

Poetry.

WHITSUNDAY.

Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread;
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

Spirit of the Poems.

THE COMMUNION TABLE.

Forth from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Wilderness in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost.
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

Bishop Heber.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

June 3.—Whitsunday.
4.—Monday in Whitsun-week.
5.—Tuesday in do.
10.—Trinity Sunday.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.
No. XXIV.

CAMBRIDGE,—CONTINUED; RETURN TO LONDON.

My stay at Cambridge was not long—not so long certainly as it would have been, had it been my good fortune to meet there even one acquaintance amongst the number which my letters of introduction would have secured; had I met with one especially who tenanted an undergraduate's suite of rooms in the College of St. John's, and whom it was my happiness to find subsequently, and to spend many pleasant and profitable days with, in London. But I did not waste the short time which I had allotted to myself for seeing such of the 'sights' of Cambridge as, under these unfavourable circumstances, could with any satisfaction be viewed.

Of course, a visit to King's College Chapel was amongst the first of my sight-seeing plans which was put in execution; a Chapel which, by universal testimony I believe of connoisseurs, is reckoned one of the most perfect and beautiful structures in the world. It is in the Gothic style of architecture, 316 feet in length, 84 in breadth, and 146 in height, to the summit of the towers which gracefully crown the four corners of the building. What adds remarkably to the beauty and general effect of the interior, is, that unlike most religious edifices in a similar style, it presents one unbroken area: the eye takes in at the same moment the whole of the internal dimensions of the chapel. And what more grand and noble than the panoramic view with which the observer is thus greeted, from any spot which he may choose to select within! Looking up to the curiously arched ceiling, fully eighty feet from the floor, the eye rests upon the most exquisite and perfect workmanship,—the whole so wrought as to be without any visible support; and on either hand are richly painted windows, exhibiting an innumerable variety of devices, and admitting that mellow and softened light which so much adds to the solemnity of the sanctuary. And who, after gazing all around upon the exquisite proportions of this matchless edifice,—one which is said to have awakened the unqualified admiration of the great Sir Christopher Wren,—could gaze too long or too earnestly upon the beautiful picture which is there also to be observed, of our Saviour taken down from the Cross?

Another of the objects of interest which engaged my attention during this brief stay at Cambridge, was All Saint's Church,—a structure presenting nothing remarkable in itself,—but clothed in my eyes at least, with an interest and a sacredness, from being the cemetery of the amiable but unfortunate Henry Kirk White. In the chancel lies a plain marble slab, recording simply—what perhaps needs not the adventitious blazonry of an epitaph—the name of the youthful and exemplary poet, whose genius received its brightest lustre from his deep and unostentatious piety. But a stranger,—struck perhaps, like myself, with the pathetic tale of his early sufferings and premature death, as detailed by the kind-hearted Southey,—not enduring that a record so simple should be all that remained in Cambridge of so endeared a name, erected upon the wall, near the entrance door, a white marble slab, with a neat poetical inscription, and surmounted by a bust of the lamented youth.

I am not quite sure that Lord Byron was a contemporary of Kirk White at Cambridge; but with all his Lordship's eccentricities and all his faults, there is a redeeming trait, amongst

others which his character exhibits, in the exquisitely beautiful tribute which he pays to the memory of the departed young poet. The metaphor of 'Science destroying her favourite son,' and the simile of the dying eagle having pangs added to his death-agonies by seeing his own feather on the shaft which quivered in his bleeding breast, is inimitably beautiful. There is to be sure in Waller a simile of a like character; but the resemblance is scarcely close enough to detract, in its present application, from the originality of the noble poet.

I shall not attempt giving a history, however succinct, of this admirable young man; but I cannot refrain, while mentioning his honoured name, from adding mine to the thousands of other expressions of regret that he was not spared to dignify and adorn the sacred profession to which his pious feelings so strongly led him. That was a remarkable testimony in his favour, as uttered by a lady in Cambridge, and one which every youth of talent and promise should lay to heart,—for, whether real or affected, that is, in such cases, a species of singularity too often obtruded upon the patience of society,—that Henry Kirk White possessed "genius without its eccentricities." Alas! that amongst the eccentricities which genius is sometimes wont to manifest, there should ever be a nauseating display of philosophic scepticism in that highest and most important of subjects, which the genius that a bountiful heaven imparts should labour rather to illustrate and adorn, than vilify and degrade!

After many walks amongst the groves through which the Cam meanders, and many lingering looks at that glassy stream with its velvet margin, I left Cambridge about noon on a fine bright day, and took, as usual, my position on the coach-top, where were numbered every passenger which, in the heaviest of coaches the law allowed! Two butchers bound for Smithfield Market, chanced to be my nearest neighbours on either hand, so that the conversation did not quite assume that intellectual character which after leaving so learned and renowned a University, would have appeared so natural and becoming! However, they exhibited nothing to mar the comfort of the ride, except that from an inordinate corporeal size, which betokened an extensive personal patronage of the trade to which they were bred, I was more jammed during a part of the journey at least than, on a warm day, was altogether agreeable.

During the first part of this drive, the country retains the same level and uninteresting character which is presented for some miles to the north of Cambridge; but the scenery became agreeably changed as we approached the neat little towns of Barley and Barkway; and from thence, indeed, at every step towards London, it increases in richness and beauty. Arriving at the town of Ware, we came to the race-ground of the celebrated John Gilpin, so facetiously described by Cowper; and in travelling on to Edmonton, where the eager steed would not allow the worthy citizen to repose, my thoughts were full of the pleasantries excited in school-boy days by this well-told and humorous narrative of the poet. They were by no means diverted from their channel of mirth by drawing up at a little inn with the sign of 'John Gilpin,' portraying the broad and good-humored face of this cockney rider!

From Edmonton onwards, the country assumes the appearance of a perfect garden; and on a mild, sunny day in June, how many are the exhilarating thoughts which such a scene inspires! Soon we discerned the dome and turrets of St. Paul through the haze of London; and by and by spires and towers innumerable peered through the smoky atmosphere. We entered the Tottenham Road, wound round to Hatton Garden, and crossing Holborn, entered that narrow street so well denominated Fetter-lane. After a few minutes' delay, I was conveyed to Charing-Cross; and from thence I soon reached my quiet apartments, where familiar furniture and welcoming faces made me feel that I had returned home. It was a home, however, which I did not design should engross me long; for the particular business which had hurried my return being despatched, I resolved to be off again either for the Continent or for Ireland.

And this second arrival in London constitutes the termination of what I may call my First Tour; and having concluded it, I must respectfully and affectionately—for the present at least—bid to the readers of it 'farewell.' I have endeavoured to present to them the scenes which I witnessed as faithfully as memory aided by scanty notes would permit; and in the descriptions of country, the delineations of character, or reflections upon passing events, which I have attempted, I trust I have expressed myself in the temper in which all were seen and visited,—that of unalloyed joyousness and good-will.

SCHEME FOR THE SABBATH.

In the year 1755, when Dr. Johnson was 46 years old, he wrote in his journal the following scheme for Sunday, having lived, he says, not without an habitual reverence for the Sabbath, yet without that attention to its religious duties, which Christianity requires.

1. To rise early; and, in order to do it, to go to sleep early on Saturday.
2. To use some extraordinary devotion in the morning.
3. To examine the tenor of my life, and particularly of the last week; and to mark any advances in religion, or recessions from it.
4. To read the Scriptures methodically, with such helps as are at hand.
5. To go to Church twice.
6. To read books of divinity, either speculative or practical.
7. To instruct my family.
8. To wear out, by meditation, any worldly soil contracted in the week.

(Boswell's Life.)

CONTENTMENT.

There are some persons who are themselves tolerably well off in the world, and yet who are sadly discontented when they see others still more prosperous than themselves. This is a very wrong feeling. The Holy Scriptures teach us that a man is to be "content with that he hath," reminding him that "we brought

nothing into this world, and that we can carry nothing out;" and that "godliness with contentment is great gain." We brought nothing into the world; God has required of fallen man that he should labour for his support. And if one man employs his labour and his thoughts more diligently than another, he will probably be the more prosperous of the two; and what he has acquired will enable those who belong to him to acquire still more; and thus one family acquires more property than another. And the laws of every civilized country protect a man in the peaceable possession of what he or his forefathers have gained. People of little property think that others have too much, and would not be sorry to see any change which might disturb them in their possessions; but they ought to consider, that if they have a right to disturb those who are richer than themselves, a man who is poorer than themselves has the same right to disturb them. If I have a piece of land worth five pounds a year, and think that I have a right to take part of another person's land who has a thousand pounds a-year, for the very same reason a person who has no land at all might come and take part of my land from me. If things were to be so, there would be an end of all peace and happiness in a country. The Scriptures require us to be diligent in our calling, "not slothful in business;" but, when we are exerting ourselves for our own support and that of our family, in the fear of God, and in dependence on his blessing, we are to be contented with that measure of worldly prosperity which he sees fit to give us, and to receive all his favours with thankful hearts, and to know that, if we desire to love him and to serve him, "all things shall work together for our good."—*(Oxford Paper.)*

LILIES OF THE VALLEY

Beautiful lilies—sweet emblems of meekness and purity. I view you with exquisite delight, blooming in modest hue in the sequestered shade of the wilderness. Your Creator has deigned to liken his children upon earth to you:—they are lilies of the valleys. The thorns around them shall not choke them, hinder their growth, or prevent their fragrance; nor shall the blustering winds that shake the forest pluck them from their secure and humble border. They are under divine culture, watered by the dew of heaven.—*(Squire.)*

Nothing is more important and conducive to holiness, than ORDER. Man is a disorderly creature, and loves to be abroad; but he must be confined and kept to rule. So vastly important is order, that the want of it in a man's family is, by the Apostle, made an exclusion from the ministry.—*(See 1 Tim. iii. 5.)*

Some men in their worldly trade, may say, at the year's end, they have neither got nor lost—but thou canst not say that, at the day's end to thy soul. Thou art at night, better or worse than thou wast in the morning.

Three excellent rules for servants.—Do every thing in its proper time; keep every thing to its proper use; and put every thing in its proper place.

It is a proverb among the hospitable inhabitants of the Isle of Man, that "when one poor man relieves another, God himself laughs for joy."

"Let the restless, comfortless state of a backslider, distinguish him from an apostate."—*Cecil.*

When thou hast an opportunity of speaking a word for the good of another's soul, defer not the doing of it till another time.

PRIVATE TUITION.

A MARRIED CLERGYMAN of the Church of England, who has taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and whose Rectory is situated in one of the healthiest parts of Upper Canada, is desirous of receiving into his house four young gentlemen as pupils, who should be treated in every respect as members of his own family, and whom he would undertake to prepare for the intended University of King's College,—or, if preferred, give such a general education as should qualify them for mercantile or other pursuits. The strictest attention should be paid to their morals and manners, and it would be the endeavour of the advertiser to instil into the minds of his pupils those sound religious principles, which form the only safeguard in the path of life.

Testimonials as to the character and qualifications of the advertiser will be shewn, to any persons who may wish to avail themselves of this advertisement, by the Lord Bishop of Montreal, the Hon. & Ven. the Archdeacon of York, the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Cobourg, the Rev. H. J. Grasett, Toronto, and the Rev. J. G. Geddes, Hamilton.

32-1f.

The Church

Will for the present be published at the Star Office, Cobourg every Saturday.

TERMS.

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.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

The Hon. and Ven. The Archdeacon of York; The Rev. Dr. Harris, Principal of the U. C. College; the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Rector of Cobourg; the Rev. H. I. Grasett, Asst. Minister of St. James's church, Toronto;—to any of whom communications referring to the general interests of the paper may be addressed.

EDITOR for the time being, The Rev. A. N. Bethune, to whom all communications for insertion in the paper (post paid) are to be addressed, as well as remittances of Subscription.

[A. D. CHATTERTON, PRINTER.]