

## POETRY.

### Selected.

#### COMFORT.

From the London Metropolitan.

I'd like to have a little farm,  
And leave such scenes as those,  
Where I could live without a care,  
Completely at my ease.  
I'd like to have a pleasant house  
Upon my little farm,  
Airy and cool in summer time—  
In winter close and warm.

I'd like to have a little wife—  
I reckon I know who,  
I'd like to have a little son—  
A little daughter too;  
And when they'd climb upon my knee  
I'd like a little toy  
To give my pretty little girl—  
Another to my boy.

I'd like to have a little chaise  
That we might take a ride,  
I'd like a little pony for  
My boy to jog beside.  
I'd like to have a little cash  
And owe no little debts—  
There's nothing in this world so much  
An easy temper frets.

I should not like my wife to shake  
A broom-stick at my head—  
For then I might begin to think  
She did not love her Ned;  
But I should always like to see  
Her gentle as a dove;  
I should not like to have her scold—  
But be all joy and love.

If I had these I would not ask  
For any thing beside;  
I'd be content thus smoothly through  
The tedious world to glide.  
My little wife and I would then  
No other trouble see—  
Surrounded by our little ones,  
How happy would we be!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

SPEECH OF THE REV. DR. COOKE OF BELFAST IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Dr. Cooke of Belfast having been called on by the Moderator, proceeded to say—Instead of returning thanks to this Venerable Assembly, for the vote they have so unanimously and so cordially passed, and instead of returning thanks to yourself personally for the paternal address on which the vote has been communicated, I feel bound to address our thanks to "the God of our fathers," who has spared us, and honoured us to behold this "high day," when my brethren and I stand at your bar, and are publicly and officially recognized—true sons of the Church of Scotland. (Hear.) I must, however, express some regret that my Rev. father, Dr. Hanna, has, through partial indisposition, declined this honorable duty, and devolved it upon me. One who has done so much public service, by his valuable labours as their Theological Professor, would have offered before you, for the Synod of Ulster, a much more worthy and appropriate representative. And, though another fellow deputy, Mr. Brown, has likewise declined the office, it is not because he is surpassed by any in the services he has rendered to Presbyterianism in Ireland. To him the Synod of Ulster stands largely indebted for the irresistible arguments by which they have been restored to their original condition, and induced to receive the Westminster Confession as fully as it has been received by the parent Church of Scotland; and to him, more than to any other, has it been owing, that our Synod has ceased to be stationary, and has sprouted on every side into new and vigorous shoots, until our congregations and ministers are increasing at an annual average of ten. (Hear.) But while those who are resident in the centre and stronghold of Irish Presbyterianism, are fitted to represent our Church in her full grown and palmy state—my other fellow deputy, Mr. Carmichael, may well represent her in her infant and destitute condition. He is a licentiate of your own—imbued with the learning of your Universities, within reach of the honor and emoluments of your Church—yet, in the truest and best spirit of a missionary, he has left his native land to dedicate his talents and his energies to the cause of the Gospel in Ireland. He has been located in one of our frontier settlements, that is, where the outskirts of Presbyterian Ulster approach the dense masses of Popery in Connaught. His congregation inhabit a mountainous district, where a Presbyterian Church has not yet been erected—and in other times, would never have been contemplated. They were originally a Scottish colony from Ayrshire, and constituted an appendage to one of our congregations; but their distant and scattered condition rendered it impossible for the most zealous and laborious minister sufficiently to attend to their spiritual wants. Their temporal condition had, through various causes, been long neglected, so that they had, with a few exceptions, sunk

into deep poverty, and consequent ignorance. Yet in this place my friend has been contented, if men will so call it, to bury his talents; no, to this "forsaken lodge in a wilderness" he has dedicated his talents: in this place of comparative darkness and poverty he has commenced an imitation of the Scottish parochial school system, and will in time become, through the medium of education, as well the temporal as the spiritual benefactor of his people. While obeying my fellow deputies in conveying their thanks, and the thanks of the Synod of Ulster, to this Venerable Assembly, may I be permitted to trespass for a short time in glancing at the history of Presbyterianism in Ireland. (Hear, hear.) The Presbyterian settlement commenced in Ireland about 1611; and from that time till 1642, continued, by a peculiar ecclesiastical comprehension, to constitute a part of the Established Church of Ireland. We learn from the authentic documents contained in the "Life of Livingston," that the Scottish Presbyterian ministers who emigrated to Ireland, acknowledged the Irish Prelates as Presbyters, joined with them in that character, in the Act of Ordination, being permitted to model the forms of the Service book, according to their own views of discipline and Church government. In this state of mutual forbearance and charity, the two branches of Protestantism continued till a few years previous to 1641. At this time our Presbyterian fathers were, through evil counsels, expelled from their churches and exiled from their people; but Presbyterian order and worship continued uninterrupted, through the zealous labour of the Regimental Chaplains who accompanied Munro. By these the first Presbytery in Ireland was constituted at Carrickfergus, in June, 1642; and from this little seed sprung up the General Synod of Ulster—now embracing in its jurisdiction twenty-four Presbyteries—(hear, hear)—and extending its ministers and congregations into every province of the kingdom. But as the ministry of the Regimental Chaplains was necessarily confined to the neighbourhood of the garrisons, the destitute condition of the country parishes was in 1642-3, brought before the Venerable Assembly of the Mother Church, and a mission of six ministers, including Livingston, Baillie, Blair, &c. was deputed to Ireland, by whose indefatigable labours in daily preaching, and frequent administration of ordinances, the lamp of the gospel was kept burning in those dark and troublous times. It is perhaps not unworthy of remark, that, in the earnest petitions addressed to the Scottish Assembly, our Irish forefathers expressed a humble hope that "the day might come when a General Assembly in Ireland might return the first fruit of thanks" for the seed and the plants they then begged from their mother's garden. This day, their hope—I had almost said, their prophecy—stands realized; and the mission year fathers commenced by the loan (as the petition expressed it) of six, now returns you "the first fruit of thanks" from a General Assembly of 250 ministers, with large and flourishing congregations (Hear, hear.) Through the period of our history, like most other Churches, we have been assailed by "divers doctrines;" but from the first, our fathers have continued to recognise either the Scots or Westminster Confession, as the exhibition of their faith. Our records anterior to the Revolution are lost; but in a protest by one of our ministers, he testifies that he subscribed the Westminster Confession in 1688, and that such he had always heard to have been the law and practice from the original organization of our Synod. In 1698, 1707, and upon various other occasions, our Synod continued its adherence to the same Confession; and now, as you have heard, confirms that adherence by a constitution which, I trust and believe, will remain immutable through all the fortunes of our future history. May I be permitted to add a few words on the present state and operations of our Church. (Hear, hear.) As to our numbers, they are variously estimated. I have myself calculated the Presbyterians of Ireland at 700,000; others have estimated them at a million. One of my fellow deputies, not negligent of statistics, calculates the people of the Synod of Ulster at 800,000. The late Government census, however, estimates the Presbyterians of the kingdom under 700,000; and somewhat, if I rightly recollect, about 663,000. Of the worth of this census I shall furnish two recent specimens. Did time permit, I could multiply them by dozens. The Presbyterians of an entire county were returned in the public census at fifty. My brother deputy, Mr. Carmichael, visited and preached in one of its mountainous districts; searched after

and discovered its Presbyterian population; found them far from a place of worship, yet longing to possess one; reported their destitution to the Presbytery, who founded a congregation, and ordained an active young minister. And, within a few months from the time of his ordination, where the Government census gave fifty Presbyterians to the whole county, he discovered and returned an authentic and admitted roll of upwards of six hundred within a single parish! (Hear, hear, hear.) I well recollect when Mr. Carmichael gave our Synod an account of his labours in his own parish. He told us how the people increased when he had time "to excavate" them. I thought at the time I saw him with pickaxe and spade assailing the overwhelming lavas of Herclaneum or Pompeii, and extricating a Presbyterian population from beneath the ruins. And so it was. In the Government census the Presbyterians in his parish were returned under 100; by the process of excavation he raised above 600. (Hear.) By such processes of discovery, by the necessary division of our larger parishes, some of which even yet contain above 1000 families—by the influx of population into our towns, the Synod of Ulster is encouraged—nay, compelled to increase and multiply. And it may, perhaps, be gratifying to this Venerable Assembly to learn, that the kindness of the Government in granting endowments continues to keep pace with the necessities of our people. (Hear.) The Government know that our Scottish forefathers were planted in the wildest and most barren portion of our land—where the malediction of O'Neill was pronounced upon the man that would cultivate a field or build a house. The Government know it was the most rude and lawless of the provinces, where resistance retired as to her last fortress; and the Government know that Scottish industry has drained its impassable bogs, and cultivated its barren wastes, has filled its ports with shipping, substituted towns and cities for its hovels and its claghans, and given peace and good will to a land of confusion and blood. (Hear, hear.) The Government know, while nearly twenty regiments are required for the three southern provinces, the northern province of Ulster is garrisoned by three. And in these "piping times of peace," these enjoy their "otium cum dignitate," while their brethren in the South may equal them "in dignitate," but enjoy a very moderate share of military or philosophical "otium." (Hear, hear, and a laugh.) My friend, Mr. Brown, when conversing on the claims of the Presbyterians of Ulster, observed to the Lord Lieutenant, that we formed "a cheap police." His Excellency was struck by the peculiarity and justice of the phrase; and in giving our deputation an assurance of good will to the Presbyterian body (an assurance he amply verified), he observed on their withdrawing, "You may depend on it, Mr. Brown, I'll remember the cheap police." (Hear.) On another occasion, through an oversight, our application for endowments was not presented till the annual Parliamentary estimates had been prepared; and, according to ordinary Parliamentary rule it could not be granted that year. When our application came to be made, there was consequently an accumulation of two years. The Chief Secretary observed to our Moderator, "I suppose you will require endowment for twelve." The Moderator replied "It would be nearer twenty-four." The answer was "The more the better," and the whole were endowed accordingly. As the report of your committee has made reference to the present state of our ministerial education, and as the subject has, with much propriety, been again touched upon in the Assembly, I may be expected to furnish some public account of the matter. Perhaps our Church is unequal—if you will, too poor—to expect a ministry, whose University attendance must extend, as yours does, to a period of eight years. At present, however, were we disposed to come up to your standard, the spiritual demands of our people would not permit us. We have of late received several students and licentiates from sister churches, educated as our own; we have received both students and licentiates from you; still our demand outruns our supply—so that to extend our college course for two or three years, would be to deprive our congregations of ministers for an equal period. Our college entrance examinations, conducted by committees, require a thorough knowledge of English and Classical literature; our literary and philosophical curriculum embraces three sessions—our theological studies two more. All these are full sessions. To these are added, not merely trials of sermonizing in the Presbytery, but prescribed readings and examinations, making an attendance upon ministerial studies equal to six full sessions. (Hear,

hear.) From this date our Hebrew studies will commence with the first session, and continue through the whole course; and our two last sessions include attendance upon a professor of Biblical criticism, under whom all our licentiates must study the general principles of Hermeneutics, but read in detail the difficulties of the Hebrew text and Septuagint. (Hear.) To carry into effect our doctrinal reformation, we have organized one general committee for theological examination: before the committee every student must appear. The Westminster Confession, as our text-book, is laid down upon the table; the Bible, from which it is extracted, is laid down beside it; nor is there a single leading chapter or article omitted in the examination. (Hear.) I see round me Rev. brethren who have been presented at our examinations; and I think I may venture to appeal to their concurrence, when I say that the particularity of our examinations, and the scriptural attainments of our students, we may stand in fair and full comparison with any other Protestant Church. (Hear, hear.) Our present labours for our country are first directed to the overgrown masses of our own congregations, and amongst these we are multiplying churches and ministers; our next object is the frontier Presbyterians to whom I have already alluded; and our third, the scattered emigrants from Ulster and from Scotland, who are found to a greater or lesser amount in almost every town and rural district of the kingdom. Our last object is our country generally—and especially those Roman Catholics who speak exclusively or generally in the native Irish tongue. For this end we have joined, not in rivalry, but in imitation, of the Irish Society for propagating the reading and knowledge of the Scriptures. At our last report our Irish schools amounted to forty—they are since increased—and the announcement still is, "the schools can be increased to any extent to which you can furnish the means." May I be pardoned if I detail to the Assembly a portion of gossip upon this subject, especially as it refers in the end to some names hallowed in past remembrance, or living affection? Not many months ago a genuine Irish mountaineer introduced himself to me in my library, told me he had travelled about forty English miles, to ask me for the loan of a shilling. (A laugh.) I was well aware that though an Irishman might need a silver shilling, he was not generally deficient in brass—(laughter)—I therefore told him I should like to know who he was before I parted with my money. "Oh! am I not one of your own schoolmasters?" was the reply. "Well, have you any letter or certificate?" He had never dreamed of it. But he had half-a-crown, his whole treasure, and with that he had travelled forty miles to buy Dr. Chalmers' Scripture References with the text in full. (Hear, hear, hear.) He had the book in figures—but he lost so much time in searching for the texts, that he determined to have it, not by reference, but full quotation. But alas! the price was three shillings and sixpence, and he came to borrow the shilling to make up the deficiency. (Hear.) I had no means of testing his truth but by taking down an Irish Testament. He read, translated, and explained fluently and intelligently. I did not lend him the shilling, but I furnished him with a book. This however was not enough; he wanted a book on baptism. He was often posed with the doctrine of baptism as removing original sin. He was tried by other controversies on the subject, and he wished for information. He wished for another book on the Lord's Supper. I gave him a Catechism on Baptism, and another on the Lord's Supper, the work of one who often shone as a star in this Venerable Assembly, but who now shines brighter in the assembly of the saints in glory. (Hear.) He poured out an Irishman's thanks warm from the heart; he left home a Roman Catholic, but returned to his mountains and his teaching, I verily believe, on the fair way to the knowledge and profession of Protestant truth. (Hear.) For advancing and perpetuating this part of our work, the Synod has lately enacted, "that all her students must study the Irish language." (Hear, hear.) You have, Sir, yourself witnessed our first fruits, and I am happy to tell you the prospect of our harvest is still improving. And I trust you may yet be spared to see the day when, on visiting the Synod of Ulster, you may adopt the tongue of your native hills in addressing us, and not be necessitated to inquire at any of us, *an leabhrán tuigealig?* (Hear, and a laugh.) Such, Moderator, Fathers, and Brethren of our mother Church of Scotland, such are a few facts of the past history, present state, and future objects of your daughter Church in Ire-

land. We derive our original from your bosom; we have adopted fully your doctrine, government, and worship. We have partaken in other days of your weal and woe. Our fathers have found with you an asylum when the storm fell on Ireland, and they have furnished an asylum when the storm fell upon you. When the comprehension by common faith was superseded by the act of uniformity, our fathers, like the non-conformists in England, retired from their churches and endowments, but retained their principles and good consciences. They clung to Presbyterianism, because they believed it to be scriptural, and because they found it to possess within itself all the elements of Church power which was wanting in other forms. They did not think it incapable of sustaining injury or of falling into error; but they saw it possessed within itself that *vis medicatrix nature* by which, under the divine blessing, it was capable of working out its own cure; and we stand at your bar to-day, a Church so restored, demonstrating by experience the practical blessings of Presbyterian organization. (Hear, hear.) In returning our thanks to this Assembly, I dare not confine myself to say they have conferred a favour upon us; I should rather say they have done a duty to themselves. "I dare not give flattering titles to men, else the Lord would take me away." The Assembly, as our parent, have done their duty to-day, as they did to our fathers in days gone by. But this Venerable Assembly owe still farther duties to Ireland. The education going forward in Ireland—it may be partly of good will, and partly of envy—partly to enlighten the people, and partly to secure them from being enlightened—that education, I must say, is scarcely producing light, but sure I am it is preparing for light. The state of Ireland may be compared to the approaching state of your own city. When we look upon it in the evening, its midday splendours are gone. Your noble streets appear in dim and dusky indistinctness, and the battlements of your citadel seem to rest as a rude and uninhabited mountain mass against the background of the clouds. But beneath your streets, and around your places, within the saloons of your aristocracy, and the emporiums of your commerce; ay, and around and within the lanes, and, as it were, inhabited ravines of your ancient and honourable city, there circulates a fluid pressed forward to every quarter by a resistless *vis tergo*. That fluid is not light—but it is the material, it is the food of light; and, just as darkness is about to commingle and swallow all things, at the movement of a single stop, and the application of a tiny taper, your city flashes into light and splendour—night again flies away, and day resumes its empire. (Hear, hear.) It is just so with Ireland. "Our night is dreary, and dark our way." But the laboratory of education, and especially the education in the Irish tongue, is working beneath the surface. The retorts are charged, the purification is advancing, the pipes are laid, the pressure is applied, the fluid is circulated, though as yet it is not light; but just in the moment when darkness thickens—(hear)—we call on you for a few lamp-lighters with tapers to touch the gas. (Hear, hear, and a laugh.) The *Earse* of your own Highlands is so nearly akin to the *Gedalg* of Ireland, that a few months would enable many of your preachers to proclaim the gospel to our countrymen. Find them and send them, we will receive them and aid them, and Ireland may yet resume her early titles, and become, not in name, but in reality, an "island of Saints." The Church of Scotland having this day resumed her maternal care of Ireland, we look forward with hope to the day when she will sit as a venerated matron amongst her many children. One of the late voyagers to the North remarks that to whatever land his vessel sailed, whatever bay or inlet he explored, he everywhere found a Scotoman; and he wittily adds—"If we be fortunate enough to reach the Fole, I make little doubt we shall find a Scotoman astride upon the axle." (Laughter.) It is Scotland's highest honour that her parochial schools and her learned universities qualify her sons for every office of honourable employment; send them out sometimes as adventurers in the lottery of life; but bring them home again to their native hills the improvers of other lands, and the benefactors of their own. (Hear.) And I trust the day is coming, when, wherever the Scotsman is found, whether at the Pole or the Equator, the Church of Scotland will be found planted beside him. (Hear.) I trust wherever a Scotsman is found, he will carry the Church of Scotland in his heart, will bear her up in his petitions at the Throne of

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