

Original Poetry.

For the Church.

TO HARRIET AMELIA.

Thy mild blue eyes with gladness shiue,
And o'er thy lovely face, my child,
Seems cast by Heav'n a light divine,
As if on thee thy Saviour smil'd.

Seal'd with the signet of his love,
That seal, by which his lambs are known,—
May the good Spirit from above
Descend, and mark thee for his own!

Mild war's alarm and anarchy,
Sweet babe thou first didst see the light,
And many a pray'r was rais'd for thee,
To Him who orders all aright.

Earth's earthiness pervades their hearts,
Who can unmov'd their first born see;
Nor pray that He who gifts imparts,
May bless them thro' eternity.

What makes our lives so blest on earth,
What lightens cares which all must bear,
But holy love of Heav'nly birth,
Which nothing earthly can impair?

Oh may his never ending love,
Who died, the Just, th' unjust to save,
Preserve thee for those joys above,
Which for his own His life he gave.

Woodstock.

T. S. S.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Oct. 21.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
28.—Twentieth do do
—St. Simon and St. Jude.
Nov. 1.—All Saints' Day.

A PROTESTANT FUNERAL IN FRANCE.

Interesting as is Tours to the French from the salubrity of its situation and the richness of its soil, and obtaining from them universally the appellation of "the garden of France," to Protestants it is still more attractive from causes of higher importance. So large a proportion of its inhabitants had embraced the reformed faith, that five years subsequent to the revocation of the edict of Nantes the population declined from eighty to thirty thousand! In what affecting recollections may the Christian traveller indulge whilst wandering at Tours from one extremity of the city to the other, and contemplating the vacant spaces and unoccupied ground! The long course of the Loire still flows past the very scene once populous with eighty thousand inhabitants; but never since the ruthless deed of Louis XIV. has Tours recovered its splendour. Even now, when upwards of a hundred summers have shone upon Touraine, the city contains only twenty-five thousand inhabitants! And who can avoid discovering the hand of retributive justice in a manner still more remarkable? When the infidel fury of the French Revolution burst upon the Church of Rome, and defiled its sanctuaries, and desolated so many of its temples, we cannot fail to discern in this visitation of Providence the just recompense of those persecutions which strewed France with the bones of Protestant martyrs: it might almost seem as if God had willed that a perpetual memento of his righteous judgment should be visible to the eye of the observer. In how many towns are the ruined edifices, once consecrated to Romish superstition, now conspicuous at once by their beauty and their degradation! In every part of France tokens of the Divine displeasure are evident. In Tours, as a single example, I mention, that one splendid church is now the workshop of a blacksmith; another is the Magazine of fire-wood for the military; a third is a warehouse for flour, or, if I forget not, a flour-market; a fourth is on sale, to be let for any purpose whatever, profane or sacred; a fifth is employed by the English Congregation for their Protestant worship; a sixth is a theatre; a seventh, once the magnificent church of St. Martin, the patron saint, still attests, by two awful and stupendous towers, how imposing an edifice it was; and one of them, styled the tower of Charlemagne, is used as a manufactory for shot!

Soon after my arrival at Tours, an opportunity was afforded me of proclaiming the doctrines of the Gospel in a very public and affecting manner. Mons. Bacot, an aged relic of the old French Protestant Church, and a man of great wealth and influence in the department, had breathed his last. Being the only Protestant minister in that part of the country, I was invited to officiate at the funeral. Accordingly I went over to Vernoux, the residence of the deceased, accompanied by my valued friends, Mons. de Bartholdy, and Mons. André, receiver general of the department.

On arriving at the family mansion, we found an immense concourse of people, who had assembled together from various parts. Respect for the memory of Mons. Bacot, and curiosity to witness a Protestant funeral, had not only attracted the neighbouring villagers and peasantry, but the mayor and many of the principal authorities and gentry of Tours. There is something most touching in entering the silent cottage even of a poor man just before the corpse of its former master is about to be conveyed to its more permanent dwelling-place. The simple and unadorned rites with which the little mourners glide away to the place of interment afford abundant room for salutary reflections, and awaken in the Christian mind a mixture of useful and pensive feelings; but every thing which affects the heart in death assumes a more powerful face, and gives rise to more stirring emotions, when we enter the lordly mansions from whence has just fled the spirit of its former master. What stillness is in the hall; the apartments are all darkened! We fear to address each other; we tremble at the very sound of our footsteps; every countenance is impressed with the greatness of the calamity; the great man, who so long had called the splendid estate his own, has taken his final departure. This is a moment when even the most reckless, the most thoughtless of the transient inhabitants of our earth, feels himself mortal, and is compelled to think. Such was the scene, and such were some of the emotions of a large assemblage of persons, when we arrived at Vernoux. After a short interval, I commenced reading the funeral service in a large court-yard adjacent to the house of the deceased, and pronounced, amidst the silence of all present, the affecting profession of faith of the ancient patriarch, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and in my flesh I shall see God."

Mons. Bacot had left behind him the request that his body should be buried in a part of his domain somewhat distant from his house, beneath a cypress-tree, which marks the grave of his late wife. Time was, when the Protestants of France were glad to obtain a grave by stealth for their departed friends, in a garden, or in the open fields, or in a re-

mote sylvan retirement; but on the present occasion the deceased had a most solemn and silent spot for the last repose of his body; partly, perhaps, because he felt a species of serious delight in descending to his grave, where he had long loved to meditate in life. Certain it is that the circumstance of this choice gave an interest to the funeral ceremony, not only perfectly new and strange to myself, but also to every one present.

After the termination of the lesson, we commenced a most original funeral procession to the distant place of burial.—Every thing conspired to add feeling to the occasion. First, I notice that though the company of persons who attended the bier was unusually large, yet there was a death-like stillness during the whole of our progress. Scarcely a sound was heard but that of the foot-fall of so many persons lighting on the decayed leaves which strewed our path. In France such a procession was more striking, as it was in singular contrast with the grating and unintelligible chants of the Roman Catholic priests when they convey dead bodies to the cemetery. Silence, solemn silence, the dead silence of night, or the silence of such a mortal scene as this, what is more impressive? Next, the surrounding scenery added much to the occasion. Our way led along a path which ascended the destined spot in a slanting or circuitous manner: it wound its way through the wood which adorned the estate, being chiefly dark with the sylvan canopy, but at one place crossing a bridge thrown over the road, and affording a transient glance to the right and left. As it was the month of November, the flowers were all faded, and the leaves were either strewed in dense profusion beneath our feet, or hung trembling on the branches above us, waiting for the winter's blast to lay them in the dust. The winds were silent; an awful stillness pervaded the atmosphere. The morning had been rainy; but before we entered on this solemn procession, it became fair, yet the sun did not appear. Calm, heavy clouds darkened the sky, and seemed to veil the sun, as if in sympathy with our doleful obsequies. Every thing seemed to indicate that the shadow of death had fallen upon us.

At length we arrived at the crest of the hill which was to terminate our progress. There we found an opening amidst the trees of no great extent, and there were seen the cypress-tree and the new-made grave. The whole assembly soon arranged themselves in order around this lonely cemetery, and I took my stand upon the earth thrown out of the grave, and read the burial-service.

There are moments in human life when important opportunities of proclaiming the Gospel of Christ are offered us, and when we deeply feel that now we must make a special effort; if we lose this occasion it can never be recovered.—Hundreds of Roman Catholics were before me, who had never heard the simple statement of the doctrines of salvation; and who might probably never hear again that joyful sound. Hence, when we had committed to the silent ground our deceased friend, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," I delivered a short address with the open grave at my feet, directing and urging my friends to obtain, through Jesus Christ, that victory over death, and that life everlasting, which is offered to the most unworthy. This was a moment to state strongly the ruin and condemnation of our nature, pardon and salvation through the atonement of a Redeemer, who was as well perfect God as perfect man, and whose sanctifying and powerful effects which, by the influence of the Holy Spirit, never fail to accompany a genuine faith.—I never addressed a more attentive auditory; and it seemed as if, by the Divine blessing, a very powerful impression accompanied the whole ceremony. I have been present at many a funeral of deep and touching interest—nor least of all have I been affected when interring a poor sailor on the shores of the Bosphorus, without a single countryman but myself to lay him in the dust; and many an occurrence of striking interest have I met with in Asia Minor, in Greece, amidst the Alps, and on the shores of Lake Lemna,—but this I remember among the most remarkable. May God multiply the voices which shall proclaim the crucified Saviour in France, and accompany them with his blessing!—*Rev. J. Hartley's State of the Continent.*

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

As our devious path brings us among the ashes of those upon whom the grass, if we may so speak, is still green, the difficulties of our task increase. The face of Kirke White, worn down with study and sickness, comes back upon our heart, as we think of what he might have accomplished in riper years. Who can read the two stanzas which conclude the fragment of the CHRISTIAD, without feelings of anguish?

"Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme;
With self-rewarding toil thus far have sung
Of God-like deeds, far loftier than besem
The lyre which I in earlier days have strung;
And now my spirit faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress; and the strings which rung
With Jesus' praise, and his harpings now are o'er;
Or, when the breeze comes by, moan, and are heard no more.

"And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
Shall I no more re-animate thy lay?
Oh! thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day!
One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
I am a youthful traveller on the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to THEE,
Ere I with death shake hands, and smile that I am free."

It must have been a melancholy spectacle to watch the declining fires of such a spirit as this. We have a picture of the scene from an eye-witness:—

"For some weeks before the student was gathered to his rest, the slightest glance at the pallid and worn expression of his face would have sufficed to convince any one, that, without some prompt alteration of his pursuits, the days of the youthful scholar were numbered. He himself was perfectly conscious of his peril, and seemed every hour to detach himself more and more from the bonds of the world, and to prepare for his journey into a far country: not a word of repining, not a murmur escaped his lips. He looked upon his past sufferings, his early struggles, and his present afflictions, as so many merciful indications of the love of his Heavenly Father. 'At best,' he said to me one evening, 'our journey is a long, a rough, and dangerous road; but it should cheer us to remember, that every evening brings us nearer to our Father's house, which ever stands open to his prodigal and repentant children. The world is a harsh mistress, but consider how soon death fetches us home from school! Every new affliction is, to the sincere Christian, only another friendly blow upon the fetters which bind him to his earthly servitude. Oh happy hour! when the prison chamber shall brighten with the presence of the angelic messenger, and the chains shall fall from our feet, and the doors open before

us."*—In such a state of bodily debility the mind could not be expected to take a lofty flight. Yet the occasional gleams that broke in upon his sufferings served to cheer his spirit. Once, when a tranquil night had recruited his powers, he received me with the following verses from one who, like himself, was early transplanted to an immortal Garden:—

"I bud again —
After so many deaths, I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing. O my only Light!
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fall all night.
These are thy wonders, Lord of love!
To make us see we are but flowers that glide,
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide."
[Church of England Quarterly Review.]

* Conversations at Cambridge.
† George Herbert.

The Garner.

MEMORY.

We all know what a power there is in memory, when made to array, before the guilty, days and scenes of comparative innocence. It is with an absolutely crushing might that the remembrance of the years and home of his boyhood will come upon the criminal, when brought to a pause in his career of misdoing, and perhaps about to suffer its penalties. If we knew his early history, and it would bear us out in the attempt, we should make it our business to set before him the scenery of his native village, the cottage where he was born, the school to which he was sent, the church where he first heard the Gospel preached; and we should call to his recollection the father and the mother, long since gathered to their rest, who made him kneel down night and morning, and who instructed him out of the Bible, and who warned him, even with tears, against evil ways and evil companions. We should remind him how peacefully his days then glided away; with how much of happiness he was blessed in possession, how much of hope in prospect. And he may be now a hardened and desperate man: but we will never believe that, as his young days were thus passing before him, and the reverend forms of his parents came back from the grave, and the trees that grew round his birth-place waved over him with their foliage, and he saw himself once more as he was in early life, when he knew crime but by name, and knew it only to abhor—we will never believe that he could be proof against this mustering of the past: he might be proof against invective, proof against reproach, proof against remonstrance; but when we brought memory to bear upon him, and bade it people itself with all the imagery of youth, we believe that, for the moment at least, the obdurate being would be subdued, and a sudden gush of tears prove that we had opened a long sealed-up fountain.—*Rev. H. Melvill.*

THE CHURCH IN AFFLICTION.

A church may be in great affliction, and yet not under the eclipse of God's face for all that. Yes, possibly it may shine clearer on the church in a time of outward trouble than in the midst of peaceable and prosperous days; as the moon when it is dark towards the earth, then the half that is towards heaven is all luminous, and on the contrary when it is the full to our view, it is dark heavenward. We see it in the common instance of the primitive times, how the gold shined in the furnace, how holiness and purity of religion flourished and spread in the midst of persecutions, and zeal for God burnt better than the fires that were kindled against it, and triumphed over them: and soon after they were put out, how it began to cool and abate, and the purity of religion insensibly died into numbers of superstitious and gaudy services; and the church grew downwards; outwardly more pompous, but lost as much for that of integrity of doctrine and worship.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

EFFECTS OF CHRIST'S RELIGION.

The light of revelation was poured upon the world by the rising of the sun of righteousness, in the proclaimed doctrine of Jesus Christ,—and the darkness, which centuries of ignorance and superstition had been accumulating, was scattered. At the coming of Christ idolatry was confounded—philosophy surrendered her lofty pretensions—the blood of impure victims ceased to flow—the pagan altar was overturned—the shrines of impiety and lust crumbled before him—the vain idols of a debasing superstition were reduced to vile dust; and gorgeous temples, once the receptacles of every abomination and foul with pollution, were changed into houses of adoration and prayer, of praise and thanks-giving to the everliving and blessed God! The fetters in which the human mind was bound and lay helpless and powerless, were knocked off; and man rose to a knowledge of his origin, destiny and character, and looked upon God as his father and friend in the revelation of Jesus Christ!—*Dr. Otey, Bishop of Tennessee.*

PERSECUTION.

The Church of England has revived, is reviving, and, in spite of opposition—perhaps in proportion to that opposition—will, by the blessing of God, continue to revive. We are now a persecuted Church; and persecution, however painful for the time, is often the most effectual purifier. Thus it pleases the Great Head of his Church to educe good out of evil. The warfare which has been opened upon our communion, finds it firmly entrenched; and in proportion as its ministers are enabled to rise to the high measure of their sacred trust, we may hope that the blessing of the Lord our God will be upon us, and we need not fear what men would do unto us.—*Christian Observer.*

CONTENTMENT.

Is that beast better that hath two or three mountains to graze on, than a little bee that feeds on dew or manna, and lives upon what falls every morning from the storehouses of heaven, clouds, and providence? Can a man quench his thirst better out of a river than a full urn; or drink better from the fountain which is finely paved with marble, than when it wells over the green turf?—*Bp. Jeremy Taylor.*

OBJECTIONS TO CHRISTIANITY.

All objections, when considered and answered, turn out to the advantage of the Gospel, which resembles a fine country in the spring season, when the very hedges are in blossom, and every thorn produces a flower?—*Bishop Horne.*

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JAMES M. STRACHAN.

Toronto, 8th October, 1838. 18 3m

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The last that was heard of him was in June 1828, when he was supposed to be working on the Welland Canal in the Township of Thorold. If living, he is entitled by the death of his mother to a small sum of money.

Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by the Rev. E. D. Cartwright or J. S. Cartwright Esq. Kingston.

*. The Clergy in the Niagara, Gore, Western and London Districts are requested to examine their Registers whether there be any record of the death of a person of the above name. 13—8w

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Toronto, July, 1838.

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The Church

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