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# THE CHRISTIAN SENTINEL.

I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what he will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved.—HAB. ii. 1.

Rev. A. H. BURWELL, Editor.]

THREE-RIVERS, FRIDAY 29th OCTOBER 1830.

[Vol. I.—No. 9.

## SERMON ON THE DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY GEORGE IV.

ISAIAH XLIX. 22, 23.

(Concluded from p. 58. No. VIII.)

IF then, we find a country where the Religion of the Gospel, purged of all human pretences and unscriptural additions, yet retaining every essential ordinance and following the rule of primitive usage, is interwoven with the state, and respect secured to it without the aid either of artifice or force; where the Fathers of the Church, without entangling themselves in politics, have their place in the great Council of the Realm; where ample institutions are provided for qualifying those who undertake the pastoral office and sufficient means allotted for their support, apart from other professions and engagements; where they themselves are so distributed in fixed stations that every corner of the realm may enjoy the regular administration of divine ordinances, and send up, as it were, one voice to the throne of God; where this worship, however, is advantageously recommended, not authoritatively enforced; where the Scriptures are held to be the Truth and spread open to all classes of the country; where no attempt is made upon the conscience of the subject, no secular arm uplifted to produce that monstrous contradiction in terms, a *compulsory system of belief*; then we may trust that we there see the state of things, (if the expression be allowable,) which God himself intended—the just and natural posture of Christianity upon earth in its present advanced stage and under a government professing that religion. In such a country then, although abuses and scandals may exist,—(for alas! “it must needs be that offences will come.”)—for the correction of which we ought fervently to pray,—although the good proposed may often be lost by the fault of those who are to dispense it, or defeated by the perverseness of those who are to receive it,—yet there, if any where, we may hope to discover the marks of the divine presence, protection, and blessing, and as it were, the Angel of the Lord going before the people.

Such a country does exist—it is the native country of many of us—the mother country of us all. “If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.”—In the course of this subject I have in more than one place, made use of thoughts, which (although probably forgotten by my audience,) I have presented to them upon former occasions; and in following up the particular argument upon which I am here insisting, I once endeavoured to make the application of these last observations:—I endeavoured to trace the hand of Omnipotence in the History of our own country, since the Reformation, and to prove by entering into details, points which I can now simply enumerate,—that the established constitution of Church and State has been signally protected; has been wonderfully restored when overthrown;—has been strikingly delivered from the very jaws of destruction; has remarkably contributed to the exaltation and prosperity of the country.—The facts of History, however, upon which I then enlarged, are sufficiently known, and carry with them many serious and important lessons.

In the History also, within the last half century or less, of a country the neighbour of Britain, which, partly through the wickedness or the weakness of those in power, is now again convulsed, we read a warning to the world which is written in characters of blood and fire.—God in his mercy grant that the present “beginning of sorrows” too much partaking of the character of the former, may lead to far different results!—The horrors and atrocities such as men shudder to mention, the cruel wrongs and sufferings

greater in amount within a very few years than might have been caused by the uninterrupted iron rule of a long line of despots,—which characterised the former French Revolution,—and the miseries which, thence taking their rise, overflowed so large a portion of the world, all originally sprung from the principles of infidelity and the monstrous varieties of anarchy and wickedness which these immediately produced. God was in that country openly mocked—publicly defied:—Christianity and even the immortality of the soul were pronounced to be impostures by a decree of the state.—We see on the other hand, that our own mother country was visibly blest and favored during the troubles which ravaged the rest of Europe, and so far exempted from the curse of that war in which she bore so leading a part, that it never should find its way into her bosom;—that her arms and her influence were the main instruments selected to counterwork the desolating evils which were so widely permitted, and to bring about the high designs of Providence;—that the great scourge of these latter days in whom power and iniquity were united in a degree scarcely paralleled in History, was ordained to be moved by her means, to a remote corner of the world and set up upon a rock,—a warning monument of wicked ambition, teaching us to muse upon the great reverses of the world, and to ask in the singularly appropriate language of Scripture; “Is this the man that made the earth to tremble?—that did shake kingdoms? that made the world as a wilderness and destroyed the cities thereof, and opened not the house of his prisoners?” If our country has been thus favored and thus distinguished, we are to view it in connection with her national principles and feelings—the general character of her policy—the integrity and good faith of her government—the equal dispensation of Justice to her subjects—the purity of her established Faith and Worship—the tribute of Honor which the realm pays to Religion—the prevalence of real and effectual belief in the name of Christ—the growth of “the peaceable fruits of righteousness”—the part which she has latterly taken in wiping out that dark and deep stain upon human nature, the actual traffic in slaves;—the endeavours which she makes to pour the waters of life abroad over the world.—We cannot, therefore, see without alarm the tendency and disposition which now manifest themselves among our countrymen, to discard Religion from the public proceedings of the country, and to divorce her from the National Institutions. The opinion has been openly stated upon a very popular occasion in London that “in forming the estimate of a man’s character the ONLY CRITERION should be his faithfulness in the discharge of his duties towards his neighbour,” and a hope has been openly expressed that “England has arrived at a period when no other will be taken.” \*—What is this, then,—where *man* and not *God* is proclaimed to be the *prior* object of human obligation,—what is it that such persons do but to cast off their God, to “blot him out of their remembrance,” to “cause the Holy One of Israel to cease from before them,”—to refuse to “retain him in their knowledge”—consequently to provoke him to “give them over to vile affections;” to dare that divine jealousy which burns like fire against those who hate him? What could we anticipate, if such sentiments should spread themselves over the land, but that God would remove our candlestick out of its place, and make us like the states and cities “which he overthrew in his anger and in his wrath,” so that “all nations shall say; wherefore hath the Lord done thus unto this land? And then men shall say, because they

\* These quotations and some part of the remarks upon them, immediately subjoined, are taken from a late Address of the Rev. H. H. Norris, of Hackney, to his parishioners.

have forsaken the covenant of the Lord God of their fathers."—Alas! if we are distinguished by many favours, and can dwell with complacency upon many national characteristics, we must look also at the other side of the picture, we have many, many sins to deplore;—and it is "in trembling hope" that we must repose upon the providence of our God.—O let us not "speak in our hearts and say that for our righteousness" the Lord hath caused us to enjoy these peculiar blessings: let us not indulge in a fallacious belief that we positively *deserve* them; a presumptuous idea that we have a right to them. Too apt we are to be lifted up in heart and to make our privileges the food of our pride; to regard it not so much as a matter of thankfulness to God, but rather as a merit of our own, something which we have a right to boast of, and which flatters our individual self-love, that we are free-born subjects of Britain; that our country has a lofty name of renown; that her sway is acknowledged in different and distant quarters of the globe; that her institutions are the models for the improvement of other countries; that her commanding position among the nations and her internal state of light and improvement are the envy of the world,—things which ought to humble and not to puff us up with pride—for we should ask what answerable fruit we render to God? Too apt are we to forget the responsibility which attaches to our advantages, and the return that will be required from those to whom "much has been committed."—"Be not high minded but fear. If God spared not others, take heed lest he also spare not thee. Behold the goodness and severity of God—on them which sell severity—but on thee goodness—if thou continue in his goodness OTHERWISE thou also shall be cut off." Let us pray God that no such judgments may be drawn down upon the land. I do not mean by a figure of speech, to express the bare wish and hope formed within the heart that our blessings may continue—I mean that we should literally, sincerely, seriously, devoutly pray to God, the disposer of all, "who sitteth upon the circle of the earth and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers,"—"by whom Kings reign and Princes decree judgment"—who, on the other hand, "bringeth the princes to nothing, and maketh the judges of the earth as vanity"—who "putteth down one and setteth up another, and none may say unto him, what doest thou?"—I mean that we should pray to Him that our blessings may continue, and that we may have grace to feel and wisdom to improve them;—let the prayers of the Church be offered "with the spirit and with the understanding," and seconded by prayers at home: let the prayers of all the subjects of our new King and his Queen, in every remote dependency of his dominions, stream up from earth to heaven "as a sweet-smelling savour, acceptable" in the name of Jesus Christ, that his fear may be in their hearts; that his protection and favour may rest upon their heads; that He may dwell with them and be their God, and their Guardian and their Guide; that He may grant them to be blest in themselves and a blessing to their people:—The time may come when the severity of judgment may teach us to adopt the whole prayer and confession of Daniel for our country; but let us extract those parts of them which *at all times* are appropriate, and of which the language is always befitting the child of the dust when addressing his God.

"O Lord, the great and dreadful God, keeping the covenant and mercy to them that love him and to them that keep his commandments:—we have sinned and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly and have rebelled, even by departing from thy precepts and from thy judgments: O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto thee, but unto us confusion of faces as at this day—to all Israel that are near and that are afar off—to our Kings, to our Princes and to our fathers, because we have sinned against thee. To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him; neither have we obeyed the voice of the Lord our God, to walk in his laws which he set before us.—O my God, incline thine ear and hear—open thine eyes and behold, for we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousness, but for thy great mercies. O Lord hear, O Lord forgive, O Lord hearken and do—defer not for thine own sake, O my God, for thy City and thy people are called by thy name."

Now, then, to Him by whose name we are called, &c. &c.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN SENTINEL.

Rev. Sir,—I have been much surprized not to have met in the Periodicals of the day, which have fallen into my hands, any critical notice of a poem, which has already been a few years before the public, and whose merits, in my estimation, give it a claim to honorable notoriety in the religious and literary annals of our day and country. The work to which I allude is entitled, "The Course of Time, a Poem, in Ten Books, by Robert Pollok, A. M." Although this poem may have been arraigned before some of those self-constituted tribunals of the literary world, whose *ipse dixit* of "stand" or "fall" I have not yet heard pronounced upon it, yet the apprehension of differing in opinion as to its merits from those *fearful censors and judges inquisitorial*, will not deter me from inviting the candid readers of the SENTINEL to an examination for themselves of this religious poem, which is fraught throughout with deep and absorbing interest.

It is characteristic of the great mass of those light and trivial poetical productions which crowd the pages of almost every schedule of literary intelligence, that while they press every wild vagary of fancy into their service, for the embellishment of "airy nothings," they studiously avoid, or but casually glance at, those high themes and lofty sentiments, which fill, entrance, and renovate the soul, and render the Muse and the Harp, subservient to the high and holy destinies of man. This lamentable deficiency of sterling worth and substance, which marks this branch of elegant literature, is creating a vitiated taste, and giving a decided tone to the poetry of the age, which every enlightened Christian must deplore, and furnishes an additional argument why the voice of a "Christian Sentinel" should be raised to rescue from the blight of slight estimation, a work which so ably embodies the sublime truths of Time and Eternity. The Poem, both in its character and the style of its illustrations, is decidedly Miltonian, and brings with it the pleasing assurance that the mantle of the immortal bard, who sung *the wars of heaven and the fall of man*, whose awful numbers have so often and so powerfully borne up our souls from earth to heaven, on the sublimity of his images, has in the nineteenth century descended upon our land. Though the similitude between the geniuses of these two great masters of song must forcibly strike the reader, the dissimilarity in the texture of their poems, is not less striking. The fabric of the *Rebellion and Overthrow of the rebel Angels*, which gives to "Paradise Lost" some of its most powerful attractions, is built upon few and isolated passages of Holy Writ, which are considered by many of doubtful interpretation; his Muse thus revels in wide fields of imagination, but her wing is sustained by fewer of those absorbing truths which accompany salvation: while the "Course of Time," as sung by the "Ancient Bard of Earth," comprises in its narration all the important moral events connected with our race, from the fair creation of Eden to the consummation of the final Judgment, in which, images and flowers of inimitable hue, culled from the pages of inspiration, are interwoven with freedom and effect.

I owe your readers an apology for having thus long delayed to introduce them to the Poem itself, which I now do, by giving a few extracts, which may serve not only as specimens, but I should also hope, as incentives to the perusal of the entire work.

The scene is opened in the regions of immortality—the period long after the destinies of all terrestrial beings are irrevocably fixed.

"Thus far the years had rolled, which none but God!  
Doth number, when two sons, two youthful sons  
Of Paradise, in conversation sweet,—  
For thus the heavenly muse instructs me, wooed  
At midnight hour with offering sincere  
Of all the heart, poured out in holy prayer,—  
High on the hills of immortality,  
Whence goodliest prospect looks beyond the walls  
Of heaven, walked, casting oft their eye far through  
The pure serene, observant if returned  
From errand duly finished, any came,  
Or any first in virtue now complete,  
From other worlds arrived, confirmed in good.

Thus viewing, one they saw, on hasty wing  
Directing towards heaven his course; and now,  
His flight ascending near the battlements  
And lofty hills on which they walked, approached.

And now on wing of holy ardour strong,  
Hither ascends the stranger, borne upright,—  
For stranger he did seem with curious eye  
Of nice inspection, round surveying all,—  
And at the feet alights of those that stood  
His coming, who the hand of welcome gave,  
And the embrace sincere of holy love;  
And thus, with comely greeting kind, began.  
Hail, brother! hail, thou son of happiness,  
Thou son beloved of God, welcome to heaven,  
To bliss that never fades! thy day is past  
Of trial and of fear to fall. Well done,  
Thou good and faithful servant; enter now  
Into the joy eternal of thy Lord.  
Come with us, and behold far higher sight  
Than e'er thy heart desired, or hope conceived.  
See, yonder is the glorious hill of God,  
'Bove Angel's gaze in brightness rising high  
Come join our wing and we will guide thy flight  
To mysteries of everlasting bliss.  
The tree, and fount of life, the eternal throne,  
And presence chamber to the King of kings."

When the "new arrived" had related to the wondering friends the particulars of his eventful flight from his distant native orb, in which he passed the gulf Tatarcan and the lake of fire, o'er which he hovered on spirit's wing; and had depicted in glowing colours the agonies inflicted by the "worm that dieth not," and the hopeless misery of "Eternal death"—he asked them to disclose to him the causes of those horrid scenes which he had witnessed. Unable to explain those dismal mysteries, they refer him to

"— an ancient bard of earth,  
Who, by the stream of life, sitting in bliss,  
Has oft beheld the eternal cars complete  
The mighty circle round the throne of God;  
Great in all learning, in all wisdom great,  
And great in song; whose harp in lofty strain  
Tells frequently of what thy wonder craves,  
While round him, gathering, stand the youth of heaven,  
With truth and melody delighted both.  
To him this path directs, an easy path,  
And easy flight will bring us to his seat.  
So saying, they linked hand in hand, spread out  
Their golden wings, by living breezes fanned,  
And over heaven's broad champaign sailed serene.  
O'er hill and valley, clothed with verdure green,  
That never fades; and tree, and herb and flower,  
That never fades; and many a river rich  
With nectar, winding pleasantly, they passed;  
And mansion of celestial mould, and work  
Divine.

And now beneath them lay the wished-for spot,  
The sacred bower of that renowned bard;  
That ancient bard, ancient in days and song;  
But in immortal vigour young, and young  
In rosy health; to pensive solitude  
Retiring oft, as was his wont on earth."

Their reception by this venerable man of song is thus finely described.

"He sees their coming, and with greeting kind,  
And welcome, not of hollow forged smiles,  
And ceremonious compliment of phrase,  
But of the heart sincere, into his bower  
Invites. Like greeting they returned. Not bent  
In low obeisance, from creature most  
Unfit to creature; but with manly form

Upright they entered in; though high his rank,  
His wisdom high, and mighty his renown.  
And thus deferring all apology,  
The two their new companion introduced.  
Ancient in knowledge! hard of Adam's race!  
We bring thee one, of us inquiring what  
We need to learn, and with him wish to learn,  
His asking will direct thy answer best."

(To be Continued.)

The following article, which is copied from the BRITISH COLONIST, is well worth the attention of the reader.—The author ought not to "hide his talent in a napkin."

FASHION.—Nothing is, perhaps, more fickle or unstable than the Goddess—Fashion; yet it is said "a man may as well be out of the world as out of Fashion," and indeed there is some force in the remark as it respects a certain class of people, namely, those who neglect to cultivate their minds, and devote their whole attention to ornamenting and adorning their persons. The silly fop who values an elegant dress more than he does a rich store of knowledge would discover himself to be what in fact he literally is, a mere blank in society were he to be "out of fashion." We mean by fashion that peculiarity of dress and manner in which there is no real utility, but is intended merely as an external show, without adding in the least degree, to the ease, comfort, or convenience of mankind. How much better, and how much more for the honour of this favoured country, would it be if fashion both in respect to dress and manner, was never permitted to overleap a due regard to utility and economy.—It would save a vast expense to the people. The money now spent in useless foppery could be appropriated to improvement of the mind and the happiness of man. To effect this important change, let the cultivators of the soil who have been the chief support of the country from the earliest ages discard all useless fashions, and instead of endeavouring to ape the fop in their dress and manners, let them encourage by their example that plain modest apparel which at present is only suited to persons in low circumstances in life. This will suppress vain distinction and raise the standard of equality in the world.

That desire which is felt by the poor to imitate the rich, and as far as possible to hide their poverty, would be more easily gratified and with less hazard to the creditors of the poor. The present predominating influence of fashion is most ruinous to the labouring class of community, particularly the farmers and mechanics. To gratify their sons and their daughters in their eagerness to excel in their extravagance of dress and amusements, requires all the income of their farms and their shops. In this way parents are rendered slaves to the folly and ignorance of their children, and their children are at the same time acquiring habits which have a direct tendency to diminish their usefulness in future life. If the useless expence to which the farmers and mechanics are subjected by a conformity to the fashions, were appropriated to the purchase of useful books, to the establishing of circulating libraries and the like, by which the rising generation might be made wiser and better, mankind would be acting in a manner which is much better calculated to fulfil the design of their existence. But the fault is not altogether with the farmers and mechanics. Professional men and the rich of every class, are in fault. If those who have it in their power to indulge in all the extravagance of fashion, were to set an example of dress within the means of the less wealthy to imitate, it is believed it would have a most salutary effect upon the manners and interests of the people generally, and this without the least injury to the rich, but much to their advantage both in regard to their pecuniary interest, and in securing the respect and esteem of the various part of community. Let the farmers, mechanics, and professional men adopt this course, and those clerks and dandies, who now strut in gorgeous apparel, and expend all their earnings to "appear in style," might be induced to follow the examples of their betters—become less exalted in their own esteem and more worthy in the opinion of others.

Stanstead, 20th September, 1830.

S.



## THE CHRISTIAN SENTINEL.

THREE-RIVERS, FRIDAY 29th OCTOBER, 1830.

We this week present our readers with a part of the account of the Martyrdom of St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, which will be followed by the remainder, and by his Epistles to several Churches, which he wrote on his journey from Antioch to Rome to be devoured by wild beasts. It will be seen that the account was drawn up by persons who accompanied him from Asia to Rome, out of that respect which they held towards him both as their Bishop and Father in God, and for his most exalted piety and zeal for the honor of his divine Master. Both the account and the Epistles are documents of the most interesting description, and can hardly fail of being read with a feeling of deep veneration. The interest excited by them is the greater by the circumstance of the time in which they were written, so near to the days of the holy apostles of our blessed Lord, and by a man who spent the greater part of a long life with "the disciple whom Jesus loved,"—who was by him converted from "dumb idols to serve the living God," and by him consecrated Bishop of the Church at Antioch. They bring us almost into the Canon of Scripture—into the venerable company of "holy men of old who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," and present us with a specimen of the spirit of those primitive and good times, when it was esteemed the greatest honor to be obtained this side eternity, to suffer for his sake who "burst the bars of death, and triumphed o'er the grave."

These precious remains of Christian antiquity are valuable also as evidences of the most decided and satisfactory character, as to the orders left by the Apostles in the Christian Ministry, and the leading features of the Government of the Church. The testimony is so clear and strong to the three degrees of Bishop, Priest and Deacon, and the censures so severe against those who refuse to acknowledge them, that no pains have been spared by some to destroy their authenticity and authority, and to torture and twist and misquote them so as to establish inferences from them in direct contradiction to their plainest assertions. They are valuable also on another account. They are most explicit and pointed in regard to the reality of a malignant being called in Scripture *the devil*, whose object it is to "deceive the nations," and ruin the souls of those who are "taken captive by him at his will":—a doctrine which is blasphemously denied in these days of daring impiety by persons whose eyes are willfully closed against the truth, and blinded and sealed up by "the God of this world."

The ardent and simple piety that breathes through every sentence of these primitive Epistles, must, we think, affect the heart of every one who reads them. There is something in them so touching—so affecting—so like words from a being not of mortal mould, that we can hardly persuade ourselves that he who wrote them had been the slave of a foul and besetting idolatry, whose impious rites were, in the last degree, degrading to its miserable votaries. How beautifully do they illustrate what our Lord said to the Jews: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make ye free." Such is the power of that good seed when received in an honest and good heart, and suffered to have its "fruits unto holiness"; such is the transforming influence which it brings to bear on those who are dead in their trespasses; and such is the exalted character which it is able to form in the soul of a sinful and corrupted creature. Well might the Apostle say: I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto Salvation to every one that believeth.—And once for all we beg leave earnestly to recommend the substance of these Epistles to the serious consideration of all our readers: to the friends of Episcopacy, as a means of settling and grounding their minds more firmly in "the old paths:" and to those who are in doubt on so important a subject, as a means of removing doubt, and coming to a cordial agreement with "the noble army of Martyrs" of the days of old.

Last week appeared in the Sentinel some literary notices of Standard Theological Works now in a course of publication at the Protestant Episcopal Press, New York. It must be highly gratifying

to the members of our own Church to see such an invaluable body of Divinity coming before the American public in a cheap form, so admirably calculated to furnish correct information on many points now in dispute—points of vital importance to the best interests of our holy Religion. Such a work is and has long been a desideratum for the common people. It must at once be seen that it serves to connect the history of the Church with the Canon of Scripture, and exhibit things as they were immediately after the Apostles. For as St. Paul declares the Church to be "the pillar and ground of the truth," to her we must look for her own history and condition at all periods subsequent to the New Testament, and look too with full confidence of correct information, or we must distrust the Apostle's words. With most men, there is a dreary chasm of many hundreds of years immediately succeeding the times of the New Testament; and they generally look upon the whole of that period as an age of darkness and deep corruption, without reflecting that the Church was kept comparatively pure for almost three hundred years by the fires of persecution, and that for nearly one half of this time there were Bishops in the Church who had been made such by the Apostle John, who lived till about the year 93. And hence arises, in a great measure, a powerful auxiliary to the disposition so common among mankind, to make their own private fancies a paramount rule for deciding on all things connected with Christianity. Finding themselves in the dark on some points they have recourse to striking up their own light, which never fails to increase real darkness. This chasm is, for the American people, now likely to be illuminated with the pure light of historic truth, and filled up and paved over with the stable materials of well-authenticated fact: and may the God of truth prosper the undertaking.

The Editor of the SENTINEL tenders his thanks to his brethren of the Clergy and others from whom he has received communications. It is both gratifying and encouraging to find that they generally speak of the paper in terms of approbation, and exhibit a strong desire to exert themselves in procuring it patronage. It is fondly hoped that, by practice in his new calling, he may become more perfect, and more competent to manage to advantage.

As most of the first impressions are gone, we are under the unpleasant necessity of sending to new subscribers a few papers which have been returned to the office, and of course are more or less soiled.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN SENTINEL.

ANCASTER, October 11th, 1830.

REV. SIR.—In a late communication I gave you a short account of his Lordship's visit to Fort Erie, Niagara, &c.

On Friday last the 5th instant, the Apostolic rite of confirmation was administered in the Church at St. Catharines to 35 persons. Yesterday, being Sunday, St. James' Church in this village was consecrated, and 34 persons confirmed. The day being remarkably fine the Church was crowded in every part by persons from the surrounding neighbourhood, assembled to witness these solemn services of our Church. St. John's Church is a commodious building, capable of accommodating a large congregation; and is very respectably finished in every essential part.

The Bishop holds a confirmation on Thursday next (Deo Volente) in the Church at Woodhouse; and His Lordship proposes consecrating the Mohawk Church on the Grand River, and confirming there also before his return to York.

I remain, Rev. Sir,

Yours, &amp;c.

R. D. CARTWRIGHT.

Ancaster is a beautiful Village situated above the mountain, about seven miles from the head of Burlington Bay, and three from Dundas. It is a delightful spot, and commands an extensive view of the Country round to the northward, and may be called the key of western travel. Several spirited individuals of the place deserve great praise for their exertions in regard to "St. John's Church."—*Ed. Sent.*

## MARTYRDOM OF ST. IGNATIUS,

Translated from the original Greek, and published by Dr. Græbe, in his *Specileg. Patr.*, l. 2.

1. When Trajan not long since came to the Roman empire, Ignatius, the disciple of St. John the Apostle [and Evangelist,] a man in all things like unto the Apostles, governed the Church of Antioch with all care. Who being scarcely able to escape the storms of the many persecutions before under Domitian, as a good governor, by the helm of prayer and fasting, by the constancy of his doctrine and spiritual labour, withstood the raging floods; fearing lest they should sink those who either wanted courage, or were not well grounded in the faith.

2. Wherefore the persecution being at present somewhat abated, he rejoiced greatly at the tranquillity of his Church: yet was troubled as to himself, that he had not attained to a true love of Christ, nor was come up to the pitch of a perfect disciple. For he thought that the confession which is made by martyrdom, would bring him to a yet more close and intimate union with the Lord. Wherefore continuing a few years longer with the Church, and after the manner of a divine lamp, illuminating the hearts of the faithful by the exposition of holy Scriptures, he attained to what he had desired.

3. For Trajan, in the nineteenth year of his empire, being lifted up with his victory over the Scythians and Dacians, and many other nations; and thinking that the religious company of Christians was yet wanting to his absolute and universal dominion; and thereupon threatening them that they should be persecuted, unless they would choose to worship the devil, with all other nations; fear obliged all such as lived religiously, either to sacrifice or to die. Wherefore our brave soldier of Christ, being in fear for the Church of Antioch, was voluntarily brought before Trajan: who was at that time there on his way to Armenia, and the Parthians, against whom he was hastening.

4. Being come into the presence of the emperor Trajan; the emperor asked him, saying: "What a wicked wretch art thou, thus to endeavour to transgress our commands, and to persuade others also to do likewise to their destruction?" Ignatius answered, "No one ought to call Theophorus after such a manner; forasmuch as all wicked spirits are departed far from the servants of God.—But if because I am a trouble to those evil spirits, you call me wicked, with reference to them, I confess the charge for having within me Christ the heavenly King, I dissolve all the snares of the devils."

5. Trajan replied; "And who is Theophorus?" Ignat. "he who has Christ in his breast." Trajan, "And do not we then seem to thee to have the Gods within us, who fight for us against our enemies?" Ignat. "You err, in that you call the evil spirits of the heathens, Gods. For there is but one God, who made Heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that are in them; and one Jesus Christ his only begotten son; whose kingdom may I enjoy."

6. Trajan, "His kingdom you say who was crucified under Pontius Pilate?" Ignat. "His who crucified my sin, with the inventor of it; and has put all the deceit and malice of the devil under the feet of those who carry him in their heart." Trajan "Dost thou then carry him who was crucified, within thee?" Ignat. "I do; for it is written, I will dwell in them and walk in them." [2 Cor. vi. 16.] Then Trajan pronounced this sentence against him; Forasmuch as Ignatius has confessed that he carries about within himself him that was crucified, we command that he be carried bound by soldiers to the great Rome, there to be thrown to the beasts for the entertainment of the people.

7. When the holy martyr heard this sentence he cried out with joy, "I thank thee O Lord, that thou hast vouchsafed to honour me with a perfect love towards thee; and hast made me to be put into iron bonds with thy Apostle Paul." Having said this he with joy put his bonds about him; and having first prayed for the Church, and commended it with tears unto the Lord, he was hurried away, like a choice ram, the leader of a good flock, by the brutish soldiers, in order to his being carried to Rome, there to be devoured by the blood-thirsty beasts.

8. Wherefore with much readiness and joy, out of his desire to suffer, he left Antioch, and came to Seleucia; from whence he was to sail. And after a great deal of toil, being come to Smyrna, he

left the ship with great gladness, and hastened to see the holy Polycarp his fellow scholar, who was Bishop there; for they had both of them been formerly the disciples of St. John.

9. Being brought to him, and communicating to him some spiritual gifts, and glorying in his bonds; he entreated first of all the whole Church (for the Churches and cities of Asia attended this holy man by their bishops and priests and deacons, all hastening to him, if by any means they might receive some part of his spiritual gift) but more particularly Polycarp, to content with God in his behalf; that being suddenly taken by the beasts from the world, he might appear before the face of Christ. And this he thus spake and testified, extending so much his love for Christ, as one who was about to receive Heaven through his own good confession, and the earnest contention of those who prayed together with him: and to return a recompense to the Churches, who came to meet him by their governors, he sent letters of thanks to them, which distilled spiritual grace, with prayer and exhortation. Seeing therefore all men so kindly affected towards him; and fearing lest the love of the brotherhood should prevent his hastening to the Lord, now that a fair door of suffering was opened to him; he wrote the Epistle we here subjoin, to the Romans.—(Which Epistle will be given in the Sentinel hereafter.)

(To be Continued.)

## OPINIONS OF AN OLD GENTLEMAN.

## PUNCTUALITY.

Punctuality is the proper performance of all incumbent duties at the proper time. The neglect of this rare virtue leads to many evils. In many cases, it amounts to a robbery. A short time since, in a village in the neighbourhood of London, a committee of eight ladies, who managed the concerns of an institution which had been formed for the relief of the neighboring poor, agreed to meet on a certain day, at twelve o'clock precisely. Seven of them attended punctually at the appointed hour; the eighth did not arrive till a quarter of an hour after. She came in, according to the usual mode, with "I'm very sorry to be behind the time appointed, but really the time slipped away without my being sensible of it; I hope your goodness will excuse it; I am sure I beg pardon." One of the ladies, who was a Quaker, replied, "Truly, friend, it doth not appear clear to me that we ought to accept of thine apology. Hadst thyself only lost a quarter of an hour, it would have been merely thy concern; but in this case the quarter must be multiplied by eight, as we have each lost a quarter; so that there have been two hours of useful time sacrificed by thy want of punctuality."

## TEMPER AND DISPOSITION.

They are widely different; but, as they operate reciprocally, they are often confounded one with the other, and qualities are sometimes attributed to the one which properly belong to the other. The disposition respects the heart; the temper arises from the organization of the body. The disposition may be humane, or affectionate, or liberal, or selfish, or envious, or cruel, and so forth; the temper may be irascible, or irritable, or peevish, or melancholy, or indolent, or placid or serene. These are not only distinct in their nature but in their operations also, and sometimes are found in a state of opposition. For example, a person of an affectionate disposition may possess an irritable temper, which, when suddenly excited, may occasion both words and actions by no means consonant with the disposition; but, on recovering himself, he will feel ashamed of his weakness, and endeavour to repair the injury it has occasioned. I knew an instance of this, in a very worthy man, of whom it was frequently and truly said, "that he said many harsh things, and did as many kind ones, as any body." On the other hand, a vile disposition may exist in company with a very even temper; and then we find it to be true, as one of our poets expresses it, that "a man may smile—and smile—and be a villain."

When a bad temper and a bad disposition meet in the same person, their united effects are frequently dreadful; and we feel inclined to believe that demoniacal possessions were not peculiar to the time when our Lord appeared upon earth. And when the disposition is prevalently kind, and the temper placid and serene, the per-



son in whom these are united, is generally comfortable himself, and makes those so by whom he is surrounded.

#### CHEERFULNESS.

It has a primary and a secondary acceptation. Its primary meaning respects that happy organization of a corporeal system, in which all the animal functions are regularly performed; while the nerves are so nicely strung, that almost every touch is productive of pleasurable sensations. Should they sometimes be untuned by the hard strokes of calamity and sorrow, by the elasticity they soon recover their tone, and are raised again to concert pitch. A frame thus nicely tempered is a valuable gift of God, and should be received and enjoyed as such.

But the secondary meaning attached to the word is of a moral nature, and is used to express that full conviction of the necessity, or propriety, or expediency of any action we are called to perform, that makes the performance of it pleasing and satisfactory to ourselves. For example, when we are asked by a neighbor, or acquaintance, to perform some action which we are not ourselves inclined to do, or perhaps dislike to engage in; if we wish to assist him, or not to disoblige him, we undertake it, and though inwardly reluctant, we perform it. But should we be requested to do the same thing by a friend, to whom we are under great obligations, we should do it with cheerfulness; that is, the feelings of esteem and gratitude which would be called into exercise in the performance of the action, would be attended with pleasure and satisfaction to ourselves. So, when it is said, "God loveth a cheerful giver," the expression is certainly not meant to indicate in what state of the nervous system the act of liberality is to be performed, but the disposition of mind which should accompany it. If a man is fully satisfied, as to the reasonableness of the duty required, and properly sensible of the infinite obligations he is under to God for all his benefits, he will be glad of an opportunity of manifesting his obedience and his gratitude, by contributing to supply their wants whom he is commanded to assist, and will feel pleasure in so doing. The same reasoning will apply to the exhortations given us to "rejoice in the Lord"—to "rejoice always"—even to "rejoice in tribulation." It appears, therefore, that, in this sense of it, cheerfulness is a Christian duty, and like all other Christian duties, the performance of it is attended with an increase of happiness.

Let a person endeavor to get his mind impressed with a lively sense of the power of God to execute, and his faithfulness to perform, all he has promised to those who fear, love, and trust him;—and he has promised to direct their paths—to supply all their need—never to leave nor forsake them; and though he has not promised them an exemption from trials and sufferings, he has promised to be with them in their troubles, to support and deliver them; and has declared that all things, without any exception, work together for their good. Now if these things are really believed and acted upon, how can any one be otherwise than cheerful?

(To be Continued.)

Extracts from Dr. PINKERTON'S correspondence, contained in the Twenty-sixth Annual Report, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, 1830.

BRUSSELS, JUNE 10, 1829.

THROUGH the blessing of God, I am again permitted to address you from this city, and in tolerable health. On my way from Calais, I spent a night at Tournay; and had an interview with the Rev. Mr. De Faye, who superintends the distribution of the Scriptures in that district. He laments not having been able to effect more in the past year, in consequence of the powerful opposition made by the priests. He employs a hawker, who exposes the copies for sale, at very low prices, in the weekly market, and also offers them for sale in the villages around. It sometimes happens, he says, that the priests take up the books, examine them, and exclaim, "these are Protestant books, good for nothing but the fire." I encouraged him to extend the circulation by every possible means, and not so much to regard the price obtained from such a poor and ignorant population, as the act of having placed God's word in the hands and before the eyes of those who

never handled it nor saw it before, and where there is a prospect of its being perused. His issues are about 300 copies.

In the conferences which I have had with our dear friends here, they also bitterly lament over the stern and systematic opposition of the Catholic clergy, and the gross ignorance of the people, who seldom fail at confession to make it known when a Testament has been given them; and this generally leads to their being deprived of it. On this account, our friends have thought it best to give few copies away gratuitously; but, on duly considering these discouraging circumstances, I have judged it preferable to recommend to them a greater liberality and freedom in the gratuitous distribution; and, if possible, the employment of other friends in the work, so as to bring more copies into the hands of all ranks, leaving the fate of the copies thus circulated to the gracious protection of divine Providence, and thus to provoke, as it were, the attention of the public to the subject. Any thing, I conceive, is better than the present total ignorance of the sacred volume. Let us hope that the new measures resolved on may rouse, in some degree, the attention of the public to the merits of this truly Christian work, and that we shall be favoured to see in Belgium something like the spirit of inquiry now so powerfully raised in France in favour of the Sacred Scriptures.

One pleasing instance of good done is, however, contained in a letter from an English lady residing at Spa. "Yesterday," she writes, "a venerable peasant, aged eighty-two, met my husband as he was walking, and said, 'Pardon the liberty I take—but I have long desired to have an opportunity of thanking you for the Gospel of St. John, which you gave to my son, some years ago, in the wood; it has been my companion ever since. I read it, when I walk, by the way—I meditate upon it. My mother valued her Bible; but when she died, her relations got it. When I lost some of my children, I grieved, and offended my God; but,' added he, and he wept as he said it, 'the Gospel of St. John has taught me better things; and now, if it shall please God to take the rest, I know that they are His, and not mine. I learned to read, ten years ago, with very little difficulty.' We gave him a Bible for himself, and a Testament to sell, if he could; but the people here seem little disposed to purchase. I lend to them in general. Indeed, my dear friend, I began to think it was labour in vain; but this venerable peasant has given me fresh courage."

ELBERFELD, JUNE 16, 1829.

IN Namur I made the acquaintance of a pious officer, belonging to one of the Swiss regiments, who has promised to be charge of a small dépôt, and endeavour, at least, to supply the Protestant families of the place with the sacred volume. In Liege, one of the Professors of the University, to whom our friend Mr. Mertens gave me a few lines, made me a similar promise. The latter hoped to be able to place some copies of the Scriptures in the hands of the Students. Both these individuals deeply lamented the power of Roman superstition on the one hand, and the cold indifference of infidelity on the other, to shut out the sacred writings from almost all families and all hearts. How very difficult to strike a single spark of light in the midst of all this gloom! God only can do that, and he also must raise up instruments fitted for the work of awakening men to a right sense of this awfully corrupt state of things. In the mean time, let us use every means in our power for finding out such instruments; and though we be unable to do much, yet may we never refuse to do what we can, trusting that our heavenly Master will prepare the way to greater usefulness, even through our feeble efforts.

I here find the friends of the Bible active, and in a variety of ways seeking to promote the extension of the kingdom of God among men. They are sending out four missionaries to South Africa, who have been trained in their own seminary in this place. Their Committee met me on the evening of the 14th, and in return for the information I gave them regarding our course in general, furnished me with the particulars of their own labours. Their distributions this year have been upwards of 7000 copies; nearly 2000 copies more than were circulated last year. They have a colporteur (or hawker) constantly employed in supplying the huts of the poor with the sacred volume, in those parts of the

country where there is the greatest need. He has distributed 1056 copies during the last eighteen months; and they say that they have had very pleasing proofs of the beneficial effects of his humble labours. In some parts of the country a real concern for religion has been awakened; the prayer-meetings have been established. In the neighboring states of Hesse Cassel, also a door of usefulness has been opened; and the society here has sent hither 1450 copies to meet the demands made upon them: in order to encourage this favourable beginning in the country of Hesse, I made them an offer of 500 Bibles and 1000 Testaments, together with 50 Hebrew Bible and 100 Greek Testaments, for the sake of their students: which they gratefully accepted; and for all of which they promised to render an account. I have encouraged them to extend their labours on all sides as much as possible; and by merely referring you to my letters from Frankfort last year, in regard to the state of the Bible cause in the Hesse dominions, the desirableness of following up the present favourable opening will more clearly appear. In all respects the work is in good hands here, is conducted with exemplary order and zeal, and is productive of much good. Since their formation, in 1814, they have distributed more than 56,000 copies of the Holy Scriptures.

(To be Continued.)

**News.**—A private letter from Paris contains the following statement:—"There is a very curious investigation going on to-day, the particulars of which I will inform you in my next letter. It has been frequently remarked, that while most of the wounded have recovered who were taken to their own homes, or to the different hospitals, a great mortality has taken place amongst those who were carried to the Hotel Dieu. Various reports are in circulation in consequence of this difference; some said that most of those who were in the Hotel Dieu had been wounded with brass bullets; others that the soldiers had bitten the balls and that had made them venomous. On Monday, however a pupil of the Polytechnic School, and a printer, were so far recovered, that on Tuesday morning their friends had agreed to take them home. On proceeding there for that purpose, they were both found dead; and as no cause could be assigned for such a fatal termination, their bodies were opened, and the presence of poison discovered in both: since then eight or nine bodies have been opened, and the whole of them have been discovered in the same horrible state. Suspicion immediately fell upon the Sisters of Charité, who are the superintendents or head nurses of the establishment, and several of them have been arrested. It is said that the principal sister has fled. The head surgeon, Dr. Dupuytren, who was created a baron by Napoleon, was surgeon of Charles the Tenth and the Archbishop of Paris. He is said to be a congregationalist; and is no great favourite with the people, though all agree in giving him the character of the first surgeon in France. It was he who attended the Duke de Berri."

When the news of Charles' deposition reached Naples, "God is great!" exclaimed the ex-Dey of Algiers. "The King of France drove me from my throne; now his people have driven him from his." One of his servants having committed a theft lately, he ordered him for execution; and he was very angry with the Neapolitan police for interfering to prevent him from taking the law into his own hands.

**PRUDENTIAL MAXIMS.**—He that getteth a wife beginneth a possession; a help like unto himself, and a pillar of rest.—Where no edge is, there the possession is spoiled: and he that hath no wife will wander up and down mourning.—Who will trust a thief well appointed, that skippeth from city to city? So who will believe a man that hath no house, and lodgeth wheresoever the night taketh him?—*Son of Sirach.*

In conversation, endeavor to be always present in mind. To this end, keep down passion of all sorts, to the utmost of thy power. Do not too eagerly covet reputation, and the company's esteem of thee; and by that means thou wilt get the more of it. The being over-much afraid of committing an indecency, very often throws one headlong into it. If thou sittest imagining what idea

they have of thee, and so triest to form thyself, according to that, thou wilt be quite out of thyself. No, no, let not them shape thee, but be ever true and constant to thyself, and stand up bold in thy own nature and notions; whether they have favourable thoughts of thee, or not, keep thy own proper self, and be not a Cameleon.

A good book of contentment may be without thee, as well as any thing else. Thou mayst think thou hast good reasons for being quiet, which will comfort thee upon all occasions. But where are they? In thy book: which is no more thine, than thy moneys, that bought it, unless thy book be in thy heart. Thou must labour to write those truths on thy soul, and turn them into the reason of thy mind. Things of faith thou must make as if they were of reason and things of reason; thou must make as sensible as if they beat upon thy eyes and ears. Thou must colour, and die thy soul with these notions, or else they will do thee but little good. If this book lie by thee, and not in thee, it will be no better than waste paper; for it is one thing to have bread and wine in a cupboard, and another thing to have it in thy body.

Let eternity be much in thy thoughts; and then the fading vanities of this world will have little esteem with thee.

Shew not more than thou art, lest thou raisest an expectation thou canst not answer; and so lose thy credit as soon as thou hast found it.—*Fuller.*

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

### WATER.

See, said Robert to his father one day, what a beautiful cloud yonder is in the sky! I wonder what it is made of!

My dear boy, replied his father, it is nothing but water.

Why, pa, you astonish me, cried Robert; what is that water, which lies on a heap up high in the air, and has such beautiful colours and curious shapes?

It is even water, my son. Do you not know that rain is water, and that rain falls out of the clouds?

But pa, if rain does fall out of the clouds, does that prove that clouds are water? I have seen rain fall out of the tree-tops; but that never led me to think that trees are water. Do explain this to me.

It pleases me, Robert, said his father, to see you so desirous of knowing the truth of things, and not to be satisfied with bare appearances. I will endeavour to clear up this difficulty to your satisfaction. You have seen water boil in a pot, and you have seen steam come out of it. Now the water will all boil away, and when it is gone the steam will stop rising; so the water all goes out in steam, or very small particles of water raised by the heat, which float in the air and become invisible.

Yes, said Robert, I remember putting a piece of cold iron in the steam of a pot, and it was soon covered with large drops of water. I suppose that it was the steam settling on the iron.

Yes, Robert; and now I will tell you more about the operations of water. You know that when things are wet, they will become dry, and you cannot see the water run out of them. The reason is, it goes off in steam or vapor which is invisible to the eye. In this way water rises into the air continually, which is always full of it. Set a bottle of cold water in a warm room, and it will soon be covered with drops of water which collect on it out of the air. The little invisible particles of steam are attracted by the cold glass: they touch one another till they become large enough to be seen, and by that means collect by degrees into drops. In this way the rain is formed. A cloud is nothing but fog or steam become visible in small drops of water, but not heavy enough to sink down in the air. By some means which God has provided for that purpose, those little bits of water which float round in the air like dust, touch one another by the force of attraction, and when they become large enough they fall down. While they are falling they continue to increase in size till they become a heavy rain.

I thank you pa, said Robert, now I understand it. But what gives the clouds so many colours?



The colours, Robert, are the reflection of the light of the sun. There are colors in the sun's light, and things on which he shines have the power of throwing back the light to our eyes, and showing colours. But let us return to the clouds and water. You see what a fine contrivance the clouds are for watering the fields when they become dry. The heat of the sun or air dries up the water from the sea, the air carries it over the land and throws it down on the fields to make the grass and other things grow. And then again the sun dries out the water after the grain grows, and causes it to ripen and become hard, fit to keep in the barn, and be made into bread, which water goes off again in the air to fall in rain in another place. This is the way that all green things grow, by which it appears that steam supports the life of men, beasts, trees and plants. Steam does more: It makes all rivers and streams of water and springs. For those all are the offspring of vapour and rain, which falls on the land and runs off in rivers. Did you never hear people complain of too much rain?

Yes, papa, I have often. I heard neighbor Brown say the other day, that he wished it would always stop raining when the ground became wet enough to make his crops grow. But now I see if the silly man could have his wish we never should have rivers for steam boats to run on: no, nor grist-mills to grind our wheat. This makes me think of what you once told me, that God is a much better contriver and workman than man, and knows best in every thing.

Yes, Robert, he does; and in nothing is his wisdom and goodness seen plainer than in giving us the Bible, and the Church, and Christian Ministers, and Schoolmasters to teach us how to read.

Indeed, pa, I think so. How often do we read at Church in the Psalms that are in the Prayer-Book, about all these things and a great many more like them! I had rather go to Church and help to read the beautiful Psalms, than to read the finest story-book I ever saw.

MORTALITY.—(JOB. III. ECCLESIASTES I.)

(From Knox's "Songs of Israel.")

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

Like a fast flitting meteor, a fast flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scatter'd around and together be laid;  
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,  
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,  
The mother that infant's affection that proved,  
The husband that mother and infant that blest,  
Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,  
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;  
And the memory of those that beloved her, and praised,  
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,  
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,  
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,  
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,  
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,  
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,  
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower and the weed  
That wither away to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same things that our fathers have been,  
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,  
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,  
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,  
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink;  
To the life we are clinging to they too would cling,  
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but their story we cannot unfold;  
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold,  
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may come,  
They joyed—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died! and we things that are now,  
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode  
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,  
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;  
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,  
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye—'tis the draught of a breath,  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;  
From the gilded saloon to the bed and the shroud—  
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud.

METRICAL PARAPHRASE

ON THE COLLECT, FOR THE EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lord, we beseech thee, grant thy people grace to withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and with pure hearts and minds to follow thee the only God; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Such strong temptations, Lord, conspire  
To draw our steps aside,  
That we shall surely go astray  
Except thou be our guide.

The treacherous world its tyrant force  
Or specious art employs,  
To drive or lure us into vice  
And thus our peace destroys.

The flesh to sad corruption prone  
Betrays us from within;  
And till subdued or chang'd by grace  
Will keep us slaves to sin,

Lo! Satan too, to catch our souls  
Spreads many a secret snare,  
And strives to swell our hearts with pride  
Or sink them with despair.

These dreadful foes, O gracious Lord,  
Assist us to withstand;  
And fill our hearts with purest love  
To thy supreme command.

Died, at York, on the 5th inst. the Rev. Allen Macaulay, of the Episcopal Church.

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