

Original Poetry.

FOR THE CHURCH.  
SABBATH THOUGHTS.

"Verily my sabbaths ye shall keep: for it is a sign between me and you throughout your generations: that ye may know that I am the Lord that doth sanctify you."—*Exod. xxxi, 13, 14*

"When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons."—*Gal. iv. 4, 5.*

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—*1. John, i, 7.*

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—*Rev. xiv. 13.*

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—*Heb. iv. 9.*

"And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."—*Rev. xxi. 27.*

I.  
It is the Sabbath! holy, holy day;  
Vast, priceless gift of wisdom and of love,  
Bright guiding star! whose ever shining ray  
Through the world's darkness points to Home above.

II.  
Beacon of Mercy! on earth's highest hill  
The sacred shrine of every nation seen,  
Ages have known, and generations still  
May magnify God's patience which hath been.

III.  
But for thy precious purifying breath,  
Thou blessed sign of sanctifying grace,  
How long, long, since, earth's hell of living death,  
Had shewn us man when God averts his face.\*

IV.  
Enduring witness, "doth not wisdom cry,  
And understanding eye put forth her voice,"  
As yet is heard, each Sabbath, far and nigh,  
The Gospel call,—Repent, Believe, Rejoice!

V.  
O, whosoever, whatsoever thou,  
Poor penitent,—what'er thy people, tongue,  
Though darkest guilt be thine, which ever brow  
Did shame, or heart with keenest anguish wrung:

VI.  
Though deep as scarlet, red as crimson hue,  
Shrinking before the Law's unspotted snow,  
Thy sinful heart should tremble at the view,  
And conscience stern Hope's spring forbid to flow.

VII.  
Though past and present raised in dread array,  
A startling "Tekel" to thy memory bring,  
And Satan's hosts successfully essay  
Into thy heart despairing doubts to fling:

VIII.  
Resist them all, —Hell's legions and its chief,—  
Put on the holy armour of thy God;  
Helpless and lost without that friend's relief,  
Thousands in bliss with Christ have safely trod.

IX.  
O shrink not thou. What! tremble in the Ark!  
Shame, shame upon thy unbelieving heart;  
What though life's canopy with storms be dark,  
Yon covenant "bow" bids guilty fears depart.

X.  
Art thou the "chief of sinners,"  
Thyself thus picture?—"vilest of the vile?"  
Oh loudest praise a Saviour-God to find,  
And deepest feel the mercy of His smile.

XI.  
"Come," felling sinner! neighbour, "come and see,"  
And taste his loving kindness;—"God is love,"  
The spirit says:—His "Bride" the church to thee,  
Each Sabbath says,—"Come," rest in Christ above.

XII.  
Lord of the Sabbath! Jesus, heavenly King,  
Thy Holy Spirit grant that we obtain,  
And learn of Him thy worthy praise to sing,  
Who for us died,—who for us rose again.

December, 1838.

AMICUS.

\* Gen. vi. 5, 11, 12, 13; Psa. xiv. 3; Isa. lvii. 17; Hos. iv. 17, vi. 8, 11, 13; xii. 1, xiii. 2. Rom. i. 24, 25, 28, 29, 30, 31.  
† Isa. i. 18, 19; 1. John, iii. 4; Rom. iii. 20; James ii. 10; Gal. iii. 10, 11, 12, 13, 24.  
‡ James iv. 7; Ephes. vi. 11, 16; 1. Cor. x. 13; John xv. 4, 5; Phil. iv. 13; 1. John, iv. 4, v. 4.  
§ Rev. xi. 19; 1. Pet. iii. 20, 21; Rom. viii. 1, vi, 10, 11, 12, 13.  
¶ Tim. i. 15; Heb. vii. 25; John vi. 37.  
‡ Luke vii. 47.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

No. xix.—THE HID TREASURE.

An affecting incident, lately told in a company where I was present, has dwelt on my thoughts ever since. It is highly characteristic of the place, the people, and the times that belong to it.

Private intelligence having been received that in a certain wild district, inhabited by the poorer class of peasants, in Ireland, arms were collected and concealed, for unlawful purposes, a party of military were despatched to make a sudden search in the suspected houses. Among others, they visited a poor cabin, inhabited, seemingly, by very quiet, inoffensive people, where, after most careful searching, they could find no trace of what they sought. When on the point of departing, one man remarked that the unequal, rough stone which served as a sort of hearth, wore the appearance of having recently been moved; the earth about it was loose, and the stone seemed to have been hastily laid down. This revived their suspicion, and they promptly lifted the rude flag from its place, and saw under it a parcel, carefully wrapped up in some poor, ragged covering. Here was a prize! How many pike-heads, how many pistols, or what quantity of ammunition, they had seized, was matter of conjecture, as they carefully unfolded the envelope. This was done; and the captors held in their hands—an Irish Bible.

The fact needs no elucidation; every body knows, that for a poor Irishman to possess the word of God is high treason against the church of Rome; and that any offence given to the priesthood of that church, in a popish district, is speedily punished with the loss of the little all of the helpless victim. The Bible, if discovered, would be burned, drowned, buried, or thrust into some inaccessible corner, while a terrible penance would await the possessor of such

a contraband article; and any resistance thereto would incur the curse of excommunication, with all its subsequent terrors of ceaseless persecution and temporal ruin. This must be avoided, if possible, by the poor creature who has no earthly refuge to flee to, and, as yet, too feeble an apprehension of divine realities to endure as seeing him who is invisible. Still the Bible, "the story of peace," as the simple Irish rightly call it—which hastled him, in his own loved tongue, such things as never entered his thoughts, to cheer him in his sad, laborious pilgrimage on earth,—the Irish bible once received, is hard, very hard, to give up.—And so the trembling possessors looked around their poverty-stricken abode, and finding no place where it might be secure from the prying gaze of bigoted enmity, they took up the single stone that varied the damp surface of their cabin floor—generally the earth on which it stands—and there deposited the treasure. When night arrived, the door was secured, the aperture called a window blocked up, and the precious Bible, taken from its resting place, was read by such imperfect light as they could manage to afford. And this within the actual circuit of the British isles—this in the heart of Protestant Britain, the very throne of freedom! But I leave that subject; and turn from the cruel necessity of hiding it, to the treasure so hidden. "Man," since he became a transgressor in Adam, "is born to troubles, as the sparks fly upward;" and the richest gift to man is fitted, in all its bearings, to bring consolation; so proving that it was intended for a suffering race. "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," is the tenor of all that is addressed to those who shall receive the word; and few of full age are brought to do so, except under the pressure of some severe distress, whether of body, mind, or circumstances. "The whole need not a physician, but they which are sick," has a meaning deeply felt by such as know the plague of their own hearts; and I cannot tell whether the single incident of the Bible under the stone affected me most on the point of my own comparative indifference for the rich possession, or of my lukewarmness in the work of distributing it to others. True if there was danger of its being wrested from me, I should not be slack in seeking means to secure the treasure; but I do not avail myself of the undisturbed blessings as I might. An excellent clergyman, the Dean of Ardagh, on his examination before the House of Lords on the Irish anti-scriptural education scheme, made the remark, "I never met with a Roman Catholic who came to have any knowledge of the Scriptures, but that knowledge increased beyond any thing we see among Protestants." This may be partly accounted for by the increased effect of light when shining where deep darkness has long prevailed; the avidity with which he who has been obliged to feed on husks, will devour wholesome nutritious bread; and also by the fact of the treasure being better appreciated when its loss is daily apprehended. But am I not also blind, and famished and poor in the midst of my abundance, from neglecting to use the light, the feast, the riches so freely placed within my reach! It is a solemn inquiry; because the Lord will not pass over the neglect of one, while he marks the diligence of another, in respect of his great gift.

And what a plea is here for increased zeal in circulating this blessed book! A few pence in the purchase, a little thought and exertion in the giving of a Bible, may bring life to the dead in a whole family—a whole district. Ask the poor, toil-worn labourer, who has found in those pages wine and milk without money and without price, what he will sell them for? Ask the desolate widow, who there has found the heavenly husband—the sorrowing mother, who has learned there the way by which she may surely go at last to the child that cannot return to her—the transgressor, who had long felt his sins to be a burden too heavy for him to bear, and who has received in the Gospel that rest which Christ alone can give to the weary and heavy laden,—ask these the same question, and then judge what you are withholding from their companions in sorrow, by neglecting to give, yea to force upon them, the blessing which as yet they know not, or value not. Recently, I was reproved by my own earnestness in persuading a person who had received some trifling hurt, to apply a remedy, the efficacy of which I greatly confided in. The thought would occur, "this poor creature has a far deeper and more dangerous wound, which admits but of one cure, I have the recipe, I know its infallible power; and why do I not with equal, or greater importunity, press its application here?" O that we could number our sins of omission, remembering that "to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." A multitude of these transgressions are not even acknowledged, far less repented of, so much is the heart hardened and the conscience seared through neglect of that command so repeatedly, so solemnly enforced, "Watch." How can we suffer one poor fellow-sinner to lack the treasure which would enrich us in the giving, as well as him in the receiving of it?

THE LAST MOMENTS OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Moore was watching the advance of this portion of his army, when a cannon ball struck him on the left shoulder, and he fell to the ground. Not a muscle in his countenance quivered; but raising himself instantly to a sitting posture, he directed his gaze intently towards the objects which but the instant before had engrossed all his attention. Captain (now Sir Henry) Hardinge, a staff officer, who was near, threw himself from the saddle, and seizing the general's hand, anxiously enquired whether he were much hurt; but Moore made no answer. His eye continued fixed, though apparently without power, upon the battle which raged before him, while an expression of deep anxiety pervaded his face, as if doubtful how the tide of victory might roll.—Hardinge saw this, and made haste to relieve it. He said that the 42d were advancing; and he received his reward in the bright expression which Moore's dark and speaking eye turned upon him.

By this time Colonel Graham had likewise dismounted; and both he and Captain Hardinge, cheered by the calmness of their chief, began to encourage the hope that his wound might not be mortal. When they looked, however, to the condition of the dying warrior, they saw at once that his hours were numbered. The shot had smashed his shoulder to atoms; the arm was hanging by a piece of skin; and the ribs over the heart, besides being broken, were literally stripped of flesh. Yet he sat upon the field collected and unrepining, as if no ball had struck him, and that he were placed where he was for the mere purpose of reposing for a brief space from the fatigue of hard riding.

By this time a party of the 42d was collected, and a blanket being spread out, the general was laid upon it with the utmost possible tenderness and lifted from the ground.—In the act of removing him, it was observed that his sword came distressingly in the way; for the hilt struck against

his wounded shoulder, and the blade got entangled in his legs. Capt. Hardinge endeavoured to unbuckle the belt.—"No Hardinge," said he, with a chivalrous feeling worthy of an earlier age, "it is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me." Captain Hardinge of course desisted from his well-intentioned attempt; and with the sword girded round him, which he had never disgraced, Sir John Moore was borne from the field.

It is necessary to premise, that previous to the fatal catastrophe which deprived the British army of a leader not more respected than beloved, Sir David Baird had received a wound from a grape-shot, which caused the amputation, on the field, of his arm. He received information of the catastrophe while the surgeons were dressing his hurt; and commanded them instantly to desist, and run and attend on Sir John Moore. But the latter would not permit them to waste their time upon him. "You can be of no service to me," he said, "go to the soldiers to whom you may be useful: I am beyond the reach of your skill." Who can wonder that the rugged veterans that carried him towards the rear should have "shed tears as they went!"

The distance from the field of battle to the town was considerable, and the motion of his bearers necessarily slow, yet Sir John Moore frequently arrested them in their progress. From time to time he caused them to halt and turn round, that he might listen to the firing, and as the sound became more and more faint, he expressed himself well pleased with the circumstance. By and by a spring waggon rolled near him from the field. In which a wounded officer was laid.—It was Colonel Wrench, who, on hearing that Sir John Moore lay in the blanket, proposed that he should be placed beside him in the waggon. "The general," says Mr. Moore, "asked one of the highlanders whether he thought the waggon or the blanket the best, who answered that the blanket would not shake him so much, as he and the other soldiers would keep the step and carry him easy." Sir John said, "I think so too." So they proceeded with him to his lodgings in Corunna, the soldiers shedding tears as they went.

In the passage of the house he was met by his valet, a man who had served him faithfully for many years. Poor Francois was stunned by the spectacle; but his master, more considerate, as he always was, of the feelings of others than of his own, strove to speak gaily, for the purpose of cheering him. "This is nothing, my friend, nothing," said he, and smiled through his agony as he spoke.

It would little gratify the taste of a discerning public to be told how the medical gentlemen acted when the horrid laceration of their chief was fully exposed to them. Better is it to give, in the simple, yet touching language of Col. Anderson, a general account of his dying moments; an account drawn upon the spot and transmitted to the relatives of the deceased, by one who had for twenty years been his friend and companion in arms. "I met the general," says the writer, "in the evening of the 16th bringing in a blanket and ashes. He knew me immediately though it was almost dark, squeezed me by the hand, and said, 'Anderson, don't leave me.' "He spoke to the surgeons on their examining his wound, but was in such pain he could say little.

"After some time he seemed anxious to speak to me, and at intervals got out as follows:—'Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way.' He then asked, 'are the French beaten?' and which he repeated to every one he knew as they came in. 'I hope the people of England will be satisfied: I hope my country will do me justice. Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them every thing. Say to my mother—' Here his voice quite failed, and he was excessively agitated. 'Hope—Hope—I have much to say to him—but cannot get it out—and Col. Graham—Are all my aides-de-camp well? (A private sign was made by Colonel Anderson not to inform him that Captain Burrard was wounded.) I have made my will, and have remembered my servants. Colborne has my will and all my papers.'

"Major (now Sir John) Colborne then came into the room. He spoke most kindly to him, and then said to me, 'Anderson, remember you go to —, and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give Major Colborne a lieutenant-colonelcy. He has long been with me—and I know him most worthy of it.' He then asked Major Colborne if the French were beaten? and on being told they were, on every point, he said, 'It's a great satisfaction to me to know that we have beat the French. Is Paget in the room?' On my telling him no, he said, 'Remember me to him—It's General Paget I mean,—he is a fine fellow. I feel myself so strong—I fear I shall be long dying. It is a great uneasiness—it is great pain—Every thing Francois says is right—I have the greatest confidence in him.'

"He thanked the surgeons for their trouble. Captains Percy and Stanhope, two of his aides-de-camp, then came into the room. He spoke kindly to both, and asked Percy if all his aides-de-camp were well.

"After some interval, he said, 'Stanhope, remember me to your sister.' He pressed my hand close to his body, and in a few minutes died without a struggle."—*Lives of Eminent British Military Commanders, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig.*

The Garner.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF HIGH STATION.

It is not so much the execution of the laws, as the countenance of those in authority, that is wanting to the maintenance of religion. If men of rank and power, who have a share in distributing justice, and a voice in the public councils, shall be observed to neglect Divine worship themselves, it must needs be a great temptation for others to do the same. But if they and their families, should set a good example, it may be presumed, that men of less figure would be disposed to follow it. Fashions are always observed to descend, and people are generally fond of being in the fashion; whence one would be apt to suspect, the prevailing contempt of God's word, and estrangement from his house, to a degree that was never known in any christian country, must take its rise from the irreligion and bad example of those who are styled the better sort.

Offences must come, but woe be to him, by whom the offence cometh. A man who is entrusted with power and influence in his country, hath much to answer for, if religion and virtue suffer through want of his authority and countenance. But in case he should, by the vanity of his discourse, his favour to wicked men, or his own apparent neglect of all religious duties, countenance what he ought to condemn, and authorise by his own example what he ought to punish; such a one, whatever he may pretend, is in fact a bad patriot, a bad citizen, and a bad subject, as well as a bad christian.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

Advertisements.

THE HOME DISTRICT SCHOOL.

THIS School, agreeably to a previous announcement, will be re-opened on Thursday, the 10th instant, in the District School house, in this City, under the superintendance of MARCUS C. CROMBIE.

In presenting himself, in his official capacity, to this enlightened community, and in soliciting a share of their patronage, Mr. C. respectfully begs leave to intimate, that he has, for upwards of eighteen years, been an approved and a successful Teacher in Canada,—seven, in the Montreal Royal Grammar School; eight, Master of the Montreal Academic Seminary; and, for the last three years and upwards, Master of the Prince Edward District School.—As soon as the School warrants the expense, competent Assistants, French and Drawing Masters, will be engaged.

CARD OF STUDIES, TERMS, &c.

STUDIES.	Turns per Qr.	E s. d.
English, Spelling and Reading, Mental Arithmetic, and Latin, for the first year,.....	1	0 0
English Spelling and Reading, Writing, Practical Arithmetic, and Book-keeping; English Grammar, English Composition, and Elocution; Geography, Ancient & Modern; Construction of Maps, and Use of the Globes; Civil and Natural History; Elements of Astronomy; Latin and Greek Classics; Euclid; Algebra, &c. &c. &c. ....	1	10 0
Fuel for the Winter Season,.....	0	7 3
Contingencies,.....	0	1 6
The full quarter charged, if the Pupil is once entered. No deduction but for sickness.		

Hours of attendance, in the Winter Season, from 9 to 12, A. M., and from 1 to 3, P. M.; and in the Summer Season from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 4. Holidays, in the Summer Season, six weeks; and in the Winter Season, two weeks. By order of the Board of Trustees.

M. C. CROMBIE,

Principal.

Toronto, 7th January, 1839.

32—1f.

A LADY of the highest respectability is anxious to receive two or three children, from six to twelve years of age, who would be boarded and educated in her family. They would be instructed in the usual branches of a good English education, and the greatest attention would be paid to their religious improvement. Music, Dancing, Singing, and the Guitar would be taught, if required. Application may be made [if by letter, post paid,] to the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Rector of Cobourg, or Mr. Sheriff Ruttan of the same place. Cobourg, January 18th, 1839. 32—6w

THE REV. R. V. ROGERS, Rector of Richmond, Bathurst District, has a vacancy in his family for another THEOLOGICAL STUDENT, Application, if by letter, to be post paid. Parsonage, Richmond, January 14th, 1839. 32—1f.

WANTED.—In a Private Family, on the first of May next, a Gentleman duly qualified to teach Greek, Latin, Mathematics, &c. and fully qualified to prepare pupils for either Oxford or Cambridge. Apply personally, or by letter post paid, to the editor of the Church. 37—1f

WANTED by a family in the London District, a GOVERNESS, fully competent to teach Music and French, together with the ordinary branches of education. Application may be made (post paid) to the Rev. G. Salmon, Simcoe, U. C. January 8, 1839. 31—6w

FOR SALE.

AT this Office, at Mr. Rowsell's, Toronto, at Mr. McFarlane's, Kingston, and at Messrs. Armour and Ramsay's, Montreal;

METRA HORATIANA,

Or, the Metres of Horace arranged on a new and simplified plan.

BY THE REV. F. J. LUNDY, S. O. L.

Late Scholar of University College, Oxford, and Head Master of the Quebec Classical School.

35—6. "Scandere qui necis, versiculos laceras." Claudian.

CHAMPION, BROTHERS & CO.

TORONTO,

Importers of Hardware, &c. &c.

HAVE on hand a general and well assorted Stock of Shelf Goods suitable to the country trade, which they will sell Wholesale for CASH, or approved three months Paper, at their usual low prices. They have also a large Stock of CHAMPION'S WARRANTED CAST STEEL AXES made at the Factory originally built by the late Harvey Shepard, and afterwards occupied by John Armstrong. As Shepard's and Armstrong's Axes have been decidedly preferred before any others in the Province, it is only necessary to state that Champion's are made by the same workmen and from the very best material, to insure for them the same continued preference.

C. B. & Co. are agents for the sale (to the Trade) of Joseph Van Norman's well known Castings, a large Stock of which they have always on hand, consisting of

Cooking Stoves,

Six Plate do.

Parlour do.

Sugar Kettles, Pot Ash Coolers, &c. &c. &c.

Toronto, July, 1838. 7—1f.

The Church

WILL for the present be published at the Star Office, Cobourg, every Saturday.

TERMS.

To Subscribers resident in the immediate neighborhood of the place of publication, TEN SHILLINGS per annum. To Subscribers receiving their papers by mail, FIFTEEN SHILLINGS per annum, postage included. Payment is expected yearly, or at least half yearly in advance.

No subscription received for less than six months; nor the paper discontinued to any subscriber until arrearages are paid unless at the option of the Publisher.

Subscriptions for 'The Church' in England, may be paid to Messrs. Rivingtons, Waterloo-place, London; and in Ireland, to the Editor of 'The Warder,' Dublin.

(R. D. CHATTERTON, PRINTER.)