

Original Poetry.

For the Church.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A FRIEND'S BIBLE.

Dear to the traveller through the desert wild
The star that guides him by its lustre mild,—
Sweet to his lips with burning thirst opprest
The fount that rises from its arid breast,—
Dear to the mariner on an unknown sea
The chart that points the course from danger free,—
Sweet sounded on the Galilean shore
The voice that bade the tempest rage no more,—
When dangers threatening fill the soul with fear,
Joyful the lines that speak deliverance near!
—All these united feebly still convey
The glorious joys these pages bring to-day:
Here shines the Star of Bethlehem softly clear,
To guide the pilgrim through life's desert drear;
Here living fountains rise upon his sight
Inspiring strength and ever fresh delight;
Here mark'd the dangers on the sea of life,
And safety's pathway through this world of strife;
Here speaks a voice of sov'reign power possess'd
To soothe the passions and to calm the breast;—
An arm revealing of Almighty power
A refuge sure when dangers darkly loom!
—Holy thy life and happy be thy lot
As Eve's ere Satan had her ruin wrought!—
Such were my wish, but vain alas! the prayer
Since sin has entered, ne'er shall lot so fair
To child of Eve belong. For guilt its trace
Has stamped on ev'ry heart, on all her race.
—Does conscience, faithful witness to this truth,
Flash on thy mind the errors of thy youth,
And all the sins which wrote on mem'ry's page
Mark the decisions of thy riper age?
Does the remembrance prompt the rising sigh
And dost thou long for Eden's purity?
Then to the sacred volume turn and hear
Words that will fall like music on thine ear,—
Words that will bid thy fears and troubles cease,
And fill thy heart with everlasting peace!
—Washed in the blood that frees from every stain
Thy soul shall shine in innocence again.
—Or dost thou mourn thy feebleness of mind
'Gainst outward foes and treachery combin'd,
Thy want of power the tempest to controul
When Satan's darts are poured upon thy soul?—
Then turn again, and from the same pure source
Thou shalt be armed against temptation's force.
Bound by an oath th' Almighty stands thy friend,
And safe will guide thee to thy journey's end.
O mayst thou then above aught earthly prize
The page on which that oath recorded lies!
May the blest Spirit all its truths impart
And stamp them on the tablet of thy heart!
Still may its precepts guide, its prospects cheer,
Until thy pilgrimage is ended here!
Then when that form, whose beauties must decay
And moulder in the silent earth away,
Shall rise in more than mortal beauty bright
And soar away to realms of heavenly light,—
Thou shalt receive a brighter diadem
Than e'er was fashioned from an earthly gem;
And to the golden harps that sound above
Thy ransomed soul shall sing a Saviour's love.

Frampton. TREBOR.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

- Feb. 2.—Purification of the Virgin.
3.—Sexagesima Sunday,
10.—Quinquagesima Sunday,
13.—Ash Wednesday.

GERMAN EDUCATION.

Since no where in the world exist such ample and easily accessible institutions for education as in Germany, we are naturally led to inquire into the influence which they exert upon the well-being of society. There is no science, and there are very few arts, which may not there most easily and very cheaply be studied by all who are desirous; the means of a decent education are open to all,—are almost forced upon all; and the facilities of acquiring a most complete education are denied to none. What, then, are the fruits which this deeply-rooted and widely-spreading tree are found to produce? the answer is most difficult; we are anxious to afford it impartially. It lies in a simple fact, which is too often excluded from the argument of education; whatsoever education may be given to mankind, one half of the number who nominally receive it will scarcely be found to have derived much permanent and final advantage from it, or to retain much in their memory. Lecture-rooms may be opened gratuitously, books may be accumulated, but early impressions, accidents, indolence, and bad dispositions, will defeat our expectations. It is a melancholy truth, but it must be told. Although a small knot of individuals in Germany is more learned than a similar number to be found in any other country, who create and devour more books than any others, yet it will hardly be asserted that the bulk of the German nation are more virtuous, more wise, more agreeable, more temperate in the enjoyments of life, more useful in their generation, than the corresponding mass of some other European communities, which possess the opportunities of mental improvement in a more limited extent. It is one thing to learn, and another to retain and to practice; when the studious and the practical combine in the same individual, then alone is the higher character of man developed; but such an union occurs rarely anywhere, and not often in Germany. We admit with pleasure one distinguished result of education in Germany,—the respect which is paid to the literary and scientific character. On the other hand, it must be confessed that the most favourable position, with regard to mental cultivation, conducts there more frequently to a refined taste in the fine arts, or to a barren condition, than to those pursuits which have for their aim the general improvement of humanity. The German will reply, that his exclusion from active political life is the source; but a wide field is still open for all the best energies of his nature, in the cultivation of the Christian character, and one in which there are fewer competitors, and a surer recompense, than in the Chamber of Deputies or in the columns of a newspaper. Unsettled principles of action are too often his blemish. It appears to me that one essential defect in the system of German university education is the absence of a good pervading instruction in religion; it is true that there are numerous theological courses delivered for the benefit of students destined for the Church, but these do not reach the mass of other pupils: they do not necessarily participate in this first and last requisite of an elevated Education. Every science is copiously taught, is almost overtaught, except that master-science which alone teaches us rightly to apply all the rest, without which all the rest are comparatively valueless, and which, if not sown in the earlier years of our existence, will seldom find a fertile soil.—Dr. Bisselt, Hotokine's Germany.

PITT.

The mantle of the elder Pitt descended upon his son, yet somewhat faded from its pristine splendour and richness.—The power of the first resided in the majesty and vehemence of his declamation; the fascination of the second arose out of the natural facility of his utterance, and the artistical construction of his sentences. Such was the witchery of his manner that the prejudices of his opponents melted before it; and we have been told by one who opposed Mr. Pitt in every scheme of policy, that the most determined efforts were required to preserve his own mind unsubdued by the magic. He did not so much convince as bewilder his antagonist.—With infinite skill he so rounded his speeches, that the acutest subtlety was often baffled in discovering a point to seize upon. He delighted, as it were, to speak from behind a mist of sophistry, upon which, at intervals, he poured the colours of rhetoric until the dazzled eyes of the listener were diverted from the subject to the illustration. We are not condemning Pitt; he defended the cause of truth and of his country in the way that appeared the best calculated to promote the end. He might think it necessary to recommend the chalice by sweetening its sides. When Canning had listened with indignation to the depreciating remarks of several members upon the genius of Pitt, he inquired whether the ablest person then present, after taking the measure of his own mind, would venture to affirm that Mr. Pitt was not a great man? We re-echo the challenge.

The shout of the rabble and the dissoluteness of a Westminster Election ring in our ears when we speak of Fox, while the triumphs of Conservatism revive at the name of Pitt. To him we have been accustomed to look back with a sacred respect, as to the "pilot who weathered the storm;" the statesman who navigated the ship of the commonwealth through all the tempests of that fearful season when the winds were abroad. But this, however interesting and impressive, is only one among the other endearing aspects of his character. We must view him in the midst of that solemn assembly, of which he was at once the terror and the pride; upon that arena in which he stood so long the champion of England and of truth; sometimes bending the knee for a moment, yet rising more refulgent from every overthrow. Who can sufficiently admire the invincible strength of character which enabled him, not only to oppose a resolute front to the swarming host of his opponents during periods of the darkest peril and dismay, but to stand firm and unshaken amid the rocking elements of society, and upon ground trembling with the convulsions of a moral earthquake?—Latin history has recorded the name of one who entombed himself for the sake of his country; English history embalms the memory of another, who surpassed his devotion not less than his renown. The Roman plunged into the yawning earth that opened to receive him; the Briton dug slowly and painfully a sepulchre for himself. The patriot bled to death in the battles of his country.

"I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow,
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower. And now
The arena swims around him—he is gone!"

[Church of England Quarterly Review.]

CANNING.

Canning occupied an intermediate place between the present and the Augustan age of eloquence. To have been the disciple of Mr. Pitt he declared to be the circumstance in his life upon which he looked back with the greatest pleasure. He entered Parliament two years before the retirement of Burke, and in one of his speeches he makes a very graceful allusion to him: "I had the good fortune to enjoy, during the short remainder of his natural life, a small portion of his private friendship. A letter, the only letter which I ever received from him, and which I have treasured up as a memorial of departed genius, was on this very subject. It was written at Bath, on that bed of sickness from which he never afterwards rose."

The wit and fancy of Canning were not the mere emanations of a brilliant intellect, playing idly round a subject; they were frequently employed only to light up with greater vividness the steps of the argument, and present, under a more attractive aspect, the difficult processes of calculation. Lord Brougham has affirmed his speeches upon the currency to have been his ablest productions. It was his misfortune, however, to view eloquence too much as a branch of literature. He often reversed the direction of the critic, and transferred the care to the thought, and the solicitude to the expression—curam ego verborum, rerum volo esse sollicitudinem. But Canning knew that his success must arise, not from the strength, but the grace of his oratory; not from the majesty, but the engaging pleasantry of the intellect.—Sometimes, indeed,—as in the famous comparison of England, in a condition of repose, to a ship of war tranquilly resting upon her shadow,—he attained to a surprising dignity and beauty of expression; but these flights were unusual; nor, when attempted, were they always natural; the orator did not appear to rise so much by the vivacious buoyancy of his own genius, as by the artful aid of rhetorical machinery. He had not the calm and easy motion of one familiar with the element in which he moved. His eloquence flashed and sparkled, without emitting a clear and continued light; he never blazed upon the hearer with that concentrated lustre of imagination by which Burke sometimes dazzled the misty eyes as with a mirror of diamond. In the playful, the agreeable, the bantering, the ironical, he was inimitable.—Wilberforce notices the inexpressible drollery of his countenance, and the provoking smile about the lips, which foretold the coming jest or sarcasm. With all the accomplishments of composition he was deeply conversant; if he equalled Sheridan in diligence of preparation he surpassed him in the elegant and harmonious construction of his sentences; every word was carefully selected and artfully applied. You might be reminded of the lecturer more than the orator; of Socrates rather than Demosthenes; but the attention was chained, and the hearer felt that he could not look aside without loss. A single quotation will illustrate the remark: thus in the speech upon the Seditious Meetings Bill in 1807:—"In the mighty councils of the disaffected, discussions upon political subjects are interspersed with digressions into impiety; the overthrow of the state being settled, that of the religious establishments of the country is next taken into consideration, and the sportive relaxation of rebellion is in blasphemy."—Nor should we, in alluding to the painful pursuit after excellence by repeated revisions and corrections, forget that the masters of every

literary department have been distinguished by the same quality. The ease, the gaiety, the abandonment of Horace Walpole, were the fruit of thought, reflection, and study.—The pleasantest of our letter-writers was not less laborious than the pleasantest of our poets. We learn from Lord Dover that he even collected and arranged anecdotes with a view to their subsequent publication; some of which have been discovered among the papers at Strawberry Hill. We mentioned the grace of Canning; and it was the instrument of his greatest triumphs. His sketch of Mr. Perceval, for example, is drawn with uncommon delicacy and beauty:—

"Sir, when I first gave notice of the motion which I have this day brought forward, many weeks ago, it was my expectation that I should have to contend with my late lamented friend, as my most formidable antagonist upon it. I really wished for the opportunity of such a contest; I wished to see the side of the question which he espoused arrayed in its most striking colours; I wished to hear all that could be said upon it; and from him I should have heard it all. I wished for this contest for the sake of thorough discussion and of arriving at the truth; but I contemplated it, God knows, with no feelings of hostility; I should have come to it with sentiments the very reverse of personal animosity; I should have argued the question with him in no other spirit and with no other feeling, than

"If a brother should a brother dare"

to the proof and exercise of arms. I know not who is to buckle on his armour and to wield his weapons against me this day. Would to God that he were here to wield them with his own hand! Would to God that the cause had the advantage of his abilities, so that we had the advantage and delight of his presence!

"Teque tuis armis, nos te poteremur, Achille."

[Ibid.]

The Garner.

THE HOUR OF DANGER.

Amid the sunshine of prosperity, there is a character of national gaiety and levity, which suits, in some degree, with the character of the times, and which may be forgiven at least, if it is not approved. But the hours of danger demand another character; and the voice of Heaven calls then for loftier purposes, and sublimer energies. In such hours, it calls upon vice to pause, and folly to think, and party to be silent. It calls upon the citizens of every rank to prepare his mind for the scenes that may follow; to remember what are the blessings which are included in the name of his country: and to supplicate from Heaven that strength which may enable him, in its hour of peril, to defend and to save it. It calls upon the great and the affluent to lay their wealth at the feet of their country; to indicate their distinction, by the distinction of their patriotism; and to scorn every calculation of private interest, when the interest of their native land is in danger. It calls upon the poor man to harden his mind against the conflict in which he must act or suffer; to brave those additions to penury, which the struggle for national existence must produce; and to prepare himself, in the last rank, to defend the humble cottage, which is yet the abode of liberty and of religion.—Rev. Archibald Alison.

A FRIEND.

Every man rejoices twice, when he hath a partner of his joy. A friend shares my sorrow, and makes it but a moiety; but he swells my joy, and makes it double. For so two channels divide the river, and lessen it into rivulets, and make it fordable, and apt to be drunk up at the first revels of the Syrian Star; but two torches do not divide, but increase the flame. And though my tears are the sooner dried up when they run on my friend's cheeks in the furrows of compassion; yet when my flame hath kindled his lamp, we unite the glories, and make them radiant, like the golden candlesticks that burn before the throne of God; because they shine by numbers, by unions, and confederations of light and joy.—Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

MUSIC.

It says much for the native and original predominance of virtue—it may be deemed another assertion of its designed pre-eminence in the world, that our best and highest music is that which is charged with loftiest principle, whether it breathes in orisons of sacredness, or is employed to kindle the purposes and to animate the struggles of resolved patriotism; and that never does it fall with more exquisite cadence on the ear of the delighted listener, than when, attuned to the home sympathies of nature, it tells in accents of love or pity, of its woes and its wishes for all humanity. The power and expressiveness of music may well be regarded as a most beautiful adaptation of External Nature to the Moral Constitution of Man—for what can be more adapted to his moral constitution, than that which is so helpful as music eminently is, to his moral culture? Its sweetest sounds are those of kind affection. Its sublimest sounds are those most expressive of moral heroism; or most fitted to solemnize the devotions of the heart, and prompt the aspirations and resolves of exalted piety.—Dr. Chalmers.

NOVEL READING.

Many works of fiction may be read with safety, some even with profit; but the constant familiarity even with such as are not exceptional in themselves, relaxes the mind that wants hardening, dissolves the heart which wants fortifying, stirs the imagination which wants quieting, irritates the passions which want calming, and, above all, disinclines and disqualifies for active virtues and for spiritual exercises. The habitual indulgence in such reading is a silent, mining mischief.—Hannah More.

We die alone. If we have not lived in solitary communion with God, we shall start at finding ourselves in the solemn silence of death, about to launch forward where no friends, no ordinances, can accompany us.—Rev. H. Martyn.

There is nothing easier than to persuade men well of themselves. When a man's self-love meets with another's flattery, it is an high praise that will not be believed.—Bishop Hall.

He that can give little assistance himself may yet perform the duty of charity by inflaming the ardour of others, and recommending the petitions which he cannot grant, to those who have more to bestow.—Dr. Johnson.

The metal and dross go both into the fire together; but the dross is consumed, and the metal refined: so it is with godly and wicked men in their sufferings.—Bishop Reynolds.

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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.

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