

Poetry.

Lines written on the Death of the Rev. T. Bryer, late of George Town, Demerara, formerly of Southampton.

BY A YOUNG NEGRESS, EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

The shepherd sleeps! His work is done;
His Master has recalled his breath;
Th' appointed combat he has won,
And now he sleeps the sleep of death.
The shepherd sleeps in realms of rest,
Where death's cold hand no more can sever
The happy spirits of the blest,
The shepherd sleeps, and sleeps for ever.

The shepherd sleeps! In vain we mourn;
Can human tears restore his breath?
The shepherd never will return,
For ah! he sleeps the sleep of death!
The shepherd sleeps! No longer weep;
His spirit's fled unto the Giver;
In Jesu's name he's fallen asleep,
And there he'll calmly sleep for ever.

The shepherd sleeps! Let praise employ
His weeping widow's silent breath.
The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
Although he sleeps the sleep of death.
The shepherd sleeps! By young and old,
His precepts be forgotten never:
May sheep be added to the fold,
Although the shepherd sleeps for ever!

M. ROGERS.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Sept. 9.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
16.—Fourteenth do. do.
21.—St. Matthew's Day.

SUPERFICIAL RELIGIONISTS.

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

Old James Steady—his Grandson, Stephen Standfast—
Mrs. Runabout—her Niece, Sally Heapteacher, and
William Itchingear.

SCENE—A Hay-field.

Itchingear.—Good morning 'e, James—a nice morn-
ing for your mowing.

Old Steady.—'Tis, thank God! and a blessing to have
strength to get about so early.

Itching.—What time did you go to bed last night, James?

Old Steady.—Oh, about nine. We generally get our bit
of victuals at eight; and when we have all kneeled together
to praise God for past mercies, and to ask for future ones,
'tis about time to go off.

Itching.—What sort of discourse did you get yesterday?

Old Steady.—A very sound and searching one—it has
given me enough to do for some days to get well into it.

Itching.—Well into it! but what d' ye mean? why, I
can take in a matter of six discourses running, and not be
overdone.

Old Steady.—That's more than I can—for I like to get
to the bottom of the Lord's words, and to have them turned
into food for my soul; but, if I were always listening to dis-
courses, I should seem to be eating all day and getting no
nourishment.

Itching.—Oh, if you did but once hear one or two of
our men, you would not find it tiresome—my soul goes along
with them up and down the Bible, and never has enough.

Old Steady.—I can't travel quite so fast—besides, I find
so much work of different sorts to be done in my soul, and
so much fruit to be gathered off one of the trees of promise,
that it takes a length of sober and serious time to gather
them.

Itching.—That may be all very well now and then; but,
if you would but once go with me and Mrs. Runabout, and
Sally Heapteacher, to hear some of our people preach and
pray, you would find yourself get on a good deal faster, and
a good deal pleasanter too, I am apt to think.

Old Steady.—Why, they say, neighbour, "the more
haste the less speed," sometimes: but, to be plain with you,
I should be sorry to drive through the Sabbath in that wild
manner, where there is so much inward work to do in private:
such as self-examination, confession of every remembered
sin during the week, petition for pardon, for special
grace against particular sins, and intercession for my dear
family and friends, and such like.

Itching.—Well, I can't say but this is all good; but you
might do that another time, and you can "never hear too
much of that which is good."

Old Steady.—Why, as for that, though it sounds won-
derfully well, a man that hears in one day more than he
can turn to a good account, does hear too much, in my opin-
ion—not that the Word is the less good, because he can't
profitably hear it at one time; but man is a small vessel,
and can't hold the sea—and the Word, you know, accord-
ing to David's practice, and all the good old Bible-charac-
ters, must be pondered, meditated on; and so the soul will
be "transformed" by it; but not, if 'tis poured through as
swift as running water. And, as for doing what I spoke of,
"another time," when has a poor man so much leisure as on
the Sabbath-day? And what time is likely to be so good
for the purpose, as that which God has specially appointed
for him and his people to come and commune together in?

Itching.—James, I can't quite understand all your mean-
ing, though you seem to me to go deep into things—but,
just ask Mrs. Runabout if she will not tell you the same as
I do.

Mrs. R.—Oh yes, James. Now, I'll tell you how I spend
my Sabbath. There's first, six o'clock in the morning—I
get my breakfast, and then off to prayer-meeting—there we
pray all round, and oh! if you could but hear us pray: some
have got the gift so wonderfully, I'm sure you'd be delight-
ed—'tis beautiful work! Then comes the time to go to
hear; and we go, and sit under Mr. Speakloud, or somebody
else, whosoever turn it is. Well, then we go to dinner, and
after that there's another prayer-meeting; and in the evening,
chapel again; so that, with getting our bit of victuals,
and praying, and hearing, the day slips away like I don't
know what. Some of our people even find time to go to church
between whites, so that their's is a wonderful Sabbath for
means of grace.

Old Steady.—Whether they be means of grace, if rightly
used, is another matter; but if this be the way of using them,
they are but means of blinding and ruining, to my mind.
Why, I should as soon go, and hear men discourse all day
about mowing, and never go and turn my own hand to it,
and get the grass down, as be always at this outward work
that you speak of, for the main of it must needs be outward
work.

Mrs. R.—Oh no, that it is not, I can tell you: my soul
gets on wonderfully—I seem lifted up out of myself—my

feelings dart along like a flight of birds—I seem so full, I
don't know what to do with myself—and surely this is
heavenly, this is the grace of God.

Old Steady.—That can only be proved by the fruits.—
Feelings are not facts. If your soul be as full of grace
every Sabbath, as you seem to persuade yourself it is, you
must be a pattern of holiness to all the country round. Whe-
ther you are so, or not, is best known to yourself; but I
should wrong many godly women of our acquaintance, who
do not run on in these ways, if I did not bear witness that
they adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things.
But, did you hear what I said to William Itchingear just
now?

Mrs. R.—No, I didn't mind it at the moment; but you
ask Sally Heapteacher, if she doesn't find our way of going
through the Sabbath as beautiful as I do.

Sally.—I should think I did, too: and I only wish I had
more of it—I should like to hear ten men a-day, if I could
—you can't give me too much of it.

Old Steady.—Sally, you talk fast, but you are young and
unreflecting: let me ask you, if you are prepared in con-
science to say, that your profiting is equal to your hearing;
for it seems to me, if you hear so much of the Word of the
great God, and don't get on in proportion, your account is
all the heavier; particularly as you must neglect other
spiritual duties to give so much time to this.

Sally.—Why, to be sure, I can't say that I get on, in
the way that you count getting on, in proportion to what I
hear: but there—I feel myself so comfortable, and heavenly-
like under good, stirring-up preaching, that it must be "good
to be there;" and I am never so well in myself at any other
time.

Old Steady.—That is just what I expected: here lies the
mischief. You don't spend any time worth speaking of, in
close, private communion with God; you have no long,
painful heart-searchings—no full confession of your nume-
rous sins, and their aggravations—no meditation on the Di-
vine Word—no solitary business with your soul. You
wouldn't like that, Sally! It would be burdensome and
dull to your feelings: you like to be stirred up, as you say
—to have your heart made to beat quick and loud—and, be-
cause that is a pleasant sensation, and often breaks out into
tears, sometimes of sorrow, sometimes of joy, you count it re-
ligion, and say 'tis the grace of God.

Sally.—And can you think of denying that it is?

Old Steady.—I mean to say that you may feel all this,
and yet you and God be utter strangers to each other! Our
hearts can run out into tears over a tale of misery, even
though it isn't true; and, what is more, we may go to a
round of Bible Meetings, and Missionary Meetings, and like
the stir and pleasantness of them, and yet not go to God all
the day any more for that; and when night comes, and we
have got to kneel, why, we shall find that soul-communion
with God is quite another thing—I know I have found it so.

Sally.—I don't seem to know how to talk to you about
this, James; but I must say, as I said before, I can't think I
can be wrong in hearing ever so much of the Word of God.

Old Steady.—Sally! if you have got a real desire
to come at the truth in this matter, I shall be very willing to
teach you, according to my little knowledge. Your fault
lies in using only one out of many means of grace, in attend-
ing chiefly to one, whilst you neglect others. Your way of
going on is as though a man should have an ear ten times
bigger than any other member of his body—but Christ
would say of hearing, "this ought ye to do, and not to leave
the other undone." Depend upon it, Sata is very willing
that you should hear as long as you like, if you don't retire
as often to strict examination, and to pour out your soul be-
fore God, and hold private converse with him, and get him to
"search out your spirit," and apply his grace. The hearing
of the Word is to lead to this, or else it is heard in vain:
and, it is because this is the hardest, and the least pleasant,
of spiritual exercises, (tho' it is by far the most important,)
that you like hearing a rousing sermon, and joining in sing-
ing much better. Don't you see what I mean now?

Sally.—You seem to let in some light upon me, but I
should like to hear you go on.

Old Steady.—Why, then, you look at that there old cow
of Farmer Tillground's, Sally, and see, when she has fed,
she goes and lies down; and by and by the grass that she
has been eating, comes up again into her mouth, and she
chews it over and over, "chewing the cud," as the saying is;
and then at last it goes down into her stomach, and is
turned into good nourishment. Now, the Word is like the
grass that she eats till it is turned into nourishment; and to
get by yourself, and meditate upon it in prayer, is, like her,
to chew the cud of the Word, and get grace out of it—but
without meditation, there is no such effect as this; and how
can you meditate worth speaking of upon any one part of
the Word, when, one hour after another, you are hearing a
number of other parts; and those, perhaps, all about very
different things from the first?

Sally.—Why, to be sure, that seems just.

Old Steady.—Well, and then there's the parable of the
Sower. The Lord Jesus says, the Word is the seed, and the
heart is the ground. Now, the farmer prepares the
ground for the seed, and then covers it in, and then sets to
watch it, lest the birds should come and steal it; and much
time and care are required after this, before it, "brings forth
fruit to perfection." Just so should the ground of your
heart be prepared by private prayer, and self-examination,
before hearing: this is the ploughing up, and the couching,
and the harrowing: and then, when the seed of the word is
sown, why, meditation covers it in, and persevering prayer
brings out and keeps out, the sun and dew of God's grace
upon it, and it comes up, and bears, "first the blade, then
the ear, and then the full corn in the ear." And you just
consider the holy men that we read of, how they are put be-
fore us in solitary prayer—look at Isaac out in the fields at
even-tide meditating—look at Daniel in his bed-chamber
three times a-day—look at David praying at morning, and
in the evening, and oft times at midnight too—look at Ne-
hemiah putting up short prayers over his work—look at
Poter on the house-top—look at the Lord Jesus out all night
in prayer; not to say how often we read he went apart by
himself to pray—and lastly, hear holy Paul cry out about
what he discovered, and what he did, in attending to the
state of his soul in private. Now, these blessed persons
loved the Word of God just as much as you, Sally, to say
the least of it; but see how much more account they made
of private business with God on the concerns of their soul!
And 'tis here, to speak the truth, that you and your people
so ruinously fail, to my mind. I never hear any of you
speak of conversing with God in solitude—you seem to think
that getting together, and praying and singing together,
and hearing the Word preached by it matters not who, is
the whole of religion, or most of it; whereas, I consider that

to be only the scaffolding outside, which is needful to raise
up the building within; and surely, you are not to be always
attending to the scaffolding.

Mrs. R. and Sally together.—What! you don't mean to
run down preaching, and praying, and singing together?

Old Steady.—Don't be in a flutter about what I said, and
I'll tell you. I thank God I know the value of preaching;
and I go to it, as the child goes to the breast of the mother
that bore it; or as the poor horse goes at night to his mas-
ter's trough and manger. But I am not to be always hear-
ing, any more than they are to be always feeding; neither
do I consider every one who chooses to call himself a preach-
er, as one sent by God to preach, or as qualified to teach the
deepest and the highest of all knowledge. Moreover, as for
praying together, and so forth, if it be conducted under the
direction of the ministers of God, it may, no doubt, be pro-
fitable; but I believe that women's praying in public is con-
trary to God's Word, and that many sorts of prayer meet-
ings lead to much spiritual mischief.

Several voices at once.—You don't mean to say that—
you'll never make me believe that—we can't be wrong in
using the means of grace together.

Old Steady.—Ah! here is the old story again; but the
question is, whether these be means of grace, and, if they
be, whether you rightly use them. You know very well,
that the best means of grace, as well as other good things,
may be abused or misused; and therefore, Christ tells us to
"take heed how we hear," as well as bids us to hear: and
before you can satisfy me that your ways of using such
means are right, you must show that they are taken out of
Scripture, and that they are found profitable to the souls of
those who attend them. And this last matter is not sure
and certain, just because you say, "you enjoy yourself!" there
and find it so helpful to your soul; but it must be proved by
your holiness being really advanced, and your corruptions
subdued; and by your daily life being an epistle of its own
commendation, known, and read, and approved of all good
men, as blessed Paul talks about, and as our good minister,
Mr. Lovechrist, so often says he wishes his people's lives to
be. Now, as for women's preaching or praying in public, I
see plainly that Scripture forbids it; and as for the profita-
bleness of some prayer meetings, I must honestly say, I see
more to grieve about than to rejoice over in the effects of
them. However, I have not got time to talk more about
that now. We must get on again at our work; for though
we be, I trust, talking about "that which is good," we must
not, according to my doctrine, neglect our duty for the sake
of another that happens to be more pleasant to us. So you
take your prongs, and Stephen and I will get on again with
the mowing.—Christian Journal.

THE STUDY OF CHURCH HISTORY.

What subject can be so interesting, and at the same time
so instructive, to the Christian, as to trace the progress of
his religion during the earlier periods of its history? To
follow in the mind's eye the first preachers and professors of
the Gospel in their journeyings far and near, their wander-
ings to and fro—to view the labours, the toils, the difficul-
ties, the dangers which they underwent—the persecutions,
the cruelties, the dreadful deaths which they were called
upon to suffer! To behold a sacred edifice, dedicated to the
Most High, rising up from the ruins of some temple of hea-
then worship—to listen to the chant of praise, of adoration,
and thanksgiving, ascending up to the Almighty, where, in
other days, had been heard only the profane and impious
songs of a debased and grovelling superstition! Surely such
a strain of meditation as this must fill the mind with holy
rapture, and animate it with feelings of unbounded gratitude
towards the Giver of all good, for those inestimable christian
privileges which it possesses! Surely the consciousness of
such spiritual advantages should induce their possessor to
endeavour to walk more worthy of the vocation wherewith
he is called, and to study to adorn the doctrine of his blessed
Lord!

To the members of the Church of England such an in-
vestigation as this will be peculiarly replete with instruction
and information. It will enable him to discover the origi-
nal of that form of faith which he professes to follow, to
trace its source up to the apostolic age, and in the fullest
sense, to give a reason for the hope which is within him.
It will enable him, moreover, to refute that false assertion,
so often advanced by the advocates of the Romish faith,
which would imply that the Church of England has separated
from the Church of Rome; and to prove, in the most
satisfactory manner, and by the most unquestionable facts,
that the real state of the case is directly the reverse of this,
and that it is the Church of Rome which separated from the
ancient and apostolic Church of England; and which, in-
stead of having a claim to the title of Catholic assumed by
it, is nothing more than a corrupt and adulterated form of
the Christian faith.—Church of England Quarterly Review.

The Garner.

A GRAVE DIVINE.

Is one that knows the burthen of his calling, and hath
studied, to make his shoulders sufficient; for which he hath
not been hasty to launch forth of his port the University, but
expected the ballast of learning, and the wind of opportunity.
Divinity is not the beginning, but the end of his studies; to
which he takes the ordinary stair, and makes the arts his
way. He counts it not profaneness to be polished with hu-
man reading, or to smooth his way by Aristotle to school-di-
vinity. He has sounded both religions, and anchored in the
best, and is a Protestant out of judgment not faction; not be-
cause his country, but his reason is on this side. The minis-
try is his choice, not refuge, and yet the pulpit not his itch,
but fear. His discourse is substance, not all rhetoric, and he
utters more things than words. His speech is not helped
with enforced action, but the matter acts itself. He shoots
all his meditations at one butt; and beats upon his text, not
the cushion; making his hearers, not the pulpit groan. In
citing of popish errors, he cuts them with arguments, not cud-
gels them with barren invectives: and labours more to show
the truth of his cause than the spleen. His sermon is limited
by the method, not the hour-glass; and his devotion goes
along with him out of the pulpit. He comes not up thrice a
week, because he would not be idle; nor talks three hours to-
gether, because he would not talk nothing; but his tongue
preaches at fit times, and his conversation is the every day's
exercise. In matters of ceremony, he is not ceremonious, but
thinks he owes that reverence to the Church to bow his judg-
ment to it, and make more conscience of schism, than a sur-
plice. He esteems the Church's Hierarchy as the Church's
glory, and however we jar with Rome, would not have our
confusion distinguish us. In simoniacal purchases he thinks
his soul goes in the bargain, and is loth to come by promo-

tion so dear: yet his worth at length advances him, and the
price of his own merit buys him a living. He is no base
grater of his tithes, and will not wrangle for the odd egg.—
The lawyer is the only man he hinders, by whom he is spite
for taking up quarrels. He is a main pillar of our Church,
though not yet Dean or Canon, and his life our Religion's
best apology. His death is the last sermon, where in the pul-
pit of his bed he instructs men to die by his example.—Bishop
Earle. 1633.

THE EUCHARIST.

How blissfully, amid all the horrors of the wilderness, and
the conflict of surrounding enemies, could the eye and heart
of the pious Israelite repose upon the cloudy pillar of glory,
which rested upon the tabernacle. There was peace, there
was security, which no power of this world could disturb—
And although he knew that God was ever nigh unto all them
that call upon him, and that no sensible representation could
bring him nearer, yet this visible token of his presence, and
sign of his covenant, could not but administer continual hope
and comfort. And are we, amid the perplexing wilderness
of life, amid the weary struggle with foes of body and soul,
are we left destitute of similar comfort? O, no! the same
Lord of glory, who exhibited that symbol of his helping pre-
sence to the Israelite, hath ordained a resting-place for our
spiritual eye. In the ordinance of the Lord's supper he hath
established among us a visible sign, and hath given us in
this rite a palpable assurance, that if we suffer, then we suf-
fer with him who rose again, and ascended to prepare man-
sions of bliss for his faithful followers; for if he shew us his
death, he also foreshews to us his coming again, when all
enemies, with their great leaders, sin and death, shall be put
under his footstool, and he shall receive his own into ever-
lasting glory.—Rev. R. W. Evans.

Be always displeas'd at what thou art, if thou desirest to
attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast pleas'd thy-
self, there thou abidest. But if thou sayest, I have enough,
thou perishest: always add, always walk, always proceed;
neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate: he standeth still,
that proceedeth not; he goeth back, that continueth not; he
deviateth, that revolteth; he goeth better that creepeth, in his
way, than he that runneth out of his way.—S. Augustin.

When we know what Christ is to us, that he delivers from
death, sets our feet in the way of peace, reconciles us to God,
and makes us fit for God, we shall know where to look for
our joy, and keep a steady eye upon the light which guides
us to him.—Rev. Thomas Adam.

How strongly should the example of a heathen rebuke the
irreverence with which the word of God is sometimes listened
to—"Ehud said to Egion, I have a message from God unto
thee;" and he arose out of his seat.—Judges iii. 20.

Would'st thou that thy flesh obey thy spirit? Then let
thy spirit obey thy God. Thou must be governed, that thou
mayest govern.—S. Augustin.

It was an excellent saying of Archbishop Usher, when in
the society of his friends—"a word of Christ before we part."

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