of the first Bishop of Quebec. There are not a few, too, amongst the present Clergy in this Diocese who, by the imposition of his hands, received their solemn charge to "do the work of an Evangelist;" and none who witnessed his venerable and graceful form, and heard his voice of almost unearthly power and melody, in the performance of that impressive office, can easily forget him.

The late Bishop Mountain was descended from a very respectable French Protestant family, who took refuge in England, upon the revocation of the edict of Nantz—(the name having been originally *Montaigne*),—and became possessed of a moderate landed property in the County of Norfolk. His father, at the time of the Bishop's birth, resided upon his estate at Thwait Hall, in that county; but having been thrown much into familiar intercourse with persons of rank and fortune, from his agreeable and social qualities, he in some degree injured his property. He died, in the prime of life, about the year 1753, while his son, the subject of this memoir, was yet an infant; leaving his widow and three other children, although far removed from wealth, in the possession of a comfortable independence.

Bishop Mountain received the first part of his education at a good grammar school at Wyndham; and was afterwards removed to Norwich, where his mother then resided. He was at first designed for business; and, at the age of fifteen, was placed for a time with Mr. Poole, a merchant, then Mayor of Norwich; but having an utter disinclination to such a pursuit, he quitted it to follow the course of his education, which was continued at Scarning, under Mr. Potter, the translator of the Greek tragedies, with whom he was a favorite pupil, till he went to Caius College, in the University of Cambridge, of which he afterwards became a fellow. During his stay at the University, and subsequently, he was well known to the celebrated Mr. Pitt; and amongst other distinguished characters in the literary and religious world, with whom he was familiarly acquainted, was the late Dr. Tomline, Bishop of Winchester, whose unabated friendship he possessed to the day of his death.

In 1781, he married Miss Eliza Kentish, co-heiress with her two sisters of Little Bardfield Hall, in the county of Essex; by whom he had four sons, three of whom followed the profession of their father,—one is now Bishop of Montreal,—and two daughters. He was settled, at first, after his marriage, upon the living of St. Andrews, in Norwich; and was subsequently presented to a stall in Lincoln Cathedral, and appointed examining Chaplain to Dr. Tomline, the Bishop of that Diocese; and afterwards held the livings of Buckdon in Huntingdonshire, and Holbeach in Lincolnshire.

In 1793, with the best prospects of professional advancement in his native country, he accepted the newly constituted bishopric of Quebec, and arrived in Canada on the first of November of that year. The charge upon which he entered presented no very encouraging aspect. There were but nine clergymen of the Church of England in the two Provinces,—six in Lower, and three in Upper Canada; while from Quebec to Niagara, at that time the most remote station of the Church, a distance of 600 miles was to be traversed, under every possible inconvenience and difficulty. At Quebec there was no Church, no Episcopal residence, no parsonage; and the congregation of the Church of England in that city were obliged to avail themselves of the accommodation of a Chapel belonging to the *Recollet* Monastery.

The retired Roman Catholic Bishop Briant, who was designated as the *ancien Evêque de Quebec*, then an infirm, but venerable old man, upon being introduced to the new occupier of the Protestant see, appeared unfeignedly rejoiced at his arrival, and greeting him with the antiquated salutation of a kiss upon each cheek, declared that it was high time for such a measure, "to keep," as he said, "your people in order."

In the summer of the following year, the Bishop performed his first visitation, inspecting the state of all the few infant Church establishments which were scattered along the line of population, and holding confirmations at each. These visitations were repeated nine times between the years 1800 and 1820; his Lordship having, in the interval, paid two visits to England, where he was detained each time nearly three years, endeavoring to make arrangements with His Majesty's Government upon the subject of ecclesiastical affairs in Canada, by means of a personal intercourse with the Ministry. Amongst the results of these negotiations with the Home Government, was the division of the Diocese into Archdeaconries, and the establishment in each Province of a Corporation for superintending and managing the Clergy Reserves.

In performing his earlier visitations, Dr. Mountain had hardships to endure and difficulties to encounter, which would hardly be understood in the present advanced state of the country, when the facilities of travelling have become so much increased. The navigation of Lake Ontario especially was, at that time, a formidable undertaking; and in the year 1810, in attempting to reach Niagara in a King's ship, furnished him for that purpose, the vessel was driven back to Kingston by a storm, after having come in sight of Niagara. In his visitations, too, he might have been seen at one time mounting or descending rapids in the batteau of the voyageur; at another, coasting the vast inland waters in a bark canoe, with armed Indians; frequently travelling in heavy waggons, and that at an advanced age, over the worst possible roads; forced often, either when belated by the badness of the roads, or baffled by winds when on the water, to take refuge in some wretched hut, where, possibly, he could not even spread the bedding which he carried; sometimes passing the night under a tent, or in a barn, and more than once even in the open air.

In the year 1806, the Bishop being then in England, was visited by the Hon. and Rev. Charles Stewart, brother of the then Earl of Galloway, and lately Bishop of this Diocese. He expressed his desire of being employed in the Canadas; and his offers of service having been accepted, he entered upon the arduous duties of a Missionary in a remote station upon the borders of Lake Champlain. But upon the history of that remarkable and devoted man it is unnecessary to

dwelt. In the year 1825, the present Bishop of Montreal, then Archdeacon of Quebec, was commissioned, while in England, to procure a division of the Diocese.—Dr. Mountain having proposed to assign to Dr. Stewart the episcopal charge of Upper Canada, together with one-third of his income. This sacrifice, in order to secure to his extensive Diocese more efficient episcopal ministrations, at a time when age and infirmities almost wholly precluded him from the exercise of that duty, will be appreciated the more when it is considered that, at the time it was proposed, his Lordship had six children, and from his munificent habits and benevolent disposition, had never saved money in his life. This proposal was fully agreed to by His Majesty's Government, and the arrangement was about to be carried into effect, when it was interrupted by the Bishop's lamented death, and Dr. Stewart succeeded to the whole charge of the Diocese.

The cause of his dissolution appears to have been a general decay of nature, (for he was then in the 75th year of his age,) immediately accelerated by an attack affecting the head and face, in consequence of which he continued incapable of mastication for some time after the fever had disappeared, and the system required to be restored by means of food than he was able to use. His Lordship, however, suffered for the last fifteen years of his life, or more, from a local complaint proceeding from a hurt, which, although it did not in appearance affect his health or vigor, was a source of severe and increasing inconvenience, and probably tended to reduce his constitution. With the exception of this particular infirmity, he was, until his last illness, sound and active in body as well as in mind; and his frame, which was unusually strong and well formed, seemed still calculated, with the advantage of a life uniformly temperate and regular, to endure to an extremely protracted age. He expired at Marchmont, the seat of Sir John Harvey, near Quebec, on the 16th June, 1825.

He was called away with little previous alarm; and within a very few days of his death he dictated letters respecting the affairs of his diocese, of which the correspondence was become most voluminous. His sufferings in the closing scene were none: after a state of tranquil insensibility, his sun, before it set, broke for an instant through the cloud, and gave a prognostic of the glory of his future rising. His recollection and his faculties returned; his hands were occasionally clasped in prayer, and extended in an attitude of happy expectation; he attempted to speak to those who hung over him, but the power of articulation was, in a great measure, denied him; he uttered, with difficulty, a few broken sentences and devout ejaculations, but he spoke, in a parting look, all that words could have spoken; his countenance, which was filled with a delightful serenity, and radiant with hope, left an impression upon those who witnessed it, of which they will carry to their own graves the consoling recollection.

Bishop Mountain left behind him many who remember him with the deepest respect and affection. The poor lost in him a benefactor of no common generosity, and "the blessing of him that was ready to perish" was united, to embalm his memory, with the surviving attachments of dependents, and the thankful recollections of many whom he soothed in affliction, relieved in embarrassment, advised in perplexity, and led by the hand in the way of Truth. In the public business of the Province, there are many surviving acquaintances and friends to acknowledge his ready exercise of the powers of a mind both rarely gifted and richly stored, as well as his integrity, his singleness of purpose, his firmness and consistency of conduct. His services upon some important occasions as a member of both the Executive and Legislative Councils of the Province, had been most handsomely acknowledged by the Representatives of the Sovereign. He had, however, for some years before his death, retired from all but professional occupation, and, long before his retirement, had entertained a strong dislike to secular business. With regard to other points, he was eminently a scholar, a gentleman, a companion, a domestic guide and comforter; and united, in a most remarkable manner, qualities which commanded respect and even awe, with a cheerful affability, and often a playfulness, which threw a charm about his society, and made him, as it were, the centre of a system, to the whole of which he imparted light and warmth. Besides the three learned languages which he had acquired in the course of his preparation for his profession, he was acquainted with as many modern foreign tongues:—in the fine arts, if he had been ordained to devote himself to such pursuits, he would decidedly have risen to great distinction; in all things he possessed a delicate and cultivated taste, and excelled in early life in many accomplishments, which he had discarded as trifles when he became a Bishop in the Church of Christ. Never, however, was a character more perfectly genuine; more absolutely elevated above all artifice or pretension; more thoroughly averse from all ostentation in religion. He was friendly, at the same time, both from feeling and principle, to all exterior gravity and decorum in sacred things; and in his own public performance of the functions proper to the Episcopal office, the commanding dignity of his person, the impressive solemnity of his manner, and the felicitous propriety of his utterance, gave the utmost effect and development to the beautiful services of the Church. In the pulpit, it is perhaps not too much to say, that the advantage of his fine and venerable aspect—the grace, the force, the solemn fervor of his delivery—the power and happy regulation of his tones—the chaste expressiveness and natural significance of his action, combined with the strength and clearness of his reasoning—the unstudied magnificence of his language—and that piety, that rooted faith in his Redeemer, which was, and showed itself to be, pregnant with the importance of its subject, and intent upon conveying the same feeling to others,—made him altogether a preacher, who has never, in modern times, been surpassed.

It is to be lamented that his Lordship made himself so very slightly known to the world as an author. He was much in the habit of destroying his own compositions, and was accustomed to say that his sermons were prepared only for deliv-

er, and not adapted for publication. He never printed any thing but two Charges, and a Sermon or two upon particular occasions; enough to leave it to be regretted that they were all.

Such was the first Bishop of Quebec; and those who had the longest and closest opportunities of knowing him, will be most freely acknowledge, or rather the most feelingly declare, that such indeed, and more than such he was!

* Some extracts from these may hereafter be published in 'The Church.'—Ed.

SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XIII.

NINEVEH.

NAHUM III. 7.—Nineveh is laid waste: who will bemoan her?

Nineveh, the splendid metropolis of the Assyrian empire, was anciently a city of great importance: it was founded by Asshur, the son of Shem, (Gen. x. 11) and by the Greeks was called Ninus, to whom they referred its foundation. It was erected on the banks of the Tigris, and was of great extent: according to Diodorus Siculus, it was fifty miles long, nine broad, and forty-eight in circumference. It was surrounded by walls 100 feet high, on the top of which three chariots could pass together abreast, and was defended by 1500 towers, each of which was 200 feet high. In the time of the prophet Jonah, (who lived between 810 and 785 B. C.) it was "an exceeding great city of three days' journey"—"wherein were more than six score thousand persons that could not discern between their right hand and their left hand." (Jon. iii. 3; iv. 1.) Its destruction, which that prophet had announced within forty days, was averted by the general repentance and humiliation of the inhabitants (iii. 4—10.) That repentance, however, was of no long continuance; for the prophet Nahum, soon after, predicted not only the utter destruction of Nineveh, which was accomplished one hundred and fifteen years afterwards, but also the manner in which it was to be effected. "While they were folded together in thorns, they were devoured as the stubble full dry."—(Nah. i. 10.) The Medians, under the command of Arbaces, being informed by some deserters of the negligence and drunkenness which prevailed in the camp of the Ninevites, assaulted them unexpectedly by night, discomfited them, and became masters of their camp, and drove such of the soldiers as survived the defeat into the city. "The gates of the river shall be opened, and the palace dissolved." (Nah. ii. 6.) and Diodorus Siculus relates "that there was an old prophecy that Nineveh should not be taken, till the river became an enemy to the city;" and in the third year of the siege, the river being swollen with continual rains, overflowed part of the city, and broke down the wall for twenty furlongs. Then the king, (Sardanapalus) thinking that the oracle was fulfilled, and the river became an enemy to the city, built a large funeral pile in the palace, and collecting together all his wealth, and his concubines, and his eunuchs, burnt himself and the palace with them all; and the enemy entered the breach which the waters had made, and took the city." What was predicted, therefore, in Nahum i. 8, was literally fulfilled: "With an overflowing flood will he make an utter end of the place thereof." Nahum (ii. 9) promises the enemy much spoil of gold and silver; and we read in Diodorus, that Arbaces carried away many talents of silver and gold to Ecbatana, the royal city of the Medes. According to Nahum, (i. 9; iii. 15) the city was to be destroyed by fire and water; and from Diodorus we learn that it was actually destroyed by fire and water.

Nineveh was taken a second time by Cyaxares and Nabopolassar, from Chinladin, King of Assyria, A. M. 3378, after which it no more recovered its former splendor. It was entirely ruined in the time of Lucian of Samosata, who lived in the reign of the emperor Hadrian: it was rebuilt under the Persians; but was destroyed by the Saracens about the seventh century. Its utter destruction, as foretold by Nahum (i. ii. iii.) and by Zephaniah, (ii. 13—15) has been so entirely accomplished, that no certain vestige of it has remained. Several modern writers are of opinion, that the ruins on the eastern bank of the river Tigris, opposite to the modern town of Mousoul, point out the site of ancient Nineveh. The late learned and intelligent political resident at Bagdad, Claudius James Rich, Esq. states, that on this spot there is an enclosure of a rectangular form, corresponding with the cardinal points of the compass, the area of which offered no vestige of building, and is too small to contain a town larger than Mousoul; but it may be supposed to answer to the palace at Nineveh. Four mounds are observable, the longest of which runs north and south, and consists of several ridges of unequal height, the whole appearing to extend four or five miles in length. These mounds, as they show neither bricks, stones, nor any other materials of building, but are in many places overgrown with grass, resemble the mounds left by intrenchments and fortifications of Roman camps. On the first of these, which forms the south-west angle, is erected the village of Nebi Yunus, where is shown the supposed tomb of the prophet Jonah or Jonas. The next, which is the largest of all, Mr. Rich conjectured to be the monument of Ninus; it is situated near the western face of the enclosure, and is called Koyunjuk Tepe. Its form is that of a truncated pyramid, with regular steep sides and a flat top; and it is composed of stones and earth, the latter predominating sufficiently to admit of the summit being cultivated by the inhabitants of the village of Koyunjuk, which is built on the north-eastern extremity of this artificial mound. Its greatest height, as measured by Mr. Rich, was 178 feet; the length of the summit, east and west, 1850 feet; and its breadth, north and south, 1147 feet. A short time before Mr. Rich visited these remains, out of a mound on the north face of the boundary "there was dug an immense block of stone, on which were sculptured the figures of men and animals. So remarkable was this fragment of antiquity, that even Turkish apathy was roused; and the Pacha, and most of the principal people of Mousoul went to see it. One of the spectators particularly recollected, among the sculptures of this stone, the figure of