

# 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. 27.]

TORONTO, CANADA, FEBRUARY 5, 1852.

[Whole No., DCCXLVI.]

## WEEKLY CALENDAR.

Day.	Date.	1st Lesson	2nd Lesson
D	Feb. 8.	SEPTUAGESIMA SUND. { M. Isaiah 59, Mark 8. E. " 64, 2 Cor. 4.	
M	" 9.	{ M. Exod. 21, Mark 9. E. " 32, 2 Cor. 5.	
T	" 10.	{ M. " 33, Mark 10. E. " 34, 2 Cor. 6.	
W	" 11.	{ M. Levit. 18, Mark 11. E. " 19, 2 Cor. 7.	
T	" 12.	{ M. " 20, Mark 12. E. " 26, 2 Cor. 8.	
F	" 13.	{ M. Num. 11, Mark 13. E. " 12, 2 Cor. 9.	
S	" 14.	{ M. " 13, Mark 14. E. " 14, 2 Cor. 10.	
D	" 15.	SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY. { M. Gen. 3, Mark 15. E. " 6, 2 Cor. 11.	

## SUNDAY CHURCH SERVICES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO.

CHURCHES.	CLERGY.	Matins.	Evening Song.
St. James's	{ Rev. H. J. Grasett, M.A., Rector, Rev. E. Baldwin, M.A., Assist.	11 o'clock	3 o'clock
St. Paul's	Rev. J. G. D. McKenzie, B.A., Incumbent.	11 "	4 "
Trinity	Rev. R. Mitehele, M.A., Incumbent.	11 "	6 "
St. George's	Rev. Stephen Lett, LL.D., Incumbent.	11 "	7 "
Holy Trinity	{ Rev. H. Scadding, M.A., Incumbent. Rev. W. Stennett, M.A., Assist.	11 "	6 "

## UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

RESIDENT SCHOOL HOUSE.

For the week ending Monday, 9th February 1852.

VISITORS:

THE PRINCIPAL.

Professor RICHARDSON, M.D., M.R.C.S.L.

CENSOR:

Rev. W. STENNETT, M.A., 2nd Classical 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, Mus. B.C., Conductor.  
G. B. WYLIE, Secretary & Treasurer.

## Poetry.

### THE BLIND BOY.

It was a blessed summer day,  
The flowers bloomed fresh—the air was mild,  
The little birds poured forth their lay,  
And every thing in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on,  
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,  
Till suddenly I came upon  
Two children who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged birch tree's foot  
A little boy and girl reclined;  
His hand in hers she kindly put,  
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near,  
A tree concealed me from their view,  
But all they said I well could hear,  
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,  
"That little bird sings very long;  
Say, do you see him in his joy,  
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,  
"I see the bird on yonder tree,"  
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,  
"Sister, I wish that I could see."

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,  
And bright green leaves are on the trees,  
And pretty birds are singing there—  
How beautiful for one who sees!"

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,  
And can feel the green leaf's shade,  
And I can hear the notes that swell,  
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind,  
Though sight, alas! He has not given;  
But tell me, are there any blind  
Among the children up in Heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there all see—  
But why ask me a thing so odd?"  
"Oh, Mary, He's so good to me,  
I thought I'd like to look at God!"

Ere long, disease his hand had laid  
On that dear boy so meek and mild;  
His widowed mother wept and prayed,  
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,  
And said, "O, never weep for me,  
I'm going to a bright, bright place,  
Where Mary says I God shall see.

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too,  
But, mother, when you get up there,  
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—  
You know I never saw you here!"

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled  
Until the final blow were given—  
When God took up the poor blind child,  
And opened first his eyes in Heaven!

## THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

### ENDURE HARDSHIP.

As a gladiator trained the body, so must we train the mind to self-sacrifice, "to endure all things," to meet and overcome difficulty and danger. We must take the rough and thorny road as well as the smooth and pleasant; and a portion at least of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable; for the mind cannot be kept strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of all states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease, and prosperity. Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.—Chas. Bray.

### MANNA.

Manna means literally "What is this?" There is a manna which exudes from trees and plants in the East; it is white as snow, of the size of coriander seed, and of a sweetish taste. But this cannot be the manna spoken of in Exodus xvi, 14, 15, for—1. It rained from heaven; 2. It fell on six days, not on the Sabbath; 3. The people had never seen it before; 4. It continued for forty years, till they entered Canaan; 5. An omer of it was preserved as an extraordinary substance; 6. The supply must have been vast beyond natural means. It is reckoned that the Hebrew camp wanted not less than 94,466 bushels of this food every day; and that in the whole of the forty years they must have consumed one thousand three hundred and seventy millions, two hundred and three thousand six hundred bushels. A most extraordinary miracle, worthy of God, and most beneficial to man. David calls it *Angels' food*. It was the type or symbol of Christ, and his sacrifice.

### FRANCE, DECEMBER, 1851.

"Meet it is I set it down,  
That one may smile and smile, and be a villain.  
At least I am sure it may be so!"—FRANCE.—Hamlet.

God spake the word; the mighty are laid low:  
He points the dart; the wise and crafty fall:  
He bloweth with His wind, the waters flow:  
His "four sore judgments" wait upon his call.  
Even now His vengeance sweeps the guilty land,  
And Ratiobation's cup is nigh o'erflowed.  
As Freedom, crushed beneath an iron hand,  
The harvest reaps which Licence' spring-time sowed.  
But what of him, the messenger of woe—  
The Almighty's latest scourge and instrument,  
Who fain would bend a former Giant's bow—  
Of him once called "the princely President"?  
Oh! tell it not: his oath is light as straw:  
His princely word is smirched with lying foul:  
He tramples under foot all right and law,  
Ambition's lust hath so possessed his soul.  
Yea! thou shalt live—worshipped in future time,  
The tutelary saint of Treason, Fraud, and Crime!  
—M.W.M.—Guardian.

### THE BIRTHDAYS OF THE DEAD.

The birthdays of the living! They are ever hailed in the home circle by loving hearts, as glad and joyous seasons. At this moment we can picture the joy both of the giver and receiver of the simple birthday offerings of our youth. It might be but a fresh-gathered rose, laid upon the breakfast table, a handful of spring flowers, or some inexpensive trifle, obtained from the savings of weeks or months out of our little store, but—it was a proof of love. It told as well as the pearl or diamond could have done, that the life of the beloved was precious, and that the anniversary of his birth was no trifle in our eyes. And not the birthdays of youth alone are welcome. When we see the lines of grey streaking the soft hair, the step grow more feeble, the voice more faint, the elasticity of the spirit flee away, yet there is joy in our welcome, for are they not with us still? Yet more precious, that they need our care and watchfulness, and that we are essential to their happiness.

The birthdays of the absent! There is more bitterness in these. Somewhat we feel of a presage of that absence which knoweth no return. Still they are amongst the living. Though blue seas may divide us, they may cross those seas, and come to us again, unchanged in heart, uncooled in love. And until then we breathe forth our birthday greetings, which we know their fond memory shall meet, though distance sever us for awhile. Thus we are consoled; for the absent may return.

But the birthdays of the dead! Where is our hope and joy in these? It is but a narrow stream that divides us, but that stream once crossed, who shall return? The shores of the heavenly world may not be very distant, but an impenetrable veil is drawn between that world and our mortal sight, and not a glimpse is given us of the angel band, whose feet are treading the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. Yet deem not the fond heart

unresigned, that is bursting with emotion on the anniversary of the birthdays of the dead. They are in heaven, but we are on earth. Their spirits are purified from the world, but ours yet partake of worldly affection and earthly regret. We know that they shall rise again; but in the meantime they are hidden from our mortal sight; and we sorrow, yet not as those who have no hope. Yet there is one thought above all others which should console us, it is this,—that they weep not. If they love us still, (and who can doubt it?) it is with that purified love which is without dross, and without sting. No regret, no cloud, no shadow of grief passeth over the birthdays of the redeemed. The aged and weary are at rest—the faint have renewed their strength—the little ones are safe for ever. "For I say unto you, their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is heaven."

### THE STREAM OF LIFE.

"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides swiftly down the narrow channel through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and winding along its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, and the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

"Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing before us; we are excited by short-lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home—the roaring of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes, the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our future voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal"—Bishop Heber.

### HYMN.

By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

"The Lord looketh on the heart."

When in thy temple, Lord of hosts,  
With prayerful lip we bow,  
If every vain and wayward thought  
Were written on our brow;

And if the searching eye of man  
Might each emotion see,  
And every motive all unveiled,  
As clearly read by Thee.

How would the most familiar friend  
From his companion start,  
And neighbor scan the neighbor's face  
With terror in his heart!

Yea, many whom a flattering world  
Applauds as just and true,  
Might to the rocks and mountains turn  
To shield them from its view.

But thou, to whose Omniscient Eye  
Our every thought on earth,  
Hath stood uncurtained and revealed,  
E'en from our day of birth,

How great must thy forbearance be?  
How measureless and vast  
The power of His atoning love  
That pardoneth us at last!

### THE THOUGHTS.

Christians, get your thoughts to be well exercised; be much in thinking; think of the goodness, and kindness, and holiness, and compassion of the Lord; think of Christ, of his love, of his life, of his death, of his bowels, and everlasting kindness; think often what great things the Lord hath done for your souls; think what ye would that he should do for you: much thinking on God and holy things will leave a holy tincture on your hearts, will by degrees do much to the begetting holy habits and dispositions in you; the Lord uses to convey down much of his holy image and likeness upon the heart by the thoughts.—R. Allen.

### MADNESS.

If you should see a man digging in a snow-drift with the expectation of finding valuable ore, or planting seeds on the rolling billows, you would say at once that he was beside himself. But in what respect does this man differ from you, while you sow the seeds of idleness and dissipation in your youth, and expect the fruits of age will be a good constitution, elevated affections, and holy principles!

## Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

### ENGLAND.

#### DIOCESE OF CHICHESTER.

A CHURCH OPENED AFTER BEING CLOSED 150 YEARS.—On Saturday last the parish Church of Burton, near Petworth, Sussex, was re-opened for Divine Service after being closed for 150 years. Burton House has been the seat of a Roman Catholic family for nearly two centuries. The parish Church is situated in the park, in close contiguity to the mansion, and, from the influence of the Priesthood, was closed. The building was nearly gone to ruin, but the late intolerant spirit of Popery aroused the Protestant feeling of the neighbourhood, and a liberal subscription was entered into (the Lord Bishop of the Diocese joining in it) to renovate, and supply the necessary appliances for the carrying on of Public Worship. The work having been completed, the Church was (as stated above) opened on Sunday last. The morning was very wet, yet the Church, which is a very small one, was filled; Mr. Knight, of Begnor, preaching an excellent Sermon.—Brighton Gazette.

PROPOSED BISHOPRIC OF SOUTHWARK.—A proposition will, it is said, be brought before Parliament in the ensuing Session for dividing the diocese of Winchester, and establishing a separate bishopric for Southwark, which is to comprise the whole of the archdeaconry of Surrey. The church of St. Saviour, Southwark, is to be the cathedral. The diocese of Winchester at present contains 631 benefices, of which upwards of 250 will form the Diocese of Southwark. The income of the new bishop (the same as that of the Bishop of Manchester, is £4,200,) to be paid out of the funds of the ecclesiastical commissioners, until the next vacancy in the bishopric of Winchester, when it will be taken from the revenues of that see, the future income of which has been fixed at £8,000; the new bishop is to have a seat in the House of Lords by rotation, as provided in the Manchester Bishopric Act.

CONVERSION OF A POPISH MINISTER.—In the parish church of Kilmore, Erris, county of Mayo, the Rev. A. Hopkins, lately the Romish minister of that district, preached on Sunday, the 14th ultimo, his first sermon since his conversion, to a crowded congregation, composed chiefly of his former flock. In the course of his sermon he traced his conversion to his doubts of the infallibility of Romanism, followed by a conviction of her error in doctrine, disgust at many of her ritual observances, and agony at the contemplation of his own danger, as well as at the thought of having led so many astray. He concluded by an affectionate appeal in Irish to his Romish hearers, many of whom were affected to tears, and many exclaimed "we never before heard such sound and comforting doctrine."

#### CANTERBURY SETTLEMENT.

Yesterday a meeting of ladies and gentlemen intending shortly to proceed to the settlement of Canterbury, New Zealand, was held in the Adelphi. The meeting was of some interest. Despatches had recently been received announcing the arrival at New Zealand of three vessels—the Labuan, the Bangalore, and the Dominion—on three successive Thursdays, the 14th, 21st, and 28th of August, and the attendance was numerous and highly respectable.

Mr. Self, a member of the council, presided. The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, observed that on Friday last they had received letters of so late a date as the 1st of September, the tenour of which was as favourable as could be anticipated. The three ships which had arrived, as above stated, had given an increase to the colony of between 400 and 500 persons, whose arrival had been hailed with the greatest satisfaction. Among other matters the despatches announced the erection of a bridge over the Eden and of the new Church at Christ church.

The question of erecting Canterbury into a separate province was greatly occupying the minds of the colonists. A public meeting had been held on the subject, and Sir George Grey, the Governor, had expressed his readiness to comply as far as possible with the wishes of the colonists when properly expressed.—(Cheers.) The speeches at that meeting had reflected credit upon the temperance and ability of those who had taken part in it, and had proved that they were no unworthy sons of England. Whatever sneers might be thrown out by those interested parties who talked of the "impending fate of Canterbury," they were fully answered by the accounts which had been and continued to be received from the colonists themselves. It appeared that applications had been received for between 300,000 and 400,000 acres of pasture runs, and the high price of sheep fully showed how profitable an occupation sheep-farming was in the colony.

Mr. Sewell read a voluminous correspondence from settlers of a cheering and satisfactory character. Some of the writers spoke of "croakers who expected to have their food crammed down their throats;" but added, that where there were energy, activity, and a good cheerful disposition, success might be looked on as inevitable. The majority of the writers spoke of the provisions on board ship during the voyage out as both good and plentiful.

Lord Lyttleton said, it might have been observed that most of their correspondents, while sending favorable reports, expressed an idea that no doubt a great number of unfavourable ones would also be received. All he could say was, that those unfavourable letters did not reach that office. He did not mean to say that there were none such, but he should like, if any one had unfavourable accounts, that he would bring them forward, because their desire was not to puff the colony, but to give a true account of its actual prospects. He had letters of an ancient date from Mr. Godley, relative to mismanagement at home, but all those matters must have long since been cleared up. In April, for example, Mr. Godley had complained of the condition of the Clergy in the colony, but he must by this time be aware that a permanent provision had been made for their maintenance in the way of an endowment by their last Act of Parliament.—English Churchman.