

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Table with 2 columns: Date and Event. Includes Trinity Sunday, St. Barnabas, 1st Sunday after Trinity, etc.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Our lot is given us in a land Where busy arts are never at a stand; Where Science points her telescopic eye, Familiar with the wonders of the sky;

WORDS WORTH.

One peculiar feature in the English character is that activity of mind which prompts men to be continually aiming at advancement and improvement in every department of life;—a disposition resulting in a great measure from the commercial spirit of the nation, which, in its turn, it fosters and extends.

very much on the way in which it was taken up and managed; and therefore he deemed it best to give it his countenance and support. The three gentlemen were highly pleased with Mr. Walton's consent, and still more with his subscription; and strongly urged that he should accept the office of president, and open the institution with an address.

The day at length arrived for the opening of the institution. The people of Churchover were assembled in the town-hall. In the front row sat the gentry; behind them the trades-people; next the members of the Institute; and in the rear, half-way down the hall, a mixed multitude, who came to hear what was going on.

Mr. Sprightly, the secretary, made many apologies for the imperfect manner in which the specimens were arranged, in consequence, as he said, of the numerous presentations of valuable articles which had been recently received.

FAITHFUL COMMUNION.

OR A NEW BULWARK OF POPERY. From Bishop Livingston's "Eulogium of Methodism."

In the year 1567, the 9th of Elizabeth, one Faithful Communion, a Dominican Friar, a person generally reputed a zealous Protestant, much admired and followed by the people for his seeming piety, but more particularly for inveighing in his pulpit against Pius V., then Pope, was accused of being an impostor, and examined before the Queen and Privy Council, by Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Arch.—Faithful Communion, of what profession art thou? F. Com.—Of Christ's order. Arch.—Were you ever ordained? F. Com.—Yes, I was ordained. Arch.—By whom? F. Com.—By the Cardinal (meaning Poole.) Arch.—Had you not other certificate under any of the Bishops' hands, since the Reformation? F. Com.—Not any.

Arch.—Wherefore would you dare to preach, having not got a license under some of our Bishops' hands? How shall we be assured that you are not of the Romish church? F. Com.—There are several have heard my prayers and my sermons, and can testify that I have spoken against Rome, and her Pope, as much as any of the clergy have since they have fallen from her: I wonder, therefore, why I should be suspected.

Arch.—By your answer, Mr. Communion, I perceive you have any one preach, so that he spake but against the Pope in his sermons. F. Com.—Not every one, but he whose function it is, and he who hath the Spirit. Arch.—What Spirit is this you mean? F. Com.—The Spirit of Grace and Truth. Arch.—But is this Spirit that is in you either the spirit of grace or truth, that doth not comply with the orders of the Church, lately purged and cleansed from schism and idolatry? F. Com.—Therefore I endeavour to make it purer, as far as God permits.

Arch.—How do you endeavour to make the Church purer? F. Com.—I endeavour it when I pray to God that he would open the eyes of men to see their errors, and several have joined with me when I have prayed among them; and I have both given and taken the Body of Christ to those of tender consciences, who have assembled with me in the fear of the Lord. Arch.—By your words, then, you have a congregation that follows you. F. Com.—I have. Arch.—Of what parish, and in what Diocese? F. Com.—Neither of any certain parish, nor in any certain Diocese. Arch.—Where, then, I pray? F. Com.—Even in the wide world, among the flock of Christ scattered over the whole earth.

Queen.—Your Diocese is very large, Mr. Communion. (The witnesses were then called in and examined.) Queen.—Mr. Draper, what have you to say to this Faithful Communion? Draper.—He came to my house at Maidstone, with several of his followers. I showed him a room, and perceiving several to come and enquire for this Mr. Communion, and by chance going up the stairs I heard one groan and weep, which caused me to lift up the latch; at first I was startled, but enquiring of one of his followers, what ailed the man, he replied, "do you not see we be all at prayers?" The maid, wondering where I was, came to seek me, and can testify the same. Mail.—I saw this Faithful Communion, and thought he was distracted when I heard him pray. Queen.—Though you have preached against the Pope, yet you have usurped over the power both of Church and State.

F. Com.—Give me time to consider, and prepare myself, and I shall give your Grace a further answer in a short space.

God to go beyond the seas, to instruct the Protestants there;—that he had not a farthing to support him, yet being God's cause, he would undertake it out of charity. This speech set them a weeping, especially the women; and £130 was collected for him; besides what the compassionate sex gave him, unknown to their husbands.—His followers said before the Council, in their opinions they had never seen so zealous and heavenly a man, as he seemed to be; and discovered the particular sums of money, of which this religious juggler had cheated these deluded people.

Commin, in the mean time, had escaped out of England; got safe to Rome, and assured the Pope, "that his spiritual and extempore prayers had so much taken with the people, whom he instructed, that the Church of England had become as odious to that sort of people, as Mass was to the Church of England." Upon which the Pope gave him a reward of 2000 ducats for his good service. [The reader will, no doubt, observe how faithfully this account of Faithful Communion has been copied by the expressions, sentiments and conduct of many dissenting bodies with a Protestant designation.—Ed.]

A CONTRAST; OR, WITHIN AND WITHOUT THE CHURCH.

The Christmas evergreens were still in fresh abundance in the corners of the pews, round the pillar of the pulpit, and above the altar window of a large country church—a pale gleam of winter sunshine streaming on the white wall, lent a more than usual light to the company who still waited in the aisles, and in separate groups, at the conclusion of the afternoon service. There were some very old and poor, to whom the hand of charity was supplying its dole—a worthless offering—only an acknowledgment for undeserved mercy. There were orderly classes of the elder school children ranged behind the font with their prayer-books in their hands, that they might follow word for word the service which their kind teacher had lately brought before their notice—the service for the public baptism of infants. There were several mothers come with weak but thankful hearts to praise God for mighty mercy once and again vouchsafed to them—once again having received strength for it, they presented themselves in the presence of the Lord's people, in the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of These, our Jerusalem.

And they did not kneel alone—the dearest friends, those who had watched them with anxiety in the hour of suffering, and had sympathised in the weak time of slow recovery, knelt by them. And there came also the young children—young, but old enough to have felt lately the absence of a watchful mother's care—old enough to be glad to see the colour return to her cheek, and herself in her accustomed place—and well instructed—they came also to join their thanks with hers; and prayers shall arise for these weak ones to Him who, to them that have no might, increaseth strength, that to them he may be a strong tower from the face of their enemies. But the winter sunshine is fading into twilight, as the candles are placed upon the font, and around it is gathering a scene of yet deeper interest. Lift the little children upon the bench, that they may watch the moment when their infant brothers and sisters are received into the number of Christ's flock. Teach them to look on with deep silence and solemn attention; and remind them when they go home, that once so they were received—that such vows are upon them—to them, as now to these present infants, this baptism may, through God's mercy, be a means of grace. Oh, it was a lovely sight.

Each other thought her own lab the most precious and the fairest; and as the old clergyman took him in his arms, felt that he was the father of a large family who so gently and favourably received him, as in the person of Christ himself. But I pause; troubles there have been, great evils there have been, yet, thank God, still is our scriptural liturgy untouched—still our sacraments duly administered, and still each prophecy of mercy realized. Yes! look now—blessed are all they that fear the Lord, and that walk in his ways. Look how that hoary hair shines—a crown of glory—as the venerable and beloved pastor takes that fair baby in his arms. He sees his children's children, and peace upon Israel. It is his own youngest grandson. Is it not a holy hour? For this noisy and troublesome world, is it not a blessed scene, and a scene of peace? This is inside the church.

But the twilight has faded into winter evening, and the rising wind moans through the dead branches, and sweeps across the rough grass of the churchyard. Why are those busy and eager people crowding each other, pushing to look in at the belfry door? Is there anything there but the spades and pickaxes that they use to break up a grave—a broken piece of a coffin, it may be, or a breastplate, clotted with mud, and illegible—a bucket half full of foul water, the beer, a few rough stones, and perhaps a broken tombstone, put up but few years back, and already unfaithful to its trust. Oh, for a better register. But what do those people crowd for to the usual gloomy lumber of such a place? It is bitterly cold, and nearly dark; some one carries a lantern, and, by way of satisfying the eager curiosity manifested, holds it toward the object to which their attention is directed. With what an expression of horror and pity do they turn away! with what a shudder of disgust! Oh! it is a corpse; and how can we think other—the corpse of a murdered infant, found yesterday in one of the coalpits, and brought hither to-day for the view of the coroner's jury. Poor, wretched creature, surely no mother welcomed it with tears of joy, no father hailed it with thanksgiving. It was never brought to the holy font, never offered to its merciful Redeemer. It is not that we question his grace and wisdom. This one, in its own person innocent, yet so evidently a sufferer, being visited so awfully for the sins of its parents in this world, may yet, through that one all-sufficient mediation, be safe in the land of sinless rest. Of this we inquire not, since Scripture is silent. And for the lamentable spectacle before us. The darkness is no darkness to Thee. May God give repentance where man ought not to forgive; but I could not, on this Sunday of my child's baptism, hear of this awful circumstance without being struck with it, and pausing a moment to consider the contrast of Within and Without the church.—British Magazine.

The Garner.

THE VANITY OF THE SCORNER.

As there is no one quality that sticks more closely to a scorners than that of pride, so is there none that doth more evidently obstruct right reasoning, and an impartial search after truths of all kinds, especially those which relate to virtue and piety. And no wonder, therefore, if on this account the scorners, though he "seek wisdom," yet "findeth it not." Pride makes a man seem sufficient in his own eyes for all manner of speculations and inquiries; and, therefore, puts him indifferently upon the pursuit of all knowledge, and the determination of all doubts, without giving him leave to distrust himself in the least, or once to consider, which way his genius and abilities lie. Hence it happens, that the man, not being duly qualified for every search, or, if he were, yet not having leisure and opportunity enough to go through with it, is fain to take up with slight and superficial accounts of things; and then, what he wants in true knowledge, to make up in downright assurance. As soon as he hath touched on any

science or study, he immediately seems to himself to have mastered it; is as positive in his opinions, and as hearty in his assertions, as if the thoughts of his whole life had been directed that way only; which is, as if a coarser, who had gone from port to port only, should pretend to give a better description of the inland parts of a country, than those who have travelled it all over. But this, I say, is the mischievous nature of pride; it makes a man grasp at every thing, and, by consequence, comprehend nothing effectually and thoroughly; and yet (which is worst of all) inclines him to despise and contradict those that do. It gives him just enough understanding to raise an objection or a doubt; but not enough to lay it; which as it is the meanest and most despicable, so it is also the most dangerous state of mind a man can be in; and by so much the more dangerous, as the subject upon which his inquiries turn is more important, and the errors more fatal which he runs into, for want of a due knowledge of it. He that is but half a philosopher, is in danger of being an atheist; a half physician is apt to turn empiric; a half-bred man is conceited in his address, and troublesome in his conversation. Thus it is in all matters of speculation or practice; he that knows but a little of them, and is very confident of his own strength, is more out of the way of true knowledge, than if he knew nothing at all. Now there is, I say, a natural tendency in pride, towards putting a man's mind into such a situation as this; and, therefore it must needs be a quality very opposite to the search and attainment of true wisdom.—Bp. Atterbury.

PRIDE.

No constitutional temperament seems less disposed to the reception of the gospel, or to coalesce with its pure unworldly character, than that which gives a man a kind of inherent independence, and self-support. While buoyed up with this temporary prop (for all will fail him, when this earthly tabernacle is dissolved) he wants no arm to lean on, no bosom where to recline his fainting head. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" this voice holds out consolations, and speaks of comforts, which correspond with no breathings of his heart, no hungerings and thirstings of his soul. Much admired as that man often is, who, without the succours of God's grace, has firmness to suffer unmoved "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," as if a match for all the storms and waves that go over him; such, nevertheless, appears to me to be the unhappy mould in which the human character can be cast. For, as long as this life lasts, one thus fortified by his own insensibility or pride, (and what else can support him), is better able to dispense with religion and to live without a sense of God, than those of any other moral or physical construction which it is possible to imagine. And thus, while what the world would call a weaker character, first bends to the storm, and then flies from it to the only refuge; while the prodigal, pining with hunger, and envying the swine, nevertheless is not too proud to own his misery, and to cast himself in self-abasement in the dust,—while he rises, and goes to his father, and enjoys the fulness of his house; is to the self-supported hero of this world, who wants no help from above, if he inquired, "And what shall this man do?" I answer, God forbid that I should judge him so as to apportion the awful retribution that awaits him. This, however, I will say, that if men were, in the strictest sense, the artificers of their own fortunes, and the carvers of their own destinies in eternity, he would be rewarded for all his firmness and all his fortitude, by becoming, like Lot's wife, "a pillar of salt."—Rev. H. Woodward.

THE HUNGRY WHOM GOD FILLS.

They are the hungry and thirsty souls, always gasping after the living springs of Divine grace, as the parched ground in the desert doth for the dew of heaven, ready to drink them in by a constant dependence upon God,—souls that, by a living, watchful and diligent faith, spreading forth themselves in all obsequious reverence and love of Him, wait upon Him as the eyes of an handmaid wait on the hand of her mistress—these are they that He delights to satiate with His goodness. Those that being mastered by a strong sense of their own indigency, their pinching and pressing poverty, and His all-sufficient fullness, trust in Him as an Almighty Saviour, and in the most ardent manner pursue after that perfection which His grace is leading them to; those that cannot satisfy themselves in a bare performance of some external acts of righteousness, or an external observance of a law without them, but with the most greedy and fervid ambition pursue after such an acquaintance with His Divine Spirit as may breathe an inward life through all the powers of their souls, and beget in them a vital form and soul of Divine goodness; these are the spiritual seed of faithful Abraham, the sons of the free woman, and heirs of the promises, to whom all are made *Yea and Amen* in Christ Jesus; these are they which shall abide in the house for ever, when the sons of the bondwoman, those that are only Arabian proselytes, shall be cast out.—Rev. John Smith, [b. 1618, d. 1652.]

QUENCHING THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Prove to the covetous miser, out of the Book of God, that his covetousness is idolatry, and his extortion will exclude him for ever out of heaven, (and, indeed, there is nothing in religion more easy to be proved), and though you convince him, yet you shall not persuade him; but he shuts the book again, just as he does his bags, and looks upon them both alike, both fit to be laid aside, as too sacred for any common use. Prove to the licentious prodigal, that his folly is as scandalous as his vice (a truth so self-evident, that there is nothing in nature more easy to be proved), give him demonstration, that his prodigality will not only destroy his soul, but that which is much dearer to him, his body also and estate; and, though he believes you, yet he will hate you too; will throw your pearl and his dirt together in your face; and affront that Word of God which he cannot answer. Preach up unity, and peace, and charity to a factious man (and there is nothing in this world more necessary to be preached), and presently he sets not only himself but his whole family against you, and calls you a mover of sedition, or an enemy to the state. Just like the Jews, who, to revenge themselves upon the prophet Jeremiah for repining of their evil ways, cried out, Thou art gone over to the Chaldeans. All this is quenching the spirit with a vengeance. All these, and all other sorts of resolute, obdurate sinners, do not only quench the Spirit, but grieve it, and provoke it too, and despitely use the Holy Ghost. They come ready-armed and pre-engaged against the gospel, not with a design to judge of their lives, according to their agreement with the holy Word of God, but to pass a judgment upon that word, according to its agreement with their unholy lives.—Bishop Hickman.

USE OF GOOD MEN IN BAD TIMES.

It is very necessary that good men should live in very bad times, not only to relieve a wicked world, that God may not utterly destroy it, as he once did in the days of Noah, when all flesh had corrupted its ways; but also to season human conversation, to give check to wickedness, and to revive the practice of virtue by some great and bright examples, and to redress those violences and injuries which are done under the sun; at least to struggle and contend with a corrupt age, which will put some stop to the growing evil, and scatter such seeds of virtue as will spring up in time. It is an argument of God's care of the world, that antiodotes grow in the neighbourhood of poisons; that the most degenerate ages have some excellent men, who seem to be made on purpose for such a time, to stem the torrent, and to give some ease to the miseries of mankind.—Dean Sherlock.

GOD'S CARE OF HIS SAINTS.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the condition of his saints. An angel is not always sent to release them, as when Peter was delivered from prison. The mouths of lions are not always stopped, nor the violence of fire quenched. An earthquake would not ordinarily be commissioned to break open the doors in which apostles were confined, and loose their hands, and bring their jailor on his knees before them. But the providence of God is as surely over those who fall, as over those who are preserved. Not the meanest of his creatures is forgotten before God; how much less

those who are most precious to him; and whose value in his sight has been evinced by this, that for them "Christ died." Fear not therefore. "He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."—Dr. J. B. Sumner, Bishop of Chester.

Advertisements.

W. M. STODART & SONS, PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS, TO HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY, No. 1, GOLDEN SQUARE, LONDON.

Table listing piano models and prices. Includes Patent Horizontal Grand Piano-Fortes, Patent Square Grand, Cabinet, etc.

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THE CANADA SPELLING BOOK, BY ALEXANDER DAVIDSON. BEING AN INTRODUCTION TO THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, WITH AN APPENDIX, CONTAINING SEVERAL USEFUL TABLES; THE OUTLINES OF GEOGRAPHY, A COMPREHENSIVE SKETCH OF GRAMMAR, WITH MORNING AND EVENING PRAYERS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK.

TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS, &c. Just published, & for sale by H. & W. ROWSELL, King-st. Toronto, and Brock-st. Kingston.

PRINTING INK.

Such as is used in the printing of this Newspaper, imported from London, in kegs, 24 pounds each, and for sale by the keg, at 2s. 6d. per pound, by H. & W. ROWSELL, Stationers and Booksellers, King Street, Toronto, and Brock Street, Kingston.

STEAM BOAT NOTICE.

The Steamer GORE will until further notice, leave Toronto for Rochester every Sunday and Wednesday evening, at 9 o'clock, and Rochester for Toronto every Tuesday and Friday morning, calling at Cobourg both ways; commencing on Sunday evening the 4th inst. Toronto, 2nd April, 1841.

HAT, CAP, AND FUR HART.

CLARKE & BOYD, grateful for past favours, respectfully announce the arrival of their Fall and Winter Stock of LONDON HATS, from the most approved makers, and of the very latest London and Paris fashions, with a choice stock of FURS, suitable for the climate. King Street, Toronto, 18th Sept., 1840.

AXES! AXES! AXES!

The Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that in addition to his former business, he has commenced the manufacturing of CARPENTER'S AXES, of a superior quality, which he can recommend with confidence, as they are manufactured under his own inspection, by first rate workmen. Storekeepers, and others in want of the above article, will please to call and examine for themselves. Every Axe made equal to the guarantee will be exchanged. SAMUEL SHAW, 120, King-Street, 15-1f Toronto, 10th October, 1840.

To be Sold or Let in the Township of Seymour. The South-East half of Lot No. 16, in the seventh Concession, containing 100 acres, more or less, of good hard-wood land, 25 of which are cleared and well fenced, with a small house and barn thereon. Apply to B. Dougal, Esq., Belleville, or to Robert Elliot, Cobourg.—If by letter, post-paid. 27-1f

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THE Subscribers are now receiving, at the above premises, an extensive and choice assortment of every description of WAJIE in their line, among which are handsome China, Tea, Breakfast, Dinner and Dessert Sets; Japan and fine Printed Earthenware Sets of ditto, fine Cut and Common Glassware, and a large supply of Ware suitable for Country Stores. Persons wishing to purchase will find it their interest to call. JOHN MULHOLLAND & Co., 17-1f Toronto, October 20, 1840.

OWEN, MILLER & MILLS, Coach Builders, (from London), King Street, City of Toronto, All Carriages built to order warranted twelve months.—Old Carriages taken in exchange. N.B.—Sleighs of every description built to order. 47-1f

D. CAMPBELL will attend to professional calls at the house occupied by the late Dr. Carlie. Cobourg, June 19th, 1840. 51-1f

The Church.

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AGENTS S.

Table listing agents for the Church in various locations. Includes A. Menzies, Esq., Angus Bethune, Esq., G. W. Baker, Esq., etc.

* From Gresley's English Citizen.