

The Church.

POETRY.

WHITSUNDAY.

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.— And there appeared cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.— Acts, chap. ii, 2, 3, 4, verses.

When God of old came down from Heaven,
In power and wrath he came;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

Around the trembling mountain's base
The prostrate people lay;
A day of wrath and not of grace;
A dim and dreadful day.

But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love,
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hover'd the holy Dove.

The fires that rush'd on Sinai down,
In sudden torrents dead,
Now gently light a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

Like arrows went those lightnings forth
Wing'd with the sinner's doom;
But these like tongues o'er all the earth,
Proclaiming life to come.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear,
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud;

So, when the spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

Nor doth the outward ear alone
At that high warning start;
Conscience gives back the appalling tone;
'Tis echoed in the heart.

It fills the Church of God: it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

To other strains our souls are set:
A giddy whirl of sin
Fills ear and brain, and will not let
Heaven's harmonies come in.

Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss th' expected hour;
Save Lord, by Love or Fear.—*Keble's Christian Year*

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

From a Traveller's Diary.

ALBANY, NEW-YORK, THE ATLANTIC, &c.

It was a mild and sunny morning in March when I entered the vehicle which was to bear me away for many long and weary months from all the sweet associations of home and country.— Highly excited as were my feelings at the prospect of the countless gratifications anticipated in the classic lands I was about to visit, there was a shade of sadness in the thought that the scenes I was now forsaking—scenes familiarized and endeared to me by a thousand nameless associations—might be beheld no more. The roads were in a wretched condition; and after many days of very wearisome travelling in lumbering vehicles which four stout horses had great difficulty in dragging through the half-frozen mud at the rate of three miles per hour, we reached Albany, & alighted at an admirable hotel just as a snow storm, with a furious north-wester, was setting in. Albany is neatly built and pleasantly situated on the banks of the Hudson; but its curiosities are not numerous. The Capitol, seated on a commanding eminence, is one of the most attractive objects; and the House of Representatives being then in session, the steps of a stranger were naturally allured thither. About 100 Members were present, and they seemed in general very respectable persons. The apartment was most comfortably fitted up, and the seats commodiously arranged in a semi-circular form, so as in every direction to face the Speaker's chair. There was a bountiful and tasteful display of maps about the room, and the usual national emblems were well arranged.

The Museum, with the exception of those ghastly waxen figures—the most repulsive representations imaginable of the human countenance—presents a very considerable and attractive collection of curiosities. The environs of Albany are also pleasing, and a little out of town stands the noble mansion and elegant park and gardens of the Patroon. Moreover a drive to Troy, a beautiful town about six miles to the northward—and where a visit to the very handsome church of St. Paul's will amply repay the traveller's trouble—upon a smooth macadamized road was a most gratifying treat after so many days creaking and jolting in heavy stages over nearly impassable roads. Fortunately, we were not compelled to adopt this most tedious mode of travelling during the remainder of the journey to New York, for the Hudson had within a few days become clear of ice, so that about twelve hours in a comfortable Steam Boat brought us to New York. There we were safely landed, but the procuring of lodgings was an attainment by no means easy. We inquired and were rejected at half a dozen hotels—all full—and at last obtained refuge in one of those excellent and well-appointed boarding-houses in which New York so much excels; yet not without undergoing the imposition so commonly practised by hackney coachmen in that city, the one of whom in question we were obliged to pay not less than five dollars for an hour's service with two vehicles!

Amongst the first of the new acquaintances which I had the gratification of making in New York was the amiable prelate who presides over that Diocese, Bishop Onderdonk. Unassuming, agreeable and sensible, he immediately wins the strong regard of a stranger; and as far as my observation extended, all his clergy seemed to be on terms with him of filial and confiding familiarity. The popular Rector of Grace Church was also

amongst my acquaintances in that city; and none who have experienced his kind hospitalities will ever forget the cheerful and generous hearted Dr. Milnor. It was my satisfaction to attend on a Sunday at Grace Church, where Dr. Wainwright, in the pulpit especially, fully equalled my expectations. His manner in the desk did not exactly accord with some of my old fashioned prejudices which lean to great simplicity in the reading of our admirable prayers; but in the pulpit Dr. W. is decidedly graceful—fervent, without being impassioned,—and evincing as much taste and discretion in the matter as in the manner of his sermons. But decidedly the highest gratification of this sort, because novel and unexpected, which I experienced in New York, was derived from attending the services of the African Episcopal Church. The clergyman, clerk, organist, choir, as well as the whole congregation, were all of that colour which marks the African descent, and never did a Protestant Episcopal congregation afford an example of greater devotion and earnestness in the conduct of those impressive services by which they have chosen to worship the God of their fathers. Their manner of making the responses was extremely impressive:—not a tongue was silent: the pronunciation of Amen, as in the days of St. Jerome, was like a clap of thunder; and in the singing and chanting the breaking forth of glad voices was loud and simultaneous.

It was a calm and drizzling, but mild morning towards the close of March when I took passage in one of the noblest of those splendid packet ships which make their regular voyages between New York and Liverpool. From the direction of the wind it was necessary we should be towed by a Steam Boat out of the Bay; but having reached Sandy Hook, the gallant ship spread out her pinions to the breeze, and we were soon careering merrily over the blue waters at the rate of eight knots the hour. I walked the deck, or leaned over the bulwarks until the shades of evening gathered round us, and obscured the last fading traces of land; and long after night had spread her curtain over the world, did I watch the hissing waves as the flying ship dashed them as it were scornfully away, and mark the phosphoric sparkles which danced about the prow. On the following morning, observing the sunbeams to gleam brightly and invitingly through the blinds of my cabin, I attempted, in the undiminished flow of enthusiasm, to rise and dress, and view the now unbounded ocean in its morning glory; but alas! no calculation had been made for the effects of a reeling and heaving vessel over an increasing sea during ten or twelve preceding hours, upon a mere novice on the waters. Sickness, a death-like sickness, paralyzed every limb and prostrated all strength. Feeble and helpless as an infant I lay in my narrow berth, conjuring up a thousand melancholy forebodings, and wondering how such wretchedness was to be sustained during the many days we must still be tossed and heaved upon the mighty sea! But, thank God! these were sufferings of no long continuance: in twenty-four hours after the first experience of their indescribable misery, I was able to reach the deck, look out with admiration upon the rippled and sunny sea, and inhale the refreshing and strengthening breeze.

Ten days, marked by considerable fluctuations of wind, though never violent, passed away, and by observation we were then just half way across the Atlantic; but tedious in the extreme was our progress over the other half of our watery journey.— For fifteen successive days the wind blew freshly ahead: sometimes rising into a perfect gale, accompanied with heavy and cold showers of rain, and the sun sometimes invisible for forty-eight hours at a time. It was on the evening of one of these days, the sea rough, the sky overcast, the air damp and chill, that I sat ruminating in my little cabin;—my thoughts travelled homeward, and they lingered long and fondly on its thousand fascinations. I thought of a spring day's smiling sky on shore, and of the attractions of shrubs and flowers amongst which I was wont to be regaled;—I thought of affectionate friends from whom I had reluctantly parted, and of the prayers and wishes which were wafted from kind hearts towards me;—I thought of—but it was too much; I could not withstand the rush of such feelings, and they found their vent in tears!

But often after the copious shower, the sun breaks out brightly and cheerily; so after such an effusion of natural and irrepressible feeling, there is often a joyousness and a calm in the heart. So I experienced it, and I knew where to ascribe the mercifulness of the change. The wind howled on; the waves heaved and roared; and the vessel reeled and shivered and moaned in her distress: but I yielded to sleep, amidst the worst tumult of the elements, calm and undisturbed. On this, as on some other occasions, my thoughts reverted with an extraordinary degree of pleasure to the little story of the child who, on playing unconcernedly about during a violent and most dangerous storm, was asked by some of the bystanders if he was not afraid. "No," was the reply, and a better one than "Cæsarem vehis,"—one which I have often thought upon as applicable to a higher confidence—"my Father's at the helm."

(To be continued.)

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

(From the Cottager's Magazine, England.)

RELATED IN A LETTER FROM A MINISTER RESIDING IN SCOTLAND.

"In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose."—*Job. xxxiii chap. 15, 16 verses.*

Our conversation on Monday evening, perhaps I should have said on Tuesday morning, was both entertaining and profitable. Mr. — (I am bound to conceal his name) related a dream, if indeed it were a dream, which he had at the age of sixteen, or seventeen, which had such an influence on his pursuits, and such an impression on his heart, as to change the whole current of his future life. The moral is strictly Scriptural; it is truth beautifully allegorized.

I should mention that Mr. — has five brothers and one sister. His mother entertained a presentiment that God had designed him, and only him in the family, to be a Minister; but at the time referred to, there seemed to be little prospect that her hopes and wishes in this respect, would ever be realized.— His views were worldly and ambitious; and becoming discon-

tented with his situation, he and another young man entered into an agreement, to run away from their parents and go abroad. The plan was laid, and the very night before it was to be put into execution, he had the following remarkable dream:—

He imagined that he had set out on a journey, and coming to two cross roads, he felt himself at a loss which to choose.— The path to the left hand was very narrow, rugged, and amazingly steep. Here he saw a few travellers. Each had a staff in his hand, and a burden on his shoulders, under which he seemed to be bowed down. His feet were so lacerated with the roughness of the road, that the pathway was sprinkled with blood.

The road to the right hand was broad, beautiful and plain, for miles as level as a bowling green. It was covered with carriages of all descriptions. Some were attended by servants dressed in splendid liveries, and all went merrily onward as though it had been a season of mirth and jollity. The sides of the road were lined with delightful gardens, beyond which were fruitful vallies adorned with overhanging woods.

His inclination immediately led him to prefer the right hand path; but it occurred to him that his object was to gain a certain place, and he hesitated whether the less pleasing way might not bring him sooner to his journey's end. While in this perplexity, a youth, seemingly about twenty years of age, with a countenance the most engaging, beautiful and prepossessing he ever beheld, passed by, and told him if he would accompany him, he would shew him the termination of each of the paths before him; and then returning to the spot where he now stood, he would be more able to decide for himself.

With the utmost confidence he committed himself to the care of his new guide, and took the road that appeared the most inviting. Here the most magnificent scenes of gaiety burst upon his view; and life appeared to consist in one uninterrupted round of pleasure. At length his guide conducted him to a river about two miles wide, the waters of which were black and horrible. On the side of the river where he stood, he saw drivers, carriages and their owners, rushing furiously forwards and disappearing in an instant. On the other side the shore was bold, rocky and precipitous, so as to afford no place for landing. Amazed at the conduct of the persons who persisted in rushing onwards to this horrible gulf, he inquired of his guide the cause of their infatuation, who replied, that they did not perceive the waters until they were actually sinking in them. After this he beheld a flight of birds, attempting to cross the river, instantly drop down dead into the water. He asked his guide what was the cause; whether it arose from any poisonous vapour arising out of the river, or from what philosophers call a vacuum. His guide replied that there was no poisonous vapour, and that what philosophers call a vacuum, is only another name for ETERNITY.

Mr. — asked how he was to cross the river, but had scarcely put the question when he found himself on the opposite shore. Feeling a similar perplexity how he was to ascend the precipice, whose bending summit threatened to crush him to atoms, he instantaneously found himself upon the top of the rock. From that situation he saw a widely extended plain, spread, as it were, on a circle of hills, many miles in circumference. The heavens above were dark, but round the circle of hills there was a faint glimmering light, which just served to render the "darkness visible." Looking intently forwards he saw between himself and the distant twilight, a scene which reminded him of Milton's description of the fallen angels, "seated on hills, retired, apart, reasoning on fate and absolute decrees." The descent on every side of these hills appeared to be covered with ashes. Descending into the vale he met some of the companions of his youth, who had long been dead.— On seeing him, they fell at his feet, and clasping him round the knees, exclaimed, "We never expected you would come to this place. You had a pious mother to teach you the way of salvation. Our parents were strangers to God, they brought us up without religious instruction; we died without a knowledge of Christ, and are now reserved in chains of darkness until the judgment of the great day." Then they uttered the most heart-rending cries, expressive of the utter hopelessness of their condition; and every cry they uttered seemed to convey a bitter reflection on the cruel kindness of those parents, who, with so much apparent care and tenderness, had nursed them for this region of woe.

To be continued.

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