

THE
EVANGELICAL REPOSITORY

AND

United Presbyterian Review.

OLD SERIES,
VOL. XXXIX.

JUNE, 1862.

NEW SERIES,
VOL. I.—No. 1.

TRENCH ON THE EPISTLES TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES.*

BY THE SENIOR EDITOR.

HAVING perused this work with considerable interest, we feel a special desire to bring it to the notice of our readers.

There are, perhaps, few men who have acquired a higher reputation for scholarly attainments than Dean Trench, particularly in the department of the English language. He appears to have studied our mother tongue with a peculiar relish, and in all his writings, in so far as they have come under our observation, he exhibits a refinement of taste, in this respect, which constitutes a striking characteristic. On this account, if from no other consideration, we think it would be well for those who are providing themselves with a library, to select the works of this author among the first.

This, however, is not the only commendable qualification of Trench. The reader will be sure to find on every page indications of good sound sense. It is true, he will not be likely to meet with any thing very profound, or devotional, but he will find matter worthy of reflection.

His Commentary on the Epistles to the Seven Churches has been elaborated by him, on the ground-work of three lectures delivered to the theological students at King's College.

In the preface to this work the author expresses his regret, that according to the service set forth to be read in the church, "under no circumstances can the second and third chapters (of the Apocalypse) ever be read in the congregation." Our attention never was directed to this fact before, and it is to us unaccountable, that such a slight should have been put upon a portion of Scripture so replete with instruction and consolation. As an Episcopalian we should certainly feel very uneasy under such a restriction. This, however, we think is not so reprehensible as is the practical exclusion, not only of this part of the divine Word, but every other part except the particular passage, consisting it may be of a single verse, which may be selected as the theme of a discourse.

Our author expresses his conviction that the writer of the Apoca-

* Commentary on the Epistles to the Seven Churches in Asia. Rev. II., III. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D. D., Dean of Westminster. New York: Charles Scribner, 124 Grand Street. 1861. (12mo., pp. 812.)

Poetry.

(For the Evangelical Repository.)

THE BIBLE.

O, rarest gift to mortals given!
Blest book! thou point'st the path to heaven.

The sinner, lost in darkness drear,
Heart-sick thro' sin, whose eye the tear
Of anguish scalds, thro' griefs and woes
That fill the poisoned cup of those
On whose soul rests, with weighty load,
The wrath of an offended God,

Philadelphia, April, 1862.

That takes thy sweet and kindly light
For guide, shall still be led aright;
Shall find Jehovah's angry face
To favour changed. His smiles shall grace
His earthly labours: and at last,—
Eternal life, eternal rest—
Purchased by Jesus for his own;
For all who love that Holy One,
And wait His glorious coming—his cup of
bliss shall crown.

W. S. RENTOUL.

PRAYER.

"And I heard one who said, 'Prayer is idle; God changes not His laws for the petition of poor erring man; what He has said, that shall be, and the fool only asketh for that which is not ordained.'"

Why need we pray? God will not answer prayer,

Howe'er devout the humble worshipper;
His laws ordained are not without their plan,
Nor bend they to the wish of erring man;
His promise false who dared the truth proclaim,
Where two or three are gathered in thy name,
Their warm petitions shall like incense rise,
And meet with glad acceptance from the skies.
So says the man whose cold and callous art,
Ne'er felt the pleasures of a contrite heart,
Nor knew the joys which sweet repentance brings

To souls released from error's bitter stings.
'Tis not God's purposes we seek to change,
Wise in conception—widest in their range;
'Tis not that we, with rash and impious care,
His laws should hope to alter with our prayer.
No! let it be our object and our end,
When from warm lips our prayers to God ascend,

That our weak hearts may nearer draw to heaven,

And better feel the blessings He has given.
Our grateful souls may yet more fully know
The joys His daily goodness doth bestow,
And we be better fitted to receive
What He in wisdom seeth fit to give.

The floweret, planted far from light and air,
Stretches its tendrils forth in eager prayer,
And with upturned and yearning face,
Woos the first sunbeam to its glad embrace.
The sunbeams shine not brighter, nor more clear,

Distant as ever, still they seem more near,
And richer blessings to the floweret give,
Because 'tis better fitted to receive.
The sun's rays falling on the polished glass,
Shine through, and leave no traces as they pass;
Yet when prepared by the Daguerrean art,
They paint an image ere they quick depart;
But still the flaming, flashing orb of day,
Keeps on, unchanged, its ever destined way,
And leave an impress on the crystal fair,
A touch responsive to its silent prayer.
God knows no change, to whom we fervent pray;

'Tis we are changed, who humbly kneel and say,
"Father, thy will, not ours be done."
For Christ's sweet sake, thy ever blessed Son;
To us be given the hearts to value more
The unnumbered blessings thou dost so richly pour;

To know how precious is thy constant care—
Such be the end and aim of every prayer.

Christian Press.

THE MOTHER'S REPLY TO "ROCK ME TO SLEEP."

My child, my child, thou art weary to-night,
Thy spirit is sad, and dim is the light;
Thou would'st call me back from the silent shore
To the trials of life, to thy heart as of yore;
Thou longest again for the loving care,
For my kiss on thy lips, my hand on thy hair;
But angels around thee their loving watch keep,
And angels, my child, will "rock thee to sleep."

"Backward?" say Onward, ye swift rolling years:

Gird on thy armour! Dry up thy tears!
Count not thy trials nor efforts in vain,
They'll bring thee the light of thy childhood again.

Ye should not weary, my child, by the way,
But watch for the light of that brighter day;
Not tired of "sowing for others to reap,"
For angels, my child, "will rock thee to sleep."

Tired, my child, of the "base, the untrue,"
O, I have tasted the cup they gave you,
Felt the deep sorrow in the living green
Of a low mossy grave by a silvery stream;
But the dear mother I sought for in vain,
Is an angel presence and with me again;
And in the still night, from the silence so deep,
Come the bright angels to "rock thee to sleep."

Nearer thee now than in days that are flown,
Purer the love-light encircling thy home,
Far more enduring the watch for to-night,
Than even earth worship away from the light;
Soon the dark shadows will linger no more,
Nor come at thy call from the opening door,
But knowest, my child, the angels watch keep,
And soon, very soon, will "rock thee to sleep."

N. Y. Evangelist.