

Original Poetry.

FOR THE CHURCH.
ON THE WORD TORY.

[Written by a U. E. Loyalist (long a most respected inhabitant of this Province), in the year 1777.]
By Tory now is understood
A man who seeks his country's good;
Opposes Independents' schemes
(Or rather wild chimeric dreams),
Which if they should succeed would be,
The ruin of America;—
Who scorns to join in such a cause
As overturns all rights and laws,—
The test of truth and reason flies,
And draws its chief support from lies;—
Who sees, indignant, wicked men,
Urged by a thirst of power and gain,
Confound distinction, right and wrong,
With falsehood cheat the giddy throng,
Oppress with vile rapacious hand
A poor, distressed, distracted land,
And violate each sacred tie
Of virtue and humanity.
He who would such proceedings blame,
Nor justice thinks an empty name,
Who lawless tyrannies decries
Though drest in Liberty's fair guise,
And spite of Congress' decree
Does still adhere to loyalty,—
Must not expect to escape this name—
And sure 'tis no such mighty shame,—
Nay, we would in the title glory—
For every honest man's a Tory.

R. C.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

March 10.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.
17.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.
24.—Sunday before Easter.
25.—Annunciation of Virgin Mary.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A COUNTRY PASTOR*

ROSE II.—

The neighbouring clergyman, whose advice I was so anxious to obtain respecting the case of the unhappy Mr. L., was obliged to leave home for a few weeks in the early autumn; and he requested me now and then to visit one or two of his sick parishioners, who, he said, would esteem the visit a great privilege. One individual, he informed me, interested him very much. She was the only daughter of a farmer's widow. She had been engaged, with the full consent of her parents (her father was then alive), to be married to a young man, a respectable miller, who had met with an accident from which he did not recover, having died within a week. The circumstance had taken place nearly three years before; but it still continued to prey upon her spirits. She had never mentioned his name since the unfortunate occurrence, even to her mother, or alluded to the subject in any way. Constitutionally delicate, she was evidently much injured by the blow; and was now beyond all question in a rapid decline. She had received a good education, superior to most persons of her rank, by which she had not failed to benefit. "You will find Rose —," said Mr. B., "in a very sweet frame of mind; and I am sure you will be pleased with the visit."

A day or two after Mr. B.'s departure, I walked to the cottage where the invalid resided, and found that my visit was not only expected, but anxiously looked for. I had sent word that I would call the day before, but was prevented. Here let me remark, by the way, that it is always as much as possible to be avoided, that invalids should be disappointed as to a promised visit. The sick chamber is lonely enough, and illness is trying enough, without such a disappointment: and I would impress upon my clerical brethren especially, the importance of being exceedingly punctual in fulfilling their promise of being present at the appointed time. Cases will occur, indeed, when it may not be in their power to do so; but punctuality in this part of their duty especially is of the utmost importance.

On entering the small neat room where Rose was sitting beside her mother, who was dressed in widow's mourning, I was much struck with the sweet placid smile upon her countenance, although it was too obvious that deep rooted disease was wasting her frame, and that she was not long destined for this world. A bible was lying on a little table, with a small selection of hymns. What a contrast to the dismal chamber described in a former paper!

"Mr. B. mentioned that you would call upon me," said Rose, smiling. "It was very kind of him to think of me, and of you to take the trouble to come so far; but, sir, you don't know how kind Mr. B. has been to my dear mother and myself. Oh, he is quite a blessing to the parish, I can assure you."

"I shall be glad," I replied, "if I can be of any service to you; and I shall have great pleasure in sometimes calling to see you. I hope that you will soon be better, and that you will regain your strength before the winter."

"My dear mother expresses the same hope; but I feel convinced I shall never be better in this world," was her answer. "I feel I must soon leave it, and my only earthly anxiety is about my poor mother; for when I'm gone, there will be no one to attend to her."

"Don't think of me, Rose, love," said the weeping mother. "Perhaps you may get round again; and, at all events, God will protect me. Think what we owe to his goodness already. Why should we distrust?"

The scene was most touching. I felt quite overpowered and could not reply. At length, Rose broke the silence, and said, "You do not know, sir, how much I am obliged to Mr. B. You can't conceive what I feel for his kindness, O, sir, I trust that, through eternity, I shall look back with gratitude that he came to be our minister. If I know any thing at all about religion, it is all owing to Mr. B.—I mean humanly speaking."

"How so?" I asked; "I dare say he instructed you in all the doctrines and duties of Christianity; and I am glad to find that you value the ministrations of our Church." To speak the truth, I did not exactly approve of all Mr. B.'s sentiments; neither altogether of his mode of acting in the parish. I had no doubt that he was an excellent man, with the very best intentions; nay, in a difficulty, I wished to have his counsel; I esteemed him highly; I knew him to be an eminent scholar and a thorough gentleman; but there was a something which I could not define, even to myself, that made me shrink from being on very intimate terms with him, even had he desired it. I was anxious, therefore, to know what were the peculiar obligations under which the invalid lay to the vicar. "O, sir," Rose answered, "when Mr. B. came to be our vicar, I was a thoughtless, giddy girl. I was very fond of dress, and gaily, and folly of every sort. I spent most of my time in reading silly

novels, and never opened my bible. I laughed at all that was serious, and used to delight in making game of all serious people; and no one used to ridicule Mr. B.'s sermons more than I did. When he first came to the parish people were much opposed to him. They could not bear his preaching: for it was too searching. They called him half a dissenter; and yet I did not know how it was, that he had not been here a year in the living, before the dissenting meeting was thinned of half its members, and the Wesleyan preacher never came at all. He called at our house one day, and said that he was going to have a Sunday-school; and asked my father to support it, and to get the labourers to send their children. He said the school would not cost much, as three or four young women had offered to teach the children for nothing. Father was a good natured man, and said he would not oppose it; and so—

"Don't fatigue yourself, dearest Rose," said her mother. "O, I am anxious to tell about Mr. B. Well, sir, the Sunday-school was set on foot; and I one morning went there from curiosity, or rather to laugh at what was going on.—When I went in, Mr. — was speaking to the children, and calling upon them to dedicate the morning of their days to the service of their Maker. In church, the same morning, he spoke much to the same effect, and preached in an especial manner about the love of the Lord Jesus Christ in dying for poor sinful children. I never could forget that sermon. I think I hear every word of it now. I tried to laugh myself out of it, but I could not. O, sir, I have often thanked God I that day went to church. I think God himself led me to go, for I had intended going to see a young friend some miles off."

I was much struck with the artless simplicity with which she spoke. I perceived that she was excited and fatigued, and begged her to say no more at present. She appeared to me, I confess, to be somewhat of an enthusiast, and I ascribed the ardour of her expressions to her state of health. I expressed my satisfaction at what she had stated and begged she would allow me to read from a small volume I generally carried with me on my visitation of the sick.—She gladly consented; and after I had read some few passages which I thought would comfort her and her poor mother, and also a prayer, I was about to leave, when I remarked how different were my feelings from what they had been in the sick room of the wretched Mr. L.

Rose immediately answered: "O, sir, I have often thought of that poor man, and yet God, who knows the heart can alone judge. He may, sir, have found mercy at the last. O, sir, the mercy of God is boundless! Where should we be if it were not for that mercy! We are guilty lost creatures in his sight."

"Yes," I replied, "we are all sinners; but Mr. L.'s case was one of more than ordinary guilt. Let us draw a veil over it."

I left the cottage, resolved to go again, as soon as my other duties would permit. I did so in a few days, and found that a wonderful alteration for the worse, as far as her bodily health was concerned, had taken place. She was in bed, unable to get up; and from what the medical attendant had told me in the morning, could not survive many days, if indeed many hours.

When I drew the curtains, a faint smile crossed her pale emaciated face, and she made a sign for me to sit down by the side of her bed. I did so; and she immediately began the conversation by remarking, "Sir, this is very kind; I am fast dying. But, sir, you will tell Mr. — (mentioning the vicar's name) that I trust I shall find mercy at the last; but, O, sir, I am a vile sinner."

"Calm yourself, my dear young woman," I replied.—"Death can have no terrors for you. Yours is a case, which it is not often the privilege of a minister of Christ to witness. Your life has been one of devotion to God's service; at least the latter part has been so; and you may safely trust that God will look upon you, and receive you into his favour through the merits of our blessed Saviour. You must calm yourself."

"O, sir," she answered hastily, "my life has not been one of devotion. Oh, no, no; I dare not think of my life. If I am to be saved by my life, I am lost for ever."

"Do not fatigue yourself," I replied. "You really take too melancholy a view of your past life. Many, on a dying bed, would wish they had lived as you have done. Your obedience has been sincere, though doubtless imperfect."

"O, dear, dear sir," she answered, her eyes assuming an unusual brightness, "if I am saved at all, it will be of free sovereign mercy. I have nothing of my own to plead before God. O, sir, dear sir, if I am saved, it will be of boundless grace."

"Yes," I replied, "God, for his dear Son's sake, will accept your imperfect services. They have been willingly rendered."

"O, sir, no, no; I have done no service. ALL must be of grace; free, unmerited grace. If not, I am lost for ever."

She was evidently wearied with what had passed. I knelt down by her bed-side with her weeping mother, and read a portion of the beautiful Visitation Service for the Sick. She appeared much composed. As I was about to leave the room, and held her by the hand she said feebly, "Will you tell dear good Mr. —, that I wish to leave it as my dying testimony, that the sinner saved from eternal ruin must owe it all to sovereign grace?" I promised that I would, and left the dying chamber.

I saw her no more. As I walked home in the twilight, my thoughts were, as may be supposed, wholly engrossed with the scene I had just witnessed. I cannot call it a melancholy scene. I could not fully enter into the dying Rose's view of her case. I thought that she had taken an erroneous view of the sinfulness of her state. I referred this to disease. I admitted, to a certain extent, the doctrine of grace; but I thought she carried the doctrine too far; and I was inclined to think that if the sentiments uttered by her were those inculcated from the pulpit of her parish church, there was indeed a great license left for profligacy, and a wide door opened for antinomian error; and that excellent as Mr. B.'s intentions might be, and however eminent his own character for christian holiness, still that his doctrinal statements were to be viewed with suspicion. I resolved, however, to take an early opportunity of conversing with him on the subject. He returned the day after Rose's death, and consigned her remains to the grave; and I requested permission to attend as a mourner. The poor mother followed the corpse; and when she returned to her now lonely cottage, I accompanied Mr. B., on whose arm she leaned, and knelt down by her chair while he offered a fervent prayer in her behalf.

Years have now passed on, and Rose's mother lies beside her, in the sweet secluded church of —. But the scene of Rose's last conversation with me has never been obliterated from my mind, and I trust that it never will. My lot in life has been, in a worldly point of view, very far from prosperous. Affliction has been mingled in my cup. I have known the loss of those to whom I was united by many endearing ties; and pain and disease have wrought their work on my own enfeebled frame. But I am willing to bear my testimony now to the truth of the declarations of the dying Rose, "that from first to last grace reigns in the salvation of the sinner." This great doctrine, which I then did not fully comprehend, and which I should have been unwilling to admit, has supported me in many a bitter hour of the world's sorrow,—it has whispered peace when all around was tempestuous. I have lived to feel, by experience, that there is nothing secure or stable but the eternal Rock of Ages; and that he who builds his hopes of happiness for time, or for eternity, on any other foundation, is building on the sand, the straw, and the stubble. My ministerial career has been one of considerable personal labour; I have had a tolerable share of experience; and I am willing to bear my humble but decided testimony to this important fact, that it is only when there is a cordial reception of the doctrines of grace, that there has been devotedness to God's service, and unreserved obedience and resignation to his blessed will; and that there is no portion of Scripture, the true import of which it is of greater importance should be clearly understood; for none is better calculated to cheer in life, and to support in death, than this:—"By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works lest any man should boast."

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The Garner.

MYSTERIES.

For mysteries, it is plain there is in everything something that is unaccountable. How animals of men are formed in their mothers' bellies; how seeds grow in the earth; how the soul dwells in the body, and acts and moves it; how we retain the figures of so many words or things in our memories, and how we draw them out so easily and orderly in our thoughts or discourses; how sight and hearing were so quick and distinct; how we move, and how bodies were compounded and united; these things if we follow them into all the difficulties that we may raise about them, will appear every whit as unaccountable as any mystery of religion; and a blind or deaf man would judge sight or hearing as incredible, as any mystery may be judged by us: for our reason is not equal to them. In the same rank, different degrees of age or capacity raise some far above others: so that children cannot fathom the learning, nor weak persons the counsels of more illuminated minds: therefore it was no wonder if we could not understand the divine essence. We cannot imagine how two such different natures as a soul and a body should so unite together, and be mutually affected with one another's concerns; and how the soul has one principle of reason, by which it acts intellectually, and another of life by which it joins to the body and acts vitally, two principles so widely differing both in their nature and operation, and yet united in one and the same person. There might be as many hard arguments brought against the possibility of these things which yet every one knows to be true, from speculative notions, as against the mysteries mentioned in the scriptures.—Bishop Burnet.

THE JEWS A STANDING MIRACLE.

It was repeatedly foretold, both in the Old and New Testament, that, for the rejection and murder of their Messiah, the Jews should be dispersed into all countries; yet that they should not be swallowed up and lost among their conquerors, but should still subsist to latest times, a distinct people. By Jeremiah, God declared he would make an end of the nations their oppressors, but he would not make an end of them.—You will not say, this prediction was written since the event; and certainly, an occurrence more singular or improbable could not have been predicted. In the course of human affairs who hath heard such a thing? Yet, so it is. The mighty monarchies of Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome, are vanished, like the shadows of the evening, or the phantoms of the night; their places know them no more. Nothing remains of them but their names: while this little contemptible people, as you are wont to style the Jews, strangely secure, without a friend or protector, amidst the wreck of empires; oppressed, persecuted, harassed always, by edicts and executioners, by murders and massacres, hath outlived the very ruins of them all. Except you see signs and wonders, you will not believe. Behold, then, a sign and a wonder: the accomplishment of prophecy in a standing miracle; the bush of Moses surrounded by flames, ever burning, and never consumed! Contemplate the sight as it deserves; and be not faithless but believing; for this is the Lord's doing; and therefore so marvellous in our eyes.—Bishop Horne.

WARNINGS.

To man who commit their eternity to the chance of a life which any one of ten thousand accidents may, the next moment, bring to an end; who lie down securely on beds which they may change that night for couches of fire, and act as if they alone (of all men living) had made a covenant with hell, and could muzzle the jaws of the grave till they were themselves disposed to enter it: to fools like these what argument can be successfully offered? I know no course but to alarm their instinctive fears with examples of early and sudden mortality: to tell them how such an one went to his bed a healthy and prosperous man, on whose countenance the shadow of death was dark in the morning; how the marriage feast was spread in such a house, and the young bride passed to her chamber, and knew not that the mirth of her friends would soon be changed into sorrow over her grave; of such a neighbour who went forth to the gate of the city, and the crowd trode on him that he died; of these men slain by robbers; of those swallowed up by the sea; of some that fell victims to the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and others whom a fly, a grape-stone, a flint in the path, or a tile from the house-top took away, in the morning of their lives, and the middle of their schemes, and the heat of their blood and their transgressions, without a day, an hour, a moment for reflection or for prayer.—Bishop Heber.

If you do not keep pride out of your souls, and your souls out of pride, God will keep your souls out of heaven.—Dyer.

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35—6. Claudian.

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Toronto, July, 1838. 7.1f.

The Church

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To Subscribers resident in the immediate neighborhood of the place of publication, TEN SHILLINGS per annum. To Subscribers receiving their papers by mail, FIFTEEN SHILLINGS per annum, postage included. Payment is expected yearly, or at least half yearly in advance.

No subscription received for less than six months; nor the paper discontinued to any subscriber until arrearages are paid unless at the option of the Publisher.

Subscriptions for "The Church" in England, may be paid to Messrs. Rivingtons, Waterloo-place, London; and in Ireland, to the Editor of "The Warder," Dublin.

(R. D. CHATTERTON, PRINTER.)

* From the Church of England Magazine.