

## Poetry.

## THE MARTYR'S FUNERAL HYMN.

Brother, thou hast gone before us, and thy saintly soul is flown  
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is unknown;  
From the burden of the flesh, and from care and fear releas'd,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er, and borne the heavy load,  
But Christ has taught thy languid feet to reach his blest abode:  
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus, upon his father's breast,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt thy faith assail,  
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit fail;  
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good, whom on earth thou  
lovest best,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust," the solemn priest has said,  
So we lay the turf above thee now, and seal thy narrow bed;  
But thy spirit, brother, soars away, among the faithful blest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou hast left be-  
hind,  
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome find;  
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious guest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

MILMAN.

## Youth's Department.

## SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

## II. ABEDNEGO, (Continued.)

15. Why did Nebuchadnezzar command him to be cast into the fiery furnace?—(DAN.)

16. What was the decree made by Nebuchadnezzar in consequence of the deliverance which God gave to Abednego and his two companions? and what personal proofs of his favour did he give to them?—(DAN.)

## III. ABEL.

17. What was Abel's occupation? and what did he bring as an offering to the Lord.—(GEN.)

18. Why did Cain slay his brother Abel?—(1st JOHN.)

19. Why did Abel offer a more excellent sacrifice than Cain?—(HEB.)

20. Where does our Lord make mention of the death of Abel? and by what epithet does he characterize him?—(MATT.)

21. What is it that speaks better things than the blood of Abel?—(HEB.)

## WOMAN'S MEekNESS.

If there be some virtues which seem pre-eminently to suit the female character, meekness bears a high place amongst such. No one stands in greater need of this disposition than the female head of a family; either the petulance or waywardness of children, or the neglects and misconduct of servants, or the sharp words of a husband are almost sure, if she be easily provoked, to keep her in a state of irritation all the day long.—But it is astonishing to see the influence which meekness has sometimes had in a family; it has quenched the sparks and even coals of anger and strife, which, but for this, would have set the house on fire: it has mastered the tiger and the lion, and led them captive with the silken thread of love. The strength of woman lies, not in resisting, but in yielding; her power is in her gentleness; there is more of real defence, aye, and more of that aggressive operation, too, which disarms a foe in one mild look, or one soft accent, than in hours of flashing glances and angry tones. When, amidst domestic strife, she has been enabled to keep her temper, the storm has been often scattered as it rose; or her meekness has served as a conductor to carry off its dreadful flashes, which otherwise would have destroyed the dwelling.—*James' Family Monitor.*

## WHAT CAN A DEATH-BED REPENTANCE DO?

(From Bishop Jeremy Taylor.)

"I shall end this first consideration with a plain exhortation: that since repentance is a duty of so great and giant-like bulk, let no man crowd it up into so narrow room, as that it be strangled in its birth for want of time and air to breathe in; let it not be put off to that time when a man hath scarce time enough to reckon all those particular duties which make up the integrity of its constitution. Will any man hunt the wild boar in his garden or bait a bull in his closet? Will a woman wrap a child in a handkerchief, or a father send a son to school when he is fifty years old? These are indecencies against Providence, and the instrument contradicts the end; and this is our case. There is no room for the repentance, no time to act all its essential parts; and a child who hath a great way to go before he be wise, may defer his studies, and hope to become learned in his old age, and on his death-bed, as well as a vicious person may think to recover from all his ignorances and prejudicate opinions, from all his false principles and evil customs, from his wicked inclinations and ungodly habits, from his fondness of vice and detestation of virtue, from his promptness to sin and unwillingness to grace, from his spiritual deadness and strong sensuality, on his death bed (I say) when he hath no natural strength, and as little spiritual; when he is criminal and impotent, hardened in his vice and soft in his fears, full of passion and empty of wisdom; when he is sick, and amazed, and timorous, and confounded, and impatient, and extremely miserable."

## FORGIVENESS.

He that means to communicate worthily, must so forgive his enemy, as never to upbraid his crime any more. For we must so forgive as that we forget it; not in the sense of nature, but perfectly in the sense of charity. For to what good purpose can any man keep a record of a shrewd turn, but to become a spy upon the actions of his enemy, watchful to do him shame, and by that to aggravate every new offence? It was a malicious part of Darius, when the Athenians had plundered Sardis,—

he resolving to remember the evil turn, till he had done them a mischief, commanded one of his servants, that every time he waited at supper, he should thrice call upon him, "Sir, remember the Athenians." The devil is apt enough to do this office for any man; and he that keeps in mind an injury, needs no other tempter to uncharitableness but his own memory. He that resolves to remember it, never does forgive it perfectly, but is the under-officer of his own malice. For as rivers that run under ground, do infallibly fall into the sea, and mingle with the salt waters,—so is the injury that is remembered; it runs under ground indeed, and the anger is hid, but it tends certainly to mischief; and though it be sometimes less deadly for want of opportunity, yet it is never less dangerous.—(Bishop Jeremy Taylor.)

## SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

## No. III.

LONDON CONTINUED: THE DOCKS: THOS. PRINGLE, ESQ.: ST. JAMES'S PARK, &amp;C.

My first excursion on my first Monday in London,—a week of toil and interest before me in this epitome of the world,—was a drive with a few friends to the East and West India Docks. The latter constitute, probably, the most magnificent undertaking of the kind in the world, covering in all nearly 60 acres, and literally crammed with shipping. The former is on a smaller scale; but in both are to be observed the same perfect neatness, and the same skill and convenience in the multifarious arrangements for loading and unloading vessels. These receptacles of so many hundreds of ships, with their forests of masts and spars, and the labyrinth of net-work which their upper rigging manifests, present from the Thames, as you sail upwards towards London, a most imposing sight; and never shall I forget the glow of honest pride and satisfaction with which, on a subsequent occasion in coming up the river in a foreign Steamer, I marked the amazement of some Prussian and German travellers on board at this stupendous display of the wealth and power and glory of England! At that moment the force of the old philosopher's declaration that he thanked the gods that he was born a Greek and not a barbarian, came strongly home to my mind and feelings. I could thank my God then, with a more than ordinary liveliness of gratitude, that I belonged not merely to a country where the evidences of advancement in the arts and sciences, in manufactures and commerce, were so stupendous,—but that I was an humble sharer in the privileges of a land where the pure Protestant faith was established and taught, and where, as an evidence of that religion's practical power and of that establishment's practical working, there were institutions for the amelioration of distress and societies for the diffusion of spiritual blessings, which give to her a proud pre-eminence over every other nation and kingdom and people in the world.

At the East India Docks a novel and amusing scene was presented in the selection of labourers for the various works there in progress: two or three hundred men, all eager in their desire for a week's employment which their present selection would ensure, were crowded round a small gate; this was with difficulty guarded by two powerful men with staffs, while a third was making choice of the most able-bodied amongst the crowd. When this fortunate individual was permitted to enter the narrow gate, the rude efforts of the remaining multitude to accompany him, and the still ruder means which were employed to keep them back,—the mingled sounds of rebuke and entreaty and complaint,—were all of a character ludicrous as well as painful. It was painful to think that so many of these unfortunate individuals, disappointed of employment here, would in a few hours become part of the thousands in London, who know not, in the morning, where they are to procure the subsistence of the day,—or, in the evening, where they are to find shelter for the night! Doubtless they throw themselves into the innumerable company of the bill-carriers, street-sweepers, ballad-hawkers, &c. who, from dawn till night, are perambulating the streets of the vast metropolis, and gaining, as they can, a scanty meal: but the most melancholy reflection of all is, the acts of desperation and crime into which this pinching penury so often unhappily drives them.

Before leaving the Docks, I could not avoid making an inspection of a huge East Indiaman, bound for Bombay; the private cabins were certainly spacious, but rude and coarse when contrasted with the light and elegant splendour which marks all the internal arrangements of the New York Packets.

These were all novel and noble sights, but the glow of feeling which they so naturally awakened received some damp, in returning, by the rich experience of a London shower,—which came down in such torrents as to set the protection of umbrellas quite at defiance. But any feeling of depression from such a cause was but momentary: a new scene re-awakened sentiments of a mirthful character. This was the antic exhibitions of the chimney-sweeps who were enjoying their gala, May-day; and certainly their paper crowns and paper tails of many colours, their harlequin dresses, their collars of bells, their besmeared countenances, wild ditties, varied music and grotesque dances, would almost change the mood of that sullen philosopher who spent his days in weeping over the follies of mankind!

This was a day of pleasing interest thus far; but the greatest gratification was in store,—the forming the first acquaintance and spending the first evening with those kind and beloved friends in S— street, Strand, whose attentions, maternal and brotherly, wore fast away the lingering sensations of strangeness in this land so far distant from the genial and cherished fireside of home, and which have left an impression not to be effaced while memory holds her seat, and the heart shall continue to vibrate to the touches of Christian love, in this frail and erring tabernacle!

On the following day I had the benefit and pleasure of forming an acquaintance,—which soon, I am proud to say, ripened into friendship,—with an amiable, benevolent, and highly-gifted individual, now no more;—one so well known to the literary and philanthropic world that I need not disguise his name,—

the late Thos. Pringle Esq. Our first interview was in 18 Aldermanbury, in the very house which was once the residence of Judge Jeffries,—now transmuted, from the abode of selfishness and cruelty, into the grand receptacle of many of the benevolent Associations of the day. Mr. P. early discovered a taste for literary pursuits, and even, in his more youthful days, was the author of many beautiful poems. Subsequently he removed to the Cape of Good Hope, relying upon the prospects there held out of turning some thousands of cheaply purchased acres to good account; but failing in these expectations, he returned, after a few years' experimental residence, to England. The remaining portion of his life was spent in writing for the press, and performing, with indefatigable zeal, the duties of Secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society. His feelings, however, leaned strongly towards the romantic associations of the African plains and their wild Caffre inhabitants: preparations were in active progress for his return to the Cape, and even his passage was engaged;—but a sudden illness interposed its barrier, and soon terminated every scheme and plan of his useful life. He died in the autumn of 1834, in the prime of life; but evincing in the last painful trials of his mortal pilgrimage that hope and trust in the Saviour of the world of which, during his days of vigour and health, so many bright evidences had been afforded.

But to return to the never-ceasing wonders of London:—passing beneath the gate-way of the Horse Guards, I entered the magnificent Park of St. James, where were hundreds, on this bright spring morning, availing themselves of the present verdant and shady retirement from the hum and bustle of the contiguous throng. One of its most striking features is an immense pond, or rather canal, upwards of half a mile long and about 100 feet in breadth, with numerous snow-white swans floating majestically on its surface. At the opposite extremity is St. James' Palace, the town residence of the King;—spacious and costly, but by no means distinguished for architectural taste, or for any chasteness in its magnificence. But very splendid and very enlivening is the scene when, on a levee day, hundreds of gorgeous equipages, filled with the nobles of the land, draw up at the commanding entrance;—their lordly owners about to testify to the less distinguished in rank and condition that while they "fear God," they are not forgetful of the other portion of the command, to HONOUR THE KING.

From the palace and the park, I pursued my rambles towards Piccadilly, and entered the beautiful and attractive Burlington Arcade;—a street, in fact, lined on either side with the most gaily furnished shops, and where the lounge is protected overhead by a glassy canopy. Admirable contrivance for alluring to these magazines of luxury the shower-caught pilgrims of London! Here they may feast their eyes and regale their senses, untouched by the pelting rain: here the most glittering display of jewellery, plate and glass; books, pictures; every thing that can attract the visual or intellectual appetite, is presented. From hence, the walk was pursued towards Kensington; and in a sweetly situated cottage, by a welcoming family, I was, during the residue of the day, made to feel a fresh experience of what in England is very soon discovered,—that, thousands of miles from his proper habitation and his dearest connexions, and with a stormy ocean rolling between, the traveller may find himself AT HOME.

(To be continued.)

Praying will either make a man leave off sinning, or sin will make him leave off praying.

In judging of others, let us always think the best, and employ the spirit of charity and candour; but in judging of ourselves we ought to be exact and severe.

Eat and drink in order to live, instead of living, as many do to eat and drink.

No one who prays regularly and earnestly, will perish in a course of sinning.

It is good to acquaint our children with the works of God, with the praises of his prophets; little do we know how they may improve this knowledge, and whither they may carry it,—perhaps to the most distant nations.—Bishop Hall.

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

## AGENTS.

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