

Poetry.

TO A ROBIN WHICH SETTLED ON THE AUTHOR WHILEST MINISTERING AT THE ALTAR.

Poor trembling bird! thy instinct doth not fail thee,
He that hath made thee, still doth guide thee best;
When all thou trustest threaten to assail thee,
Here art thou sure of pity and of rest.

O! that whom e'er the heartless world hath slighted
Would watch thy wings, would wisdom learn of thee!
O! that affection scorned, and feeling blighted,
Would bid them thitherward for comfort flee!

Securely here to ask repose and healing
The restless, weary, wounded soul may come;
Securely here the outcast suppliant, kneeling,
May pray for shelter, and will find a home.

S. P. R.

(British Magazine.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.
Aug. 19.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
24.—St. Bartholomew's Day.
26.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

For the Church.

CONVERSATION.

Bar.—Did you notice that more females than men were in Church yesterday?

Paul.—I did indeed, and that generally it is so in all places.

Apol.—I believe there is more virtue and piety to be found among women than among men.

Paul.—I have read of some person, a divine I believe, who held out that ten women, at least, should be saved for every man. Perhaps you are of his opinion.

Apol.—I should not like to determine that; but I know, and so does every one, that more females are exemplary and pious in their lives than we meet with in our sex. Women have weaker passions, less prejudice to overcome, while, at the same time, they have stronger inclinations to virtue. Modesty and delicate feeling are much more peculiar to them than to us, which certainly contribute to their virtuous conduct, and, if they are properly instructed, to their religion. Women are much less exposed to temptation. Their good desires, and good motions have therefore less opposition to overcome. But as God knows the hearts of all, who can tell what allowance he may, in his merciful goodness, make for those who have to resist the stronger passions? Taking every thing into consideration there may in reality, be more virtue and piety in men than in women. On the female side there may be greater appearance with regard to numbers. Women act from feeling, men, from principle.

Paul.—You surprise me. I thought you were launching out under full sail to make the ladies better than men, but you have made them worse. You allow them but feeling, instead of principle.

Bar.—You seem to me, friend Apol. to have given up your point. The ladies can have no great cause of obligation to a man who denies them principles, as if they were left entirely to the caprice of feeling and impulse. You might as well have denied them souls.

Apol.—You are one too many, gentlemen; I did not say that women had no principles. You wrong me. When I said that they act from feeling, I did not deny them to have principles as well as you. They have virtuous feelings together with principle, and these have a tendency to promote religion in their souls. In our sex where the feeling is not so amiable, there can be no religion, but in proportion as good principle influence the whole heart. Hence, I infer that if men were not possessed of more principles than women there scarcely could be any religion amongst them. Though I do not deny principle in women, as you have wrongfully accused me of doing, I will maintain that they are greatly influenced by their amiable feelings in their virtuous desires and actions—and let me here tell you that virtuous or vicious feelings are stronger than the force of abstract principles.

Zenas.—You labour very hard to make out your case, but I cannot comprehend how you are going to end it. At one time, you appear to make women inferior to us, and at another, you make them superior; for you seem to make them by the mere force of feeling better than men, and in the next breath, you give us the pre-eminence, on the assumed ground that we resist greater temptations. But should you not admit that if we have more strength, the more will be required of us.

Apol.—If I do consider women inferior to men, I am sure you will have no objection to allow that St. Peter has, in express terms, called them the "weaker vessel."

Thom.—Well now, I think that if Samson and Solomon were alive when the good Apostle made the assertion, they would have protested against him. For one of them was the strongest man, and the other, the wisest, and yet they were both vanquished by women. I do not, for my part, think they are remarkably weak. It is sometimes, as they found, a dangerous thing to fall into their snares.

Apol.—And so fear keeps you miserable and in single blessedness. Pray, friend, what harm have they done you? It would be both gratifying and entertaining to the company to hear what keeps a man so well calculated as you are to make a kind husband, from entering into that connexion.

Thom.—I had rather hear you in company than to hear myself.

Apol.—It is in the power of women to do much good, or much evil, according as they are well or indifferently disposed, because from the attachment and affection which our sex have towards them, we give them the power, if they would only use it, to amend us both in our principles and morals. But, instead of being a check to the waywardness of men, they very often seduce them, and encourage their vices.

Paul.—What do you mean? Men surely seduce them.

Apol.—But the first woman seduced the man.

Thom.—And I fear she has many grand-daughters.

Apol.—I am sure you will allow that no modest woman loves intoxication; yet it is certain that many modest women allow the company of men addicted to the vice of intoxication, and not only allow, but receive their addresses, and resign to them their hearts and their hands. Will you not grant, then, that if they were to treat all such men with their severest reprobation and aversion, instead of being favourable to them, it would have the strongest tendency to reform them? Hence then I believe that it does not, in all cases, require wicked females to be the cause of evil in men, as it appears to me very plainly that, when modest, virtuous women do not exert that power which they naturally possess over men, which they, if they would, might exert, they have much to answer for. There is one evil which no

human law has yet been able to banish from society; I mean that barbarous practice of duelling. But bad as that inhuman practice confessedly is, I am strongly of opinion that it would eventually disappear, if they were to set their faces against it. For, if those men who give, or accept a challenge, were forever to forfeit the esteem of the ladies, in most cases the monstrous evil of duelling would disappear. But, many females of whom better things might reasonably be expected, listen to flatteries and discourses which they ought never to hear but with such marks of reprobation as should prevent a repetition of them; and besides keep men in countenance, married and unmarried, who have the reputation of being robbers of female virtue, and who shoot the injured party whenever they complain of the injury, while they most inconsistently despise the man who refuses to fight. The women do actually seduce the men.

Paul.—You require too much of women, sir, much more, I think, than you ought. To the men you allow more strength to resist temptation, and more principle to govern their actions; and yet you seem to think that women ought to reform men—that is, you would make them our keepers from harm—the weak to govern the strong.

Apol.—What can be the reason that I have the misfortune always to be misunderstood? Is it that I cannot speak intelligibly, or that I attach different meanings to the language which I use, from that which it commonly bears. I am certain that I have as much respect for the women, and admire their virtues as much as any of you; and yet you all take me ever and anon as if I were waging war against them. But nevertheless if they were here present, I would confidently appeal to them against you, and expect their approbation.

Bar.—I own, I fear they would think that we require too much at their hands, and perhaps conclude that we wish some way or other, they would effect that reformation in us which we ought to take in hand ourselves. I am afraid they would also tax us for something which had been dropped that implied an undervaluing of their understanding.

Apol.—Pray, friend, what was that?

Bar.—I do not, indeed, like your ex-cathedra expression that women are governed by feeling, while you assume that men are governed by principle; for I believe that too many of both sexes are in the same predicament, one as much as the other.

Paul.—Neither do I think that the text cited from St. Peter, will prove what our friend meant to establish by it, though it has furnished one gentleman with an opportunity of making himself merry at the expense of his judgment.

Apol.—If I have misapplied that beautiful text, I am willing to be corrected. Please let us hear your opinion.

Paul.—You have taken it for granted that woman is naturally and constitutionally inferior to the man. I deny this position, as also that the Apostle has any such meaning in his language.

Apol.—Denial is no argument.

Paul.—Time enough to say that, when you find that I rest on no better foundation than denial.

Thom.—I am all impatience to hear more on this interesting subject.

Apol.—Well done, and better said, for, doubtless, you are interested.

Paul.—Woman is inferior to the man only in two respects which have not, I think, the smallest reference to her mental capacity. She is created to be in a state of dependence and subjection. "The man is the head of the wife, as Jesus Christ is the head of the Church." She is inferior to the man with regard to her corporal strength, though with regard to many individuals there are exceptions. The text referred to, does not imply that she is inferior to him in mind or intellect. View woman in all situations and circumstances in which she may be placed, and I will maintain that, in every sense, she is not only, not inferior, but frequently even more than equal to the man except in bodily strength.

Apol.—You have undertaken a pretty hard task to perform, though, no doubt, you expect to be well rewarded whether you succeed or not.

Paul.—The difference between the sexes, with regard to mental acquirements, is only accidental, arising from circumstances, and not from inferiority or incapacity on the one hand, and superior parts on the other. The man receives a literary education—the woman certain accomplishments; yet notwithstanding this difference in their education, I need not, I trust, remind you, that many women have very nearly, in many instances, greatly surpassed even learned men, in many branches of science and literature. Names, you must allow, could be easily adduced to establish the fact.

Bar.—Is man so patient in adversity as woman? "The weaker vessel" as she is, who is so tender, so kind hearted, so persevering, so laborious, and so unsparing of herself in the chambers of sickness as woman? Who is the unwearied, indefatigable nurse and instructor of infancy, but woman? Who soothes the ruffled spirits of the more ungentle man so effectually as the subduing smile and bland voice of the ever kind help-meet? Indeed, if woman were not far superior to the man in the power of enduring repulses, bearing evils and frowns, and of returning good for evil, it would not perhaps be too much to say that the one half of them would be crushed to the earth by their unfeeling lords.

Paul.—In the times of persecution, did not women adhere to their principles of faith, in the most trying circumstances, even at the stake, as nobly, and with as much fortitude as the men? Look through the Bible, and other authentic histories, and you will soon be convinced that the men have not, in this respect, much to exalt themselves over "the weaker vessel."

Bar.—You have hardly left, I think, any room for our friend to doubt that women have principles as well as feelings. For, unless they were under the influence of principles which they were determined to maintain, how could mere feeling have led them to the stake? Moreover, women have given indubitable proofs of possessing talents of the highest order, in literature, and in the science of governing mankind. Where would you put Elizabeth of England, &c. and now, the pride of our hearts, the amiable, beloved VICTORIA?

Paul.—If women may be accused of being frivolous and sometimes vain, let the men take their full share of the blame; for they daily contribute to make them vain. They treat them in many instances as if they were but play things,—they exhaust language for terms of flattery, calling them angels and make no scruple of saying that they adore them, until they make them conceited and vain. But let them be treated as rational beings, and their inferiority, except only what nature has ordained, will disappear, whilst their virtues and good qualities, mingled with winning sweetness and native kindness will eclipse the sterner virtues of their proud and stubborn lords.

Apol.—You have, my friend, reprobated one kind of flat-

tery, in order, as it would seem, to make room for another.—Which is the better way, time will not now permit me to determine. A REAL HEARER.
Lower Canada, July 20, 1838.

MILTON AND THE CHURCH.

Mr. Bowles has observed three marked stages in Milton's disposition; first, when beautiful, amiable, and ingenuous in youth, he wrote *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, poems having the light and shades of his poetical mind; a second, when stern and intolerant by political and religious warfare, with his eyes still intently turned to the time when he should have calm and delightful communion with the muses; thirdly, when in old age all the lofty visions of earthly perfection faded in disappointment—when his great mind was again thrown upon itself in solitude—when the lofty idealities of his visionary dreams passed away, and left him alone, with his thoughts elevated, indeed, "above the visible diurnal sphere," but "with solitude and darkness compassed round;" yet still mentally gazing with glowing inspiration on the great vision of Paradise Lost. In each of these stages the contemplation finds something delightful to dwell upon; yet never does he shine with so mild a lustre to the Christian's eye, as in that early summer-day of his life when his hyacinthine locks, his snowy forehead, and the delicate purity of his complexion, obtained for the youthful student of Christ's, the title of the Lady of his College. The mulberry tree, which tradition has sanctified as having been planted by his hand, still flourishes in the pleasant garden of his College. The winds have, indeed, sadly shattered its beauty, but the boughs are now carefully supported, and the trunk protected by a partial covering of lead. The vitality of the tree, like the poetry of its planter, seems unaffected by the ravages of time; in the summer it is laden with fruit, of which more than two bushels, we have been told, were gathered in the last season. Many are the devout pilgrimages to this shrine; and some months ago a slip was sent to one of the remotest settlements of South America. Undoubtedly the memory of departed Poetry and Genius imparts a consecrated and a healthful influence to the ground their feet have trod, or in whose bosom their ashes repose. The strains of the gentle Heibert steal over the mind with sweeter melody in the green lanes of Bemerton; and the solemn muse of Young, warns us with a more affecting earnestness amid the melancholy churchyard of Welwyn.

The second stage of the poet's life is full of melancholy reflection; intolerant, bitter, overflowing with hostility to the Church, he denounced the Episcopacy as a "tyrannical duncery," and prayed that a "dead sea of subversion" might sweep it away for ever. It may be interesting to inquire at what period of our history he thus sought to drive the ruinous ploughshare of desolation over every thing venerable, precious and noble; to tear up by the roots the Episcopal dignity, and prepare the soil for the reception of his own visionary doctrines. Was the Church wasting in the old age of decay, decrepitude, or exhaustion? Who that is acquainted with a single page of our history, but will remember that the majestic growth of learning overshadowed the land? When was it that this "tyrannical duncery" abounded "to the ruin of all true learning." Were the lips of the ministers of the holy temple no longer touched with fire from the altar? Was the voice of Christian eloquence dumb? Were the treasures of Christian erudition passed away? What a cloud of witnesses surrounds us at the summons! Never did the beauty of holiness or the spirit of pure imagination glow with clearer lustre than in the mild and long-suffering erudition of Usher; the lucid arguments of Davenant; the patient persuasiveness of Bramhall; and the glorious enthusiasm of Taylor, a genius scarcely second to that of Milton. Yet these names were recollected only to be despised! Where, alas, was the remembrance of the Seer of Winton* then? of the Cathedral's "dim religious light?" of the music that lifted the soul to God? Thus it is that the burning intemperance of a misguided zeal spreads itself through the mental frame, until the eyes of the understanding become inflamed and blinded by the intoxicating poison.

A recent critic has expressed his belief that the efforts of Hall and Usher would have preserved the Church, if Milton had not brought the bitterness of his pen to the controversy; but there is no foundation for the charge. That his violent intemperance of wrath stimulated the excited feelings of the people, cannot be denied; but he only fanned the flame, he did not light it. The time of the visitation of the Church was come, and she fell beneath the reiterated attacks of her infuriated opponents; but she fell only to rise again with renovated youth and lustre; she flourished like the palm-tree by pressure,† she grew glorious by opposition, she waxed mighty through persecution; her strength was perfected in weakness; her truth was demonstrated by objections; and even the "dead sea of subversion," though it effaced the beauty of the vineyard, left a more fruitful soil behind its retiring waters.—*Church of England Quarterly Review.*

* See Milton's verses on the death of Bishop Andrews.

† Jeremy Taylor.

The Garner.

REFINEMENT WITHOUT RELIGION.

Now it was amongst nations of old, where secular knowledge abounded—where arts and letters were cultivated with uncommon success—where you had poets, historians, philosophers, sculptors, painters, architects, that have supplied immortal models for the world,—it was amongst these self-same nations that you would have looked in vain for a hospital for the sick, an asylum for the cripple, a refuge for the destitute, throughout their borders; but, instead of these, you would have found crowds of miserable men matched to butcher one another in cold blood, as a pleasant pastime for the spectators in a theatre; the hot iron applied to them as they fell, lest death should be counterfeit, amidst the brutal jests of the lookers on. It was amongst these same nations that you had the hospitalities of domestic life conducted with a degree of grossness that does not admit of being named amongst Christians. It was amongst these same nations that you had captains of armies, merciful men too, according to the mercies of those times, urging the slaughter of an enemy by thousands, when it was inconvenient to detain them alive as captives; in that spirit, exhibited on a small scale by the soldiers in St. Paul's ship, whose counsel it was, "to kill the prisoners, lest any should swim out and escape." It was amongst these same nations that you had children exposed by their parents to perish without a scruple; so that we read of one citizen—a favourable type, no doubt, of his order—of benevolence so universal, forsooth, as to flatter himself that being a man, whatever related to humanity had an interest for him, and yet giving orders to his wife to cast out her new-born babe, and upbraiding her for committing the ruthless task to other hands.—*Rev. J. J. Blunt.*

EDUCATION WITHOUT RELIGION.

Now, instead of being a blessing, mere literary knowledge without religion, without some acquaintance with the word of God, is, in my mind, a curse to the poor. Knowledge is power, and man is naturally corrupt, and therefore he is more likely to turn that power to evil, if he is not controlled by the moral influence of religion. Those who are in the middle and higher classes are sometimes a good deal restrained by considerations of interest, by regard for their reputation, and by the habits of the society in which they live; but these are influences which, comparatively, produce but a slight effect upon the minds of the poor. Religion is the only effectual restraint for them. The peasantry of the south of Ireland possess as much literary knowledge as any peasantry in Europe, more, I believe, than those in England; but they read not the Bible, and what are they?—Dr. Ladbair, in his letter to Dr. Thorpe, tells us, and unhappily with too much truth, that "they are miserable and mischievous savages, proverbial for their violence and hostility to the laws."—*Rev. J. Booker.*

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

I have heard gardeners say, that the old strawberry is the best; so I think the old Church of England is the best.—Oh let us labour in this cause; and let us remember that the blossoms of our Church are to be made fragrant by the dews of heaven, and then its leaves will form the brightest portion of the laurel which encircles our land. It has been said of ships constructed of British oak, that the ball pierces through them, but such is the elasticity of the materials of which they are composed, that in a few moments it appears a very small hole, and admits but very little water. So may it be said of our Church: she has been assailed by numerous foes, and received many injuries; but such is her texture, that the apertures have been filled up, and she is sailing on without leaking: she appears before us in the beauty and spirituality of her doctrines, in the activity and zeal of her clergy; and I believe, after all anticipations to the contrary, she will be brought safe into the haven under the protection of our God.—*Rev. E. Sidney.*

ONE THING CERTAIN.

Death is a theme of universal interest! The lightest heart the least thoughtful mind, has no disbelief of death. The distance of the dark cloud in which he comes, sailing through the bosom of futurity, may be miscalculated; but the world unhesitatingly owns that he is coming, and will at last be here. In almost every other particular of existence, the fortunes of men differ; but to die is common to all. The stream of life runs in a thousand various channels; but run where it will—brightly or darkly, smoothly or languidly—it is stopped by death. The trees drop their leaves at the approach of the winter's frost; man falls at the presence of death. Every successive generation he claims for his own, and his claim is never denied. To die is the condition on which we hold life; rebellion sickens with hopelessness at the thought of resisting death; the very hope of the most desperate is not that death may be escaped, but that he is eternal; and all that the young, the careless, and the dissipated attempt, is to think of him as seldom as they can.—No man, therefore, will deny, that whatever can be said of death is applicable to himself. The bell that he hears tolled may never toll for him; there may be no friend or children left to lament him, he may not have to lie through long and anxious days, looking for the coming of the expected terror; but he knows that he must die; he knows that, in whatever quarter of the world he abides—whatever be his circumstances—however strong his present hold of life—however unlike the prey of death he looks—that it is his doom beyond reverse to die.—*Stebbing's Discourse on Death.*

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