







Original Poetry.

Carmina Liturgica;

HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH.

N.B.—These Hymns are "fitted to the Tunes used in Churches," being of the same Meter with the received "Version of the Psalms of David."

XIII.—SAINT STEPHEN'S DAY. C. M.

GRANT, O LORD, that in all our sufferings here upon earth, for the testimony of Thy truth, we may be made ready to go to heaven, and by faith behold the glory that shall be revealed; and being filled with the Holy Ghost, may learn to love and bless our persecutors by the example of Thy first Martyr Saint Stephen, who prayed for his murderers to Thee, O blessed Jesus, who standest at the right hand of God to succour all those that suffer for Thee, our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen.

Grant, Lord, that we, while suffering shame For Truth's most righteous sake, May count it joy that here, with Christ, We thus in grief partake. a

When "Stephen, full of faith and power," b Rebuked the "stiff-neck'd" Jew; c Again did they their "wicked hands" In "righteous blood" d imbue. e

The Martyr raised a steadfast eye— The Saint look'd up to heaven; f And there, behold that glorious man, For which his Faith had striven! g

May we, O CHRIST, reproach'd for Thee, Behold at God's right hand; h The Son of man—the Lord—THYSELF— O BLESSED JESUS, stand.

Oh! Holy Ghost! Fill Thine f each heart With grace from Heaven's throne; i And, Martyr-like, will bless our foes: j Yes—follow CHRIST, g in love. k

When Saints, to Him commend the soul, And seal the Truth in death, Let Stephen's prayer for every soul, Thy Holy Spirit bestow!

a James I. 2; and I Peter iv. 13. b Second Morning Lesson—Acts vi. 8. c Second Reading—Acts vii. 54. d The Gospel—Mat. xxiii. 30. e For the Epistle—1 Cor. xv. 56. f Coloss. and Epistle. g Luke xxv. 44. h James v. 10; and Acts vii. 55, 60.

XIV.—SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY. L. M.

MERCY, LORD, we beseech Thee to cast Thy bright beams of light upon Thy Church, that it being enlightened by the doctrine of Thy blessed Apostle and Evangelist, may so walk in the light of Thy truth, that it may at length attain to the light of everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Most holy LIGHT! Most blessed LOVE! In hymns to Thee—"O God above," c Pours forth, redeemed from error's night, The Church, Thy praise, for Life and Light! d

We had as Thine "the beams" that shone In Jew's level diadems—"JOHN," e In him, whose doctrine, clear and bright, Instructs the Church to walk in Light. f

The Church, through all the course of time, Reverses his zeal, and love sublime:— O God, how can She but adore The witness true, g—the friend sincere? h

Lord, grant us grace to bear all shame For Christ Thy Son; for Jesus' Name: Beside the Cross to stand; and prove Our fervent faith, our lasting love. i

Let ev'ry heart be kept the while From creature-gods, both vain and vile; j Let broken " idols" fall in dress Before Thine Cross, the Saviour's Cross! k

XV.—THE INNOCENTS' DAY. P. M.

O ALMIGHTY God, who out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast ordained strength, and made infants glorious: Thy death: Mortally kill all vices in us, and so strengthen us by Thy grace, that by the innocency of our hearts, and constancy of our faith, even unto death, we may glorify Thy Holy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

When Rachel mourned her infant son, a And wept for all her slaughter'd ones; b Man's wrath, O God, proclaim'd Thy praise! c The blessed babe of Bethlehem, d Did "magnify Thy glorious Name;" e Though short their life, and few their days! f

Thy Infants—Saints, in blood baptized, The martyrs' joy have lived; g And fearless stand before the Throne: h From earth redeem'd, from sin secure, i Their vigils, life, and constant praise, O God, to Thee, and Christ, Thy Son. j

Almighty God! subdue our sin; Kill ev'ry vice that strives within; k And so the strength of grace supply, That we, Thy CHURCH, THINE life, Thy death, By blameless life, and constant praise, May laud Thy Name, "O Lord, Most High." l

When Herod, bent on ill, decreed That Judah's royal heir should bleed, m Unheard was Rama's "thrilling moan;" n With stern resolve, on heav'n's intent, We doom our babes, our infants, to be slain; o With jealous fear we'll guard Thy Throne! p

a The Gospel—Mat. ii. 18; and First Morning Lesson—Jer. xxxi. 15. b Matt. ii. 6; with Psalm lxxvi. 10. c Coloss. Quotation from the Trisagium in the Holy Communion. d See portion of Scripture appointed for the Epistle. e Collect. f The name of a city near which Rachel was buried. g Rom. viii. 18; Phil. ii. 12, 13; i Cor. iii. 16, 17.

thing, and my uncle Harrington has thousands a year, you have told me."

"So he has," replied Mrs. Herbert; "and yet in a few years, they may both, perhaps, be equally rich."

"O mamma! how can that be possible!" exclaimed Amy. "It may be true to a certain extent, at this very moment, my dear. You know what is meant by being an heir—having a right to certain property or money, which is to be received at some future period. Now it is more than probable that your uncle with all his riches, and that poor woman in the midst of her sufferings, have both the same expectations for the future."

"Not on earth, mamma," observed Amy. "No, my love," replied Mrs. Herbert; "but a person is not the less an heir because he will not receive his inheritance until it is admitted to heaven. I remember that I first learned to think upon this subject when I was about two years younger than you are now."

"Do tell me how, mamma!" exclaimed Amy, her eyes sparkling with delight; "it must be one of your stories about the time when you were a little girl."

"It is not quite a story, Amy, and, at any rate, it is a rather grave one; so, perhaps, we had better wait till you are quite in the humour."

"Oh! but I am quite in the humour always, mamma; and I think I like grave stories best. Will it be a long one?"

"No," replied Mrs. Herbert, "Neither long nor amusing; and yet, perhaps, it may interest you, as it may help to explain a subject on which you have often heard me speak, and which it is very necessary you should understand and think about."

"The time I am going to tell you of, was, as I mentioned just now, when I was about ten years old and your uncle Harrington one-and-twenty. Persons at that age are, you know, considered capable of taking care of their property; and the day of their attaining it is very often marked by great rejoicings, in the case of those who have the expectation of a large inheritance. This was your uncle's situation, and great preparations were made for several weeks before, that the event might be properly celebrated. Invitations were sent to all our friends, who were then very numerous, and many came from a distance to spend some days with us. A dinner was to be given to the tenants and the school children; there were to be fireworks let off from the terrace in the evening, and a band of music was engaged for the occasion; and all this was to do honour to my brother. You may imagine how much I was interested in it, and how very delightful I thought it must be to be in his place. I do not think I ever longed for any thing in my whole life so much as I did for the arrival of this day."

I could talk of nothing else—I could think of nothing else; and I am afraid I gave my governess, Miss Harwood, very much trouble for a whole week. I was so inattentive to my lessons. At length it came—the long-wish'd-for 29th of June; and certainly it was as lovely a day as I could possibly have desired. \* \* \* My father and his guests were assembled on the terrace, and my brother stood by my father's side, exactly in the centre. The children and their parents, and the rest of the tenants, were ranged at their several tables; and then, when the steward had called for silence, they all rose, and my father spoke to them, in a voice so clear that I think it must have been heard by every one. He told them of the gratification it was to him to see them all before him, and of the certainty he felt of their good-will towards him, with many more expressions of the same kind; and then, taking my brother by the hand, he led him forward to the edge of the terrace, and presented him to them as his heir, and their future master, saying that he trusted he would always prove himself their true friend; and that when he should be laid in his grave, my brother might receive from them, and from their children, the same marks of sincere attachment which they had always shown to himself.

"A general burst of applause followed this speech of my father's, and the words 'Long live the young master,' were heard from every lip—even the children joined in the cry; and when the excitement had a little subsided, my brother spoke. He was extremely frightened, and I could not bear all that he said; but I was told afterwards that he thanked them for their reception of him, and added that he hoped it would be very long before he should be called on to act as their master; but that, when that time should arrive, it would be his one earnest endeavour to follow his father's footsteps. As he concluded, another loud cheer was given by the tenants, and just as it was dying away I heard a voice behind me say, in a deep suppressed tone, 'May God in heaven bless him! may he one day be the possessor of a far richer inheritance!' I was quite startled at the solemnity with which the words were spoken, and I did not at the moment understand their meaning. They seemed to be quite involuntary, and were certainly not intended to be overheard; and I turned quickly to see who was near. I was standing between the two tables, and not at all recollecting. He appeared about my brother's age; but instead of Charles's healthy complexion and strong limbs, he seemed completely worn by disease. There was not the slightest tinge of colour in his cheeks, his eyes were deep sunk in his head, and even his lips were of an ashy paleness, and the hand which he supported himself, as he leaned rather than stood against the table, was more like that of a skeleton than of a living being; his clothes were neat and clean, but shewed marks of great poverty; and, in fact, I had seldom seen such indications of extreme sickness and want."

"Poor man!" exclaimed Amy; "was he really unhappy mamma?"

"No, my love," replied Mrs. Herbert. "I was just going to tell you, that, notwithstanding all these symptoms of suffering, he seemed perfectly contented, and there was even a smile upon his face. I watched him as he seated himself after the speeches were ended, and saw that he was quite exhausted; he ate little or nothing; and before the dinner was over, he was obliged to leave the ground, assisted by an elderly woman, whom I knew very well, and in very distressed circumstances. A cold not helped thinking, as he slowly walked away, of the vast difference there was between him and my brother in every thing; and the same question arose in my mind which you asked me just now, Amy, 'Why God should make some people rich and others poor?' but there was no one near me then to answer it. The remainder of the afternoon was spent by us setting the village children to play and resting ourselves in the school-room. And when the heat of the day began to lessen, and we knew that the company were at dinner, Miss Harwood proposed that we should go to the top of the hill at the side of the house, which was our favourite walk, where we should probably see a magnificent sunset, and return in time to be dressed for the drawing-room."

"I was so restless that it was a great relief to have some occupation found for me, and I enjoyed the thought of the cool evening air after the fatigue and the duties which follow from that relation, as clearly and distinctly as if it were a new discovery. It is taken from that popular little work, 'Amy Herbert,' edited by the Rev. Wm. Sewall, and written by Miss Sewall, his sister. Some of our readers may have seen it before; but to the majority of them we think it will be as new, as it is interesting and instructive. All that is necessary for understanding our quotation is for the reader to know that it begins with a conversation between Amy, then a child, and her pious mother.—Calendar.

"Mamma, it is very strange that some people are so poor and others so rich."

"It does seem so at first," replied Mrs. Herbert; "and we can only account for it by saying that it is the will of God; that He alone knows what is good for us all, and therefore He ordains different things for different people; and though we consider poverty an evil, yet it is often a very great good, and makes people think of Him and love Him, when they would otherwise forget Him."

"But there is such a great difference in people," said Amy; "that poor woman has not a far-

ther, and how I had wondered to see that poor man, apparently so destitute, when my brother had every thing that the world could give him. She gave me very much the same answer that I have given you, that it was the will of God, and that he knew what was good for us, and often sent us sufferings to teach us to think of Him; and then she added that she knew the poor man well, and had been present when he was enabled to provide, which she hath at home. This day has been one of much happiness; returned heartfelt thanks to God for his loving-kindness and tender mercy; read the 25th Psalm: my cup doth indeed run over. The house full of company since the christening; and I have felt too weary at night to do more than collect my thoughts for devotion. To-day may have left; and my husband doth propose to begin his journey to-morrow. My mother with me, he leaves home with more ease of mind. June 19th.—My dear lord set forth at a little past six, with only the serving-man; who had a led horse, and one to carry the baggage. After they had ridden some way, the horses stopped, and my lord dismounted, and taking a short cut through the park, came up to the window where I remained to watch his departure. He bade me call the steward; he gave him some directions; then telling me keep up a good heart, took another tender leave, and followed by Armstrong, returned to the spot where were the horses; and he amounting the led horse, they were soon out of sight. Old Britton seemed to understand he was not to follow his master, and came and reared himself up to the window, resting his fore-paws on the stone: I patted his broad head, and questioned that he felt as I did, that his best friends were gone; took a few turns with him on the terrace. The mist cleared off the distant woods and fields; and I plainly discerned the towers of Framlington castle, and could hear the pleasant sound of the scythe cutting through the thick grass in the fields nearest, and the cuckoo as she fled slowly from hedge to hedge.

not for my own sake I should lose so great satisfaction. I attended to the room, where Mabel was in waiting; read, kind old Mabel. I was well pleased to see her, and kissed her as I went down to a girl; and so did, spoil a most respectful courtesy to my ladyship.—Dear mother looked round the room pleased there, and with such small comforts as I had been enabled to provide, which she hath at home. This day has been one of much happiness; returned heartfelt thanks to God for his loving-kindness and tender mercy; read the 25th Psalm: my cup doth indeed run over. The house full of company since the christening; and I have felt too weary at night to do more than collect my thoughts for devotion. To-day may have left; and my husband doth propose to begin his journey to-morrow. My mother with me, he leaves home with more ease of mind. June 19th.—My dear lord set forth at a little past six, with only the serving-man; who had a led horse, and one to carry the baggage. After they had ridden some way, the horses stopped, and my lord dismounted, and taking a short cut through the park, came up to the window where I remained to watch his departure. He bade me call the steward; he gave him some directions; then telling me keep up a good heart, took another tender leave, and followed by Armstrong, returned to the spot where were the horses; and he amounting the led horse, they were soon out of sight. Old Britton seemed to understand he was not to follow his master, and came and reared himself up to the window, resting his fore-paws on the stone: I patted his broad head, and questioned that he felt as I did, that his best friends were gone; took a few turns with him on the terrace. The mist cleared off the distant woods and fields; and I plainly discerned the towers of Framlington castle, and could hear the pleasant sound of the scythe cutting through the thick grass in the fields nearest, and the cuckoo as she fled slowly from hedge to hedge.

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THESE Lots are large, (being from one-fourth to three-fourths of an acre each,) and are well adapted for sale, and are well adapted for Pasture, Orchard, or Garden; and those lying at the Margin of the River, are well adapted for the erection of any kind of Machinery propelled by Steam, and would answer well for a Brewery, Distillery, or Tannery.

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THE ENGLISH GENTRY IN 1635. (From Lady Widdowhly's Diary.) Arose at my usual hour, six of the clock, for the first time since the birth of my little son; opened the casement, and looked forth upon the park; a drove of deer passed by, leaving the traces of their footsteps in the dewy grass. The birds sang, and the air was sweet with the scent of the woodbine and the fresh birch-leaves. Took down my bible; found the mark at the 103rd Psalm; read the same; and returned thanks to Almighty God that he had brought me safely through my late peril and extremity, and in his great bounty had given me a dear little one. Prayed him to assist me, by his divine grace, in the right performance of my new and sacred duties: truly I am a young mother, and need help. Sent a message to my lord, that, if it pleased him, I would take breakfast with him in the blue parlour. At noon walked out on the south terrace: the two greyhounds came leaping towards me. June 4, 1635.—My dear mother arrived at noon: she was fatigued, and retired to her chamber, first coming with me to the nursery to see her grandson; he was awake, and smiling. She took him in her arms, and looked fondly on him. "It is a sweet child, my daughter; may the Lord have you both in his safe keeping now and evermore." My mother's blessing from her own lips, how precious!—She much commends my nursing him; and would

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THE ENGLISH GENTRY IN 1635. (From Lady Widdowhly's Diary.) Arose at my usual hour, six of the clock, for the first time since the birth of my little son; opened the casement, and looked forth upon the park; a drove of deer passed by, leaving the traces of their footsteps in the dewy grass. The birds sang, and the air was sweet with the scent of the woodbine and the fresh birch-leaves. Took down my bible; found the mark at the 103rd Psalm; read the same; and returned thanks to Almighty God that he had brought me safely through my late peril and extremity, and in his great bounty had given me a dear little one. Prayed him to assist me, by his divine grace, in the right performance of my new and sacred duties: truly I am a young mother, and need help. Sent a message to my lord, that, if it pleased him, I would take breakfast with him in the blue parlour. At noon walked out on the south terrace: the two greyhounds came leaping towards me. June 4, 1635.—My dear mother arrived at noon: she was fatigued, and retired to her chamber, first coming with me to the nursery to see her grandson; he was awake, and smiling. She took him in her arms, and looked fondly on him. "It is a sweet child, my daughter; may the Lord have you both in his safe keeping now and evermore." My mother's blessing from her own lips, how precious!—She much commends my nursing him; and would