

The Church.

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.—2 PETER, 1, 12.

VOL. I.]

COBOURG, U. C., SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1838.

[NO. I.]

Original Poetry.

For the Church.

DEATH'S LAST VICTORY.

1.
Lo! I come from the shades of Hell,
On my pale horse mounted well;
On my warrior-steed to ride
O'er the earth in her peopled pride.

2.
Lo! I wander forth again,
To reap my final harvest of men;
I come the last of the living to slay,
And glut the grave with its destin'd prey.

3.
I must toil ere the day be past,
And pile of the dead a mountain vast,
Ere night looks down with startled eye,
And the broad moon blushes red on high.

4.
Countless ages have come and gone,
Since first I girded my keen sword on;
Numberless years have roll'd away,
Since first my arm was lifted to slay:

5.
But ne'er since the primal curse was sped,
Which peopled my gloomy realms with dead;
Came there such a day of doom,
To wither the flowers of mortal bloom.

6.
Lo! my banner-cloud in the sky,
Broadly it waves and blackens on high;
Lo! my standard o'er earth display'd,
Deeply it darkens the land with shade.

7.
Earth has often been scatter'd with blood,
But ne'er was she delug'd with such a flood,
As shall be pour'd to-day by me,
For this is Death's last victory!

8.
I saw him on his war-steed pale,
I saw him scatter his darts like hail;
His voice was thunder as he pass'd,
His breath the poisonous desert-blast.

9.
Onward he went with a gloomy frown,
I saw him smite the living down,
I saw him slay their hosts in fight,
And there was none to resist his might.

10.
There was none to cope with Death,
Thousands fell before his breath,
Millions sank beneath his feet,
Shrivell'd as grass in the furnace-heat.

11.
The lightning-bolt, where'er he went,
Gash'd the ground with a fearful rent;
The earth yawn'd deeply as he sped,
And closing swallow'd its millions of dead.

12.
The sea slept not upon the shore,
But rose on high with deaf'ning roar;
And swept his tracks with a broad'ning wave,
And buried the dead in a deeper grave.

13.
The vulture came with dismal shriek,
And plung'd in a corpse its rav'ning beak;
The grim wolf howl'd o'er its mangled prey,
And rent the flesh from the bones away.

14.
But a sulph'rous blast swept o'er the plain,
And the wolf lay stiff on the shrinking slain;
And hush'd were the cries of the rav'ning brood,
And a breathless calm o'er the earth ensued.

15.
Earth! the plumes of thy pride are rent,
Yet wake not the voice of thy last lament;
Nature! thy goodly fruits are strown,
Yet mute be the sound of thy tortur'd groan.

16.
Ocean! thy waves may widely sweep,
Yet dumb be the roar of thy waters deep;
For ocean and earth, the land, the sea,
Shall sink in thy gulph, eternally!

DEATH CONQUERED.

1.
Dreamer! hast thou with fancy's eye,
Beheld the dread destroyer nigh?
Didst fear the frown of his visage grim,
And was there none to cope with him?

2.
Dreamer! and didst thou ne'er hear tell,
Of Him who vanquish'd both Death and Hell;
Who took from Death both his dart and sting,
And made him a weak and a harmless thing?

3.
Come! and I'll shew thee a Royal sight,
The Lamb which bled on Calvary's height;
Come! and I'll shew thee His wondrous blood,
That conquers Hell with its healing flood.

4.
Come, bend thee before his mighty throne,
Where the highest seraph worships prone,
And down the crown of his glory flings,
For the Lamb is Lord and King of kings!

5.
He is thy Lord and serve Him, thou,
And fear the frown of His awful brow;
For he alone has power to slay,
And cast in the depths of hell away.

6.
But if thou love Him with all thy heart,
And lid all evil from thee depart,
He'll own thee and love thee, and make thee blest,
And bring thy soul to His own bright rest.

Loughboro', April 26, 1838.

J. H.

ON THE BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION UPON LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

A PRIZE ESSAY, READ BEFORE THE MONTREAL NATURAL HISTORY
SOCIETY IN MARCH 1835.

The character given by the celebrated Tacitus of the Christian Religion, was perhaps the most contemptuous which, in those days, a man of letters could bestow. He terms it, in his hasty notice of its origin and progress, a "pernicious, or destructive, superstition";—destructive no doubt, in his conception, not so much of the true principles of ethics and religion,—for in common with the sages of the day, he probably "cared for none of these things,"—as subversive of the refinements of learning and the polish of life. A similar imputation has often been made since the days of Tacitus; and modern infidels, in joining with their brethren of antiquity in expressing their scorn for divine revelation, rejoice in the appropriation of the contemptuous term "superstition" to the creed of Christians. Their cherished argument, in its general tenor, is that religion is contradictory to reason; that, in its operations, it is destructive of the free and profitable speculations of the mind; that its dogmas are opposed to the principles of sound philosophy, and to the advancement of legitimate science.

The object of the present treatise is to manifest the groundlessness and the falsity of such an imputation;—to shew that the Christian Religion, so far from having such a tendency, is essentially, and à priori, favourable to improvement in learning and science; and to demonstrate, à fortiori, that such is its natural working, from the experience of every age since Christianity has been established. This last assumption receives support, both positively and negatively;—positively, from the fact that a vast majority of men of learning, almost from the first propagation of christianity, have been professors of that creed, and even teachers of its doctrines;—and negatively, from the equally undeniable fact, that no corresponding advancement in science or learning has been made by nations which have not been converted to Christianity. In further corroboration of this branch of the argument, it can be shewn that the more pure, and consonant to its revealed tenets, the Christian Religion in any country is, the progress of that country in useful literature and science has always been proportionably greater. From all of which the conclusion is obvious, that christianity—apart from its influence upon moral principle and practice—has had the effect of leading men to more correct views of the natural world, and therefore of forwarding the real advancement of science in all its branches.

It is to be shewn, in the first place, that Christianity is, naturally and essentially, favourable to scientific inquiry and to literary cultivation.

1. With the Christian, the love of God is a grand and fundamental principle of action; and it is a feeling begotten solely by a conviction of his love to us. Did we view him, as theists do, merely as a Governor or Ruler, all powerful and all-wise, we should entertain no such feeling; at least it would be limited in its extent, and partake more of the character of veneration than of affection. But this more exalted and distinguishing affection rests exclusively upon Christian faith: "the love of God," says Bishop Porteus, "is a sentiment purely evangelical"; it could have no sufficient grounds for its existence or action, without a confidence in the truth of those divine revelations which are embodied in the Scriptures.

Yet here it is obvious that the persons who are influenced by such a feeling will not rest satisfied with a simple observation of the reasons for its existence, or be content with the general declaration and evidences of God's regard for his creatures, which are contained in his revealed word. A human benefactor is admired and loved for that particular kindness which first awakened gratitude and affection; but these reverential sentiments are best maintained by an observation of the general character of benevolence and goodness which he manifests to the world. And so the Christian feels his relation to God, not merely as the author of the religion by which his soul is saved, but as the disposer of ordinary events and the director of special providences.—Under this impulse, the Christian is naturally prompted to search minutely into the mysteries of the world of which God is the Architect; to trace his infallible and benevolent Providence in the operations of nature and the current of events, as well as in the dispensations of grace. Under the influence of this principle, he is incited to investigate the hidden mysteries of the world in which he lives; to direct his careful contemplations to past and passing events; to penetrate into the arcana of natural philosophy and science; to bestow a diligent examination upon civil and

* Exitiabilis superstitio. Annal. Lib. xv. c. 44.

† This effect is satisfactorily illustrated in that admirable work, the 'Natural Theology' of Archdeacon Paley.

ecclesiastical records; to study the philosophy of manners and mankind.

2 Love to man is another fundamental principle of action with the Christian. But he that is rightly and deeply imbued with this generous feeling, on the broad basis especially which Christianity recommends, will not be contented with the mere theory of philanthropy, but will apply himself to the means—to the active work, of ameliorating and improving the condition of his species. Idleness is inconsistent with his profession—inaction contradictory to the spirit of his faith: the dumb-show of charity, in short, meets with the keenest rebuke from the primitive teachers of the Gospel in which he believes.* The Christian therefore, will necessarily be induced, by the native incitements of his operative faith, to direct his inquiries to those branches of science or art, an acquaintance with which becomes needful in promoting the benefit of his fellow-men.

3. The volume of Revelation suggests many topics in itself for literary and scientific research. The very language in which those sacred records are written, require in the religious student an acquaintance with the tongues of antiquity. Nor is it enough that he can render into his vernacular tongue the volumes of inspiration, or that he possesses a competent acquaintance with the grammatical construction of the languages in which they were written: he must be able to apply to particular passages, the corroborative testimonies of profane writers, and to draw from contemporaneous authors an illustration of the peculiar bearing and relative signification of words and phrases. This, combined with the numerous allusions in Scripture to existing manners and events, enforces an acquaintance with the general literature of antiquity, and demands from the Christian student, who would successfully prosecute his inquiries into the text book of his faith, all the diversified accomplishments which constitute the scholar. Nor can we exclude from the catalogue of his needful acquirements, a due acquaintance with the more scientific departments of Natural History and Philosophy. In the ceremonial distinctions of unclean and clean animals in the Levitical dispensation, and the numerous allusions throughout the Scriptures generally to the vegetable kingdom, to animated nature, and even to the sublime department of astronomy, there are ample subjects for the curious inquiries of the theological student. To evince the importance of fully considering these subjects of scientific investigation in the sacred volume, it will be sufficient to refer to an ingenious argument for fixing the much disputed date of the book of Job from an astronomical allusion which it contains.† We may add that the expediency of corroborating the geographical details of Scripture, as well as of illustrating and proving the correctness of its allusions to oriental customs, has served to provoke a spirit of enterprise, and led to discoveries by missionary travel, which were it not for a religious impulse, might never have been made.

4. But granting that, in the mass of professing christians, there should exist that entire dependence upon the correctness of every record of Scripture which would remove all inducements, on that ground, to such inquiries and research, it is to be borne in mind that to every system—even to those which are best supported by reason and facts—adversaries will arise, and objections will be started. These the earnest Christian cannot regard with indifference; and, in the defence of his faith, he is necessarily compelled to adopt the same auxiliaries of human science which are brought into the contest against it. To provide, therefore, for the due exposition of the revelations of Scripture to those who rest their everlasting hopes upon it, and for their defence when they are assailed, not only does a systematic study of the whole subject become necessary, but the means must be resorted to of perpetuating a succession of defenders of the Christian faith. In this consideration the cultivation of learning in all its branches is necessarily involved; and the methods which it becomes imperative to employ for furnishing teachers as well as defenders of religion, constitute, at the same time, the most powerful means of forwarding and maintaining the cause of general literature. "A considerable knowledge of history, and sometimes of chronology and philosophy," says Dr. Knox, "was necessary in studying and defending the Scriptures, even in the earliest ages; and many Christians appeared well skilled in these parts of learning, at a time when they were generally neglected. Religion and conscience operated as a stimulus, when all other motives were insufficient to retard the mind in its swift progress down the declivity."

* See James ii. 15, 16.

† Hale's Chronology, vol. 11. pp. 58, 59, 60.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

NO. XII.

EASTERN LAMENTATIONS.

GENESIS i. 10. "They mourned with a great and a very sore lamentation."

"This," observes M. CHARDIN, "is exactly the genius of the people of Asia, especially of the women. Their sentiments of joy and grief are properly transports, and their transports are ungoverned, excessive, and outrageous. When any one returns from a long journey, or dies, his family burst into cries that may be heard twenty doors off: and this is renewed at different times and continues many days, according to the strength of the passion. Especially are these cries long in the case of death, and frightful, for their mourning is downright despair and an image of hell. I was lodged, in the year 1676, at Ispahan, near the royal square. The mistress of the next house to mine died at that time. The moment she expired, all the family, to the number

of twenty-five or thirty people, set up such a furious cry that I was quite startled, and was above two hours before I could recover myself. These cries continue a long time, then cease all at once: they begin again as suddenly at day break, and in concert. It is this suddenness which is so terrifying, together with a greater shrillness and loudness than one would easily imagine. This enraged kind of mourning continued for forty days; not equally violent, but with diminution from day to day. The longest and most violent acts were, when they washed the body, when they perfumed it, when they carried it out to be interred, at making the inventory, and when they divided the effects.—You are not, however, to suppose that those who were ready to split their throats with crying out wept as much: the greater part of them do not shed a single tear through the whole tragedy."

COPIOUSNESS OF EASTERN DEWS.

JUDGES vi. 38. "And he rose up early on the morrow, and thrust the fleece together, and wringed the dew out of the fleece, a bowl-full of water."

It may seem a little improbable to us who inhabit these northern climates, where the dews are inconsiderable, how Gideon's fleece, in one night, should imbibe such a quantity, that when he came to wring it, a bowl-full of water was produced. IRWIN, however, in his voyage up the Red sea, when on the Arabian shores, observes, "Difficult as we find it to keep ourselves cool in the day-time, it is no easy matter to defend our bodies from the damps of the night, when the wind is loaded with the heaviest dews that ever fell. We lie exposed to the whole weight of the dews: and the cloaks in which we wrap ourselves are as wet in the morning as if they had been immersed in the sea."

EASTERN HOSPITALITY.

GENESIS xix. 2. "Turn in, I pray you, into your servant's house, and tarry all night, and wash your feet, and ye shall rise up early, and go your ways."

The Eastern nations have always distinguished themselves by their great hospitality. The following instance, from TAVERNIER'S travels, is truly characteristic.

"We were not above a musket shot from Auna, when we met with a comely old man, who came up to me, and taking my horse by the bridle, 'Friend,' said he, 'come and wash thy feet, and eat bread at my house, thou art a stranger, and since I have met thee on the road, never refuse me the favour which I desire of thee.' We could not choose but go along with him to his house, where he feasted us in the best manner he could, giving us over and above barley for our horses; and for ourselves he killed a lamb and some hens."

EGYPTIAN ONIONS.

NUMBERS xi. v.—"We remember the onions which we did eat in Egypt freely."

"Whoever has tasted onions in Egypt," observes HASSELUQUIST, "must allow that none can be had better in any part of the universe. Here they are sweet, in other countries they are nauseous and strong: here they are soft, whereas in the north and other parts they are hard of digestion. Hence they cannot, in any place, be eaten with less prejudice and more satisfaction than in Egypt. They eat them roasted, cut into four pieces, with some bits of roasted meat, which the Turks in Egypt call *kobak*; and with this dish they are so delighted that I have heard them wish they might enjoy it in Paradise. They likewise make soup of them in Egypt, cutting the onions into small pieces: this I think one of the best dishes I ever eat."

DR. EDWARD BROWN, in his description of Larissa, in Thessaly, says, "the inhabitants use garlic in most of their dishes, and their onions are extraordinary, as large as two or three common sized ones with us, and of a far better taste: being sharp, quick, and pleasantly pungent, without any offensive smell.—Though I was no lover of onions before, yet I found these exceedingly pleasant. I asked a Chiaus, then with us, who had travelled through most of the Turkish dominions, whether he had any where met with as good onions as those of Thessaly, who answered me, that the onions of Egypt were better; which was the first time I sensibly understood the expression in the scripture: and ceased to wonder why the Israelites lingered after the onions of that country."

PHARAOH'S TASKMASTERS.

EXODUS v. 16.—"There is no straw given unto thy servants, and they say to us, make brick: and, behold, thy servants are beaten: but the fault is in thine own people."

On the north of the river Karaj, the king is building a palace, surrounded by a fort, of a town which is to be called Sulimanieh, from the city of that name which was taken from the Courdish chief, Abdurakhman Pasha. The spoils of the captured city and country are to defray the expenses of its construction. The bricks which form the building are baked in the sun, and are composed of earth dug from the pits in the vicinity, which is mixed up with straw, and then from the form (or mould) in which they have been cast, are arranged on a flat spot in rows, where the sun hardens them. The peasants who were at work had been, as usual, collected by force, and were superintended by several of the king's officers, who with hard words, and sometimes harder blows, hastened them in their operations. Their fate resembled that of the Israelites, who no doubt were employed in the same manner in building for Pharaoh, and with the very same sort of materials. Their bricks were mixed up with straw; they had to make a certain quantity daily, and their taskmasters treated them cruelly if their task was not accomplished. The complaints which they made were natural, and resembled the language used frequently on similar occasions by the oppressed in Persia—"There is no straw given unto thy servants, and they say to us make brick: and, behold, thy servants are beaten: but the fault is in thine own people." MORIER.

ORIENTAL LENGTHENED DEBAUCH.

ISAIAH v. 11.—"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink: that continue until night, till wine inflame them!"

On the 15th of April, 1813, returning from a morning ride about seven o'clock, I saw, at about forty yards from the road

side, a party of well-dressed Persians seated on a carpet close to a rising ground in the plain, with a small stream of water flowing before them, and surrounded by their servants and horses.—I afterwards learned that this party was given by a colonel of the king's troops, and that they were in the height of enjoyment when I passed, for they were all apparently much intoxicated. We one day met a party in one of the king's pleasure-houses, under nearly similar circumstances: and we found that the Persians when they commit a debauch, arise betimes, and esteem the morning as the best time for beginning to drink wine, by which means they carry on their excess until night. This contrast with our own manners will perhaps give fresh force to that passage of Isaiah v. 11.—"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink: that continue until night, till wine inflame them." MORIER.

For the Church.

REFLECTIONS ON RELIGIOUS POETRY.

In perusing a work of a religious poet, in whatever shape it may be laid before the public, from the sacred epic to the very humblest attempt at versification of a sacred tendency, there are two or three mental or rather natural criticisms that are obvious to every reader. The first we would assume to be, a summary of the merit of the piece so far as related to the beauty or harmonious flow of the numbers,—this being an unavoidable ordeal which the religious poet must undergo in common with every writer on whatever theme may his pen be employed. 2nd. The design, or if we may venture so to name it, the *plot*, of the work,—the machinery employed in its development, the characters presented to the eye in the progress of the narration, and the truth or coherence preserved in the arrangement of the author's individual creations—no matter how trivial may be the poetic effort, no matter how apparently simple and unassuming the texture of the design,—under this head must come every offspring of the muse. The 3rd, and without comparison the most important consideration which will employ the reflecting mind, will be the impression left on the heart and understanding when fresh from the perusal of the subject of its natural criticism. It is a prevailing idea that the present age has done but little towards adding to the poetic treasures of our language: the truth or injustice of which impression we shall not now attempt to analyze; we can but record our sincere conviction that the writers who have turned their attention to the composition of what passes under the name of 'Religious Poetry' have mainly contributed to give rise to such an opinion. Of late years it has become "fashionable" (we are sorry to use such a word in such a sense) to read, aye, and to write, 'sacred verses.' The class, playfully designated by Horace Smith as "the eighty thousand greatest living poets," has too willingly turned its mind to that species of writing: we attempt not to question the motive by which any one has been actuated; we will assume it good, oftentimes noble, but the effect produced on the reader, is of far greater importance. "Religious Poets" may, we think, be reduced to two distinct classes. The first we would characterize as consisting of those writers who are content with bringing man alone on the stage of their creation, with whom ordinary mortals act as the agents of accomplishing their designs and the vehicles for the expression of their various sentiments: to this class belong and ever should belong nine-tenths of the writers who select Religion for their theme. They may exhaust their fancy, be it as boundless as the least earthly genius that ever tenanted a mortal frame: in pouring through these legitimate channels the purest and noblest sentiments that can exalt or adorn our nature, let them display their characters in as bright a light as reason can allow to the least sinful of the children of Adam; let their failings be as little glaring and their worth as brilliant as can fall to the lot of that race on whom God looked and there was none that did good; let the thousand clouds that darken the soul of man throw on their spirit a shadow the lightest and most transient;—but never let the author who designs to exhibit a model of earthly perfection for the guidance of his fellow-mortals attempt to portray a character on which hath fallen no spot or stain. Reason denies the truth of his colouring; Religion whispers that he violates the decree of the Highest, who so oft from the thunder and the whirlwind hath pronounced the helplessness, the sinfulness of man.

There may be an hundred apologies suggested for the author who diverges from nature in the manner last mentioned. It may be said, that in his anxiety to depict the purity and loveliness of virtue, or to contrast in the deepest colours the vicious with those whom men call 'the just,' he hath touched with too fine a pencil the characters of his work, and in attempting to distinguish between those whom he holds up as models for imitation, and those whom he would paint in the opposite extreme of impiety and wickedness, he rises altogether above the level of the most upright, and shows us a purely ideal creation, dissimilar from those we meet in the ordinary walks of life, and pretending to a virtue of sanctity the wildest optimist would confess to be unreal, so far as experience or observation could guide him, and from which the Christian would turn with a just dread of even imagining a mortal, with all his earthly imperfections around him, clothed with a lustre which for the instant might captivate the eye but which the heart would as quickly reject as a false and meretricious glitter.

A writer of ordinary fiction indulging the licence of his tribe will sometimes sketch a character so strikingly, so utterly unnatural, that criticism instantly seizes on it and pronounces it spurious, and disjointed,—that the author must be ignorant of the ordinary lights and shadows of life to bring together so incongruous a mass of jarring qualities and materials in the composition of what he desires to exhibit as the hero, the philosopher, the patriot of his pages. The writer of 'sacred poetry' (fiction as well as the preceding) generally enjoys an immunity from this species of correction arising from the respect his fellow-men entertain for the subject he has selected. So far it may be well that criticism should pause ere it attacked with a virulent tooth those employed on a subject which would seem to protect by its own sanctity those ministering unto it; but this very immunity so seldom infringed, has induced the evil of which we complain,

and combined to injure the cause intended to be served. Under this class must also be ranked the authors, who with higher aim, tread a far more dangerous path;—we mean those who introduce into their productions the prominent characters in the sacred writings; who not content with ordinary agents, have recourse to the holiest of records for personages and incidents to form the groundwork of their too often flimsy superstructure.

In their defence it may be somewhat plausibly argued,—'they were but men,' members of the same family, with those whose use of their revered name is the subject of our complaint;—but what men? Men on whom the spirit of the Highest descended in direct intercourse,—men, who walked the earth as the chosen interpreters of the will of the Creator, from whose lips the words of benison, or the denunciations of divine wrath fell on the ear of nations, with souls fresh from the recent communion with the Deity, rife with the inspiration caught from the crystal fountains of heaven, and with eyes before whose vision yet floated the immortal shapes that gladdened them in the rapt hour of revelation,—that breathed forth the will of their God in language such as the world had never heard before, and such as in the thousands of years that have rolled away since the moment it was spoken hath never found its equal; yes, with the evidence of the fulfilment of their prophecies yet lingering on the earth to silence with its startling reality the sceptic or the scoffer. It is of the introduction of such names as those of our primæval apostles into the casual fictions of everyday literature that we complain. We have already stated that we questioned not the motives of their introducers; we have allowed them to be good and abstractedly deserving of commendation. It rests but to enquire, do the results answer the good ends we have presumed to have been in the view of the writers; or is the effect weakened by the very means taken to ensure its success? We will put the matter in a not unfair light: suppose a writer of religious sentiments and feeling to produce a poem in which some of the characters are confessedly taken from the Bible; they, of course, act, speak and reflect as the fancy of the author may be pleased to portray—incidents occur in which they play a prominent part—ordinary mortal agents are introduced with whom they are brought into collision, and with whose every day ideas and actions theirs will in all probability be strongly contrasted! Suppose we admire in a great measure the adroitness of the writer, his address in developing his plot, his power of pathos in delineating the sublime or the tender,—that our ear drinks in with pleasure the harmonious flow of his versification, the elegance or purity of his diction; still is the heart improved from the perusal of his work? are its long engraved impressions of those sacred characters thus introduced into the varying details of fiction, elevated to a nobler a loftier cast? are its dreams of heaven brighter? its faith strengthened? its lingering doubts or fears dispelled? in almost every instance we would unhesitatingly say, no. With the oldest and clearest recollections of life, the inculcation of our youthful faith, perhaps the greenest and most durable of childhood's memories, have those hallowed names of scripture been entwined; a veil of holy reverence seems thrown over them,—beautiful in its vestal simplicity, mystic in its half superstitious texture,—which screens them from the touch of each casual hand, and bares them only to the view of those stepping into the glorious temple where they lie enshrined,—the Holy Scriptures.

But how would our argument be strengthened if, as too frequently happens, the writer has failed in his versification, or blundered in the development of his story, by the introduction of unnatural incidents or absurd agents? What then will be the impression his work will create, when stripped of the gloss of graceful narration or the music of harmonious numbers? Ridicule will too probably be its portion; and the scenes hallowed by even the imaginary presence of sacred characters, may form the theme of the scornful jest or laugh of the open critic, or provoke a smile on the face of those who pity more than condemn, and who only breathe a sigh that human folly or presumption had tended to desecrate what the settled opinion of mankind had pronounced holy.

We now turn to the second class into which we divided the writers of Religious Poetry. It is far less numerous than the first; for the mind that would attempt the subjects of the first, would shrink back with awe at the idea of meddling with themes of a far mightier and more fearful essence.

Under this class we place those who introduce into their works the beings of the invisible world, the impalpable shapes that people the world of spirits; who attempt outfiguring to mortal comprehension the very Godhead itself, and with fearful daring, in the ardour of the excited imagination, attempt to lay bare the secrets of the holiest of holies. This class we are happy to say is not numerous: for the sake of Religion we rejoice there are but few to outstep the bounds of the visible world and the awful wilderness of space. We well recollect the deep impression left on our mind from a contemplation of one of Martin's pictures, in which the daring sublimity of the design was attempted to be carried out in the execution. It was "the Spirit of God moving on the face of the waters:" wild and dreary was the scene, equaling our darkest idea of the waves of Chaos, ere the word of the Omnipotent had bade light illumine its waste. So far all was grand, but the point on which the eye rested long enough to fix the object deep in the memory, was where the outline of a human figure clothed in mist and vapor, with dim and giant proportions flitted over the scene: this was the painter's outshading of "the Spirit of God moving over the face of the waters!" We should never care to look upon its like again.

There was one—there may have been others, but the universal voice of mankind hath said, there was one—who trod with a giant's, with a monarch's step, the wild path where few have dared to follow; who hath laid bare, as it were, the secrets of the invisible world; who hath "talked familiar" with the spirits and shadows that the belief of man hath named as the denizens of another sphere. The great first cause—the Triune mystery—the angels and archangels that waited by the throne of God—the spheres moving along in light and music—the morning stars shouting together for joy—the fall of man and the glorious scheme of his redemption,—such were the themes of earth's greatest minstrel; but the harp that breathed immortal harmony

beneath his touch, had no music for meaner fingers:—nobly, and with successful invocation did he call on the heavenly muse—

“—from Siloa's brook that flow'd
 “Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
 “Invoke the aid to my adventurous song
 “That with no middle flight intends to soar
 “Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
 “Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme
 “* * * * * what in me is dark
 “Illumine; what is low, raise and support.”

And well did inspiration flow on his undertakings; but the glorious light that made the song of Milton divine hath but displayed in the full ignominy of failure and contempt the imitators who dared to follow in his steps, equally lacking his genius and his judgment. We can almost fancy that an intellect of his splendid order, from long contemplation of his sacred themes, had caught at last a lustre not of earth, and acquired the faculty of shewing to the world the things of heaven as they are, and to act to us as the guide through that unknown region. We would fain persuade ourselves that such is the language of the heavenly inhabitants; so richly do his numbers seem to breathe the atmosphere of the immortals: We can but quote his own exquisite words, and fancy that shapes of glory,

“In clear dream and solemn vision,
 “Tell him of things that no gross ear can hear,
 “Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 “Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
 “The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 “And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence
 “Till all be made immortal.”

We would wish to be clearly understood as not cavilling at Religious Poetry in general: we merely deprecate the introduction of topics and characters into the transient productions of fiction; for this we imagine to have an effect on the heart and understanding far different from that originally intended.

In the floral garland of our English Poetry, some of the purest and loveliest wreaths have been twined by those who may emphatically be denominated “Religious Poets.” We need not illustrate this last assertion by quotation or authority: our readers are almost all aware of the existence of many sublime or gentle strains, worthy, as far as human excellence can attain, of their subject. How many of us have yet haunting our ear with soft and pleasing melody some old hymn or religious fragment, that lingers among the treasured things of memory, the earliest and mayhap the dearest the heart retains! It matters not from whence its charm be caught,—whether from the intrinsic beauty of its numbers, or from the thousand recollections associated with the flow of its untutored harmony;—we need not ask one resident of this country, whose youth or manhood was passed in our own native islands, whether he hath forgotten the sabbath music of Britain, the unaffected and simple hymns of the parish church or the fireside. If he be not one dead to feeling, we well can anticipate his answer.

No ill-nurtured spirit of criticism has actuated the writer of these transitory remarks. He has but detailed his own ideas on the subject of Religious Poetry, and the principal errors which, in his judgment, have crept into that species of composition.

It has been asserted, perhaps with too much truth, that the poetry of the age has assumed a degenerate and unworthy aspect,—that a false standard of excellence has been erected, and the gloss and tinsel of affectation and unreal sentiment has driven into obscurity the unadorned simplicity of the genuine school.—We are of the number who fondly look to a revival of a purer, a better taste; and would venture to prophesy that the first decided symptom of amelioration will appear in what is too often falsely denominated, “RELIGIOUS POETRY.”

Toronto, May, 1838.

ZADIG.

THE CHURCH.

COBOURG, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1838.

From a highly respected reverend brother, the following inquiry has recently been received,—“What is the cause of the apparent injustice of some of the oldest established Missions in the Province (and where the congregations are very poor) not having parsonages, or glebes, or any temporalities attached, beyond the minimum of salary allowed by Her Majesty's Government,—a sum which is utterly inadequate to the decent maintenance of the Incumbent, especially if he have a family; while, on the other hand, recently established Missions are endowed with Glebes and Parsonages.” It is further asked by our correspondent, “Whether there be now any remedy for this case of apparent injustice and partiality.”

To the above we beg to reply,—that, to the best of our recollection, it was suggested some years ago by the Clergy Corporation to the several clergymen throughout the Province, to transmit to the Secretary of that body the numbers and descriptions of such Lots, being Clergy Reserves, within their respective Missions, as were deemed suitable for Glebes. It was stated, at the same time, to be the wish and intention of Her Majesty's Government to exempt such lots from the sale of Clergy Reserves authorized, to a certain extent, to be made by the Commissioners of Crown Lands, and to attach them, as a fixed and perpetual endowment, to such parishes or missions.

This suggestion was, we believe, in many cases promptly acted upon; and a foundation was thus laid for the establishment of the ‘Fifty seven Rectories,’ about which so much needless discussion has ensued. In other instances, we understand, immediate attention was not given to the subject; and, as a consequence of the delay, no lands remained, in contiguity to the Mission, which the Incumbent deemed it worth his while to recommend as an endowment; while in a few cases, even at the moment of the requisition, no lands were to be found which could be so allotted without what was deemed a violation of some pledge or promise of sale made to the parties in possession. In some such instances, negotiations for exchange or compromise were on foot, which were not completed at the time of the endowment of the Rectories; and cases also occurred in which certain

informalities delayed the legal allotment of the land to the use of the Incumbents.

Our reverend friend will, perhaps, be able, from this brief explanation, to infer where and how far blame is to be imputed in this matter, in the case in which he is more immediately concerned. We are aware that no lack of vigilance, or tardiness in complying with suggestions made from the Corporation Board, can fairly be applied to him; but what we have stated may nevertheless enable him to judge that, as a general rule at least, blame is not justly ascribable to the local authorities.

In regard to the seeming partiality manifested in the endowment of recently established Missions, this is very easily accounted for. In such places,—in those, especially, enumerated by our correspondent,—the surveys have been but recently completed, and the lots, of consequence, but recently taken up; so that, in cases where the building of a church and the establishment of a clergyman formed part of the plans of the earliest inhabitants, it was easy not merely to make a selection of Glebe lots, but to single out and recommend for that object the most eligible which the township afforded. It cannot, therefore, be matter for surprise that some of the most lately settled townships, and consequently the most recently established clergymen, should, as respects either quality or quantity of land, have been enabled to make a choice which was not in the power of those who were placed in portions of the country long inhabited.

Our correspondent will not for a moment, doubt our regret at such a circumstance; and he will judge from all we have written upon the subject, that nothing could gratify us more than to observe in every township of the Province an allotment of land which would yield a respectable addition to the present narrow incomes of the Clergy. In cases where Glebes have not been obtained, and none that are eligible, within the bounds of the Mission at least, are to be procured, we can only recommend an application to Government that an exchange may be effected, if possible, of Reserves in other parts for an allotment of land contiguous to the clergyman's abode. We know of no other means by which this want can be remedied.

We quite agree with our correspondent that the minimum of salary, viz. £100 sterling per annum, allotted by Her Majesty's Government, is by no means adequate to the decent maintenance of a clergyman who has a family to support. The matter admits of a very simple calculation; and whoever makes it, will soon come to the conclusion that the economy which, with a mere income of £100, will suffice for the respectable support of a family, is that which human ingenuity will find it extremely difficult to reduce to practice. And we can safely add, that the meagre augmentation of income which the most valuable glebes can, at present, be expected to afford, would serve very feebly to remove the inconveniences of the straitened income we have mentioned.

We certainly never could understand the policy of reducing the means of a clergyman's livelihood so extremely low,—lower than in many mechanical situations is obtained,—and we can never assent to the expediency of reducing a clergyman's subsistence down to a standard which must perpetually be eramping his freedom of action, and correspondently impairing his usefulness. We believe, however, that, in a general deficiency of funds, the amount was thus diminished from the hope that the services of a larger number of labourers would be brought into action; and with the accompanying expectation that the congregations amongst whom they ministered would never permit their faithful and laborious pastors to be confined to that stunted amount of income, but would, in all practicable cases, augment it by free-will and bountiful contributions of their own.

Utterly as we deprecate a system by which the clergy would be made dependent solely upon the fluctuating generosity of their flocks,—fluctuating often from less objectionable reasons than mere caprice;—earnestly as we contend for the sacred and scriptural duty of a public provision for the support of religion, one which may leave its ministers independent, and bold to declare “without partiality and without hypocrisy” the counsel of God,—we are far from saying that the congregations which they serve are exonerated from all obligation to minister out of their substance to the maintenance and spread of the Gospel, and, where there may be need, to the temporal comforts of their pastor.

The Toronto ‘Patriot’ of the 18th instant contains a very affecting Address from the prisoners recently discharged by command of his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, and his Excellency's equally affecting Reply. Desirous as every good subject must be, that the crime of Rebellion should, by the punishment of the guilty, be placed before the eyes of the community in those hideous and awful colours which are stamped upon it not only in the records of human legislation, but in the Book of God's holy Word, it must rejoice every feeling and Christian heart to observe, in a becoming vindication of outraged law, a proper discrimination maintained between the selfish and malicious originators of a conspiracy, and those unfortunate and deluded persons who have proved merely the tools and dupes of others.

While these latter individuals are permitted to return to their homes, unharmed by the forbearing sword of justice, and while a sense of the enormity of their recent guilt, which there are so many appalling circumstances to deepen, cannot be supposed to forsake them, they will return with a grateful experience of the mercy which is tempered with justice in the administration of British law. Confessing that they have been the dupes of designing men, and that this unfaithfulness to their sworn allegiance has been provoked by a “mendacious and unrestrained press,” they will, in future,—it is to be believed—regard with a more jealous and suspicious eye the wily traitors who may seek to pervert their principles. And while hereafter they will sift the motives of the revolutionary demagogue before they are deceived by his specious professions of patriotism, they will drink in, it is to be hoped, with a less greedy and credulous ear, the falsehoods which a prostituted press may chance again to disseminate amongst them.

Their spirits saddened by affliction, and their names tarnished with dishonour, we can believe that every expression of contrition which breathes in that Address is sincere; and from a mo-

ment's appeal to the better impulses of the heart, it is easy to understand that gratitude for unexpected mercy combined with remorse for crime, will rivet and confirm their pledge of future and unflinching loyalty.

In the affecting reply of the Lieutenant Governor to these manifestations of a “broken and contrite heart,” we mark the workings of a benevolent mind, which rejoices in being the instrument of his Sovereign's mercy; nor is it less difficult to discern the kindling glow of genuine christianity, which delights in being enabled, with a becoming consideration of the public weal, to bend the royal prerogative to the influence of that religion whose foundation and whose superstructure is Love.

We have great satisfaction in affording space for the following Resolutions. They pleasingly evince that the friends of the church are “up and doing”—as our correspondent terms it—in that populous township.

At a meeting held at Bennett's Tavern, Whitby, on the 18th of May, 1838, Dr. Low having been called to the chair, and Geo. Heathcote Esq being appointed Secretary, and H. Boys Esq, M. D. Treasurer, the following resolutions were entered into.

Resolved, that in the opinion of this meeting it is an object of the greatest importance to have a church erected in this Township, within the village of Windsor, devoted solely to the services of the Established Church of England, and that there should be attached to it a burial ground.

Resolved, that application be made for contributions for the aforesaid object, to the members of the Church of England, and others, in this and the neighbouring Townships.

Resolved, that a Committee of Management be appointed to carry the foregoing resolutions into effect, to point out a proper site for a church and burial ground, to propose a plan for, and estimate the expense of building the church, and to make application for contributions, and to report on them and other matters relating to the subject, at the next general meeting.

Resolved, that should the report of the Committee of Management be favourable, and be adopted at the next general meeting, a Building Committee, and all necessary officers for conducting the business shall be then chosen, and the contributions collected, so that the work may be entered upon without delay.

A Committee was then chosen, and the meeting adjourned to Friday, the 1st day of June next.

Amount of subscriptions announced at the meeting, £146 10s.

GEORGE H. LOW, Chairman.
 GEORGE HEATHCOTE, Secretary.

DISSENT.

It has been well remarked by a Bishop of old, of the Dissenters, that “division is their sin, and division is their punishment.” “I looked around me” (says Mr. Brittan, formerly a Dissenting Minister in London) “and saw that the congregational churches were everywhere split into parties and factions; no where is there a congregation of them for any considerable time in a state of peace. Turbulent spirits are everywhere struggling for the mastery, and throwing societies into a state of collision and confusion. The only exceptions are those in which the pastor, either by the weight of his property, or the skillfulness of his policy, can exercise despotic power. Discipline cannot be maintained. Few of these churches persevere for any considerable period in the doctrines of their founders. Multitudes have departed from the most rigid Calvinism, and gone over to Socinianism. “Among this class of Dissenters” continues Mr. Brittan, “I was ordained. In the course however, of my ministry, I was brought into contact with some Clergymen of the Established Church. I found them to be men not only of decided, but of exalted piety; by intercourse with them my antipathies were softened, my prejudices were gradually removed, my mind was rendered pervious to truth, and I became convinced that episcopacy was not the horrid creature I had fancied it to be; nay, that a moderate episcopacy carried with it all the marks of apostolicity.” We have made the foregoing extract from the last number of the Church of England Quarterly, and we appeal to our readers for the truth of the statement. The Dissenters do not agree among themselves, however they may agree in hating the Church of England; they have no one view in common, except it be the desire of obtaining political ascendancy; and to effect this object it seems that, generally speaking, they forego their scruples and smother their animosities. A great number, however, of those who rank among the abettors of dissent, are themselves of no regular communion. We could name a distinguished spouting and scribbling Radical, whom we are credibly informed, and by Dissenters themselves, is not to be classed; none of the different denominations own him as a member; and although all admit him as an ally, if any open attack or covert design is meditated against the Church or the Constitution, yet none seem inclined to give him credit for stability, or even sincerity, in the all-important matter of religion.

When Dr. Gill first wrote against Dr. Taylor, some friends of the latter called on the former, and dissuaded him from going on; urging, among other things, that Gill would lose the esteem, and of course the subscriptions of some wealthy persons, who were Taylor's friends. “Don't tell me of losing,” said Gill, “I value nothing in comparison of gospel truth, I am not afraid to be poor.”

If riches have been your idol, hoarded up in your coffers, or lavished out upon yourselves; they will, when the day of reckoning comes, be like the garment of pitch and brimstone, which is put on certain criminals condemned to the flames.—Hervey.

LETTERS received to Friday May 25th:—

John Kent Esq (answered);—Richard Athill Esq. (the letter he alludes to has been received);—the Rev. C. T. Wade, (from Kingston); D. Curling Esq. (the present vol. does not terminate until the 52nd No.);—J. Kent Esq. (2) with enclosures;—T. Fidler Esq. (the box has been received);—Rev. Francis Evans, with rem. in full for vol. 1;—J. B. Ewart Esq. rem;—Rev. T. Miller, rem;—Rev. F. J. Lundy;—A Member of the Church of England;—Rev. J. W. Fuller, rem. in full for vol. 1.

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XXVII. BENHADAD.—CONTINUED.

239. How do you distinguish between this Benhadad and another Syrian king of the same name, who is afterwards mentioned?—(2 Kings)

240. In what part of Jeremiah's prophecy concerning Damascus (the capital of Syria) is it foretold that the palaces of this latter Benhadad which were erected there should be destroyed by fire?—(Jeremiah.)

241. In what part also of the prophecy of Amos is the same event foretold?—(Amos)

XXVIII. BENJAMIN.

242. Who were the parents of Benjamin?—(Genesis.)

243. The name Benjamin was given to him by his father, and signifies, "The son of my right hand." But another name was given to him by his mother, signifying, "The son of my sorrow." What was this latter name?—(Genesis)

244. From what part of the affecting speech of Judah before Joseph, does it appear that Benjamin was peculiarly endeared to his aged father?—(Genesis.)

245. Though Benjamin is termed a lad in this address of Judah, what do you suppose his age to have been at this time? and on what passage of Scripture is your opinion grounded?—taking it for granted, as is generally supposed, that Joseph was about thirteen years older than Benjamin, and that ten years had transpired since his introduction to Pharaoh?—(Genesis)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

May 27.—Sunday after Ascension-Day.
June 8.—Whitsunday.
4.—Monday in Whitsun-week.
5.—Tuesday in do.

THE PRAYING MOTHER.

SAMUEL, who became a Prophet and a Judge in Israel, was early brought to the Sanctuary, and dedicated to the special service of God, by a *Praying Mother*.

TIMOTHY, who was an eminent minister of the New Testament, and exceedingly dear to Paul, and who from a child had known the holy Scriptures; was blest with both a *Praying Mother* and *Praying Grandmother*.

JOHN THE BAPTIST, who was filled with the Holy Ghost even from his very birth, and a greater than whom had never been born of woman, was the son of a *Praying Mother*.

The pious and excellent DOMINIC had, long before he could read, enduring impressions made upon his heart by means of some scripture prints on the tiles in the chimney, which were pointed out and explained to him by a *Praying Mother*.

The Rev. JOHN NEWTON, who, besides all the other good he accomplished, was instrumental in the conversion of those eminently useful men, the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, and the Rev. Thomas Scott, was himself brought to Christ by means of truth which had been taught him in early life by a *Praying Mother*.

I recently read of a *whole family of Children in America*, who were all in a remarkable manner brought under the influence of the Gospel and of the Holy Spirit. But these children had received the caresses, and been brought up under the care and instruction, of a *Praying Mother*.

A few years ago, the Students of a Theological Seminary felt interested in the inquiry, what proportion of their number had been favoured with godly parents. And it was ascertained, that out of one hundred and twenty students, who were preparing for the sacred ministry, more than a hundred were the offspring of *Praying Mothers*.

And—to mention but one instance more—ST. AUGUSTINE, that sublime genius, that illustrious father and great luminary of the church, whose fame filled the whole Christian world in the latter part of the fourth and beginning of the fifth century, was till his 28th year only "a bitterness to her that bore him." From his own subsequent confession, he was deaf to the voice of conscience, broke away from all moral restraints, and spent his youth amidst scenes of baseness and corruption. But, in all his wanderings, that depraved young man was followed by a *Weeping, Praying Mother*. Her tears on his account watered the earth, and her prayers went up as incense before God. "It is not possible," said a certain Bishop, in reply to her importunity, that he would endeavour to reclaim her son,—"Good woman, it is not possible, that a child of such tears should perish." And at length the son himself carried to his *Praying Mother* the news of his conversion, and she received "the oil of joy for mourning," and "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Not long after, as they were journeying together, she said, "My Son, what have I to do here any longer? The only object for which I wished to live, was your conversion; and this the Lord has now granted me in an abundant manner." Five days after, she was seized with a fever; and on the ninth her tears were forever wiped away. And wherever the name and writings of Augustine, the gifted Bishop of Hippo, have been known, there also has been "told for a memorial of her" the story of the *Praying Mother*.

A word, then, to you, who are *mothers*.

It is not likely, that you will leave your children large estates, or great titles; but it is in your power to leave them what is infinitely more to be desired, viz. *The rich legacy of a mother's prayers*. Your children are born under the curse of a broken covenant; and they must be born again, or they can never belong to Christ's blessed kingdom. You cannot bear the thought, that one of those little ones, whom you so tenderly love, should be "the hold of every foul spirit," and never become the "habitation of God through the Spirit"—the *Holy Spirit*. Go, then, to the Messiah, that Almighty Redeemer, and tell him of their state. Go, like the woman of Canaan; and like her, plead in humility and faith, and with an importunity which can take no denial. Go, and you will find, as she did, that the Lord "is rich unto all, that call upon him." Though, like her, ye be poor,

and feeble, and obscure; yet, like her, ye may exert an influence which shall "spoil principalities and powers," and save the soul of your child.

The tie which binds mothers to their children, is inexpressibly tender; and compared with it most others are feeble. There is something, too, in the relation you sustain with them, which is more interesting and solemn, than words can adequately express; for it is something, which takes fast hold on *eternity itself*.—From you they receive their first impressions; and, by you, are their first thoughts, desires, actions, and motions, regulated. Ordinarily, you are the first, to whom they learn to make known their wants; you are the first, towards whom they stretch forth their little hands; your name is the first they learn to speak; your countenance and voice the first they learn to recognize; and your smiles and frowns, your feelings and passions, the first in which they feel a sympathy. It is to you, that their first inquiries are generally directed, it is from your lips, that their first ideas of God and Christ and Heaven are generally gained; and it is in your ear, as you bend over their lovely forms, and smooth their little pillows for the night, that they lip their first accents of prayer to "*Our Father who art in Heaven*." Your lessons are, or should be, the first that they ever learn; your cradle hymns, the first that rock them to sleep; your spirit the first, that they imbibe; your influence the first, that they feel; and your image the first, that is stamped upon them. Indeed it is not too much to say, that to your hands, more than to those of any other human being, is committed the momentous work of moulding their intellect and heart in the *very earliest stage of rational existence*; and that it is from you, *pre eminently*, they receive the *first and grand outlines of their future character*.

O what spot is there on earth, which, for training up little children for heaven, is to be at all compared to the home—the "*Sweet Home*"—of the *Praying Mother*! Where in the whole universe does piety begin to burn so early and so brightly in little children, as it does around the altar, where they have worshipped with their *Praying Mother*! Who, like her, has the power of fixing a grasp upon them, which neither the wiles of infidelity, nor the headstrong passions of youth may ever be able to throw off! Who, like her can entwine about their spirits such fine cords of truth and affection, as God's blessed Spirit can make use of in binding them to Messiah's throne and kingdom forever!

To your hands, then, ye mothers, is the everlasting happiness of your precious babes confided, as it is confided to no other hands on earth. When you would give them to feel the refreshings of cleanliness, you can (like the good mother of that family of children in America just mentioned) raise your heart to God for those effusions of the Spirit, which shall cleanse and gladden their souls forever. When you put on their clothes in the morning, you can ask your Heavenly Father to grant unto them to "be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white," which "is the righteousness of Saints." When you prepare their daily food, you can pray, that they may have a heart to come to that feast, to which they are especially invited; and may gladly avail themselves of those abundant provisions, which Heaven has made for their everlasting felicity. As you lead them to the Sanctuary, you can lift up a prayer, that they may go to the Upper Sanctuary, and "dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Should they leave you to go to school, you can still follow their infant footsteps with a prayer, that their path through life may be like that of the "just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." And, as you lay them down on their little couch, you can kneel down before Him, who seeth in secret, and let the silent breathings of your heart go up to heaven for a blessing on your sleeping babes. Your infant daughter may be a "mother in Israel," when you are dead. Your little son, who now prattles on your knee, and begins to ask about his soul and about his Saviour, may tell the story of redeeming love, amidst the frosts of Lapland, or on the burning sands of Africa. Ten thousand hearts may welcome the glad tidings; and twice ten thousand blessings be poured upon the head of your son. Amen.—(Southern Churchman.)

GOODELL.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Mr. Montgomery won his laurels amidst a crowd of competitors: the Muses were holding their carnival. Campbell had delighted all, in whose ears the melody of our Augustan age still lingered, with the masculine music of the "*Pleasures of Hope*." Rogers won the heart with a tenderer tune, a more plaintive note, and a more polished versification—the very luxury of sound. Southey entranced us with the gardens of eastern fiction, Wordsworth recalled our steps to the sylvan haunts, the glimmering lanes, the rustic springs, the bye-way flowers, and all the thousand fountains of sensibility and nature. Coleridge, too, had called the children from their play, and the old men from the chimney-corner, to listen to the mysterious adventures of "*The Ancient Mariner*," and the blood rushed to the maiden's cheek at the gentle tale of the affectionate Genevieve. Crabbe held up the mirror to the harsh features of the most biting penury, and unlocked the sympathies of the bosom with his simple "*Annals of the Poor*." At such a season as this, and when the sky was on fire with the glare of Byron's reputation, Mr. Montgomery solicited the suffrages of the public, and obtained them slowly but certainly. His was a species of poetry which steals gradually over the heart with a sober and soothing influence. He tempted the painter with no story of Arcadian valley, illumined by antique pageantry; nor seduced the enthusiast with a legend of vengeance or of passion; he brought nothing but what Purity might have written, nothing but what Lucretia might rehearse. "What may become of his name or his writings," is the remark of the poet in the preface to his collected works, "it is not for him to anticipate here; he has honestly endeavoured to serve his own generation; and, on the whole, has been careful to leave nothing behind him to make the world worse for his having existed in it." Never will it be known, said Cowper, till the day of judgment, what he has done who has written a book. That amiable writer felt that the author was treasuring up a life within a life, condensing and distilling his intellectual spirit for the benefit or the destruction of future ages. Mr. Montgomery has directed his compositions mainly to the delight and the improvement of

the young, employing the golden chains of a graceful and cultivated fancy to draw up their contemplations above the clouds of sense. He has met with his reward even here, in the admiration and esteem of the wise and the good. It is not therefore, to adopt the imagery of his beautiful tribute to Burns, upon his literary talents alone that we love to dwell; whether we compare him to the humming-bird gliding over flowers; or the eagle, with thunder in its train; or the woodlark filling the heavens with music; or the nightingale melting our hearts with love; for none of these faculties in particular do we dwell upon his character; it is rather for his noble advocacy of virtue and detestation of vice that devotion delights to hail her "*Bird of Paradise*."—*Church of England Quarterly Review*.

VALUE OF THE LITURGY.

All I see abroad raises my esteem of our English Liturgy—The foreign churches, in their ardour to recede as far as possible from the Church of Rome, seem to me to have too little consulted the interests of devotion, and to have attended too exclusively to public preaching. We are always in danger of extremes. The primitive Church was in nothing more remarkable than in the spirit of contrition, meekness, and humility, which pervaded it. The hidden life of the Christian was the main source of divine principles and practice. The Church of England, when her true spirit is imbibed—her doctrines and her devotional forms—her evangelical instructions and her prayers—perhaps comes the nearest of all the reformed communities to the practice of the first Christians, and is best adapted to such a creature as man—*Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta*.

LAW.

Whoever goes to law, goes into a glass house, where he understands little or nothing of what he is doing; where he sees a small matter blown up into fifty times the size of its intrinsic contents, and through which, if he can perceive any other objects, he perceives them all discoloured and distorted; where every thing is too brittle to bear handling; where, as in an element of fire, he frets, fumes, and is drained at every pore; and where, whatever he buys, he buys out of the fire, and pays for according to its fictitious bulk. It had perhaps been better for him to have been contented with an earthen vessel—*Skelton*.

VALUE OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

There is perhaps no consideration which more beautifully illustrates the benevolent character of the angels of God, than their rejoicing over the repentance of one sinner, or which more powerfully sets forth the incalculable value of a human soul; except, indeed, the amazing condescension of the Lord of glory, in descending from the throne of his sanctuary "to seek and to save that which was lost."—*Rev. Thomas Bissland*.

"Who is the most miserable man upon earth? and whither shall we seek him? Not to the tavern! not to the theatre!—but to the Church! That man who has sat sabbath after sabbath under the awakening and affecting calls of the Gospel, and has hardened his heart against these calls, he is the man whose condition is the most desperate of all others: "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! and thou, Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven, shall be thrust down to hell."—*Cecil*.

"What the world calls the best company, is such as a pious mechanic would not condescend to keep: he would rather say, 'Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.'"—*Ibid*.

PRIVATE TUITION.

A MARRIED CLERGYMAN of the Church of England, who has taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and whose Rectory is situated in one of the healthiest parts of Upper Canada, is desirous of receiving into his house four young gentlemen as pupils, who should be treated in every respect as members of his own family, and whom he would undertake to prepare for the intended University of King's College,—or, if preferred, give such a general education as should qualify them for mercantile or other pursuits. The strictest attention should be paid to their morals and manners, and it would be the endeavour of the advertiser to instil into the minds of his pupils those sound religious principles, which form the only safeguard in the path of life. Testimonials as to the character and qualifications of the advertiser will be shewn, to any persons who may wish to avail themselves of this advertisement, by the Lord Bishop of Montreal, the Hon. & Ven. the Archdeacon of York, the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Cobourg, the Rev. H. J. Grasset, Toronto, and the Rev. J. G. Geddes, Hamilton. 32-1f.

The Church

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