

Original Poetry.

FOR THE CHURCH. ENGLAND.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."

O England, England, must we mourn for thee,
 And o'er thy daily mouldering greatness weep?
 Through the dark vista'd future, dim, we see
 The tempest gathering that shall o'er thee sweep.
 Low moan the winds of fate, with prophet voice,
 As o'er life's threatening surge they darkly creep,—
 Nervous their strength to burst and howl o'er thee,
 Thy proud main humbled, and thy puissance fled,
 And gathering o'er thy Queen-like brow the gloom that
 shrouds the dead!

O how the wrung heart mourns its country's woes,
 How to redeem her shame 'twill proud years,
 How, when around her press her deadliest foes,
 Like lava streams the blood will thrill and burn!
 Think on her ancient glory—her proud name—
 Ye to whose hearts her cause is still the same!
 Lo, as when dark the mantling ivy grows
 O'er the grey tower and the embattled wall—
 Ruined, obscured and dim, and tottering to their fall!

In vain, in vain, O, all in vain the fire
 That burns unquench'd in each true Briton's breast!
 Once could no nobler theme the heart inspire,
 Who now can rouse her from inglorious rest?
 Mark, amid her sacred altars and her throne,
 How the rank weeds of faction strong have grown;
 How flaunts the Romish church in gay attire,
 While triumph flashes from her haughty brow,
 And, grappling with her foe, she bids the world before her bow.

Deem ye our Church's martyrs bled for nought,
 When from her neck she cast the Papal yoke?
 Or, that the victory their blood hath bought
 Will long be borne by her whose power they broke?
 No more the spoiler's hand doth court disguise:
 On every side she calls—awake, arise!
 Again her martyrs' blood flows free and fast,
 Where, in the sister isle—devoted land—
 Her children dread to meet the midnight murderer's hand!

And wilder, higher, brighter than at first,
 The bigot's zeal shall bid those fires arise,
 That, o'er her firm, her dauntless martyrs burst,
 When passion roused had left earth's holiest ties,
 And desolation fill'd the afflicted land,
 As swelled to Heaven their agonizing cries!
 Yes! by the deadly faggot—torch in hand—
 I see the demon's spirit waked again,
 With hands that thirst for blood, and glory in the stain!

CLAUD HALCRO.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

- June 16.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
- 23.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
- 24.—St. John the Baptist.
- 29.—St. Peter's Day.
- 30.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

THE HEATHEN VILLAGE AND ITS CHRISTIAN INMATE.*

A SIMPLE RECORD OF FACTS.
 By a Yorkshire Vicar.

The parish committed to my charge is singularly circumstanced. Its extent is great, but its population scanty and widely-scattered. Between the church and one of the hamlets a broad common intervenes, which in winter is impassable. And this obstacle, added to their distance, four miles, from the sanctuary, had, from time immemorial, rendered the dwellers at E—t perfect strangers to its walls, save when compelled to have recourse to its services for the purposes of baptism, marriage and interment. This state of things seemed fraught with evil; and an early opportunity was taken of inspecting the distant outpost. The sun shone brightly in the firmament, The breeze blew freshly across the common. The herbage was luxuriant beneath my feet. The cattle seemed, after a long and biting winter, to revel in the abundance that teemed around them. The lark sang his gay and happy carol in mid-air, as if inspired by the life and light of the scene beneath him; and all things, methought, spoke of the goodness and beauty of One who "giveth all things richly to enjoy, and whose tender mercy is over all his works."

I reached the hamlet. Neglect was everywhere apparent. The children were noisy and squalid; the cottages dark, dirty, and unwholesome. The language and demeanor of the people were harsh and boarish. The sabbath was little revered. The education of the young totally uncared for. The plague-spot of ignorance was painfully visible in every direction. *It was a heathen settlement in a Christian land!*

The apathy, the extraordinary and insurmountable indifference, with which they met every suggestion which had for its object the introduction of a better state of things amongst them, surpassed belief. They were the "living dead." One exception there was, and only one, to the prevailing torpor, in the person of a decrepit, feeble, and very aged woman, who, living in a wretched hovel with her old partner, almost as infirm and helpless as herself, maintained an air of activity, cheerfulness, and kindly feeling, which strangely contrasted with the sullenness of those around her.

"'Tis a rough sea I am riding on," was her reply, when I adverted to this circumstance, "but I'm buoyed up within. I'm poor—and I'm aged—and I'm infirm—and I'm afflicted—oh, how deeply and heavily afflicted!" and the tears, as she spoke, coursed down her furrowed cheeks, "but, blessed be God, I'm superior to them all! I've a Bible, and praised be his holy name, I can read it! I had a son, such a one as falls to the lot of few. He was the joy of my heart and the delight of my eyes. While he lived, I never knew want. I loved him too well, and God took him. Yes! 'he took away the desire of mine eyes at a stroke.' He left me one morning in perfect health, and the next was brought to my door a stiffened corpse. I trust he has found mercy with his heavenly Father; for he was one of the best of sons to his earthly one. Ah! you look as if you thought I was praising him too highly. But no! faithful and true was he in every relation of life. What he was as a servant, you may guess from the fact, that from the hour of his death his master and mistress adopted the little one he left behind him, took him into their service, and promised to provide for him. 'Tis a sad story, told in few words; but somehow, sir, if you'll have patience with me—I think it relieves me to repeat it and weep over it. 'Twas madam's [mistress's] birth-day; and as usual, it was kept. All the servants had a holiday; and my poor lad, as gardener, was invited to make merry with the rest. He'd a good mistress; and right willing was he to wish her as many years of happiness as it might please the Lord to send her. His own, poor lad, were

* From the Church of England Magazine.

to be but few!" and again she wept long and bitterly. "I weary you; but I've not much more to add. He left the hall for his home towards the dark hours, and the night was bitterly cold. Whether for once he had exceeded—or whether the sharpness of the season had brought on any fit—or whether from the darkness of the night he had lost his way, and was unable to regain it, we could never learn. He was found on the common in the morning, stiff and lifeless.—Poor lad, he was starved [frozen] to death! And now," she continued, in an agony of distress with which it was impossible not to sympathise, "pray for me! You are a man of prayer and praise; it is your duty, your calling, your occupation. Pray for me," and she wrung her hands convulsively, "that mine may be a godly sorrow that worketh repentance; pray for me, that I may 'not sorrow as those that have no hope.' I am calmer now," she resumed, after a pause; "but you may judge what I have suffered. Had I not been able to read, I must have gone mad!"

"But the consolation of prayer, under all and any circumstances remained to you."

"No; I tried to pray, but in vain. My prayers, strive as I would, became murmurs. It was long before I could pray,—long, very long."

"Still, the service of the sanctuary would have comforted; and some church there must have been within your reach?"

"None," replied she, mournfully; "and as for these people—Kilhamites they call themselves—the noise they make, the shouting, the crying, the roaring, would have been agony to me. They think to 'be heard for their much speaking;' while I feel that I must 'commune with mine own heart, and in my chamber, and be still.' The truth I must and will speak. The power to read kept me from madness. My Bible alone saved me. Nothing that man can say to me could soothe me. But God can, and did, when I read, 'as many as I love, I rebuke and chasten; but be zealous therefore and repent.'" [Rev. iii 19.]

"May his consolations abound towards you more and more, to your last hour!"

"Amen, amen," said she fervently. "But you mentioned somewhat of having a service here. Ah, let me hear the good old Church prayers once more. We are a careless, drunken, heathen hamlet. But there are no hearts so stony God's word cannot soften, and no understandings so dark which his grace cannot enlighten. Peace be with you, sir; and for me, I go to read and pray."

I began to retrace my steps homeward. All was energy and industry around me. The ploughman was whistling gaily to his team. The sower was carefully casting seed into the furrow. The shepherd was thoughtfully tending his fleecy charge. All were employed. Every object, animate and inanimate, seemed to say, 'Occupy till I come!' Labour diligently in the vineyard of the mighty Master.—Redeem the time—bear the cross—run the race—brave the fight—win the prize."

As I pursued my long homeward walk across the common, the scene changed sensibly yet slowly. The shades of evening closed around. The bustle and the hum of labour altogether ceased. Gloom and darkness fell around me, and shrouded each surrounding object. There was something depressing in the change, and the heart involuntarily owned the depression of the hour. The "night cometh when no man can work." But nothing appeared to me so sad as the spiritual darkness of that benighted hamlet, relieved only by the hope and faith of her to whom the power to read her Bible had been so great a blessing—whom it had cheered in the time of sorrow, strengthened under the pressure of infirmity, consoled under the agonies of bereavement, and guided in that gloomy hour when her "feet stumbled on the dark mountains."

A—Vicarage, June 4, 1838.

FULLER, THE CHURCH-HISTORIAN.

A writer, we may venture to affirm, unparalleled in the literature of the world, for capacity and acuteness of intellect, for variety and quickness of fancy, for the combination of pathos and humour, of learning and bon-mots, of simplicity and sagacity. A separation of endowments so opposed to each other might have made a complete writer, but their union composes a more extraordinary genius.— Sometimes fantastic as the most volatile dreamer; sometimes vehement as the most enthusiastic orator; now laughing with the abandonment of farce—now weeping the tenderest tears of Elegy; at one moment breathing the soul of Christian consolation, at another stringing the pearls of oriental metaphor. Some of his expressions are actual synonyms to phrases in eastern poetry, and fulfilled his own admirable definition of fancy, which he affirmed to be an inward sense of the soul, retaining and examining what ever was brought in by the common sense. He said, without spade, sails without ship, flies without wings, builds without charge, fights without bloodshed; striding in a moment from the centre to the circumference of the world, and creating and annihilating things by the motion of its magical wand. This fancy—walking the whole circle of the sciences and the arts, never weary, never asleep—belonged to Fuller. He, who had bestowed upon him so ample a genius, accompanied it with the faculty of memory to an extent enjoyed by few in any age or society. Pages passed from his eye or his ear into his mind, there to be laid up for future service. Every one has heard of his bringing home a sermon verbatim, and of his marvellous enumeration of the names and signs in Cheapside. But an anecdote more characteristic and interesting has been related of him. Happening to visit the Committee of Sequestrators, sitting at Waltham, in Essex, they began to commend his surprising memory. "'Tis true, gentlemen," replied Fuller, "that fame has given me the report of a memorist, and if you please, I will give you an experiment of it." The Committee readily assented. "Gentlemen," resumed Fuller, "I will give you an instance of my memory in the particular instance in which you are employed. Your worship has thought fit to sequester an honest but poor cavalier parson, my neighbour, from his living, and committed him to prison; he has a large family of children, and his circumstances are indifferent; if you will please to release him out of prison, and restore him to his living, I will never forget the kindness while I live."—Church of England Quarterly Review.

The Garner.

REPENTANCE.

Repentance hath a purifying power, and every tear is of a cleansing virtue; but these penitential clouds must be still kept dropping; one shower will not suffice; for repentance is not a single action, but a course. We may compare the soul to a linen cloth; it must be first washed, to take off its

native hue and colour, and to make it white; and afterwards it must be ever and anon washed, to preserve and to keep it white. In like manner, the soul must first be cleansed from a state of sin, by a converting repentance, and so made pure; and afterwards, by a daily repentance, it must be purged from those actual stains that it contracts, and so be kept pure. It is an enjoyment and privilege reserved for heaven, not to need repentance; and the reason of this is, because the cause of it will then be taken away. But here, this pitch of perfection is not to be hoped for. We cannot expect that God should totally wipe these tears from our eyes, till he has taken all sin out of our hearts. Till it be our power and privilege not to sin, it is still our duty to repent.—South.

JESTING.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in but the font? or to drink healths in but the church chalice? And know, the whole art is learnt at the first admission, and profane jests will come without calling. If in the troublesome days of King Edward the Fourth, a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitor, for saying that he would make his son heir to the crown, though he only meant his own house, having a crown for the sign; more dangerous it is to wit-wanton it with the majesty of God. Wherefore, if without thine intention, and against thy will, by chance-medley thou hittest scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge, and pray to God to forgive thee.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to mend. Oh, 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches! Neither scorn any for his profession, if honest, though poor and painful.

He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight, adopts it for his own.

He that will lose his friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar by the bargain.

We read that all those who were born in England in 1349, wanted their four cheek teeth. Such let thy jests be, that they may not grind the credit of thy friend, and make not jests so long till thou become'st one.—Fuller.

FOLLY OF REJECTING EPISCOPOACY.

If any man be so dull or so affectedly ignorant as not to see the reason of the case, and the dangerous consequences of rejecting this ancient form of discipline; if any be so overweeningly presumptuous, as to question the faith of all history, or to disavow those monuments and that tradition, upon the testimony whereof even the truth and certainty of our religion, and all its sacred oracles, do rely; if any be so perversely contentious, as to oppose the custom and current practice of the churches through all ages down to the last age; so self-conceitedly arrogant, as to condemn or slight the judgment and practice of all the Fathers, (together also with the opinion of the later most grave divines, who have judged episcopal presidency needful, or expedient where practicable); so peevishly refractory as to thwart the settled order of that Church, in which he was baptized, together with the law of the country in which he was born; upon such a person we may look as one utterly invincible and intractable; so weak a judgment, and so strong a will, who can hope by reason to convert?—Dr. Isaac Barrow.

SCRIPTURE IMAGERY.

The imagery of Scripture is not merely adventitious ornament, calculated to captivate and delight—the exuberance of a pen of some ready writer. Beautiful as it is, it is no less perceptive than descriptive, and speaks more to the heart and understanding than to the imagination and eye. In each vivid picture with which the pages of holy writ abound, we recognize the illustration of some important article of faith—the development of some holy mystery—the representation of some essential doctrine, or of some edifying truth.

Take for instance the remarkable passage which I have just read, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation!" Figure to yourselves the principal features of the scene described; forget, for a moment, the lapse of two thousand five hundred years, and fill up the rapid outlines of the inspired prophet's sketch. We see the few remaining people of God sitting down and weeping amid the ruins of Jerusalem, their harps unstrung, and their voices untraced to melody, bewailing the captivity of their absent brethren at Babylon, and casting a longing look towards the land of their imprisonment, for some little cloud, as it were, no bigger than a man's hand, the indication of the returning consolation of Israel! Suddenly this desired token is seen to arise on the hills that stand round about Jerusalem. The sound is heard of one that runneth and bringeth good tidings, as he advanceth toward the holy city. The heads of those who mourned are lifted from the dust, and every eye is intently fixed on the coming messenger.— How beautiful are his feet leaping upon the mountains!— How joyful his voice, as he proclaims aloud, "O Zion, thy God reigneth!" How radiant his countenance, while he declares the gracious tenor of his commission, and speaks comfortably to Jerusalem, and tells her afflicted children of the accomplishment of their warfare, in the near approach of their returning countrymen.—Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester.

RELIGION AND HONOUR.

The value of honour, considered as a rule of life, is in exact inverse proportion to that of religion; and consequently we ought never to be surprised if men who are without religion, and who are actuated only by the principles of honour, should yield to any great and trying temptations. Honour appeals to time; religion looks to eternity. Honour originates with the caprices of man; religion is founded on the attributes of God. Honour is partial in its dictates, referring only to the rich and the fashionable; religion is universal, and has no respect of persons. Honour is capricious and impure, sanctioning many vices, and deriding many virtues; religion is altogether amiable and consistent—she recommends whatever is good, and she restrains us from all appearance of evil. Honour defeats its own intentions, by allowing and encouraging its votary to rush into every kind of luxury and dissipation; religion at once secures its present duties and realizes its future prospects by withdrawing us as much as possible from the temptations of the world, and by proclaiming the necessity of continually mortifying our corrupt affections and desires.—Rev. W. Grinfield.

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H. J. GRASSETT,

Secretary and Treasurer.

Toronto, June 8, 1839. 52-tf.

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M. C. CROMBIE,

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Toronto, May 24, 1839. 50-tf.

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