

Poetry.

OLD IMPRESSIONS.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

Nav, tell me not, the exile said,
You deem this land as fair as ours;
What endless spring is round us spread,
What blessings rise on every hand;
Oh! give to me our country's flowers,
And give to me my native land.

[Meeting House] in North Haven. The same year, 1718,
Mr. David Brown, another classmate of Mr. Johnson,
and a native of a member of the Congregational [body] in Yale College.

It is not possible for us at this time to appreciate
the effect produced upon the community by this declaration.
Here was Episcopacy, bringing along, in imagination,
all those dire and dreadful evils that most of the community
associated with the name of Bishop, springing up in their
very midst.

life that evinced the reality of all his professions, it is not
wonderful that he was able to hold the minds of such
multitudes in subserviency to his own, or rather, we should
say, it is no wonder that he should have been able to have
infused so much of his own spirit into those around him.

The lesson taught by the history we have now contemplated,
is to us one of deep and lively interest, both as
Christians and as Churchmen. In it we see the over-
ruling hand of a special Providence. Who, but that Be-

tation of motives, by a rancour and indecency which
could find no toleration among gentlemen,—except in a
religious controversy,—that the errors of such men are
of doctrine and practice, contracted. Clearly not.—
Clearly, among those who have so long maintained an
ascendancy in the religious world, many who are men of
genuine piety and integrity—and many such there are—

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF PARTIES IN THE
CHURCH.
(From The Irish Ecclesiastical Journal.)
Whoever has formed his notions of the Christian Church
from the New Testament, will, no doubt, expect that no
long differences shall be found to exist within its pale, so long

hand God. Let those then, on the one hand, who may be inclined
to scoff at this mysterious doctrine, because they choose
to imagine that the idea of a threefold yet single nature involves
a contradiction of terms, and consequently an absurdity,—

FAITH.
(From Bishop Reynolds.)
From the great necessity and preciousness of this duty, we
may infer the greatness of their sin who neglect it, who live
with no sense of the want, and little sorrow for the weakness of

THE EARLY CHURCHMEN OF CONNECTICUT.

(By The Rev. A. B. Chapin.)

You are all aware, by whom, and for what purposes
this country was settled; and you cannot but know, that
by whomsoever, and for whatever purpose it was settled,
of the persons who settled it, brought along with them,
and transmitted to their children, a most invincible
dislike of Episcopacy.

While the Episcopal discussion was going on with Mr.
Johnson and his associates, the Rev. John Beach was a
member of Yale College. He was some time minister of
the Congregational [Meeting House] in Newtown; but in
1732, declared for Episcopacy, and went to England for
Orders. Mr. Beach was regularly deposed from the [congregational]
ministracy, by the Congregational [preachers] of
Fairfield county, on account of his embracing Episcopacy,
and every possible effort was made to prevent any of his
former parishioners adhering to him.

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THE TRINITY.
(From Bishop Shuttleworth.)
Whilst we cherish with gratitude and admiration the stupendous
revelation of a Trinity in Unity in the Godhead, holding
to it as the very epitome of our Faith, the vital and essential
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* An acquaintance "with both sides" has been the necessary consequence of the manner in which the Episcopal Church has been spread in Connecticut,—by conversions from the other denominations since the declaration of independence, there never has been a time, but what a majority of those who attended the Episcopal Church, in this Diocese, had been educated in other denominations.

THE HISTORY OF AN AMERICAN POCKET PRAYER BOOK.

WRITTEN BY ITSELF.

CHAPTER VII.

Church built.—Visit of another Missionary, the Rev. D. Phelps His character.—Church Consecrated.—Confirmation.

The Rev. Mr. Nash remained at my master's house several days, and all that time was diligently employed in making preparations for organizing a Church, and in ascertaining how much money could be obtained towards erecting a suitable house of worship. Providence smiled upon their endeavours, and disposed the hearts of the few Church-people to give liberally, each one in proportion to the means which God had blessed him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Visit of the Rev. Mr. P.—His kindness to children.—The Prayer Book resumes its travels with him.—Joy at Mr. P.'s return.—Description of his residence.—He visits his parishioners.—Their affection for him.

A few weeks after the consecration of our little Church, I was separated from my beloved master, and I have never had the happiness of seeing him again. One Saturday evening a clergyman came to his house, and remained with him over Sunday. This gentleman had been settled several years in the southern part of Ohio, and was now on his return to his family and parish. My master's family were all delighted with him; and the children, especially, were soon won by his affectionate and cheerful manners.

CHAPTER IX.

Character of Mr. P.—Importance of parochial visitation. Sunday-school instruction.—Qualifications of Teachers.—Public Catechising.

Few clergymen possessed a happier faculty of making their conversation agreeable and instructive, to all ages and ranks of people, than Mr. P.—He knew how to be cheerful without levity, grave without austerity, dignified without haughtiness, and humble without servility. Like his Divine Master, he could retire from the world for the purpose of devotion, and return to its active and social duties, without being seduced by its temptations and snares.

He felt the responsibility of his ministerial office, and laboured faithfully, in season and out of season, "to bring all such as were committed to his charge, unto that agreement in the faith and knowledge of God, and to that ripeness and perfection of age in Christ, that there be no place left among them either for error in religion, or for viciousness of life."

The importance of parochial visits cannot be too strongly urged upon the ministers of our communion. No church can prosper, unless the pastor is acquainted with his whole flock; and to know them well, he must visit them frequently at their homes.

Next to public preaching, and visiting his parishioners, my master thought the most important of a clergyman's duties to attend to the catechetical instruction of the young; he had, therefore, as an aid to the fulfilment of this duty, established a Sunday-school, which was entirely under his control, and over which he maintained a watchful care.

Mr. P.—was very solicitous that the teachers in his school should possess the requisite qualifications for their high vocation;—above all, that they should be truly pious. He well knew that there were many in his parish, of a proper age, and character, and talents, for filling the useful and responsible, yet humble office of Sunday-school teachers; and on these he earnestly pressed the importance of coming forward to the discharge of this their bounden duty.

The distant scenery was strikingly interesting. The mighty Ohio could be seen as it rolled along to meet the mightier Mississippi, and to mingle its waters with the ocean. Far off in the distance rose the high hills of Kentucky, and to the east of these, but much more distant, you could discern some of the loftiest peaks of the Alleghanias, resting like clouds on the verge of the horizon.

and graces, renders him more and more meet for the enjoyment of that blessed promise to be fulfilled in him:—They that be Teachers, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.

The Garner.

THE TRINITY. If there were no Trinity, there could be no atonement—for first there must be some infinitely great Being to whom the atonement should be made, which is God the Father; secondly, there must be some infinite Being who should make the atonement,—which is God the Son; and, thirdly, there must be some infinite Being to make known to mankind the glad tidings for atonement effected, and consequent salvation—and this province belongs to God the Holy Spirit.—Rev. W. Howells.

THE NUMBER "THREE." The space and duration of time (from the sixth hour there was darkness all over the land, till the ninth hour) is also to be noticed: it may have been the period of our Lord's extreme agony. St. Jerome expresses himself to this effect, "that the most bright luminary of the world withdrew his rays, that he might not behold Him who was hanging on the cross, and the wicked blasphemers should not enjoy his light."

THE LEADING PRINCIPLES OF THE PRIESTHOOD. The leading principles of the priesthood are so far from being confined to the Mosaic dispensation, that they are part of the lasting heritage of the redeemed. The first of these principles may be termed consecration, by which, as Christ offered himself to God, so all his people must offer themselves, being in the language of St. Paul, "crucified to the world, and the world to them."

THE SINFUL PRIEST. What shall be said of the declining years of a sinful priest? What can hope suggest? What consolation can he minister to the stings of his conscience? Can he say that he was ignorant, and so fell into the snare of sin, and of Satan? But it was his business to teach the law of God, and shall he plead that he knew it not? Shall he say that the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, the temptations of riches and honour which slay their thousands day by day, slew him also? But did he not of his own free choice, vow a vow to the God of Jacob, that he renounced the world, and forsook it, and resigned the treasures of earth for the higher treasures of heaven?

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While the new church was in progress, our little congregation were again cheered and encouraged by a visit from another devoted missionary, the Rev. Davenport Phelps; a man whose name cannot be pronounced but with the sincerest respect and affection. He, too, like the venerable father Nash, had travelled through the western land, with the self-denying spirit of a primitive missionary; "planting churches wherever he came."

In two or three years after his visit to our village this good man was called to receive the reward promised to those "who turn many to righteousness." He died at Geneva, June the 27th, 1813; and I cannot refrain from quoting the just tribute of respect paid to his memory by his beloved Diocese, at the next annual convention after Mr. Phelps' death. "In noticing the changes in the diocese, you have doubtless already anticipated me, in the painful remark, that we no longer perceive in his place in this convention our venerable brother, the Rev. Davenport Phelps. He has gone to his rest.—For many years he has been employed as a missionary in the western parts of the state.—Having visited the extensive district in which he officiated, I am able to bear testimony to the high estimation in which he was held for his pious and exemplary character, and for the fidelity and prudent zeal with which he discharged his arduous and laborious duties.

Some months before the Church was finished, the congregation were blessed by the faithful ministrations of a pious young clergyman, in deacon's orders, who divided the time equally between four parishes, fifteen or twenty miles apart. Unrequited as were his services in our village, they were a great help, in the infancy of our undertaking. But as soon as the building was completed, and it was understood that the Bishop would come on in a few weeks and consecrate it, and administer confirmation at the same time, Mr. R., the missionary, thought it his duty to bestow more than ordinary attention on this part of his charge. He accordingly came to board with my master, that he might give the necessary instructions to the young, to prepare them for the holy rite of confirmation; and, by a course of lectures on the duties and privileges of the baptismal covenant, might enlighten those who had not been educated in the Church, and knew little or nothing of its forms and ordinances.

The wished-for day at length arrived; and a bright and happy day it was. Multitudes flocked in from the neighbouring towns, to witness the ceremonies.—Our little Church was full to overflowing. The Bishop, a venerable man of more than three score years, was received at the entrance of the Church by the Church-wardens and Vestrymen; and as they proceeded up the aisle, they repeated, alternately, the 24th Psalm, as appointed in that most excellent and appropriate "Form of Consolation of a Church," prescribed in the American Liturgy. Never can I forget the appearance of that venerable and holy man, while performing the various and interesting services of the day.

About twenty young persons, and eight or ten of advanced age, presented themselves for confirmation. Every person in the Church evinced an absorbing interest in this solemn ceremony. There, around the holy altar, stood some of the brightest and loveliest of our village circle, in all the buoyancy of youth and health, ready to assume the vows of Baptism, and to devote themselves anew to their God and SAVIOUR. It was a joyful sight to behold these young disciples consecrating the best of their days, the first fruits of their years, to Him whose "service is perfect freedom."

I have witnessed many such scenes since, but those first impressions are never to be effaced. To see a church under every possible difficulty and discouragement, planted in the wilderness, taking root, and springing up and flourishing: to behold a neat and commodious edifice, with its spire pointing towards heaven, consecrated on the spot where, a few years before, no trace of civilization could be found, and where mighty forest trees had for centuries spread their giant arms to the sky; to see the sacred ordinances administered, and to hear the glad tidings of salvation proclaimed in that church for the first time; these are scenes affecting beyond description to a pious mind.

Children are good physiognomists; they can discern at a glance, where their little attentions are likely to be well received, and their young hearts are easily won by an approving look or a kindly smile. If a minister would gain the love and esteem of his parishioners, he cannot do it more easily and effectually than by kindness and attention to their little ones; and by evincing at all times, especially in his parochial visits, his deep interest in the welfare and good conduct of these lambs of his flock. These reflections are the result of much observation of men and manners, and an intimate knowledge of those ties which so closely connect the family circle.

On Sunday morning, our new guest, who was to officiate during the day, asked for a Prayer Book, that he might examine the lessons; saying, that he had unfortunately left his at the house where he had last lodged. My master handed me to him, and begged he would accept me as a present; being, as he observed, of a convenient form and size for carrying on a journey. He received me with many grateful acknowledgements; and, much as I regretted leaving my old master, I could not but congratulate myself for having fallen into such excellent hands. I had now a prospect of seeing much more of the world, and of becoming more thoroughly acquainted with human nature in all its varieties; nor have my observations, I trust, been without profit to myself; happy shall I be, if I can make them equally beneficial to others.

My new master, the Rev. Mr. P.—, proceeded on his journey westward, on Monday morning, taking me with him. He occasionally stopped a part of a day and preached, wherever he found a vacant congregation, or a few scattered Church-people, disposed to hear him. On Sunday he always contrived to rest in some village, where his services would be acceptable and useful. Thus he journeyed leisurely along, and it was not until two or three weeks after I came into his possession, that we reached his place of residence.—His wife, and two bright and blooming children, a boy and girl, met him at the door with their warm embraces, and assured him that all was well. Great was their joy at beholding him again in health and safety, after so long a separation; and that same night many fervent thanksgivings ascended from their grateful hearts, that parents and children had been again permitted to meet around the family altar, and that all their lives had been crowned with such distinguished mercies.

The news of his return soon spread through the village, and many of his parishioners hastened to welcome back their beloved pastor, and to inquire after his welfare. During his absence the Church had been kept open every Sunday; some one of the most respected and pious of the laymen of his congregation reading the service and a sermon, and thus preventing the people from wandering to strange places of worship, as sheep without a shepherd.

My master's house was delightfully situated, a little out from the village, on the banks of a small river, which flowed into the Ohio, not far from its mouth.—It was a humble dwelling, with a neat little courtyard in front, filled with many flowering shrubs, which grew luxuriantly in that mild climate. Jessamines and roses bloomed beneath the windows, and the graceful passion flower threw its slender tendrils along the walls. The monthly flowering honeysuckle crept up the pillars of a light piazza, and when the dews of evening fell, perfumed the air with the delicious fragrance of its blossoms. Two or three lofty tulip trees, with as many spreading maples, contributed greatly to the beauty and comfort of the place.—When the eye rested on that neat little white cottage, embosomed in trees and shrubbery, it seemed a favoured spot for holy contemplation, and peacefulness, and rest. Every beholder must have felt a sacred calm steal over him, as he gazed upon the tranquil scene. On the opposite side of the street stood the Church, with its neat and well ordered grave-yard, surrounded by forest trees; and here and there a rose-bush, planted by the hand of affection, might be seen blossoming on some grassy mound, a significant emblem of that beauty which fade like the flower of the field.

The distant scenery was strikingly interesting. The mighty Ohio could be seen as it rolled along to meet the mightier Mississippi, and to mingle its waters with the ocean. Far off in the distance rose the high hills of Kentucky, and to the east of these, but much more distant, you could discern some of the loftiest peaks of the Alleghanias, resting like clouds on the verge of the horizon.

The day after Mr. P.—'s return, he visited many of his people; calling first on the sick, the afflicted, and the infirm, and administering consolation as their

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