

The Church.

"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

VOLUME XV., No. 20.]

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 18, 1851.

[WHOLE No., DCCXXXIX.]

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

Day	Date	1st Lesson	2nd Lesson
E	Dec. 21	Isaiah 30	Acts 21
M	" 22	" 32	1 John 1
T	" 23	" 55	Acts 22
W	" 24	" 56	1 John 2
T	" 25	" 57	Acts 23
F	" 26	" 58	1 John 3
S	" 27	" 59	Acts 24
E	" 28	" 60	1 John 4
	CHRISTMAS DAY.	" 9	Luke 2
		" 7	Titus 3
		" 7	Acts 6
		" 7	Eccl. 4
		" 5	Rev. 1
		" 6	" 22
		" 38	1 John 5

* Proper Psalms—Matins—19, 45, 85; Evensong—89, 110, 132.
 † Creed of St. Athanasius. † To verse 8. ‡ From verse 10 to
 verse 17. § To verse 15. ¶ Verse 4 to verse 9. ** From
 verse 8, and chap. 7, to verse 30. †† From verse 30 to verse 55.

SUNDAY CHURCH SERVICES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO.

CHURCHES.	CLERGY.	Matins.	Even- song.
St. James's*	{ Rev. H. J. Grasett, M.A. Rector, } { Rev. E. Baldwin, M.A., Assist. }	11 o'clock	3 1/2 o'clock
St. Paul's	Rev. J. G. D. McKenzie, B.A., Incumb.	11 " "	4 " "
Trinity	Rev. R. Mitchel, M.A., Incumb.	11 " "	6 " "
St. George's	Rev. Stephen Lett, LL.D., Incumb.	11 " "	7 " "
Holy Trinity†	{ Rev. H. Scadding, M.A., Incumb. } { Rev. W. Stennett, M.A., Assist. }	11 " "	6 1/2 " "

* The Morning Service is for the combined congregations of St. James's Church and the Church of the Holy Trinity. The congregation of St. James's Church meet at the Church of the Holy Trinity.

† In this Church the seats are all free and unappropriated.
 ‡ The Holy Communion is administered on the first Sunday in every month at St. James's and St. Paul's; third Sunday, at Trinity Church, King-street; and last Sunday, at St. George's Church. In the last Church the Holy Communion is also administered at eight, A.M., on the last Sunday of each month.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

RESIDENT SCHOOL HOUSE.
 For the week ending Monday, 22th December, 1851.
 VISITORS:
 THE PRINCIPAL.
 Professor RICHARDSON, M.B., M.R.C.S.L.
 CENSOR:
 Rev. G. MAYNARD, M.A., Mathematical Master.
 F. W. BARRON, M.A., Principal U. C. C.

TORONTO VOCAL MUSIC SOCIETY.

Rooms—St. Lawrence Buildings.
 Regular practice every Wednesday, at Eight P.M. Terms of admission, Performing Members 20s. per annum; Nonperforming 25s.
 J. P. CLARKE, Mas. Brc. Conductor.
 G. B. WYLIE, Secretary & Treasurer.

THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

S N O W.
 "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Ps. li. 7. See also Job ix. 30. Isa. i. 18.

The earth is beautiful in its summer dress; but if you would see it as an emblem of purity and innocence, you must look forth on some bright winter morning, when it is covered with a mantle of snow. There is a transparency in the piercing air; and the few clouds that are seen near the horizon, seem to float in a clearness beyond what belongs to this lower world. The eye fails in some parts to trace the outline of the whitened hills against the sky. Although the air is so transparent, no speck or stain is seen on all the glistening surface. The bright scene impresses us with a feeling of the beauty of a stainless innocence; and a secret wish arises in the heart that this rude, bad world could be forever purified; that everything which defileth could be forever done away, even as no such thing shall enter into the eternal city.

Deepen, O Lord, in my soul a conviction of the foulness of sin, and the excellency of true holiness. I acknowledge that it is soiled and stained by numberless pollutions of evil, and I confess with Thy servant of old, "If I wash myself in snow shalt Thou plunge me in the ditch, and my own clothes shall abhor me." But Thou hast promised that though our "sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." To Thee I look for cleansing and sanctifying grace. "Purge me, O Lord, with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Cleanse me in that precious blood in which Thou hast taught me, that Thy saints wash their garments and make them white.

LET HIM ALONE.

Let him alone! Methinks it should startle thousands, if it could meet them in their dream of bliss and contentedness with this world's good.—Ephraim is wedded to idols; he has chosen the world for his portion, and likes it; he has set his heart upon the things of time and sense, and finds them sufficient to his happiness; his cup is full;

his spirit is sated, he drinks it eagerly, and does not wish for more. Let him alone—do not rouse him from his dream to tell him it is no reality—do not disturb his conscience, nor mar his pleasures, or wake his fears, or check his hopes; he has made his choice, let him have it, and abide it—I have done with him. O God, rather than pass such a sentence on us, pursue forever with thy chastening rod! If we have an idd that we love too much, better that it be dashed to pieces before our eyes, better that the scorpion sting of sorrow chase from our bosoms every thought of bliss—better, far better, that we be the wretched and miserable of the earth, than that we be left to such a prosperity—a happy dream, from which the only waking will be eternal misery. While he designs to correct us, there is hope in the very zenith of our folly.—While he pursues our sins with punishment, mocks our wild hopes, mars our mad schemes, and blights our expectations, there is hope that he will save us from the eternal consequences of our folly.—But when he lets us alone—when the careless conscience feels no pang, the stupified conscience sounds no alarm, all on earth goes well with us, and no warning from heaven reaches us—when, in the enjoyment of this world's good, the Giver is forgotten, and no evil comes of it—when the laws of our Creator are broken and disregarded, and no punishment ensues—when we prefer time to eternity, and earth to heaven, and sin to holiness, and remain happy withal, start not our bosoms at the thought? He may have said of us, as of Ephraim, "Let him alone."—*Caroline Fry.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF EARLY RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

Children are capable of receiving religious impressions at a very early age. They are then much more readily brought under religious influence than in after years when their habits are confirmed, and hearts hardened by contact with an evil world.—Every husbandman and zoologist is familiar with this principle, and turns it to profit. When the husbandman would train a vine, he does not select the rugged growth of years, but would rather choose the tender scion, and transfer it to his vineyard, while its fibers are tender and its tendrils delicate. With such a choice he finds but little resistance in shaping its growth. When the zoologist would domesticate a wild animal he would not choose one with fully developed frame and ferocity, matured by the exercise of its native habits, but rather select the younger, ere its fierce nature has been matured. Then his task is easy. From these observations we should learn a lesson in reference to our children. Multitudes, who become the subjects of grace in advanced age, in their fierce struggles against early habits, are led to deplore the deprivation of early religious instruction.

HEAVEN.

Oh, happy, happy country! where
 There entereth not a sin;
 And death, who keeps its portals fair,
 May never once come in.
 No grief can change their day to night—
 The darkness of that land is light,
 Sorrow and sighing God has sent
 Far thence to endless banishment,
 And never more may one dark tear
 Bedim their burning eyes;
 For every one they shed while here,
 In fearful agonies,
 Glitters a bright and dazzling gem,
 In their immortal diadem.
Mrs. Southey.

SCENE IN A BURIAL GROUND.

At Smyrna, the burial-ground of the Armenian, like that of the Moslem, is removed a short distance from the town; it is sprinkled with green trees, and is a favourite resort, not only with the bereaved, but with those whose feelings are not thus darkly overcast. I met there one morning a little girl, with a half-playful countenance, bright blue eyes and sunny locks, bearing in one hand a small cup of china, in the other a wreath of fresh flowers. Finding a very natural curiosity to know what she could do with these bright things in a place that seemed to partake so much of sadness, I watched her light motions. Reaching a retired grave, covered with a plain marble slab, she emptied the seed—which it appeared the cup contained—into the slight cavities which had been scooped out in the corners of the level tablet, and laid the wreath on its pure face.

"And why," I inquired, "my sweet girl, do you put seed in those little bowls there?"

"It is to bring the birds here," she replied, with a half-wondering look; "they will light on this tree," pointing to the cypress above, "when they have eaten the seed, and sing."

"To whom do they sing?" I asked; "to you, or to each other?"

"Oh, no," she quietly replied, "to my sister; she sleeps here."

"But your sister is dead."

"Oh yes, sir; but she hears all the birds sing."

"Well, if she does hear the birds sing, she cannot see that wreath of flowers."

"But she knows I put it there; I told her, before they took her away from our house, I would come and see her every morning."

"You must," I continued, "have loved your sister very much; but you will never talk with her any more—never see her again."

"Yes, sir," she replied, with a brightened look, "I shall see her again in heaven."

"But she has gone there already," said I.

"No; she stops under this tree till they bring me here, and then we are going together."—*Journal of a Traveller in the East.*

THE SHIP OF DEATH.

We believe it is a German poet who walking "silent and thoughtful by the solemn shore of the vast ocean we must sail so soon," thus speaks of 'The Ship of Death.'—*Harper's Mag.*

By the shore of time now lying,
 On the inky flood beneath,
 Patiently thou soul, undying,
 Waits for thee the ship of death!

He who on that vessel starteth,
 Sailing from the sons of men,
 To the friends from whom he parteth,
 Never more returns again!

From her mast no flag is flying;
 To denote from whence she came;
 She is known unto the dying—
 AZABEL is her captain's name.

Not a word was ever spoken,
 On that dark, unfathomed sea,
 Silence there is so unbroken,
 She herself seems scarce to be.

CIRCUMFUSUS, IN QUAERESS IDEM,
 Doth the Soul put forth alone,
 While the wings of angels only
 Wait her to a Land Unknown.

CURIOS CONVERSION.

A journeyman house-painter, who had long entertained infidel opinions, was engaged in his trade upon the outside of a house nearly opposite mine. From his elevated position he could see over my blind into my study. At an early hour he so saw me at my work; and again the next morning when he arrived, he found I was before him. He ascertained who I was, and continued to watch me while his job in my neighbourhood lasted. Meanwhile he began, as I afterwards learned, to reason thus with himself: "This gentleman must be in earnest at all events, whether right or wrong. The result of all his reading and writing so early, morning after morning, must be worth hearing. I'll go and see what he has to say." Accordingly the man came to my Church. He heard me describe the aching anxieties of the human soul, not to be satisfied with any created objects, but exhausting them all, and aching still, until repose is found in the bosom of the Creator. He heard me describe the way in which such holy repose may be enjoyed, even by a guilty creature. His heart was touched. The true cause of his infidelity was detected; not a want of evidence for the revelation of God, but a want of willingness in the man to be conformed to the character of God. Before a rising willingness to be holy, all the scepticism of his understanding gave way; and from a sullen infidel, he is now, I trust a happy Christian.—*Rev. H. McNeile.*

A WINTER SERMON.

Thou dwellest in a warm and cheerful home,
 Thy roof in vain the winter tempest lashes,
 While houseless wretches round my mansion roam,
 On whose unshelter'd head the torrent plashes.

Thy board is loaded with the richest meats,
 O'er which thine eyes in sated languor wander,
 Many might live on what thy mastiff eats,
 Or feast on fragments which thy servants squander.

Thy limbs are muffled from the piercing blast,
 When from thy fireside corner thou dost sally;
 Many have but a rag about them cast,
 With which the frosty breezes toil and dally.

Thou has soft smiles to greet thy kiss of love,
 When thy light step resounds within the portal,
 Some have no friends save Him who dwells above,
 No sweet communion with a fellow mortal.

Thou sleepest soundly on thy costly bed,
 Lull'd by the power of luxuries unnumber'd;
 Some pillow on a stone an aching head,
 Never again to wake when they have slumber'd.

Then think of those, who, form'd of kindred clay,
 Depend upon the doles thy bounty scatters;
 And God will hear them for thy welfare pray—
 They are his children, though in rags and tatters.
Household Words.

MERCY IN JUDGMENT.
 Often amid the murky shroud
 The sunbeam wins its way
 And breaking from the thunder cloud,
 Proclaims a goodly day!

And often too, with waving wings,
 When judgments seem to roll,
 Mercy flies kindly forth, and flings
 A sun-beam in the soul!

—*Cottle.*

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

DIocese OF TORONTO.

WIDOWS AND ORPHANS' FUND.
 Collections made in the several Churches, Chapels, and Missionary Stations, towards the support of the Widows and Orphans of the Clergy in this Diocese, the fourteenth Sunday after Trinity, 1851.
 Previously announced in No. 17 £283 17 11
 Duffin's Creek £0 17 6 1/2
 Norwood 0 12 11
 —per Rev. Thos. W. Marsh 1 10 5 1/2
 St. Paul's Dunnville per Rev. A. Townley 1 0 0
 Port Burwell, per Rev. T. B. Read 0 7 6
 Christ's Church, Tyendinaga 0 9 0 1/2
 St. James's, do 0 2 10
 Shannonville School House 0 3 1 1/2
 —per Rev. G. A. Anderson 0 15 0
 St. Paul's Church Woodstock 6 9 3
 Eastwood 1 8 0
 Beechville 0 8 0
 —per Rev. W. Bettridge 8 5 3
 Christ's Church Huntingford 2 8 8
 Lot 20 Con. 12 Zorra 0 6 3
 —per Rev. F. D. Fauquier 2 14 11
 151 Collections amounting to.... £298 11 0 1/2
 T. W. BIRCHALL, Treasurer
 17th December, 1851.

DIocese OF CAPETOWN.

The Bishop has already introduced synodical meetings in his diocese. He insists upon the offertory in every church. To insure the discipline of the diocese he makes himself the paymaster of his clergy, and on the same principle insists that all property intended for the use of the Church shall be conveyed simply to the See. By modifying his examinations he is making the Order of Deacons really distinct, and he has begun to establish a system of lay discipline.

ENGLAND.

DIocese OF EXETER.

THE PRIMATE, AND HOLY ORDERS.—At a meeting of the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Totnes, on Thursday last, the following Address to the Bishop of the Diocese was agreed to:—

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD, HENRY (BY DIVINE PERMISSION), LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

We, the undersigned Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Totnes, beg leave to address your Lordship on the subject of a correspondence between the Archbishop of Canterbury and a Mr. Gawthorn. We feel rather constrained so to do in consequence of a more recent correspondence on the same subject between the Archbishop and Sir T. W. Bloomfield.

While we are far from thinking that anything short of a formal decision of our Church can change her doctrine, or ought to be taken as its authentic exponent, it is yet plain that any unsoundness of belief supposed to prevail among her members, and especially among her Ministers, must tend to shake men's allegiance to her as a true portion of the Church Catholic; and we feel that the whole correspondence referred to, if allowed to pass unnoticed, may lead to the conclusion that the vast majority of the Clergy of the Church of England look upon Episcopal Ordination as a matter of comparative indifference.

We, for our parts, do not by any means so regard it, but on the contrary firmly believe that Episcopacy is of Divine institution, proved to be so from Holy Scripture, and maintained as such by the Church from the beginning and therefore that it may not at the will of man be dispensed with. Neither for 1500 years did any considerable body of Christians whatsoever call in question this necessity of Episcopal Ordination.

Accordingly we are anxious to testify to your Lordship, as our Spiritual Father in God, our deep thankfulness that we possess in the Bishops of the English Communion those who undoubtedly inherit the Apostolical Commission by continued Episcopal Consecration.

Finally, we humbly pray that the blessing of Almighty God may rest on this and all our efforts for the maintenance among us of Apostolic Doctrine and Discipline—and that it may please Him to grant your Lordship a continuance of strength, to add, as heretofore, your counsel, guidance, and support according to the powers of the high office, wherewith you have been entrusted in the Church of Christ.

At a recent meeting of the Decanal Chapter of the Rural Deanery of Leeds, a Report was agreed to, of which the following are some of the most important practical suggestions—suggestions which will require much consideration, but some of which are so important, and so much in accordance with what we have at various times urged upon the attention of the Clergy, that we desire to give the utmost prominence to them:—

LENGTH OF THE CHURCH SERVICES.

"1. First, then, with regard to a better adaptation of the Church Services;—your Committee are disposed to think that a separation of the Liturgy or Communion Service from the Morning Prayer on Sunday mornings