

The Church.

"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

STAND YE IN THE WAYS, AND SEE, AND ASK FOR THE OLD PATHS, WHERE IS THE GOOD WAY, AND WALK THEREIN, AND YE SHALL FIND REST FOR YOUR SOULS.—JEREMIAH VI. 16.

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Original Poetry.

For the Church.

THE MOURNING MOTHER; OR THE CHURCH AND HER CHILDREN.

In a desolate land where the snow lay deep
I saw for her children a mother weep;
Sorrow had fill'd her heart to the brim,
Her cheek was pale and her eye was dim;

And each burning tear, e'en as it fell,
Became on that cheek an icicle;
An ice-drop of woe—dark, stagnant, and chill,
Like the blood of a heart that for aye lies still.

She wept for her babes, for her little ones
Afar from her bosom—both daughters and sons;
For she had no home in that wilderness,
To gather them in, and to cheer and to bless.

And rovd' those children like lambs astray,
And the wolf had made of the weak a prey,
And scatter'd were all as without a fold,
And the love of many had long wax'd cold.

Yet some remain'd—and those not a few—
Who burn'd with affection both warm and true;
Uplifting their hearts to Him on high,
That their mother's tears might soon be dry.

A cloud on their spirit lay dark and deep,
And their eyes as a fountain ne'er cease'd to weep,
Beholding the scorn of the scoffer rest
On the hallow'd form that their souls lov'd best.

It vanish'd—that mournful scene went by,
As a dream of the night when morn is nigh,—
I saw that mother in beauty stand,
Encircled by sons—a blissful band!

And, like olive-plants in vernal pride,
Her blooming daughters adorn'd her side;
And thrill'd my soul that mother to see
Smiling in love 'mid her family!

For joy now fill'd her heart to the brim,
Not pale was her cheek, her eye was not dim,
But glory like that of the moon-day sky
Shed lustre around from that tearless eye.

Then rose a temple, whose marble vied
With the new-fall'n snow by the sunbeam dyed;
Whose spires of gold seem'd 'till the stars to kiss—
And she welcom'd them into that home of bliss.

And thence shall those children no more depart,
For the love of that home lies deep in their heart;
And death cannot sever the sacred tie
Which binds as one soul that family.

J. H.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.*

'Tis dreadful!
How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof!
By its own weight made steadfast, and immovable.
Looking tranquillity, it strikes an awe
And terror to my aching sight! The tombs
And monumental eaves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

Congreve.

He who beholds Westminster Abbey for the first time, and receives the impression the sight of its ancient walls and towers then made upon his mind, feels he has treasured up within him much thought for after hours. Perhaps he has approached this venerable fane when the sweet sounds of its chiming bells were calling the thoughtful to prayers—when the solemn harmony from within came stealing gently upon his ear—when the tuneful and melodious chant—the voice of praise and prayer—told him here religion held her courts—here piety hath raised her altar—here high and low worship together in the bonds of Christian fellowship. Or he may have viewed it perchance for the first time under a different, a more gorgeous aspect, as forming a part and portion of a scene of princely splendor and magnificence. He may have seen its wide western portal thrown open, and a youthful queen entering this solemn temple on her coronation day, amid the blaze and array of earthly rank and nobility, to receive from pious hands the crown of an ancient realm. He hath heard the shout of the multitude from without and within the walls, and his eye hath followed the regal procession amid the clash of kettle drums and the bray of trumpets, and seen it enter this time-honored sanctuary. His ear hath been saluted with the billowy swell of the coronation anthem—his eye hath dwelt upon the array of high-born female loveliness—of noble dames and warlike knights, prelates, peers, senators, and men of state—

"Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,"
Or perchance he has hailed its antique towers, when sailing upon the quiet waters of "Father Thames" at the twilight hour; then busy fancy hath recalled, and memory hath lingered, upon the historic events connected with its early history. But let him have viewed it when or how he may, by daylight or moonlight, there are thoughts and dreamy annals associated with this old fabric too numerous and interesting to be forgotten. It is a monument of itself. Its history has filled tomes. Historians, annalists, and poets, have dwelt upon its dubious records, its varied legends, its poetical traditions. Where he stands, the ancient Briton, the Druid, the Anglo-Saxon, the Pict, Dane, and Roman has stood, has acted, has built or mutilated. Here Sebert, king of the East Saxons, first began a noble structure, soon to be disfigured by the Dane, again to be restored by Edgar, and at length rebuilt entire by Edward the Confessor. What a crowd of stirring events are compressed within the compass, the reign of those three kings alone! "Beneath the lofty windows of the southern transept of the Abbey," (says one well acquainted with the antiquities of his country,†) "you may see the deep and blackened arches, fragments of the edifice raised by Edward, supporting the chaste and florid tracery of a more recent age. Within stands the shrine, once rich in gems and gold, raised to the memory of the Confessor by the fond devotion of his successors, despoiled indeed of all its ornaments, neglected and crumbling to ruin, but still surrounded by the massy iron-bound oaken coffin which contains the ashes of the last legitimate Anglo-Saxon king." And this memorial alone would furnish materials for pages of comment. He seems to peer into the

* From the New York Churchman.

† Sir Francis Palgrave. History of the Anglo Saxons.

dusky twilight of the Heptarchy, from Harold to Hengist, and the phantom forms of ancient kings seem to pass in review before him—of the coronation day and the funeral day—the crown and the sepulchre. What multitudes, now no more, have eagerly, joyously, or mournfully stood there to behold a brilliant pageant or take part in the burial ceremonial of a king! "Where our kings have been crowned," says Jeremy Taylor, "their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over the grandsire's head to take his crown." Beside the silent revolution of time, so full of mute teachings, amply and visibly displayed upon the face of this old cathedral—in very distant times—the more modern hand of barbarism is made manifest. Cromwell's soldiery sacrilegiously despoiled and mutilated many of the tombs and monuments. "The soldiers of Caewood's and Westbone's companies were quartered in the abbey church, where they brake down the rail about the altar, and burnt it in the place where it stood; they brake down the organ and pawned the men's surplices, and in contempt of the canonical habit, ran up and down the church; he who wore the surplice was the hare, the rest were the hounds."* Yes, the heave and swell—the turbulent, troubled tide of human events—have left their impress on many an ancient monument; as visible as the seashore after the wreck of some gallant or noble vessel. Mutilation, theft, and the soiling hand of stealthy revenge, or deliberate malice, the track of the spoiler—may be seen here; opening to us a page of man's insatiate spirit for destruction, when his evil passions prompt him to deeds of violence. And we wonder how, under these circumstances, so much has been preserved from remote ages.

When I look upon this edifice and consider the salutary influence—either permanently or momentarily—it has exercised upon each generation—how the contemplation of its elaborate monuments has stimulated men to good, noble, or heroic actions—how it has elevated the thoughtful imagination, and caused those who have in past times lingered in its aisles and transepts to muse or reflect upon the insignificance of this fleeting life, and caused their thoughts to dwell upon a better—to consider the great day when this solemn temple will be dissolved—will crumble into ruins, together with the "cloud-capp'd tower," and the "gorgeous palace," and "leave no rack behind!"—I think there is a moral purpose displayed before me. How vehemently has many a holy man exhorted or instructed from the pulpits of this old sanctuary! here the patriot and the statesman, walking about these shadowy aisles, has paused thoughtfully where I do now, and considered the littleness, the brevity, of that ambitious career in which he was engaged and the greater and more-enduring honor of excellence and virtue. How has the warrior had this noble sleeping place in his mind, even amid the shock, the strife and carnage of the battle-field, or the deck of the warship, and exclaimed, as he sunk in the arms of death, "Victory, or Westminster Abbey!" How kings have stood where I now stand, and for a moment at least, in their excited or bewildered lives, have looked around calmly upon the tombs and trophies of their predecessors with a momentary pang, a feeling of humiliation or humbled pride, as they have thought of that inevitable day—as come it would—when their anointed and pampered bodies would also sleep in dust until awakened by the trump of the archangel!

How many bitter, bitter tears have fallen upon these cold marble pavements from royal eyes—annus'd to weep; yet grief and death hath wrung them here. Proud, arrogant hearts have been abased here before the majesty of death, the velvet pall, the sable bier. Sorrow, like the weight of lead, has pressed upon the kingly brow; and wo, grief, and misery, has echoed among these walls from many a regal breast. How many have

—Stoop'd, and kiss'd the frozen cheek,
—And the heavy hand of clay,
Till bursting words—yes all too weak,
Gave his soul's passion way."*

Amid the impressive silence which reigns here at intervals, you may study tomb and inscription, or wander undisturbed beneath Gothic arches old and gray, where the sunbeams disclose the gilded portions of the ceiling, or display the rich colors of the painted windows, upon which are depicted saint and angel.

"Behold those cloudy saints and angel bands!
How rich the robes in which they brightly beam!
Such shapes we oft have seen in sleeply lands,
Peopling the spicy silver of a dream."
And just such harps, with carvings rude surrounded,
Have in those face-thrond visions o'er the wild air sounded."
As I stand here and look around me, I behold the end of greatness; but I also discern the time-enduring renown of a true hero. In how many instances is the mere tomb gazed upon, whilst the one who sleeps beneath, has bequeathed no honored name to posterity. The man is forgotten—his monument remains a sort of marvel to the beholder why it was ever placed where it is. How few monuments amongst the multitude, after all, excite in us any kind of interest! The generality of men have lived but for themselves, and they are as soon forgotten! Who shall revive their memories? Yet there are some men sleeping here whose monuments all delight to honor, not simply because they were Englishmen—not because their monuments are imposing, or standing beneath the Gothic dome of a Cathedral. No, that were an unworthy and false supposition. It arises from neither circumstance. It is because some of these men's memories belong to the world at large. Other nations than their own have perceived in them that humanity which in life assimilated with the better part of our common nature—they conferred dignity upon mankind—they wrote or labored for no petty purpose, their labors are the property of all, and whoever looks upon their memorials, does so with respect and admiration. The benefactors of their race should receive at least a passing tribute—their *hic jacet*—consideration. How different are these emotions, how little in unison with the impressive ones felt whilst standing over the elaborate tomb of royalty! Most of the monuments of kings and queens which I see around me in this abbey recall to my mind little else than remembrances of error and ambition—of their miseries and misfortunes. Some from their own vices and infirmities, others from the circumstances of the times in which they lived. The personal history of most of them calls from the spectator scarce other than a hasty remark, or perchance a word of obloquy—a word of scorn, and a look that would efface if possible the effigy reared to their memories. These are the feelings daily and hourly displayed here, yet each king now rests quietly, indifferent concerning the con-

* From a curious tract entitled "Mercurius Rusticus, or the Country's Complaint of the Sacrileges, Profanations and Plunderings committed by the Schismaticques on the Cathedral Churches of this Kingdom." London: printed for Richard Green, Bookseller in Cambridge, 1685.

tumely that may be cast upon him—sleeps quietly now, who never did in life—sleeps on regardless of the vulgar tread of the clown above his ashes—of the despoiler of his monument—of the epithet of reproach or the token of servile homage—he who in life engrossed perchance the love, fear, terror, anxiety, execration, or anathema of his age. Let no one say the tomb of a king is less instructive than the grave of the peasant:—a man may study humility in Westminster Abbey, as well as in the humblest churchyard. The melancholy state—the unpaid homage—the soft or heavy tread of the loitering visitor, impresses the mind with deep solemnity. Each foot-fall sounds upon the ear with a warning admonition, and the echo of distant voices among these "long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults," seem like the whisperings of departed spirits.

The lowly grave in the village churchyard frequently displays the hand of affectionate regard by the tender assiduity bestowed on it by the living—by its graceful decorations—its funeral plants and flowers carefully planted and nourished. This speaks the grateful memory of survivors. How is it the graves of kings seldom receive this unthought attention—the sympathy of tears? The visitor of their tombs looks with indifference upon the ensigns of royalty and stands unmoved, and perchance exulting over the ashes of him to whom, in life, all stooped to do reverence. The sepulchre of a king or queen rarely draws tears from beholders' eyes. Yet I have seen tears fall on such an one even here—over one whose misfortune and calamitous end, whether deserved or otherwise, is a unsettled point in history. Nevertheless, the fate of this celebrated woman to whom I refer, has called forth the world's sympathies even after the lapse of ages. And these tears fell upon the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots. I walked over the abbey one day with a small party: among that party was a stately French lady, who appeared to take but little interest in the monuments generally. We entered Henry the Seventh's Chapel. The guide, in his usual every-day manner, laid his hand upon the recumbent statue of the queen, saying, "Here lies the body of Mary, Queen of Scots!"—"This is her costly monument erected by her son, King James!" In a moment the French lady's attention was aroused. After looking upon it with the utmost intensity, she uttered an exclamation, leaned her head over the white marble figure with signs of deep emotion, and burst into tears. We left her weeping there. All the generous, tender sensibilities of woman were here displayed. It was not done for effect—it was not done desigingly. She knew not, it appeared, that the monument was here, until she came thus suddenly upon it. Her grief was doubtless genuine. I was afterwards informed that she was a personage of high rank in her own land, and had gone through greater troubles and vicissitudes in life than fall to the common lot. This may have made her feel perhaps more acutely for the calamities of one whose fate in life seemed wedded to woe; yet sympathy was clearly developed in that involuntary rain of tears—that tender sorrow for the unfortunate, though it were a queen.

There is yet another tomb here, over which I have seen the form of woman bend as if she would do honor to one who was an ornament to her sex. It is the slumbering effigy of Eleanor, Queen of Edward I. What reader of English history has forgotten the heroic faithfulness of this celebrated woman! Some historians doubt the story of her having sucked the poison from her husband's arm at the siege of Acre. But why should the literal, dull, and perchance mistaken annotator of the nineteenth century, attempt to throw doubt upon a noble act of heroism which took place during the middle ages? Why should he desire to speculate upon its authenticity, to believe it untrue, and thereby pluck from history a page too bright and beautiful to lose? Why should he not rather credit, than question, his lovely piece of female intrepidity? Why attempt to lessen the interest and admiration felt whilst standing over the tomb of a devoted woman—of one who in life ennobled her sex, and gave the world an illustrious example of holy affection? Why blot out this sacred record of pure magnanimity? The ancient Saxon gleeman hath sung this same deed centuries ago in the Holy-Land, when pious and chivalrous acts were chanted, not written; when the deeds of the good and the brave, even in an age of rude barbarity, seem to have excited admiration and enthusiastic praise. Is all the chivalry of the world confined to the middle ages? Must credit the ancient legend, in this instance, in preference to modern interpretation. I must believe that Eleanor, who now lies beneath me, and to whom Edward had memorials placed at each spot where her lifeless body rested until it was interred where I now stand, was what she has been represented. Whose arms of Castile, Leon and Ponthieu, in heraldic display, mingled with embossed imitations of vine and oak leaves, are to me nothing. Yet when I read the ancient inscription upon her tomb in Saxon characters—"Icy gist Alianor, jadis Reyne d' Angleterre, femme a Rex Edward Fitz;"—I think only of the noble woman!—whose pious memory and virtues will outlive brass and marble—a more enduring title than that of Queen.

DAILY PRAYER AND DAILY SELF-EXAMINATION.*

Prayer is that great and important Christian duty to which God hath promised his blessing. He hath in his word declared himself to be a God who heareth and will answer prayer. Without prayer you can never hope for God's blessing, for his protection and his assistance. By prayer only can you prevail over your spiritual enemies; by prayer only can you be preserved from evil, or enabled to strive after that which is good; only in answer to prayer will that grace and strength be given you from above, without which all our own exertions are nothing worth. Pray to God, then, day by day, every morning, when the light cometh forth from his chambers, and every evening, when darkness covers all things, let your prayers and praises ascend before the throne of that God who maketh the darkness and light. Praise him for past mercies, and pray to him for future blessings. Never once go forth to your work and your labour without imploring his protection; never once close your eyes in sleep without supplicating his forgiveness. And not only in the morning and at night, but during the whole day, preserve in your mind a continued disposition for prayer. The life of a sincere Christian is one great continuous prayer. At all times and in all places you are exposed to evil from within and without: at all times and on all occasions you stand in need of grace from above; therefore you must labour to cultivate a constant disposition for prayer. When evil assails you from within, let your heart rise instantly in prayer to God to give you grace to rebuke it; when temptation cometh upon you from without, fly instantly to God for strength to resist it; and

* From an Address after Confirmation, by the Rev. John Dowdall, M. A., Curate of Blidworth, and Oaton, Notts.

by prayer shall ye prevail. "Ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find;" God will "give his Holy Spirit to all them that ask him." "You are witnesses against yourselves that you have chosen the Lord to serve him;" you know that you cannot serve him in your own strength, and can do so only by his grace: his grace, you know is promised, and will be given you if you ask it in sincerity. For our Redeemer's sake our weakness shall become strength; we shall, through him, be clothed with heavenly armour, and furnished with weapons to beat down our spiritual foes, and with power to hold on in our spiritual journey. For the sake of that "High Priest of our profession," "that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God" we are encouraged to "come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." Let me hope, then, that you will daily pray to God and daily praise him; that you will pray to him in every moment of temptation and of danger, and that you will praise him for every triumph he gives you strength to secure over your spiritual foes, and for every advance which he enables you to make towards the attainment of your "high and heavenly calling."

I wish you, in the next place, to cultivate the habit of daily self-examination. It is necessary that you should be continually inquiring into your state before God; that you should be ascertaining carefully, whether, and how far, you are conforming yourselves to his will. Every day which you live, is an additional proof of God's mercy towards you. He gives you one day more in order that you may be one day better; that you may advance nearer towards heaven as you advance nearer to the grave. It is your duty, therefore, to ask yourselves each night, some such questions as these: What have I done, during the past day, towards fulfilling the promises I have made to serve the Lord?—Am I better as well as older? Have I resisted sin and turned away mine eyes from beholding vanity? Have I endeavoured this day to improve those opportunities of amendment which have been graciously afforded me? Have I avoided those sins which I yesterday committed? and have I so conducted myself, in thought, word, and deed, as become a disciple of Jesus Christ? Have I laboured to secure a well-grounded hope, that, if my soul shall "this night be required of me," I may sleep in Jesus with the assurance of immortal happiness and glory through him? Such a habit of daily self-examination will lead us to perceive whether or not we are really growing in grace and holiness; whether we are advancing in our spiritual course. It will bring before us those things which we have done amiss, or neglected to do which were right; and so it will supply us with subjects for prayer to our heavenly Father, it will quicken our activity and diligence to strive by his grace to do what is well pleasing. We shall then be enabled, every day, to mark our faults, our follies, and our deficiencies, and to bring them all to the foot of the cross, to seek for their pardon and forgiveness, so that we may be enabled to make our peace with God before we close our eyes in sleep. We shall then be enabled, day by day, to go on correcting what is evil, improving what is corrected, and carrying on to greater degrees of perfection that which is improved. I recommend this practice to you all, my brethren, more especially to those of you who have just become "witnesses against yourselves that you have chosen the Lord to serve him."

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The English language consists of about thirty-eight thousand words. This includes, of course, not only radical words, but all derivatives, except the preterits and participles of verbs; to which must be added some few terms which, though set down in the dictionaries, are either obsolete, or have never ceased to be considered foreign. Of these, about twenty-three thousand, or nearly five-eighths, are of Anglo-Saxon origin. The majority of the rest, in what proportion we cannot say, are Latin and Greek; Latin, however, has the larger share.

The names of the greater part of the objects of sense, in other words, the terms which apply most frequently in discourse, or which recall the most vivid conceptions, are Anglo-Saxon. Thus, for example, the names of the most striking objects in visible nature, of the chief agencies at work there, and of the changes which pass over it, are Anglo-Saxon. This language has given names to the heavenly bodies, sun, moon, stars; to three out of the four elements, earth, fire, water; three out of the four seasons, spring, summer, winter; and indeed to all the natural divisions of time except one; as day, night, morning, evening, twilight, noon, mid-day, midnight, sunrise, sunset; some of which are among the most poetical terms we have. To the same language we are indebted for the names of light, heat, cold, frost, rain, snow, hail, sleet, thunder, lightning; as well as almost all those objects which form the component parts of the beautiful in external scenery, as sea and land, hill and dale, wood and stream, &c.

It is from this language we derive the words which are expressive of the earliest and dearest connexions and the strongest and most powerful feelings of our nature; and which are consequently invested with our oldest and most complicated associations. Their very sound is often a spell for the orator and the poet to "conjure withal." It is this language which has given us names for father, mother, husband, wife, brother, sister, son, daughter, child, home, kindred, friends. It is this which has furnished us with the greater part of those metaphors, and other figurative expressions, by which we represent to the imagination, and that in a single word, the reciprocal duties and enjoyments of hospitality, friendship, or love. Such are hearty, roof, freiside. The chief emotions, too, of which we are susceptible, are expressed in the same language, as love, hope, fear, sorrow, shame; and what is of more consequence to the orator and the poet, as well as in common life, the outward signs by which emotion is indicated are almost all Anglo-Saxon, such as tear, smile, blush, to laugh, to weep, to sigh, to groan.

Most of those objects about which the practical reason of man is employed in common life, receive their name from Anglo-Saxon. It is the language for most part of business; for the counting-house, the shop, the market, the street, the farm; and however miserable the man who is fond of philosophy or abstract science might be, if he had no other vocabulary but this, we must recollect that language was made not for the few but the many, and that portion of it which enables the bulk of a nation to express their wants and transact affairs, must be considered of at least as much importance to general happiness as that which serves the purposes of philosophical science.

Nearly all our national proverbs, in which it is truly said so much of the practical wisdom of a nation resides, and which constitute the manual and *vade mecum* of "hobnailed" philosophy, are almost wholly Anglo-Saxon.

A very large proportion, and that always the strongest of the language of invective, humour, satire, colloquial pleasantry, is Anglo-Saxon. As to invective, the language of passion is always very ancient; for men were angry and out of temper long before there were philosophers, or even merchants. The vocabulary of abuse amongst most nations is not only very copious, but always singularly hearty and idiomatic. Almost all the terms and phrases by which we most energetically express anger, contempt, and indignation, are of Anglo-Saxon origin.

The Latin contributes most largely to the language of polite life, as well as to that of polite literature. To the orator, this portion of language is of less importance, because energy is his great object; and indeed, wherever energy is the object, it is com-

paratively of little consequence. But where the very object is often to soften what would be offensively strong, impart dignity or novelty to what is trite, or to avoid what is vulgar or hackneyed, terms and phrases from the Latin are in a thousand cases most valuable resources. Again, it is often necessary to convey ideas which, though not truly and properly offensive in themselves, would, if clothed in the rough Saxon, appear so to the sensitive modesty of a highly refined state of society—dressed in Latin, these very same ideas shall seem decent enough. There is a large number of words which, from the frequency with which they are used, and from their being so constantly in the mouths of the vulgar, would not be endured in polished society, though more privileged synonyms of Latin origin, or some classical circumlocution, expressing exactly the same thing, shall pass unquestioned. There may be nothing dishonest, nothing really vulgar about the old Saxon word, yet it would be thought as uncouth in a drawing-room, as the plowman for whose rude use it is abandoned. Thus the word "stench" is lavendered over into unpleasant effluvia, or an ill odour; "sweat" diluted into four times the number of syllables, becomes a very inoffensive thing in the shape of "perspiration." To "squint" is softened to obliquity of vision; to be "drunk" is vulgar; but if a man be simply intoxicated or inebriated, it is comparatively venial. Indeed, we may say of the classical names of vices, what Burke more questionably said of vices themselves, "that they lose half their deformity by losing all their grossness." In the same manner, we all know that it is very possible for a medical man to put to us questions, under the seemingly disguise of scientific phraseology and polite circumlocution, which, if expressed in the bare and rude vernacular, would almost be as nauseous as his draughts and pills.

Lastly; there are many thoughts which gain immensely by mere novelty and variety of expression. This the judicious poet, who knows that the connection between thoughts and words is as intimate as that between body and spirit, well understands.—There are thoughts, in themselves trite and common-place, when expressed in hackneyed terms of common life, which if adorned by some graceful or felicitous novelty of expression, shall assume an unwonted air of dignity and elegance. What was trivial, becomes striking; and what was plebeian, noble.—Edinburgh Review.

CONVERSION.

Some there are who exact of every Christian, as a touchstone of their sincerity, to render an account of the exact time of their conversion, with the circumstances thereof: how, and when, and where performed. I must crave leave to enter myself a dissentient herein, conceiving such a demand unreasonable, as generally required essential to all true believers. I confess some may return a satisfactory answer thereto; namely, such whose souls, suddenly snatched out of error and viciousness, were immediately wrought upon, almost in an instant, by the Spirit of God. Thus, of those three thousand gained on Many Saints' Day by St. Peter, at Jerusalem, with the preaching of one sermon (Acts ii. 41), each one might punctually and precisely tell the very moment of their true conversion; and generally the worse men have been, the better they can point at the accurate date thereof.

This is not the ease with all true believers. God, to shew His power that He can, and pleasure that He will, vary the manner of men's conversion, (though going the same path by His word and Spirit), use a slower pace in the hearts of others, in whom grace is wrought gently and imperceptibly, and modelled by degrees; in such no mortal man can assign the minatory juncture of time, when preparing grace (which cleared the ground) ended, and saving grace (which finished the fabric of conversion) did first begin.

Observable to this purpose are the words of our Saviour: "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep and rise, night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how." (Mark iv. 26.) That grace is sown, and is grown, men know; but when and how in the persons aforesaid, God knows.

Besides these adult converts, there are a second sort of Christians unable to discover the date of grace dawning in them; namely, such who, with Timothy (2 Tim. i. 5; iii. 15), may be said to be good time out of mind, sucking in grace with their milk extracted from the educated and under a pious parentage, [baptized as infants into the body of the Redeemer.] I hope and trust your honour may truly be ranked in this latter form, as that many ancient deeds (written before the reign of King Henry iii.) are commonly without any date, grace, in like manner, will arise so early in your heart (advantaged by your goodly birth and breeding), that you shall not remember the beginning thereof.

However, to make sure work, it will be safest to examine yourself, when arrived at age, what eminent accessions and additions of grace you can remember, with the place and time when the same were effectually wrought in your soul, and what bosom-sin you have conquered. Especially take notice of your solemn reconciling to God, after repentance for some sin committed.—David, no doubt, in some sort, may be said to be born good, God being his hope "in the womb," when he "hanged yet upon his mother's breast," trusting in him and taught by him from his youth. Now, though probably he could not remember his first and general conversion, he could recount his re-conversion after his foul offences of adultery and murder, as by his penitential psalm doth plainly appear. Otherwise, those who boast themselves converted before memory (by the privilege of their pious infancy), if they can recover no memorials of their repentance after relapse, and produce no time nor tokens thereof, are so far from being good from their errand, it is rather suspicious they will be laid to their coffin, if not labouring for a better spiritual estate.

And now let me recommend to your childhood the reading of the "Holy Scriptures," as the Apostle calls them: holy in the fountain, flowing from the Holy Spirit inditing them: holy in the conduit-pipe, derived through holy men penning them: holy in the liquor, teaching and directing to holiness: holy in the cistern, working sanctity in such as worthily receive them, and making them wise unto salvation.—Thomas Fuller, D. D.

MORAL ENERGY.

Moral energy, or constancy of purpose, seems to be less properly an independent power of the mind than a mode of action of which its various powers operate with effect; but, however this may be, it enters more largely, perhaps, than mere talent, as commonly understood, into the formation of what is called character, and is often confounded by the vulgar with talent of the highest order. In the ordinary concerns of life, indeed, it is more serviceable than brilliant parts; while, in the more important, these latter are of little weight without it, evaporating only in brief and barren flashes, which may dazzle the eye by their splendour, but pass away and are forgotten.

The importance of moral energy is felt not only where it would be expected, in the concerns of active life, but in those more exclusively of an intellectual character,—in deliberative assemblies, for example, where talent, as usually understood, might be supposed to assert an absolute supremacy, but where it is invariably made to bend to the controlling influence of this principle. No man destitute of it can be the leader of a party; while there are few leaders, probably, who do not number in their ranks minds from which they would be compelled to shrink in a contest for purely intellectual pre-eminence.

This energy of purpose presents itself in a yet more imposing form when stimulated by some intense passion, as ambition, or the nobler principles of patriotism or religion; when the soul, springing vulgar considerations of interest, is ready to do and dare all for conscience's sake; when, insensible alike to all that this world can give or take away, it loosens itself from the gross ties which bind it to earth, and, however humble its powers in every other point of view, attains a grandeur and elevation which genius alone, however gifted, can never reach.

But it is when associated with exalted genius, and under the action of the potent principles above mentioned, that this moral energy conveys an image of power which approaches nearer than anything else in this world to that of a divine intelligence. It is, indeed, such agents that Providence selects for the accomplishment of those great revolutions by which the world is shaken to its foundations, and more beautiful systems created, and the human mind carried forward, at a single stride, in the career of improvement, farther than it had advanced for centuries. It must, indeed, be confessed that this powerful agency is sometimes for evil, as well as for good. It is this same impulse which spurs guilty ambition along his bloody track, and which arms the hand of the patriot sternly to resist him; which glows with holy fervour in the bosom of the martyr, and which lights up the fires of persecution by which he is to win his crown of glory. The direction of the impulses differing in the same individual under different circumstances, can alone determine whether he shall be the scourge or the benefactor of his species.—*Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella.*

THE CHURCH.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1841.

In casting our eye over the list of new publications in the last issued religious periodicals in England, we were struck with the title of a pamphlet purporting to be an expostulation with the parishioners of some Church for not attending the Morning Service, with the same frequency and punctuality as that held at a later period of the day. We are not as yet acquainted with the exact contents of this Pastoral Address, and know not whether the Morning Service alluded to may not be one,—not unusual now in many churches in England,—held at an early hour, and considerably preceding that which, as a general rule, takes place at eleven o'clock. We know, however, that the ordinary Morning Service is not the one which, in this country, is the worst attended; on the contrary, it is the neglect of the Afternoon or Evening Service which, on this side the Atlantic, calls more generally for that expostulation and rebuke to which our notice is directed in the Address alluded to.

The complaint, we fear, is far too common a one, of the comparative paucity of afternoon or evening congregations; that while a goodly number of persons are wont to assemble at the first period of public worship on the Sabbath-day, so many disregard the summons to the repetition of that solemn duty. Although we are well aware that exhortations are by no means spared to those who are chargeable with this neglect, and that they are warned with due faithfulness against the delinquency of a Christian duty so positive and undeniable, we nevertheless fear that the great body of Christian worshippers are not generally as alive as they should be to the importance and the obligation of availing themselves of a second opportunity to attend the house of God on his own holy day, when such is afforded to them. The duty of embracing it is so fully implied in the regulations of the Church itself, in her allotment of a special service for the Evening of the Lord's Day, that very strong reasons should exist for neglecting it, even on the ground of the reverence that is due to the Church's disciplinary arrangements: her decision as to its propriety and usefulness ought to be sufficient with all her members to ensure their respect and attention to it. That the Evening Service of the Church, so orderly arranged and so appropriate to the closing hours of the sacred Sabbath, should be allowed to stand as a dead letter, and that too when the Minister of the sanctuary is ready, in his appointed place, to fulfil his part of the duty, argues in those who thus disregard it either a very imperfect acquaintance with the extent of their Christian obligations, or a very partial interpretation of the command "not to neglect the assembling of themselves together."

Nor would it be hard to demonstrate that the Church, in this particular, is guided by the Divine command and directed by the pious usages of the earliest and purest ages. No religious person, we can believe, thinks of closing, any more than of commencing, the duties of the day without an exercise of private prayer and praise to God. In the calm and solemn hour of evening, indeed, there is a peculiar suitability to the fulfilment of this sacred duty; its stillness and serenity seems to be imparted to the soul; and the excluded world better permits the scattered thoughts to be concentrated together for the work of praise and supplication to the Father of mercies. When "the day goeth away, and the shadows of the evening are stretched out," it seems a congenial hour of calm and contemplation to the hurried spirits; we can then better shut out the cares and anxieties of life,—more freely commune with our own hearts,—and express to our God and Saviour the more undistracted contrition and gratitude of our souls.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon," says the Psalmist, "will I pray and cry aloud,"—a greater appropriation of time to the formal duties of devotion than is now contended for; and we find it recorded of the prophet Daniel, that while a captive in a foreign land, and far away from the altars of his beloved country, he "kneled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God." And looking to a higher example, we find our blessed Saviour, when the toil and bustle of the day were over, retiring to the mountain or the garden, to some private place apart, to hold communion with his heavenly Father; and that he was accustomed at many times to rise up "a great while before day" in order to enter undisturbed upon the same holy intercourse. It is impossible to overlook the analogy between the private exercises of devotion thus solemnly sanctioned, and the public services of the sanctuary. What is right and fitting in the one case, is surely as appropriate and as obligatory in the other. Under the Levitical dispensation, an offering by fire of two lambs was enjoined "day by day for a continual burnt-offering;" and in regard to these it was expressly commanded, "the one lamb shalt thou offer in the morning, and the other lamb shalt thou offer at even." This daily sacrifice, to be made morning and evening, was never to be omitted; no solemn commemorations of remarkable events, enjoining larger sacrifices, was to supersede this standing and perpetual obligation. Of course we do not contend for a literal adaptation of Jewish observances to the devout exercises of Christians; but if the Law is fulfilled in the Gospel, and the analogy is to be preserved, as far as practicable, between the Old covenant and the New, Christians can hardly feel themselves exonerated from the fulfilment of a similar daily duty, and that both at the morning and evening hour. Though the Law is succeeded by a spiritual dispensation, and a "reasonable service" is to take the place of ceremonial observances, we have no reason to conclude that the obligation to serve God by appropriate offerings, of the heart and spirit, is less binding upon Christians than upon Jews. We may plead for the spirituality, but not for the diminution of these enjoined offerings to Almighty God; and though the manner may be changed, there is no where

any countenance given to the idea that we are to be less assiduous in the service of God under the Gospel than under the Law.

No earnest, fervent Christian, indeed, can think that a single assemblage for the purposes of devotion on the Sabbath-day, is all that can reasonably be expected; no one really animated with the love of God, and imbued with the spirit of Christ, can suppose that, where the opportunity is afforded, it is not their duty to make a second visit to the courts of his holy house,—to worship him there in the evening as well as in the morning. To the regular exercise of this repeated duty, no plausible objection can be advanced; none which cannot be met with an immediate refutation.

Few perhaps will attempt formally to justify the omission of this duty on the plea of indolence; although it is certain that this unhappy disposition constitutes, in many cases, the real excuse. But poor indeed must their opinion be of the claims of Almighty God upon their hearts and service, who can for a moment justify to their consciences one solitary departure from the enjoined duties of religion upon the wretched plea of the sluggard, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep!" Never yet could the holy feeling have gained possession of their hearts, which warmed the spirit of the Psalmist to exclaim, "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou regardest him?" With tearless eye and heart unmoved, they must have viewed their Saviour's dying agonies undergone for their redemption, who can grudge the labour or the inconvenience which may be caused by the twice-repeated worship of their God on the Sabbath-day.

Equally futile and irreligious would be the plea of those who neglect the evening worship of their heavenly Father, in his own hallowed sanctuary, because they need a portion of that day for recreation. On very few can it be imperative to allot any portion of the Lord's Day for purposes of relaxation: the pressure of worldly business can never be so great as to forbid an appropriation from the time which is given to it, to the needful recreation of the body and the mind; but whether it be so pressing or not, it is the duty of Christians to abstract their seasons of relaxation not from the hours claimed for the worship of Almighty God, but from those which are usually spent in the pursuits of life.

Or if inconvenience be pleaded,—and sometimes, from distance and other causes, it is a reasonable excuse,—it would be well for those who advance it, to ask themselves whether they cannot generally, without any extraordinary trespass upon their worldly affairs, give up more than that amount of time each week to social meetings or convivial purposes! The ordinary excuses of inconvenience are not so usually pleaded then: neither the lateness of the hour, nor the fatigue to be undergone, nor the distance to be travelled, are, on such occasions, advanced or admitted as a sufficient justification of absence. It is melancholy to think that while so much respect and deference is paid to earthly friends, a becoming reverence and regard should be withheld from the Ruler and Saviour of the world; or that the customs of mere human society should have a stronger hold upon attachments of professed Christians, than the sanctuary and the service of the Most High God. It is strange that men will so far flatter and deceive themselves as to think that God will excuse their negligence in any of those points of duty which his holy word so clearly commands. When we do all that is required of us, we are still "unprofitable servants;" when we do less, we shall surely experience the condemnation of him who, thinking his Master an austere man and his service hard, hid in a napkin and buried in the earth the talent which he had been commanded to employ,—"Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

The present day, the TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY, is the anniversary of that upon which, after a long and oppressive interregnum, King Charles the Second was restored to the throne of his ancestors; and if the laxity of the times renders the great body of our fellow-subjects too willing to acquiesce in the omission of the public thanksgiving with which Churchmen at least are furnished as appropriate to this day, it should not be lost sight of in their private and devout meditations. No greater calamity can befall a nation than the subversion of the constituted authorities; and history assures us that the only certain amelioration of such a misfortune is a return to that state and polity which had been violently overturned. Radical and organic changes, suddenly and rashly entered upon, must bring misery and ruin upon some; and the tragedy of the French Revolution too mournfully shews that the original architects of the vision Liberty, became at last the most deeply steeped in the unparalleled wretchedness and desolation which that unhappy country presented.

Our own father-land has been mercifully preserved from such horrors; for although, in bygone days, not a stranger to the devastations of civil war, it was never accompanied with those atrocities which rendered France for many years one vast charnel-house. Nor in England was the great fabric of society ever so completely broken down, or its political constitution so irremediably uprooted, as to render its parts and elements incapable again of association and order. Though the public mind, which had ever clung to the Monarchy as it had cherished the Church, was warped, it was not stifled beyond the hope of revival; and after the gloomy usurpation of Cromwell, the first love of "merry England" kindled instantaneously into warmth when a hope was held out that she should possess her rightful Sovereign again.

The reflections of Bishop Horne upon the Restoration of Charles II. on our last page are so excellent and beautiful, that their introduction cannot but gratify our readers.

We give, in another place, an extract from the *Montreal Herald*, containing some favourable remarks upon a Sermon on the important subject of Baptism by the Rev. James Reid, Rector of St. Armand, in the Diocese of Quebec. This Sermon has not yet come into our hands, so that we cannot pronounce any opinion of our own upon it, although antecedently disposed to concede the fullest justice of the commendation bestowed upon it in the review which we this day publish. The doctrine of Baptism is one amongst the many upon which much erroneous impression has prevailed, from the false and defective theology which characterises many of the tenets of separatists from the Church, and into which unhappily, from the force of surrounding prejudice, many members of the Church itself have gradually and unconsciously slid. When we compare the controversial writings of modern days with those which appeared in the time of Hooker, Jewell, Jeremy Taylor, or Barrow, we are far from admitting that,—comparatively speaking at least,—the present is a Bible-reading age; and it is to the very superficial manner in which the Scriptures are studied by present controversialists, amongst sectarians especially, that very many of the religious novelties of the day are owing. Moreover, it was the custom of those giants in theology, in their contemplations upon the word of God, to avail themselves of the interpretations furnished on difficult and doubtful passages by the fathers of the Church who lived nearest to the Apostles' times; but this is a species of learning which modern

fastidiousness, purely we believe from indolence or incapacity to master it, has been in the habit of very unceremoniously rejecting. An improvement, however, has latterly taken place; and to the closer and more accurate study of Christian antiquity we are indebted for a reviving spirit of sound Churchmanship, and the restoration of the Sacraments especially to that position in Christian faith and practice from which, almost by universal consent, they had been degraded. Nothing, in short, can be more unworthy of a Divine Institution than the opinions which we find in many quarters to prevail upon the subject of Baptism; and we trust the lately published work of Mr. Reid will be found a useful auxiliary towards the refutation of current errors upon this Sacrament, and its restoration, in the conceptions of Christians, to that standing which it claims as the ordinance of the Lord.

If Baptism, as well as the Lord's Supper, has by many been reduced to a mere sign or badge of Church membership, unattended, as a general rule, with any inward and spiritual efficacy, we know that it arises in a great degree from the erroneous and unscriptural, yes and faithless, principle of limiting the operation and influence of God's appointments by our own human observation and experience; as if the caution of our Lord against expecting that our mortal perceptions should discern, in all cases, His inscrutable agency, was not sufficiently declared in his own memorable words, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

It is the lowering of a divine and holy institution to a mere sign and formality which, to a great extent, causes men to treat their Christian profession as a mere formality; whereas if it were regarded, as a general rule, with higher and more scriptural views, there would be greater stress laid upon the necessity of practically fulfilling its meaning and requisitions. Baptism, in short, rightly viewed, is the very ground-work of our Christian responsibilities; by it we are, or ought to be, made to feel that a "necessity is laid upon us" to fulfil the law of Christ. "In Baptism," says Bishop Jeremy Taylor, "we are admitted to the kingdom of Christ, presented unto him, consigned with his sacrament, enter into his militia, give up our understandings and our choice to the obedience of Christ, and, in all senses that we can, become his disciples, witnessing a good confession, and undertaking a holy life." And in another place, the same prelate says, "Faith and repentance strip the old man naked, and make him fit for baptism; and then the holy Spirit moving upon the waters, cleanses the soul, and makes it to put on the new man, who grows up to perfection and a spiritual life, a life of glory by our verification of the undertaking in baptism on our part, and the graces of the Spirit on the other. For the waters pierce no further than the sin, till the person puts off his affection to the sin that hath contracted; and then he may say, The water is entered even unto my soul, to purify and cleanse it, by the washing of water, and the renewing by the Holy Spirit."

The intelligence brought from England by the *Caledonia*, a summary of which our readers will find in a succeeding column, records the signal humiliation of the Ministry in the decisive defeat of that eminently democratic measure—Lord Morpeth's Irish Registration Bill. This triumphant victory of the champions of Conservatism over the most determined efforts of O'Connell and his adherents is gratifying in the extreme, but we are deeply grieved that the Whig Ministry have deemed it expedient—on what grounds is perfectly evident—to awaken the agitation on the subject of the Corn Laws. The announcement made by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons created, it is said, almost universal astonishment—and with great reason, for it involves the discussion of a question, to interfere with which Lord Melbourne himself has acknowledged to be "downright madness." The Conservatives could well imagine the annoyance Ministers would experience in the prostration of their favourite scheme, but they never anticipated the adoption of so desperate a resource as that proposed by the Secretary for the Colonies. The more honest and candid even in the Ministerial ranks were thunderstricken by the manifestation of such daring duplicity. Rendered frantic by the sad destruction of the plans they had concocted for the perpetuation of Irish misgovernment, and the conviction that they are holding office without the power of exercising its authority, maintaining its dignity, or preserving its prerogatives, our rulers have at length formed the heartless resolution of sacrificing the agricultural interests of Great Britain to the possibility of retaining for a short time longer the situations they have long since forfeited. Our English files have reached us, containing many an indignant censure of this act of unpatriotic faithlessness, but we regret that their late arrival precludes us from making any selections from their columns.

The Home District Assizes commenced in this city on Tuesday last. The proceedings were opened by the Chief Justice in a very lucid and eloquent charge.

ECCLIASIALICAL INTELLIGENCE.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. HILL'S JOURNAL.*

The season of Christmas has been to me a season of gladness. In many of the stations which I occupy each alternate week, the number of those originally of our Church was comparatively very small. Several that had been such had joined the Methodist Society, in the absence of all ministrations of the Church in those parts. It was therefore with a kind of fear and trembling that I ventured to introduce the administration of the Lord's Supper into those places, as deeming that it would be considered a pledge of exclusiveness,—that Presbyterians and Methodists would consider their joining in communion with a minister of the Church as a renunciation of their own systems. On the one hand, I did not like to withhold that mean of grace from the few whom I could consider as devout and willing communicants; and on the other, I felt unwilling to expose the "nakedness of the land" to the envious and the hostile, to make thus a sortie which should necessarily reveal the fewness of the loyal soldiers of the garrison. The duty however of supplying that garrison with food was indispensable.—Accordingly, out of the fifteen places where I hold meetings in the course of each fortnight, I selected six of the most central. In three of them I could only hold the meetings on week days, and as the winter had just set in, the roads were not in their most favourable state for travelling. However, I am sure that my friends in the old country will feel that there is room for our mutual congratulation, when I state to them that the collective number of those who received us, on these six occasions, was "Ninety-two;" and that further, of that number fourteen at least were, by birth and education, Presbyterians, who sought, as a favour, to be admitted into our communion. One family of these desired to know from me whether it was to be considered as a token of their renouncing the system under which they were educated, as they wished to hold the meetings in their own homes, inasmuch as they had no meeting-house to be placed among such. Of course I assured them, that I considered their coming to the communion as pledging them to the Lord; that I gave the invitation to all that were "religiously and devoutly disposed," and that such I considered them to be. On this explanation they gladly joined with us, and neither they, nor any other Presbyterians, made the slightest objection against the posture of kneeling, or any other of those trifling objections which used to be urged with such acrimony and obstinacy. In one place, indeed, (Danville), the Presbyterians kept entirely aloof on that occasion, though two or three have been most assiduous in their attendance on our ordinary services. To one such, an intelligent, pious individual, I expressed my surprise that

he should do so, since they had no minister of their own persuasion to visit them at that season. He said that in doing so, he wished to consult the feelings of his brethren; and that their objections lay, not against the minister nor against the form of administration, but against the system that allowed indiscriminate church membership. I pointed out to him the awful warnings given in the preliminary address to all who would present themselves. I urged the impossibility of men, however discerning, detecting hypocrites: that those strongly suspected by the congregation to be such, cannot be excluded on that suspicion; and that so, with all their scrupulous anxiety, they may have still to sit side by side with those who are still in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity. Whereas, if the Church of England seems to exercise the office of judging, she presents, both in her authorized formularies, and I trust generally in the discourses of her ministers individually, means for the most careful self-examination. My reasonings and observations seemed to him to have some weight; but his absence from himself from the ordinance shewed that the objections of his brethren prevailed. The Wesleyans of the same place too, also kept away; but that less surprised me, as few of them were originally of the Church of England. There were, however, eighteen *bona fide* members of the Church of England present, and I have good hopes that there are few of them that would lightly dishonour the high vocation with which they are called. One old lady came 10 miles to the ordinances, our services commencing at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.—She came from the bank of the Welland canal, where I find that there are some Church of England families scattered about; many of them have joined the Wesleyans. I have not been able to visit that line of country, but I hope, that if a Missionary be sent out to the Danville and Lake Shore settlement, he will be like Daniel's ram—"pushing westward and northward and southward," and then I am sure that instead of eighteen, he may soon have twice eighteen intelligent and devout communicants in the town of Danville. It has been a place of great prejudice against our Church, and I am sorry to have to say that some of her nominal children, and those too not among the lowest of society, have not done much to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. The building of the church has been quite suspended, and such is the state of affairs respecting it, that unless some energetic measures are adopted in some quarter, I fear that it will continue to be so. In accordance with your official communication to me, I addressed a letter a few days ago to the Bishop of Upper Canada, on the general state of my mission, and I called his attention in particular to that building which was to be one "really Episcopal," and to which, when Archbishop of York, he had largely subscribed.

I am happy to have to state, that the respectable settlers on the Lake Shore, adjoining the river's mouth, are making active exertions to raise funds for building a church, and also for purchasing a suitable lot of land, as a permanent residence for a missionary. They propose to erect it in the centre of the river's mouth, so as to be easy of access to the settlers on the farther side of the river. To future emigrants entering the country in that direction, (as many probably will do when the railroad from Albany to Buffalo is completed,) how cheering an omen it will present, to see the heaven-directed spire inviting them to the land of promise. Of those settlers on the Lake Shore, fifteen received the sacrament on St. Stephen's Day. I had hoped that a few from the Sheban (Shane) settlement adjoining, would have attended for that purpose, but none did. Indeed, from the state of the roads before the frost set in, and owing also to a very heavy snow fall, there was not the opportunity of their receiving a Lecture, on the subject the Wednesday two weeks preceding. Several had, however, met that evening at the little school house in the Bush; but though I had reached a house within a mile of them, I did not go to the house, as I had no expectations of a meeting, from the state of the weather. I had rode that evening nearly 20 miles, through a thick shower of snow, and it would have been a great gratification to me to have found such a number to welcome me, and I hope it will teach me never to despair of a meeting in future.

In the little settlement (the Shane) there is an excellent school-mistress employed at present. She is of the Church of England, and pious; she instructs the children in the Catechism, and also to read the Psalms and make the responses. This duty they performed in the most interesting manner, in her absence, last Wednesday evening; they also sang the Evening Hymn, which they were enabled to do by her instructions. Religious feelings are the same every where, whether "in the wide waste or in the city full;" nor needs truly piety the accompaniment of sweet youthful voices, to make it lovely wherever it is found. But there are some seasons when we are almost smothered in a fog of superstition; and such, I think, there were not a few of those who, might long to fancy themselves under the starry canopy of heaven, among the snow-clad forests on the shores of the vast Lake Erie, (that nurse of Niagara's torrent,) listening to the sounds of simple melody unturbed by the slightest rustle of a breeze, bringing to the ear, amidst the profoundest surrounding stillness, the well known words of childhood remembrance—"Glory to thee, my God." For myself, I need not to return across the Atlantic, to regain a relish for these simple scenes. Though "Auburn and Edin are no more," still do I believe that the feelings of the youthful breast whence these notes proceed, though human and all too impure, are not unkindled in the courts of heaven. "No faith-forms and many-coloured things can worship him with notes more sweet than words," when these words "sound in God the Father's ear, the name of the beloved,"—and when that name, as it flows from the tongue, is sweet to the ear of the soul.

It is with feelings of considerable satisfaction that I sit down to prepare another quarter's report, for the information of our Society, with regard to the progress of our work in this district. A few months glide swiftly by with one engaged in continual action, and were it not for the names of the months indicating their succession, I should almost be unconscious of their departure. One particular cause of gratification at the present is, that our Provincial Government seem to have such high opinions of the utility of the settlers on the Indian land, in conformity to the arrangements of the tract of country lying along the Grand River. Various hindrances lay in the way of their coming to this conclusion: one of the most formidable was the adverse statements given by some persons of the moral character of these settlers. It was represented to the Government that they had come upon the lands, not with the purpose of making a permanent settlement there, but of despoiling the ground of its valuable timber, and then deserting it. I have reason to know that such representations were made by persons having the means of local knowledge, and seeming to be peculiarly interested in the welfare of the Indians.—When a deputation waited on His Excellency, two of whom were members of the Provincial Assembly, he stated that the Government had received such information, but that he conceived it to be neutralized by the testimony of the (young) Church of England Missionary from the Grand River. "A word spoken in season how good is it." I gave him my testimony as an eye-witness, and as such it was peculiarly adapted to counteract that of others who, from their proximity, appeared to possess great local advantage, but in reality did not possess it. Almost all these settlers are a mile back from the river: a thick "block of bush" intervenes between them and the front settlers, and besides, their lines of settlement do not run parallel, but at right angles to the river; and it is only they who make it their business to explore these recesses of the forest, that can speak as eye-witnesses: the very existence of such settlements might remain a secret for years to persons travelling along the river. In my concern for these settlers, I have not been unmindful of the interests of the Indians. In a temporal and spiritual sense, I am convinced it would be greatly to their interest to have the lands occupied by a religious, industrious class of settlers. Abundance of land might still be reserved for their own cultivation and residence; and by the funds raised by the yearly rents paid in by these settlers, the means of livelihood would be furnished to those Indians, in a degree altogether exceeding the uncertain produce of the chase.

The town of Seneca, on the river, is in the midst of this Indian land. I have four meetings every fortnight, in its neighbourhood, besides the more general one on each second Sunday forenoon, which is supplied from four or five lines of settlers. Some of these, as I have before mentioned, come a considerable distance. On the occasion of our last meeting, I remarked one man, a Presbyterian, who came from the township of Grandford, fully six miles: most of his road was a bush tract, and they who know what are the mud holes of such lines, will be able to appreciate such earnestness. In one of these lines I held a meeting yesterday; there had been a continued storm the whole day preceding, so that the snow lay on the ground 13 inches deep, and yet I never had a larger meeting in that place. Several of them are by birth Presbyterians from Scotland, who have been in this country but three or four years. I was lately in the house of the Assessor of the Rates on the Indian tract: as he went from house to house he took down the religious denominations, and he informed me, to my great surprise, that of those on the Indian tract, he had given him, that having no minister of their own among them, they had joined in communion with me. They might have made a different choice, as there is another religious body rather numerous in this place, and who had considerably the pre-

cedence of the Church of England in point of time. The attachment of choice is naturally that of affection, and so I trust a perfectly reciprocal feeling will be established between them and the pastor they have selected. I was also considerably gratified yesterday at finding that they, in that little settlement, have agreed to set up a school among them. A well educated Scotch woman, whose brother was teacher of one of the parish schools, and who in temper, &c. seems well qualified for the office, is to be mistress. I have given to most of the children some of the "Class Books of the Sunday School Union," which you had sent me out by Mr. Morse, and these religious parents are quite delighted with them. There are no such places to be procured here for elementary instruction, and for about 40 miles along this river I have distributed all I had.

On the subject of church building I may mention, that our friends on the Lake Shore settlement at the river's mouth, have been eminently successful in procuring supplies in England, for building a church and providing it with glass. One family has given nearly £200; and they have got £70 on another quarter. Soon we may hope that such a little sanctuary, on the banks of this river, will remind the traveller of a home beyond the skies. We cannot, it is true, build men; but let Christians be earnest in their petitions to the throne of grace.—He can make the dry bones live, and He can send out labourers into his harvest.

With regard to the inhabitants and the climate of Canada, a year and a half, including two winters, may entitle me to speak with some confidence. As to the climate, it is nothing but what, while in Ireland, I apprehended it to be. Why, in that valuable periodical, "The Christian Examiner," and "Church of Ireland Magazine," I had read, in an article on "Emigration," that "in Canada people are perishing with frost one half of the year, and consumed by heat and mosquitoes the other half." Now I can with truth declare that I have suffered nothing from any of these things. I have repeatedly, during this last winter, been on horseback with the mercury several degrees below zero: I have been preaching in little rooms last summer, with the mosquitoes about me and on my face. Like the common house-fly, and scarcely felt annoyed by them. And though others are Missions from physical causes, suffer a little by such things, they Missions to be the only emigrants who cannot endure them? The climate is, in my opinion, decidedly salubrious. My own line, from the fact of this having been, within the last five years, made to overflow its banks by dams, may be more acutely than other places; for many places in the Backwoods, such as the ground at the back of Peterboro', where my brother lives, are almost strangers to ague. I may expect to suffer by it before many summers pass by, but if I do, I may afterwards be almost proof against it; for I find it to be the general experience, that they who leave it off and on for eight or nine months together, seldom have it afterwards; at least they have it only as a few days illness. As regards I as robust in form as most of my countrymen, my example might be less available; but as the matter stands, I can venture to assert, that the climate of Upper Canada is well adapted to the inhabitants of the British Isles. "Were I mindful of that country whence I came out, I might have had opportunity to return;" but never was I more persuaded of its being at once my privilege and my duty to abide where I am, than it is now. It is true, that where the population is chiefly American or Canadian—(by the latter we do not mean those of French extraction, but the descendants of those who settled here from what is now the United States, after the first war), there the native of the British Isles may feel himself among strangers; but every day of my life I have to mingle in society with Dutch, American, and Canadian, and can feel comfortable with them all. It is true that there is room for preference, but the fact that there is so, makes the occasional intercourse with those you prefer the more acceptable, and the more to be prized. But even much of this is merely matter of taste, and a brother clergyman, from Ireland, says that he prefers the Canadians, on account of their gentleness and docility.

In speaking of agreeable prospects, I have insisted that there is no prospect more lovely than that of a place under fertile by the labour of our own hands; and so I would assert that there can be no society more agreeable than that of those who, by our agency, have been reclaimed from the ways of sin, to adore the doctrine of God our Saviour.—Acting on this principle, let labourers come into this spiritual wilderness: the work is already in many places more than half done for them; they will not have to penetrate a sunless forest. In those lone tracts will many a sign of former cultivation meet their eye;—

"Here still does many a garden flower grow wild,"
Let them presume upon this;—let them address these exits from the shores of Great Britain and Ireland, as having—

"—hearts that yet,
Like gems in darkness issuing rays,
They've borrow'd of long sun that's set,
Beam all the light of long-lost days;"

and they will find that there is in them a light, that "is not dead but sleepeth." But,—but,—if these messengers wait till the last ray of the lingering twilight is sunk below the horizon, who can then resuscitate the cold that is gathered,—then, then too late, they may call, but the waters of their search may be ever alienated from their influence; and though there is one who never ceases to know them that are his, still, what account will the watchmen and shepherds of the British churches have to give of those who, by his providence, were placed under their care, but whom they refused to follow or accompany into their solitudes, where it was their duty to go, in order to provide for their own souls.

In the neighbourhood of York, this month introduced twelve persons of one family into the Church, by baptism: six of them were adults—two brothers and four sisters; two infant children were admitted at the same time, just after their parents; four younger brothers and sisters completed the twelve. The ceremony took place in the house of the elder brother. He invited some friends to be present as witnesses on the part of the Church; and then, in conformity with the Apostolic precept of being "given to hospitality," entertained the whole party to dinner.

Our Cayuga church is generally well furnished with a considerable congregation: it stands on a rising ground over the river, near where a bridge connects the Camboro Road with the Talbot Street. This is the only bridge for 50 miles, on this part of the river. I have before mentioned, that in giving up Gianford to Mr. Flanagan, who was appointed to the adjoining township of Barton, I arranged to begin each second Sunday at Seneca; preach at York in the middle of the day, and end at Cayuga in the evening. This plan I find works well. During the winter evenings, when the roads are all but impassable, between the river and the house of one of the settlers, about two miles from the church; this makes it possible for a considerable number to attend. On a late occasion, it was quite picturesque to see a little party returning home, after our Sunday evening service; they had to go more than two miles through the "bush," without meeting a "clearance" on the way; but the master of the house had provided against this, by supplying himself with a bundle of "hickory bark," which blazed like a torch, and of which he had sufficient to light him home. Two children of that family have come four miles, through wet and mire, to the Sunday school, which I hold in our Cayuga church almost before our forenoon service. They were Presbyterians.

Seven miles from the Cayuga bridge, across the river, is the Belle's settlement, in the township of Walpole: it is quite an isolated settlement, and except an itinerant Wesleyan preacher, no minister seems ever to have called there. There are not many families there—nine I believe. In two of these families I have baptized their children, and they, in turn, to shew their sense of obligation for my visits, have given the name of "Hill's Dale" to their settlement.—Here too, though they knew little of the Church of England before, they have asked me to procure Prayer Books for them. I had procured about a dozen some time before, in Hamilton, but they were never got; the post was broken, and this report may reach you in time to forward me the supply again, before our forenoon service. It is a singular feature in the religious condition of the inhabitants of the remote districts of Canada, that there is little importance attached to the rite of baptism. Even in places which are well settled, and which have enjoyed the benefit of the services of a resident clergyman for twenty or thirty years, there are many intelligent and respectable inhabitants, who have not been baptized. And this remark is applicable in some instances to men who possess the greatest share of the intelligence and influence of their localities. It has not unfrequently happened, that the parents and a large family of children have received the rite at the same time. This

From the *Montreal Herald*.

A DISCOURSE ON INFANT BAPTISM. By the Rev. James Reid, Montreal, ARMOUR & RAMSAY, pp. 119.

Mr. Reid is already favourably known to the public, by the publication of several small brochures and sermons. For the best interests of the younger part of his flock,—it being intended to call the attention of parents to the importance of the baptism of their children.—It is a singular feature in the religious condition of the inhabitants of the remote districts of Canada, that there is little importance attached to the rite of baptism. Even in places which are well settled, and which have enjoyed the benefit of the services of a resident clergyman for twenty or thirty years, there are many intelligent and respectable inhabitants, who have not been baptized. And this remark is applicable in some instances to men who possess the greatest share of the intelligence and influence of their localities. It has not unfrequently happened, that the parents and a large family of children have received the rite at the same time. This

* From the *Third Report of the Upper Canada Clergy Society.*

PRESTON CHURCH.*

In a valley of the South-downs, embedded in trees, stands the village of Preston. As you look down upon it from the unclad and exposed hills that surround it, it presents all that nesting snugness and social compactness that render every collection of dwellings, so situated, picturesque to the eye, soothing and comfortable to the heart. The wide separation of the objects upon the hills around, continually tends to disperse the attention, to prevent its fixing and resting for a moment, while the bright masses of light thrown about by the broad mirror of the ocean, keep the feelings in an undefined and vagrant cheerfulness. But this brisk and lively state of spirits is altogether changed when, with startling surprise, you come upon a village like this, and have, as it were, the scattered objects of the landscape brought together at once, settling in a focus, uniting their cold separations into a warm fraternity of noble trees and collected groups of neighbourly cottages, the village church in the midst, as if it were the great magnet that had drawn them all together,—the nucleus around which they had clung and crystallized.

With something of this concentrated and social feeling upon me, I descended the steep chalky road into the village of Preston on a Sabbath morning, while the three small bells from the church tower were calling the villagers to prayer, with the gentlest notes of invitation and persuasion; not like the vehement and authoritative power of address thrown from the steeple over the streets of some populous town, but rather with notes affectionate and almost colloquial. A green field, with its calm and soothing surface, led to the church-yard, where the white-froked peasants were gradually assembling. The church and all around it displayed the purest simplicity of taste and character. The building was of that beautiful style in use in the thirteenth century, when a delicacy almost feminine, produced the slim lofty window terminating in a gently pointed arch. The doorway of entrance was in the same character, receiving only a stronger form, and a little more of weight and dignity, from the few rows of simple and plain mouldings by which its arch was surrounded. The small tower at the western end arose but little above the roof, and while it claimed a decided pre-eminence over the other buildings in the valley, yet seemed to evade any competition with the greater elevation of the hills around it, leaving it to them, "to raise the eye and fix the upward thought." For our ancestors were ever careful to appropriate the form of churches to their situations, using the lofty spire only where the flat continuing line of earth called for some object to excite elevation and sublimity of feeling. A small chancel terminated the eastern end of the building, and the whole was one of those humble edifices for worship which are so common in Sussex, and which possess, from their size and familiar style of architecture, very much of a domestic character, a private chapelry for the villagers considered as one fixed and resident family. This feeling, no doubt the true and proper one, is sensibly possessed and enjoyed in places like this that retain their early and patriarchal aspect. And by this habit of a limited number, well known to each other, domesticating themselves once a week, friendship and mutual interests and attachment are, no doubt, gently and imperceptibly produced and preserved among them. The church-yard was in perfect harmony with the edifice. Removed from all approach of noise and occupation, it seemed to retain the same character as the fields around it, differing only in its holy purpose and consecration, as being "the field of God, sown with the seeds of the Resurrection." The lofty aspen poplars, and elm trees surrounding it, gave it that proper gravity and seclusion which, while they afforded the pleasure arising from beautiful objects of nature, brought gently to mind the serious appropriation of the spot. Among the recording notices upon the grave-stones, were some pleasing declarations of parental faith in the promises of the gospel; and, on the other hand, of affectionate honour expressed by children towards their departed parents. The following strong and happy appropriation of scripture words to himself and his own case, must surely have been a cure even for a father's sorrow:—

And Jesus said unto him, "Thy son liveth."—St. John iv. 50. while, in another quarter, the son erects the grave-stone to his father and his mother, and calls upon himself to preserve by night and by day, in action and in rest, the moral beauty of their living example—

"My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother.
"Bind them continually upon thine heart, tie them about thy neck.
"When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee."—Prov. chap. vi.

How strongly and profitably must well chosen epitaphs like these speak the duty of faith and obedience to the reader, and "teach the rustic moralist to die."

The interior of the church preserved all the characteristic simplicity and repose that reigned without. It had no side aisles or any architectural display, save an arch of stone leading into the chapel. The lettered pavement of the nave recorded, as usual, people various in years and in station; and as I advanced towards the chancel, on a plain slab of Sussex marble, I found the following foot-note inscription:—

Here lieth the Body of Francis Cheynel Deceased May 22th An: Dom: 1665.

How much at variance with my feelings, and with the spot where I stood, were the recollections that came to me of the times and character of this extraordinary man, the most leading and violent of the presbyterian clergy. After a life in which his mind became over-wrought and disordered by furious engagements and fanatic controversy, he retired, it seems, to this quiet village on the Restoration. Stripped of his lucrative preferments, and without any scene for the exercise of his excited passions, he sinks to rest in this most peaceful spot. As the last days of Chillingworth were harassed by the irritations and unfeeling importunities of Cheynel, and the quiet of his grave broken by Cheynel's violent behaviour, so, in seeming contrast, did the kindness of Providence afford a retreat so remarkably undisturbed as this village in which to pass the serious and sorrowing days of his last sickness, and gave to his grave that peacefulness and stillness which he had so sadly violated at another's.

Here, to his cure, did healing Nature bring
This restless spirit of a fevered age,
Whose fiery mind, overwrought with zealot rage,
Had need of all her gentlest quieting;
She strove his closing life from pain to save,
And placed the peace he wanted round his grave.

The chancel of a church is always the spot that makes us acquainted with the ancient and lordly possessors of the manor, the mysterious devices of their heraldry, and the rich memorials of their sculpture. On the northern side, within the rails of the altar, stands the tomb of one of the Shirley family, the possessors first of this property in the age of Elizabeth, and the more ancient possessors of other and more ample domains in another part of this county, inherited by marriage from the Lords de Braose, to whom the Conqueror gave such rich possessions in Sussex. In them the lofty and courageous spirit of noble ancestry shone forth in the romantic lives of the "Three Brothers," whose travels and adventures

* From the British Magazine.

in the reign of James the First are remarkable even in the history of the times, and in the history of Sussex should form a little Odyssey, to which all the poetic and distinguished spirits of the county might well look up, and be proud of. The next descendant of their house, in the succeeding reign of Charles, was also first and foremost to sacrifice his estate in the cause of loyal and noble feeling; while this smaller portion of their property only remained to them after those turbulent and distressing scenes were over, and the fate of the then possessor, on viewing the wasted strength of his ancient patrimony, is still preserved in a rustic distich:

Shirley of Preston
Died for the loss of Wiston.

At the Restoration, they received a baronetcy, as a testimony of royal gratitude, but only two Shirleys afterwards lived to endure the enfeebled splendour of the house, when the male branch and the baronetage became extinct. The tomb in the chancel is that of the uncle of the three travellers, where, in the centre of rich quatre foils, are the shields of the family and its alliances. The monument is simple and elegant in its construction; and it is impossible to see it, as it is placed in the church, without feeling it to be a symbol of that union of the church and state, of that gentility and noble bearing, connected with religious obedience, against which fanatic vehemence and vulgar envy cherished such a hatred, and waged so destructive a warfare. The graves of Cheynel and Shirleys, indeed, so near to each other, are constant and striking souvenirs of the respective parties, and of the dispositions which they represent.

On the southern side of the communion table, and opposite to this tomb, are three beautiful stone seats placed in the wall, separated by slender shafts, and canopied with mouldings, used by the officiating Catholic clergy as places of rest during the intervals of the services, or when particular anthems were singing, or for those whose turn and duties at the altar were not required. Their varying heights mark their appropriation to the differing dignities of the priests, namely, the celebrant, deacon, and sub-deacon; and their number as well as graceful construction, implies how well provided this little village was with ministers of religion. This, indeed, its name (Priest-ton), as well as its history, would lead us to expect; for it was always attached to the monastery at Chichester, and, in ancient writings is named "Preston Episcopi," or Bishop's Preston, and, no doubt, received many liberality and benefits beyond other churches, from belonging to a rich establishment, and having ecclesiastical proprietors and patrons. The same connection will lead us perhaps to account for the origin of another decoration which this village church was lately found to possess. In removing some whitewash and plaster from the eastern wall of the nave, the whole of it was found to be covered with various paintings of an early character, which, from costume of dress, and from other minute but explicit indications, have been ascertained to be of the reign of Edward I. They stand, therefore, among the earliest works of English art, and display all the characteristics peculiar to that style and period, when the artists, unacquainted in the mechanical part of drawing, displayed stiffly and imperfectly that beautiful simplicity and graceful conception of form which their imaginations so richly possessed. Their works have, therefore, an excess of ideal character about them, which is not fairly criticised, by comparing it with designs of the present day, in which an accurate adherence to the actual forms of life is the object and the praise. Unsupported by such considerations, these paintings would be open to criticism and common-place objections. Yet is the principal subject, namely, the murder of "Thomas a Becket," very well composed, and with exact historic accuracy; the four knights,—Tracy, Fitzurse, Morville, and Brito, in their proper order and attitudes. The latter turning his head away, and reluctantly drawing his sword, is quite conformable to the declaration of a contemporary writer, as he seems to have been unable to strike his blow, without first quieting his reproving conscience, by finding out some remote excuse for it, namely, that Becket had done an unkindness to the king's brother, in whose service this knight was, or once had been retained. The priest whose arm is extended to protect the archbishop, is a very graceful figure, and there is an expression of submission and resignation in his opposition, very happily expressed. The other figures are those of Christ, St. Catherine, St. Margaret, and St. Michael, with his scales weighing the souls of the departed. How impressively must all this variety of imagery, thus displayed to the gaze and imagination of the common people, have instilled into them the various lessons they were adapted to teach! How especially powerful this public and pictorial record of Becket's martyrdom was for preserving a spirit of firmness against all regal and civil encroachments upon the church, was manifest from the long proclamation issued by Henry VIII., defaming the character and motives of the prelate, and commanding all pictures of him to be erased from the walls of every church and chapel throughout the kingdom. The sovereign knew well that while Becket's intrepid character was held up to their view, new champions would be continually called up by it to resist his unjust spoliation of the church.

While reflecting upon these amusing methods of appeal to the senses and feelings of former worshippers, I prepared to take my leave of this village church; and as I gave a last view, and my eye ranged around the other walls of the building, I was delighted to find that they also were not altogether bereft of ornament, and that the hand of more recent piety had not left them bare and neglected. With a simplicity and humility of power, they held up in unobtrusive gentleness the admonitory words of holy scripture; each text, within its little ornamental scroll, dedicating and sanctifying most appropriately the spot where it was placed. Over the door was advice for the consideration of those who had entered thoughtlessly and irreverently:

ECCL. vi. 1.
Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God,
and be more ready to hear than give the sacrifice
of fools, for they consider not that they do evil.

And over the pulpit were the words of delight and thanksgiving for its cheering proclamations:

ROMANS vi. 15.
How beautiful are the feet of them that preach
the Gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.

These intellectual and inward addresses to the reason and understanding of the people, although making a less striking appeal than their ancient pictorial neighbours, yet came upon me with a touching simplicity, and a more enduring strength, in character with the hour that cometh and now is, when the worshippers shall worship in spirit and in truth.

THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY.

From Bishop Horne's Sermons.

With regard to this nation, and the manner in which the designs of Providence concerning the church have been brought about by the revolutions that have happened in the state, it is obvious to observe, that as the conquest of Britain by the Romans opened a way for the Gospel to visit it at first, so the invasion of it afterwards by the Saxons, who, having overcome the sinful inhabitants, were themselves converted to the faith by Austin, became a means of the revival and re-esta-

blishment of that Gospel. At the head of the many blessings since bestowed upon us will that of this day for ever stand, in the estimation of all those who have pleasure in the prosperity of Zion; who love to behold her in her apostolical form and comeliness, as she appeared in the days of old, and in the years that are past, before schism had mangled and heresy defaced the beauty of holiness. In God's dealings with the Church of England, restored at this time by the restoration of the royal family, we behold an epitome of his former proceedings with regard to the church in general. We behold a power raised up to afflict and chastise her, and then destroying itself to pave the way for her deliverance and recovery. But some circumstances there are which distinguish the dispensation, and deserve to be carefully marked. The avenger came not upon us from without, but arose from amongst ourselves. It was not an open enemy that did us this dishonour, for then we could have borne it. The sorrow only had then been ours. But, alas! the guilt was so too. The assault was made, not as formerly, by heathen and infidel powers, in professed opposition to the Gospel, but by some who (if the people would but take their word for it) were the only true Gospel preachers; and who, by a strange inversion of Scripture, having appropriated to themselves the character of the Israel of God, applied all the prophecies concerning Egypt, Babylon, and the other enemies of Israel, to the church and the monarchy. The grand secret of this most detestable enthusiasm (and indeed the case is the same with every other species of it) was the art of setting up Christ against his own laws, and superseding external ordinances by fanciful internal revelations. The truth is, a spirit of schism and spirit of faction, meeting in the same hearts, formed at this period of time a set of the most accomplished rebels against the kingdom and priesthood of Jesus Christ, as delegated to his representatives in church and state. But the battery raised for the demolition of both was misdirected with such an hypocrisy as the world never saw before, nor, it is to be hoped will ever see again. Under the words liberty and reform, lay concealed the end which at length blew up the constitution from its foundations. Mankind beheld with astonishment the parliamentary cannon pointed against the king, for the security of his person; the Christian church overturned to introduce the reign of Jesus; and the saints they blasphemously stiled themselves, inheriting the earth, instead of the right-wisdom, to shew their heavenly mindedness. Then the mystery of iniquity stood unfolded, and the eyes of the unwary, who had at first followed Absalom in the simplicity of their hearts, were opened. But it was too late. They could only reflect (and teach their children to reflect in time) upon the truth of the wise man's aphorism, and the excellency of the advice grounded upon it: "The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water; therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with." They plainly discerned, that he who said "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers," understood the nature of government, and knew upon what principles alone it could be supported: since the remedy of rebellion proved (as it always will) to be infinitely worse than the disease of mal-administration; and the little finger of a commonwealth was found to be heavier than the loins of monarchy; the unparallelled murder of the best of kings) having suffered more, beyond all comparison, in the space of twenty years, from the tyranny of the pretended patriots, than from the despotism of all the princes who had ever worn the imperial crown of England. But as the infatuated self-will of rebels disposes them to suffer, so the justice of God generally ordains that they shall suffer more and worse things from the usurper whom they set up, than they ever could have done from their lawful sovereign; and accordingly they who dashed in pieces the gracious sceptre of a Stuart, were scourged with the iron rod of a Cromwell.

But this rod of the oppressor, when by it the Lord had visited the transgressions of his people, was at length broken. The prayers of the faithful remnant prevailed; and he who created and preserves the world for the sake of his church; he who secured her in the ark when the flood came, and watched over her in the families of the patriarchs; he who brought her forth out of Egypt, led her through the wilderness, settled her in the promised land, and made her to be the glory of the whole earth; he who raised up Cyrus to deliver her from the power of Babylon; who turned the heart of Alexander in her favour; who went forth with Judas and his brethren to the battle against the armies of Antiochus; and bade the sword of Constantine conquer under the banner of the cross; the same Lord who is rich unto all that call upon him, because his mercy endureth for ever, heard the groanings of the Church of England under her captivity; and having sent a spirit of dissonance and confusion amongst the builders of the schismatical and republican Babel, he opened the eyes of the people to see that there was only one way of putting a period to the miseries of their country; and, at a time when it was least hoped for, and by an instrument least suspected, he bowed the hearts of the whole nation as the heart of one man, "so that they sent this word unto the king, Return thou, and all thy servants." So the king returned, and the church was delivered out of the hands of her enemies. Therein we do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. Nor shall the voice of praise grow cold in our mouths, though a hundred years are now elapsed since the day when this mercy was vouchsafed to us; but seeing that thereby we have once more beheld Zion in her beauty, we will give thanks unto our Lord God, as if the king had this morning made his triumphant entry, amidst the acclamations of his exulting subjects, "impatient," as the noble historian expressed it, "to fill their eyes with a beloved spectacle, of which they had been so long deprived."

The result of the whole is this:—If the Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob, so should we. If, in the revolutions of states and empires, his eyes are upon the church, ours should be there too, according to the example set us by the faithful of old time; who being led into captivity, "wept when they remembered Zion;" being redeemed therefrom, "were glad when" their brethren said unto them, "Let us go into the house of the Lord." If God's dealings with a people are regulated by their dealings with his church, then the state of the church is always the best criterion whereby to judge of the true state of the nation where she is planted; and there are no greater enemies than those who endeavour to alienate the minds of kings from her; since he who cannot lie hath said concerning her, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn." This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord. Those that honour me I will honour, and such as despise me shall be lightly esteemed. Let them all be confounded and turned back that hate Zion." For her prosperity, therefore, we and all the world ought to pray, as the Psalmist most earnestly entreath us to do:—"O pray for the peace of Jerusalem, because 'they shall prosper that love thee.' Peace, then, O thou city of God, the peace of union and charity "be within thy walls, and plenteousness" of grace and glory "within thy palaces." And while we thus pray for the church with our lips, let it be our unfeigned endeavour to adorn her by our lives. So shall we make the proper return for the mercies we

have received; so shall we draw down more and more of the divine favour continually upon our king and our country; so shall we convince the world of this great and important truth, that the Christian is the loyal subject, and the churchman the true patriot.

The Garner.

THE DESCENT OF THE SPIRIT ON THE FEAST OF PENTECOST.
The day of Pentecost was a great Feast under the law, and meet it was this coming should be at some great Feast. The first dedication of Christ's Catholic Church on earth; the first publishing of the Gospel; the first proclaiming the Apostles' commission, were so great matters, as it was not meet they should be obscurely carried, stolen as it were, or done in a corner. Much lay upon them, and fit it was they should be done in as great an assembly as might be. And so they were; even in a concourse of every nation under heaven, that so notice might be taken of it, and by them carried all over the world, even to the utmost corners of the earth. St. Paul said well to King Agrippa, *This is well enough known; this was not done in a corner.*—At a great feast it was met; but there were many great feasts: why at this feast, the Feast of Pentecost? It is agreed by all interpreters, old and new, (Cyprian is the first we find it in) that it was to hold harmony, to keep correspondence between the two Testaments, the Old and the New. So it was at Christ's death. He was slain, not only as the lamb was, but even when the lamb was slain too; on the Feast of the Passover, then was Christ, our Passover, offered for us.—Now from that Feast of the Passover, reckoning fifty days, they came to Sinai, and there on that day (the day of Pentecost) received they the Law—a memorable day with them, a high feast; even for so great a benefit, and is, therefore, by them called the Feast of the Law. And, even the very same day (reckoning from Christ our Passover fifty days) that the law was given in Sinai, the very same day doth the new Law here go out of Zion (as the prophet Esay foretold), which is nothing else but the promulgation of the Gospel. The Royal Law (as St. James calleth it) as given by Christ our King; the other by Moses, a servant, and servanthood, therefore, of the spirit of bondage, the fear of servants; as doth both of the princely spirit, the spirit of ingenuity and adoption, the love of children.—By Andrewes.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

Our Saviour seems to have reckoned this as one of the greatest of miracles, and therefore to have reserved it, for an instance and demonstration of the glorious power which he invested withal, after his ascension into Heaven; as may very probably be collected from that declaration and promise which he made to his Apostles, a little before his departure from them: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father;" that is, in order to the sending of the Holy Ghost, "to endow them with power from on high, to qualify them for the publishing of the Gospel, which they were forbidden to enter upon till this promise was made good to them. But what were these "greater works," which he here promiseth to enable them to do, after he was "gone to his Father?" For he expressly promiseth that they shall not only do the works which he had done, but greater works than those; and what could these be? Our Saviour had wrought many and great miracles almost in all kinds imaginable; he had cast out devils, and healed all sorts of infirmities and diseases; he had changed nature by turning water into wine, and had stopped the course of it by stilling the winds and the sea by his word; and he had raised the dead; and now what work could that be which was greater than any of these? Even that which I am speaking of, the miraculous power of speaking all languages, without learning them; a power never heard of in the world before. And this was the first sensible effect of the coming of the Holy Ghost upon them, the first miraculous power with which he endowed his Apostles, after he was ascended into Heaven and gone to his Father; an evident testimony of the glory and power which he invested withal, after he was taken up into Heaven, and sat down at the right hand of God, to signify both the honour and power which was conferred upon him, in that he enabled his Apostles, when he was absent from them, to do that which, whilst he was present with them, he had never enabled them to do, nor ever did himself; all which tends to advance this miracle, and to show the greatness and strangeness of it above any other.—By Tillotson.

THE MISSION OF THE COMFORTER.

That it was transcendently valuable we may in general hence collect, that even in our Lord's esteem it did not only countervail, but in a manner surmount the benefit of his presence; "It is," said he, "expedient (or profitable) for you that I go away;" God having designed, that my absence shall be supplied by the Comforter's more beneficial presence; and wonderfully beneficial surely must that presence be, which could not only compensate, but render advantageous the loss of that benign and sweet conversation, that tender and watchful inspection, that wholesome and powerful advice, that clear and lively pattern of all goodness shining forth in our Saviour's life upon his disciples. Could there be a more indulgent Master, a more discreet Guide, a more delightful Companion, a more faithful Friend, a nightier Protector, a surer Assistant, a sweeter Comforter than he? Yes, it seemeth that our Saviour did apprehend, that upon some accounts those benefits with greater advantage might accrue to them by the gift of his Spirit, than by his own immediate presence; that it by internal operation could more clearly inform the mind, more strongly incline the will, more vigorously affect the heart, than any exterior word or example could do; neither could our Saviour, according to the condition of his humanity, limited to particularities of time and place, so perfectly correspond to the various exigencies of mankind, as that omnipotent Spirit, intimately present to, uniformly diffused through all things. Him, therefore, did our Saviour leave the guardian of his otherwise orphan disciples; him did he substitute to undergo the care and tuition of them, to conduct them in the right way, to preserve them from dangers, to comfort them in distresses, to manage all their concerns; to be their counsellor, monitor, advocate, and patron; by him he meant fully to make good his word, that he would be with them *ill the end of this world.*—Dr. Isaac Barrow.

THE SANCTIFYING INFLUENCE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

God gave us his Spirit that he might be insensible of worldly pleasures, having our souls wholly filled with spiritual and heavenly reliques. For when God's Spirit hath entered us, and possessed us as his temple, or as his dwelling, instantly we begin to taste manna, and to loathe the diet of Egypt; we begin to content ourselves concerning heaven, and to prefer eternity before moments, and to love the pleasures of the soul above the sordid and beastly pleasures of the body. Then we can consider that the pleasures of a drunken meeting cannot make recompense for the pains of a surfeit, and that night's intemperance; much less for the torments of eternity; that then we are quick to discern that the itch and scab of lustful appetites is not worth the charges of a chirurgeon; much less can it pay for the disgrace, the danger, the sickness, the death, and the hell of lustful persons. Then we wonder that any man should venture his head to get a crown unjustly; or that for the hazard of a victory, he should throw away all his hopes of heaven certainly. A man that hath tasted of God's Spirit, can instantly discern the madness that is in rage, the folly and the disease that are in envy, the anguish and tediousness that are in lust, the dishonour that is in breaking our faith and telling a lie; and understands things truly as they are; that is, that charity is the greatest nobleness in the world; that religion hath in it the greatest pleasures; that temperance is the best security of health; that humility is the surest way to honour. And all these reliques are nothing but antepasts of heaven, where the quintessence of all these pleasures shall be swallowed up for ever; the very expectation of which—proceeded from a hope begotten in us by the "Spirit of manifestation," and bred up and strengthened by the "Spirit of oblation,"—is so delicious an entertainment of all

our reasonable appetites, that a spiritual man can no more be removed or enticed from the love of God and of religion, than the moon from her orb, or a mother from loving the son of her joys, and of her sorrows.—By Jeremy Taylor.

FARE is the echo of actions, resounding them to the world, save that the echo repeats only the last part; but fame relates all, and often more than all.

INNOCENCE is like polished armour; it adorns and it protects. MODERATION is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

CHARITY hath been well expressed by the emblem of a naked child giving honey to a bee without wings; only, I would have one thing added; namely, holding a whip in the other hand, to drive away the drones.—Fuller.

Advertisements.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

A Meeting of the Committee, held on Thursday, January 28, 1841, at a meeting called for that purpose. "That twenty-five per cent, being the first instalment upon the Donations and Subscriptions towards building St. George's Church, be called in on the first of April next, payable to the account of the Treasurer, F. T. Billings, Esq., at the Bank of Upper Canada; and that the Donors and Subscribers be requested to furnish Notes, to be given at Three, Six, and Nine Months, for the balance."

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IN the family of a Clergyman, a gentleman as Tutor, capable of giving instruction in English, Writing, and Arithmetic. There are six pupils. He would reside in the family, and must be a member of the Church of England. Apply by letter post paid to A. B., at the Office of The Church.

STEAM BOAT NOTICE.

THE Steamer GORE will until further notice, leave Toronto for Rochester every Sunday and Wednesday evening, at 9 o'clock, and Rochester for Toronto every Tuesday and Friday morning, calling at Cobourg both ways; commencing on Sunday evening the 4th inst. Toronto, 2nd April, 1841. 39

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PRINTING INK.

SUCH as is used in the printing of this Newspaper, imported from London, in kegs, 24 pounds each, and for sale by the kegs, at 2s. 6d. per pound, by H. & W. ROWSELL, Stationers and Booksellers, King Street, Toronto.

TORONTO AND HOME DISTRICT GRAMMAR SCHOOL. This School will be re-opened, after the Christmas recess, on Monday the 4th of January, 1841. Miss Cameron's Seminary will also re-open on the 6th of the Wednesday following. M. C. CROMBIE, Principal. Toronto, Dec. 28, 1840. 26-1/2

BROOK DISTRICT SCHOOL.

WANTED, a TEACHER to the Brook District School. References as to Qualification, &c. to be forwarded to H. C. BARWICK. Woodstock, 16th February, 1841.

HAT, CAP, AND FUR MART.

CLARK & BOYD, grateful for past favours, respectfully announce the arrival of their Fall and Winter Stock of LONDON HATS, from the most approved makers, and of the very latest London and Paris fashions, with a choice stock of FURS, suitable for the climate. King Street, Toronto, 18th Sept., 1840. 11-1/2

AXES! AXES! AXES!!

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that in addition to his former business, he has commenced the manufacturing of CAST STEEL AXES, of a superior quality, which he can recommend with confidence, as they are manufactured under his own inspection, by first rate workmen. Stockkeepers, and others in want of the above article, will please to call and examine for themselves. Every axe not equal to the guarantee will be exchanged. SAMUEL SHAW, 120, King-Street, Toronto, 10th October, 1840. 15-1/2

To be Sold or Let in the Township of Seymour THE South-east half of Lot No. 16, in the seventh concession, containing 160 acres, more or less, of good hard-wood land, 25 of which are cleared and well fenced, with a small house and barn thereon. Apply to B. Dougal, Esq., Belleville, or to Robert Elliott, Chouinard. If by letter, post-paid. January 1st, 1840. 27-1/2

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OWEN, MILLER & MILLS, Coach Builders, (from London), King Street, City of Toronto. All Carriages built to order warranted twelve months. Old Carriages taken in exchange. N.B.—Sleighs of every description built to order. 47-1/4

D. H. CAMPBELL will attend to professional calls at the house occupied by the late Dr. Carle. Cobourg, June 19th, 1840. 51-1/2

The Church.

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