

"BUILT UPON THE FOUNDATION OF THE APOSTLES AND PROPHETS, JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNER STONE."

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"HEAR THE CHURCH."*

For the Church when she calls—'tis a voice that we love:
No mortal that calls—'tis a voice from above,
That bids us lay apathy by:
Surely when dangers her bulwarks surround,
On the trumpet and war-cry of enmity sound,
Our hearts will respond to her cry.
It was when her altars were deluged with blood,
And the red river ran through her aisles like a flood,
Of bigotry's ill-deeds a story:
It has been when the flame of the fagot has flashed,
When did her sons at their fate stand aghast?
No! they died—and they die—full of glory.
We, then, stand back, our exertions relent,
On the infidel's knee at the church has been bent?
No! perish the thought in its birth:
We love England too well—our fathers have told,
How dear to their hearts her Church was of old,
And we will not lessen its worth.
Come ye, then, christians! arise at her call,
Willingly now, lest her banners should fall,—
Our heartfelt assistance afford:
Need not despair—'tis the church of our God,
When 'till our heads are laid low in its sod,
We'll faithfully trust in the Lord.

A CANADIAN WINTER SKETCH.

Change, most strange, to English eyes, is the scene
Presented to the view by the Canadian winter—
Nothing seems to assume a foreign aspect; the
Surface of the earth has totally disappeared, and will
Look smilingly at us for perhaps three months—
The merry dancing of the blue waves of old Ontario,
As almost as eye can reach, is changed to the
And unbroken expanse of the ice-field, spread
To fall over the late playful waters; the naked
Trunks of the forest trees like shivering phantoms
In the summer woods, waving in the cold air—the
Melody rude of the merry sleigh bells,
The grotesque vehicles that bear them skim rapid
And smoothly by, and the uncouth appearance of
The sleds and wrappers of fur, all tend to convince
The eye that he is, indeed, in a strange land
Of a nature and her productions alike assume a
Unrecognised by his native impressions.
The wintry sun is climbing higher and higher
In the unclouded heaven; the mercury is starting
From its lethargy, and is ascending its tube with
The promise of reaching, if not passing, 34; drops
Of actual water, are positively glistening at
The end of those huge icicles pendent from the roof,
In the sunshine of the advancing morning gradually
To melt the clear atmosphere. Let us venture out
Into the open air, and well fenced with protecting coats,
To take a speculative ramble over the frozen
Landscape with the exhilarating clearness and freshness
Of the bracing wind to stimulate us to healthful exercise,
And shake off the drowsy vapours of the long,
Wintry night.
Look up to the sun, it is pouring down a flood of
More dazzlingly, wondrously brilliant than his
In July splendour, from the refraction of his rays
The snowy mantle of the frost-bound world—not
A phantom of a fleecy vapour is to be seen
In the bright expanse of heaven, floating over

its intense blue. There is little or no breeze to
Break the calm of the sunlit air. No bird is winging
Its way through the ungenial atmosphere. And the
Floods of glorious light seem to fall unheeded on the
Silent earth, spell-bound and voiceless in her yearly
Trance.

We may, now that our eyes have recovered from
The first dazzle of the light morning, glance at the
Scene around, and, to obtain the best prospect, will
Advance a short distance on the vast field of ice
Spread before us. We are now on the frozen bosom
Of the Bay of Toronto. A few weeks, nay days,
Since, the waves were curling playfully beneath our
Feet—a firm, compact mass of ten or twelve square
Miles in extent now usurps the place of the glad wa-
Ters; and horses, sleighs, ice-boats, and pedestrians,
Are now travelling cheerily over the congealed sur-
Face. Landward lies the metropolis of Upper Ca-
Nada, presenting the ordinary features of an Ameri-
Can town of 12 or 13,000 inhabitants. There is but
A little architectural display to greet the eye, and hard-
ly an object to rise above the level of the roofs or
To break the monotony of the whole, save the lofty stee-
PLE of the cathedral of St. James, with its tin spire
Literally blazing in the sunlight, and the golden cross
Over all in strong relief against the deep blue heaven.
The gray smoke is curling from the numerous
Hearths, and losing itself gradually in the clear cold
Air. The constant ringing of a thousand sleigh bells
Come soft and pleasant on the ear, and the hum of
Busy life sounds cheerful from the distant streets.—
Beyond the town, and as far as the eye can reach,
The pine forest spreads its long array of dark ever-
Green foliage, and closes in the landscape in its gloo-
My circle.

Southward, beyond the frozen bay, and the trees
Of the long narrow strip of land that form the har-
bour, we see the vast expanse of Ontario, and his
Blue waves sparkling in the sunshine in utter con-
tempt of winter and his ice-chains; and further on
Still, a long white outline on the verge of the hori-
zon—that is the Niagara coast, some 40 miles from
Our present position, and only visible in very clear
Weather. Do you catch far away, due south, a thin
Gray vapour curled upward to the sky, half cloud,
Half imagination? Well, that is the spray column,
Hanging over the thunders of the great cataract, the
"Everlasting incense of the waters." The varied
Glories of the iris-arch are glittering through its mys-
Tery folds—but to us, worshipping at a distance, there
Is nought, save that lonely wreath of vapour to tell
That Niagara is beneath.

Beautiful, most beautiful certainly is the genuine
Canadian winter day. Bright sun, blue heaven, dry,
Bracing air, and hard frozen ground are all required,
As necessary ingredients of this most pleasant speci-
men of transatlantic "winter and rough weather."

The natives complain that of late years their
Much-prized climate has assimilated to that of Eng-
land—that there is less snow and more rain in win-
ter, and the continued hot weather of summer has
Been partly superseded by the variable and humid
Changes of our island skies.

They are passionately fond of sleighing, which is
Certainly the only smooth method of land travelling
Here, and persons, in the interior especially, look for-
ward to a good fall of snow to enable them to come
down to the front, as they term the towns and settle-
ments on the great lakes and main roads. Any thing
Approaching the mud and moisture of an English win-
ter is, consequently, equally inconvenient and unpo-
pular. This year, however, they acknowledge is
Quite orthodox. The roads and thermometer look
As in the "bon vieux temps."

The temperature is generally quite high enough to
Admit of pleasant and healthful exercise, well pro-
tected of course from the rough chances of the at-

mosphere. Frost generally rules at night with more
Or less severity, but slight thawing commences when
The sun is high in the heavens. Occasionally will
Come one or two days and nights of unimaginable
Cold, bursting everything, freezing everything—toes,
Nose, ears, finger-tips—everything, in short, ex-
posed for a few minutes to its operations—10, 15, 20
Degrees below zero, and in short, no knowing how
Cold it might be, as the Yankee remarked *were the*
thermometers long enough. These remorseless visit-
ants, however, are fortunately of rare and uncertain
Occurrence; and this winter, with snow enough to
Satisfy the veriest Canadian grumbler, has presented
But few instances of such severe frost.

The morning of the arrival of Governor-General
Thomson we certainly conceive to have been the
Chillest of the season—in fact, next to the welcome
Bestowed on that functionary by the enthusiastic ci-
Tizens of Toronto, nothing can be imagined colder.
The steam-boat that conveyed him presented a sin-
gular appearance, being almost coated and fringed
With ice, as the spray of the waves congealed as it
Struck her in her progress through the wintry bosom
Of Ontario—and many thought, as they gazed on the
Vessel and her cargo, that the whole was no unfitting
Emblem of the chilling gifts bestowed by our whig
Rulers on the faintly-requited loyalty of Upper Cana-
da.

But we must not wax political. His Excellency
Has managed matters most dexterously, has carried
The union, will carry the clergy reserve question, or
Any other thing he pleases—has assured us, with his
Sweetest smile and most winning grace, that we may
Make our minds perfectly easy and leave every thing
To the judicious care of himself and his worthy coad-
jutors. We need not trouble ourselves with politics.
Mr. Pilot Thomson is at the helm, and we may turn
In below and snore comfortably, till awakened by
Finding our vessel safely steered into harbour, or—
Foundering among the breakers of perdition.

No mere English tourist can form any idea of the
Appearance of our forests in the deep winter—ani-
mal and vegetable life alike seem to have vanished in
Those wild recesses. The birds have all winged their
Way southward to a more genial home. The squir-
rels have laid up their winter store, and are quietly
Reposing in their comfortable quarters. Bruin is
Sucking his paws in his fortress, in the hollow of
Some ancestral oak; the wolf is lurking in the damp
Retreats of the inaccessible cedar swamp—and those
Harmless reptiles, "the spotted snakes, of varied
Hue," are curled up like twisted icicles in some cho-
sen hiding place. There is silence, deep silence in
The heart of the old forest. If the frost be intense,
At intervals you have a report like a pistol-shot, as
The branches of the trees split and shiver like living
Things. Sometimes a lonely deer will flit past, rous-
ed from his lair by the intrusion of the hunter. If
The day happen to be unusually mild, you may see
The black squirrel cautiously descending his tree to
Take a survey of the world, and look inquiring round
To see what symptoms are visible of approaching
Spring. Perhaps, the worthy gentleman's stock of
Indian Corn, plundered from the field of the neigh-
bouring farmer last summer, is waxing low, and the
Wants of a young family have driven him forth to
Seek some fresh supply.

The pine, hemlock, and cedar, those sturdy des-
pisers of the frost, alone greet the eye with any
Thing resembling a green leaf, but gloomy and fune-
real is the faded hue of their dull verdure—save when
The morning or evening sun is gliding their huge crests
And wrapping them in a splendour equally beautiful
And evanescent.

Our long, long winter night—can we say anything
In favour of this dreaded period, this terror-fraught
Visitant of the shivering vagrant?

from the Church Magazine.

from the London Morning Herald.