

The Evangelical Pioneer.

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TORONTO, C.W., THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1850.

WHOLE NO. 114.

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Poetry.

HYMN OF THE WALDENSES.

Hear, Father, hear thy faint afflicted flock
Cry to thee, from the desert and the rock:
While those who seek to slay thy children, hold
Blasphemous worship under roofs of gold;
And the broad goodly lands, with pleasant airs,
That nurse the grape and wave the grain, are theirs.
Yet better were this mountain wilderness,
And this wild life of danger and distress—
Watchings by night and perilous flight by day,
And meetings in the depths of art to pray:
Better, far better, than to kneel with them,
And pay the impious rite thy laws condemn.

Thou, Lord, dost hold the thunder; the firm land
Tosses in billows when it feels thy hand;
Thou dashest nation against nation, then
Stiltest the angry world to peace again.
Oh! touch their stony hearts who hurt thy sons—
The murderers of our wives and little ones.

Yet, mighty God, yet shall thy love look forth,
Unveiled, and terribly shall shake the earth.
Then the foul power of priestly sin, and all
Its long upheld idolatries, shall fall:
Thou shalt raise up the trampled and oppressed,
And thy deliver'd saints shall dwell in rest.

From the Journal of Commerce.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Of in the solemn night,
When Earth is veiled in darkness to the eye,
There comes a sudden and mysterious light
Within the azure sky.

'Tis not the twilight beam,
Nor the pale radiance of the starry throng,
Nor Cynthia's pensive ray, nor meteor's gleam,
Shooting the heavens along.

But a strange, shifting glow,
Brightening and fading, like to flickering flame—
High o'er the North, white columns upwards go,
Then die—then soar again.

Light of the ocean's north,
Fain would we know thy far and hidden springs,
And on what bidding thou dost issue forth
In ghostlike wanderings.

Art thou the icy smile,
Of arctic oceans, streaming in the sky?
Or light from some unknown, volcanic pile,
Uptw'ring, huge and high,

On a far northern shore,
With giant craters gaping to a sea,
Fiery and vast, that deep within Earth's core
Burneth unceasingly?

Or art thou near allied
To the bright spark that glides the thunder-cloud—
Yet moving voiceless through the heavens wide—
Piercing night's sable shroud.

Vain is each trying thought,
To find the source and nature of thy ray,
For thou art ever with deep mystery fraught,
We cannot cast away.

He whose stupendous plan
Worketh unchanging through all space and time,
For unknown ends, thy fiftal flames doth fan,
And laws for thee assign.

And He thy home hath cast,
'Mid seas of ice, unchanged by Summer's ray—
'Mid frigid deserts stretching far and vast,
Where life can never stay.

Yet dost thou nightly glow
Clad the far dwellers of the dreary North:
The Greenlanders, amid the drifted snow,
Dost hail thy coming forth.

Thou cheerest Siberia's gloom,
Sweden's cold clime, and Norway's ice-girt shore;
And Northern men their hardy toils resume,
When thou dost brightly soar.
Edward S. HUBER,
EXETER, N. Y., Feb. 9th, 1850.

The Weekly Observance of the Lord's Supper.

To the Editor of the Evangelical Pioneer.

Mr. Editor:—

I am glad to see in the last No. of the *Pioneer*, a review of my article on weekly communion, from the pen of our kind-hearted friend at Hamilton. I have read his communication with care, and I believe, with candour; yet, after all, I cannot perceive, that he has either shaken the authentic ground of my practice, or established the ground of his own. Indeed he is not satisfied with his own, but heartily and earnestly wishes all the churches to come over to mine! I so far come to find my respected brother occupying, so far, common ground with me, even though we reach the same conclusion by different routes. But there is a strange incongruity between Mr. H.'s desires and his reasoning, on this subject. The Apostles either did, or did not, practice weekly communion. If they did, then his reasoning is wrong, for that is the point at issue—if they did not, then his desires are wrong, for infallible men could not err in their practice; and his observation of positive laws, was not the dictate of a loose expediency. But to the review:—

Mr. H. denies that the phrase, "as often," points to frequency, and says,—"Does his kind invitation to me, to call upon him as often as I go to Toronto," denote frequency? In reply, I have simply to say, that were I to use such language, in such circumstances, I should be guilty of a perversion of good English. The phrase "as often," apart from the passage in question, occurs only in 2d Kings, iv. 8.—and Rev. xi. 6. In the former instance it is said, that "as oft as (Elisha) passed by, he returned in thither," &c. "The house," says Henry, "was on the road between Samaria and Carmel, a road Elisha often travelled." And the frequency of his visits is indicated by the preparation made for him—the Shunammite set apart a chamber for him and furnished it, that he might have a place of his own in the house. In Revelations it means frequently. And what writer in prose or poetry has employed it apart from the idea of frequency? The learned Divines who sanctioned the use of the Scottish paraphrases, have in a paraphrase on the very passage in question taught us to sing:

"My broken body this I give, for you, for all,
Take, eat and live,
And of the sacred rite renew, that brings my
wondrous love to view."

Mr. H. makes the phrase "as often," to be synonymous with "this do in remembrance of me!" and thus confounds the sense of the passage altogether. That nurse the grape and wave the grain, are theirs. This is not the twilight beam, &c.

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